

CORRESPONDENCE

Diana Marie Delgado

Brother, deep in the moth hour and still no altar to speak of.
Everyone's got a life they cannot stop. Time passes, nothing survives.

The real me slipped out like a hiccup and Z marooned
himself in the arms of another girl's couch. I have a book for you.

It's about life and a real time G doing it. Mom's fine, breaking
crooked as an eggshell. Dad the same teething crocodile.

I've never seen so much sad architecture. Remember when the field
froze white and Mom tied plastic over our shoes?

This is the only place that's ever felt like home. I hope you get this
letter before lockdown. Or have you learned how to read in the dark?