

A Letter

Nicolas Joseph Roncea

And always there is a picture of you and her
Coming home happy from a vacation on the seas
And you looked like a sailor
With a tattoo of an anchor on your arm
Your hair greased back
Face weathered by places and days I'd never seen
Sometimes I read and reread
The birthday card you sent me
When I turned seven
And I know that they will never shine
The way it did that day
When we threw paper airplanes at your head
And sat on your knees laughing

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