Living North of Yachats, West of Friends

Walter Pavlich
Days were lush with boring intensity
walking the sand after high tide
the one great driftwood hulk moving
further and further down the beach.
Sometimes I would leave the door
open all night, rain darkening
the concrete walkway, moistening
my carpet. I could only write letters
after midnight, same message in every one—
"I'm all too alone in this one, but don't write back."
Walking outside in my slippers
I parted the herd of rhododendrons
looking north then south for headlights
placed the envelopes in the wet metal box.
And jogging back inside I'd face
the bathroom mirror I'd covered
with my blue jacket where I learned
to brush my teeth, shave and live without it.