

CHARMAINE CARREON

LETTER TO EVE

Again it is Wednesday. The weekday in the middle when
by policy the university stops. All students leave the campus for
somewhere else.

Secretaries ease themselves, certain the paperwork will be done
on time

nothing new is coming; and the security guards down, empty
hallways

at times can be comforting. Like world under water. The pace of
things quiet.

It would be nice to make my way to the beach today. This
apartment, too,

the view of Iglesia spires pointing to the blue, empty; no matter
the sun

is even on the walls and the cactus on the coffee table grew a
flower.

My mother had said nothing when finally told

grasping why I'd rather be spending my days out walking alone
with a dog.

Of course she knows. But you are too far away. Less real, I must
say,

if not for these blind pockets within days I put my hand in
not really surprised where you are. If I move

put away this paper, take keys instead and close the door
go down stairs to the park to pedal on a bike the kilometer to the
shore,

it wouldn't have mattered. The surf would be constant, the kelp,
the birds.

The distance. And something else would inevitably remind me
the anchored boat denied from the tide; the flotsam bottle at my
feet.