

To a Husband At War

I Hate Myself

things are here, and you're over there
and in between: land, sea, everything
i hope you're warm, and i hope you think of me,
and the way things used to be.
yesterday, a telegram said that you had died,
but i knew and i know that it was a lie.
i tried to laugh but went back to my room and cried
i mean our room. i went back to our room and cried
retreat, and come back home.

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