

# 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

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

I wanted to tell you

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Breathing  
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Still bend  
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