



2003

The Letter [rough draft]

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Recommended Citation

Culpepper, Ryan (2003) "The Letter [rough draft]," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 6 , Article 10.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol6/iss1/10>

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Keywords

Poetry

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I should be there again tomorrow. I'll see you, I hope
I'll be the one in the brown corduroy
reading Hamilton's *Mythology* (gold paper cover)
memorizing old gods, sketching them in brackets
as if they were distant cousins—the kind you've never met
with legendary quirks you always talk about
Just me, an apple, and celestial March madness
(so you won't be able to miss me).

I waited for almost two hours
Until I got tired and collapsed on the ground

My ears—a pincushion for green grass, my eyes melted like sealing wax.
Sun the color of weak tea trickled through the leafy shade
and I felt numb and sterile like I was having a CAT scan

Maybe you came then.
Maybe you didn't recognize me (I was wearing that blue baseball cap)
I used to want to sense you so badly –
I would hold my breath – stifled and passionate
like I was necking in an airplane lavatory

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I still had the dull pain in my temples and kidneys when I rolled over
checked my cell phone for missed calls
(do you have my number, do you speak by phone, that would be so easy)
But I'll try again, don't worry about that.
Just remember: brown corduroy, and I usually eat a Rome apple
(if I can find one; they're mealy this time of year) I'll be there.

I must have seemed a china-eyed child before,
babbling all the time imagining you
insisting you were the one forcing me to wear clothes I hated but would grow into
I'm sure you laughed, and that's fine.
It was a good hearted chuckle I trust.

Later I started crying, later still moaning

Well I still go there, and like I said
I'll be there tomorrow
I'm not counting on you, I've got plenty of reading to do
And these days I like it just as well alone.