

Fall 2012

## Letter to Your Old Address in Boston, Early October

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### Recommended Citation

Beaty, Evan (2012) "Letter to Your Old Address in Boston, Early October," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 77 , Article 45.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss77/45>

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## LETTER TO YOUR OLD ADDRESS IN BOSTON, EARLY OCTOBER

Already it may have frosted there.  
Or soon will—every winter early

everywhere, this year. I won't reference  
the birches, the slick roof

of the fishermen's church. In Virginia  
too the sky is low, wet wool.

There must still be a window  
behind which you lie

reading, though looking through  
it would be like looking through

a fly's wing. When I close  
my eyes to imagine those front steps,

I only see a man standing before a door,  
folding his coat over his arm.

He must be waiting for an answer.  
Perhaps his daughter lives

in the room where we slept,  
naked and cool, under the small print

of *Long Grass with Butterflies*  
while the rain ticked outside.

He walks back through the courtyard  
to the street, surprised at the defiant flowers

around the iron railings. Two tiny yellow leaves  
cling to his collar. He has not seen his daughter

in years, does not know the woman  
she is now. As he turns from number 72,

we share a thought: *if I die before you,  
you will live forever.*