

# Several billion golden years ago: This letter is to be hand canceled

by Allyson Stronach

We built fires and doctored the world with the sounds of our dancing.  
We scoured the stratified earth where we overlapped, and found stones that we fashioned into shrines for the demigods of our skeletons.  
There were mollusks and coral and fish teeth  
And stars and craters and sandstone

And we were surprised when, time after time, the pieces tumbled together, finally at rest.

Flecks of rhubarb and Alaskan Fireweed  
Alongside guitar strings and pixels and flattened pennies.  
We even strapped on roller skates and took the whole tapestry for a spin.  
And it blinked and twirled like a great constellation.

Sometimes it was heavy on our backs,  
And other times it was the only thing between us and the biting cough of winter.  
But most nights, it was a great, ever-expanding canopy  
or a sail  
or a wing  
or a net.

When we were far apart, the whole thing became an antenna  
We would each hold our ear to the far corners of the tapestry,  
And emit amperes of signal to each other  
All the while warming the world between us.

By the time we whittled our desires into entirely different shapes,  
I itched under our coat of clicks and whispers  
And of rhubarb and roller skates and stars.

But now, when I flip up my collar to keep out the cold,  
I still hear the faint signal of your reply  
The way that wind is silent  
until it has a tree to breathe through  
or a door to slam

or a sail to catch.