

## To A Husband At War

I Hate Myself

things are here, and you're over there  
and in between: land, sea, everything  
i hope you're warm, and i hope you think of me,  
and the way things used to be.  
yesterday, a telegram said that you had died,  
but i knew and i know that it was a lie.  
i tried to laugh but went back to my room and cried  
i mean our room. i went back to our room and cried  
retreat, and come back home.