



Dear Johnny,

In your last letter, you requested

. Take my photograph down, you wrote. Disremember.

Yesterday M started talking. All at once, as if inside, she had alphabets that ached to break out. We were and relieved. We it would never happen. Johnny, the tomato plant takes water as if in love, and a map upside down is still a map. The arrows,

, I've

. placed Europe above the

. It hangs like our

Every morning, I

. I trace where you could be: Newbury, Canterbury,

Maidstone, Kent.

will bring you to another place: Merville, Pas de Calais, Caen,

. You are pushing through fields. In

, one cloud like an apology. I

think the word verdant, and it brings me closer to

. I the word tomorrow. It

a falling body.

. Johnny, I am busy history.

We were climbing a hill in

. The ice soaked through our mittens. I

. You

. Johnny, the ocean has salt

enough without your blood. I feel your hurried fear, tendoned and tight. You make your body small. We split at what seems . We

. Johnny,

There are so many spaces my body needs filled.

Love,

