

Sophia Holtz

Unsent Letter

I kept eating sugar cereal for dinner
once I'd grown up. Nothing was as I'd hoped.
Everyone moved cross-country, out of country,
outer space. Loneliness, I realized, is a lifetime's work.
Not just a few terrible years you try to forget,
knowing nothing you've done is new.

I didn't mean to tell you any of this. I meant to tell you
I unpacked boxes in a new apartment. I got a job in a bakery
and came home covered in powdered sugar every night.
The dishes cracked, and plants died, and pets ran away
all over the neighborhood—all those xeroxed photos
taped to the telephone poles. All these postcards
taped to my wall, pictures of anywhere else.
All these postcards I'll never send.

