

Letter to the Man I See Walking the Pittman Wash

Svea Thamer

I have been hiding in a cold home, and burying myself behind thick shudders and thicker locks. Your pockets are always full of people
You have a lot to say about tunnels and the neighborhoods down the road.
You are always talking and I wonder if you have importance here.

This city doesn't feel very impressive. Actually it makes me feel pretty unhappy. My relationship with the sun is unsteady. I take my bike through empty rooms, out the gates, down the street towards you in the familiar engravings between pockets of buildings.
I picture myself in those neighborhoods like an unfurnished house, if I could find a nice table, open a window, greens and yellows.

And I think that I want this feeling with me everywhere, I want it seated in the front pocket of my backpack and on a pin in my hair
a pair of shoes that I only wear to make me taller : the holler of wind and the sound of my bike chain shaking, a pound or a whimper,
through the moon's dim glare I'm seeing the rabbits run side to side across the path. This feeling is keeping me here.

You have not been around : yesterday, I peddled up past a woman singing to herself. I thought that someone might hate this, but today I don't.

It gets dark too early and it's hot when I don't want it to be.
Your words float in my vision, I can taste them,
the text stands out to me and it's heavy, it weighs on me, I carry it in my hands
the letters jump out and permeate directly in front of my face, I am breathing the words, understanding them in a different way.
You never seemed to understand me when I spoke about my feelings.

I spend a lot of time riding my bike through neighborhoods I don't live in
and I'm wondering if these people recognize this isn't my home and somehow they do. I am blowing smoke in their windows and screaming down their driveways.

Do they know I wish that I lived here with them?

There are trees down each street and cars filled with boxes. I'm stopping to

skip a song. I'm standing in the street to watch their cats jump over gates and
lay in the rocks I broke my bike upon three days ago,
Now I stay home and wonder if you're walking even when I am not there

to see it.