

Dear Ocean,

I wish you wouldn't write to me so personally
you called me out for leaving
his letters unopened on my dresser
covered in candy and candles and a tissue box
and a bottle of vitamin C which was supposed
to prevent me from needing the tissue box
which I needed anyway when I
was alone again on the holidays and when I
pressed the end call button and when I
was sick with the flu, of course
you reminded me about the envelope
corner emerging from the pile to flourish
its Wisconsin Prison System stamp and
declare my attempt to bury it
even though I already know what it says I'm
going to get a new tissue box soon just
so I can cover him up for a few more months
before I'm ready to toss him and my memories
into you.