



Robin York © 2007 All Rights Reserved

## Letter Ten

Here, in a bed that has become another country,  
a stillness has fallen as if the snow outside  
had drifted in, filling the folds in my sheets  
and burying me in a numbing dark with its thin  
shovel of light. There is only one body here,  
and it is mine. You, who I long for, lie  
in another room elsewhere unknown to me,  
your hair still damp with rain. How is it  
that we have come to this moment of wanting,  
without passports in hand, without names, only  
the wounds we wear, the ill-fitting masks of sorrow,  
the memory of the moon's silver bruise in the sky?.

\*\*\*

## Letter Fifty

Someone, I tell you, will remember us  
if only by what remains in these letters

grown grey with dust, sunk into the shadow  
and depths of boxes, shelves, and drawers.  
These lines I meant to give you, if I had  
but a place or a name to lay down beside my words.  
If longing were enough. The shape of a heart,  
or what it leaves. The curve of rain over an arm out  
of a window. The sound of trains in the yard, in the fog,  
outside the city where the hills rise into darkness.  
What I glimpse through the streaked windshield  
of my car in the last blows of a storm, before night  
opens wide like a sudden view of white flowers  
in a dark field. Someone will remember us,  
the woman filling her glass in the river, the man  
watching the horse drown in the waves.

Neil Aitken

Neil Aitken is the founding editor of *Boxcar Poetry Review*. His poetry has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Crab Orchard Review*, the *Drunken Boat*, *Poetry Southeast*, *Portland Review*, and *Washington Square*. He holds an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of California, Riverside and now lives in Vancouver, BC.

These poems are part of his current manuscript project entitled *Letters to the Unknown Wife*.