

POETRY

LETTER OF SEPARATION

Abby Bidwell

To whom it may concern:

It was love at first sight, like a cigarette lighter: an instant spark, only lasting for seconds. We burned brighter than the stars until the forest fire smoke clouded the sky. It started with the cigarette—funny, such a little thing creates a huge disaster.

You painted the walls of my mind with rose gardens, only you forgot to water them. They withered to thorns, prickling my heart with memories.

I've been told I'll find another like you, but I don't live by the ocean. I don't even know how to fish or own a rod. I thought you'd teach me.

We were from two separate worlds, a lone lake and a community pool. You filled a space in me, which is now atoms—just not yours.

You'll forever have a part of me. I'm trapped in a cage, bound to these shackles for life, a wounded animal in a zoo cage. You should have just left me in the wild.

Yours always,

and maybe never

P.S. This letter was never sent.