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## Unsent Postcard

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## UNSENT POSTCARD

It's not that I miss you, I just want to keep  
telling you everything. How the girls here  
are lovely, and covered  
in paint, but they don't do to me  
what they used to. How the mountains hold ghosts  
of your tent, our fire, hunters neon  
as tropical fish. Today I walked uphill  
out of town and then uphill  
back home, the whole time thinking,  
*Don't go, don't go*, but to no one  
in particular. It's not that I'm lonely, it's just  
things are slightly peculiar—the barn's  
crooked smile of windows, its mouthful  
of cows, the bridge that straddles  
the river that keeps going,  
*shhhh*. I'm quiet, I'm  
quiet. Talk to the birds, the shuddering  
trucks, the cicadas back from the dead to tell us  
everything. I'm telling you, all long tall things  
bring your body back to me, the muscular  
tree trunks, their hard  
brown arms, and the one struck  
by lightning whose wound I keep wanting  
to tend. And the clouds, of course, but you can't  
trust clouds, they're as bad  
as my mind, which also  
keeps changing, going, *Rabbit*,  
*no, bear*. It's not that I wish  
you were here, it's just—it's  
the deer, they keep hurling themselves  
at my car in the night, but I'm fine, fine, it's just  
it's a zillion degrees in the sun and I can't  
bear swimming, how the current keeps touching me  
everywhere at once like your hands.