

# A Letter

## Mineral

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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