

## Sestina

If I was to write you a letter,  
I'd start it with "Dearest one."  
I'd tell you how the frost is covering the ground,  
How my hands never feel warm,  
And how everyone avoids your name.  
I'd also comment on how the Moon was meant for you.

I'll mention how long it's been since I've seen you.  
I wouldn't mention your car, Carolina, in my letter.  
I'd write, "The sounds that form in my dreams, sound like your name."  
I'd have troubles writing at first- perhaps not even send the first one,  
But maybe the third draft, or fourth, until my eyes warm  
And spill over onto the ground.

I've buried memories in the ground  
And one happens to be you.  
I'd tell you, "I miss your warm  
Eyes", but wouldn't end the letter.  
I'd write "Red and Blue are One."  
But never tell you, "I miss your name."

I remember how you said my name  
The first time- like something new off the ground.  
How you started to refer to me as the "European One."  
I wouldn't bring up how you  
Told me to "be careful with love", but in my letter  
I'd mention how your voice sounded reading The Tales of Two Cities made me warm,

How in the warm  
Summers day, you spent three hours looking for you key while muttering my name,  
And how you always corrected my English. My letter  
Wouldn't end there, but have ground.  
I'd write, "thank you  
For showing me how to golf" because I sucked and you thought I was number One.

For teaching me how to play pool even though you scored a billion... to one,  
For hiking with me to the top of Bogus on a warm  
Day. For forcing me to listen to Modest Mouse, you  
Need someone who won't stop whispering your name.  
"But right now, you're in the ground."  
And that's how I'd conclude my letter.

So if I was to write you  
A letter,  
I'd never send it. Sincerely, the European One.