

We're About 9, Writing Again

I just wanted to leave you
This one last note in your window
Before you disappear
I wanted to concatenate
The paper with the pen
With the hand that you left here
I wanted to tell you
That I'm still breathing
I wanted to show you
My fingers still bend
I wanted to thank you
For giving me something
To be all bitter about
It's good to be writing again

And I didn't want to wallow
So I'm writing a peppy
Little sonnet about the snow
And I think you would like it
And I guess that's what I really miss

And there's something bothering me
What I wanted to say is

Oops, I didn't mean to get all heavy
I mean, really, I am doing just fine
When I look at your picture
You are foreign to me
You are practically out of my mind
And this is the season, I thought, for all summer
And this is the reason I emptied my mind
On to pieces of paper
That don't hold the answers
Just clear-headed questions
And the memories
Of former times

And I've sworn off of women
But I've adopted a dog
With paws the color of snow
And I think you would like him
And I guess that's what I really miss

And there's something bothering me
What I wanted to say is

So, here it goes
This is my letter
To tell you the truth
I can't tell if I'm better
I've been thinking about the way most
Things are difficult to open
And easier to close

But closure isn't something
That you get with a person
It's a plan interrupted by snow
Or a vision of property
A game that you played with me

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