You never liked to get The letters that I sent. But now you've got the gist Of what my letters meant. You're reading them again, The ones you didn't burn. You press them to your lips, My pages of concern. I said there'd been a flood. I said there's nothing left. I hoped that you would come. I gave you my address. Your story was so long, The plot was so intense, It took you years to cross The lines of self-defense. The wounded forms appear: The loss, the full extent; And simple kindness here, The solitude of strength. You walk into my room. You stand there at my desk, Begin your letter to The one who's coming next.