

NO WORDS FOR THIS

If a true poem is one

you wish you never had
to write, then this is it.

Don't read it just to say

you've read it.

That's like

the traveler who went to Spain
so he could say he went
to Spain.

The words I've picked

have really picked themselves,
but what's not written here
is where the poem breathes....

The mother of a captain killed

by snipers read his final
letter postmarked on the date
he died.

She read it often

after that.

And every time

she closed the envelope, she slowly
licked it shut so that her tongue
could taste him in the last
thing he ever touched.