

## Unwritten & Open Letters to Jack Christian

I put my shoulder to it. The weak one with a pinktoothed skull  
Leaned awhile above or let's call it near a chumbellied robin taught  
To breathe fire. I said to maybe let me implore like what I tell is wager.  
The subtle implication of wet on wet. If time is an unmeant thing  
And you wrote in such tall letters then what. They were still orange  
And what I was was nervous. And orange was really to be read  
Perhaps simply as scribble over. It was midnight or whenever  
Because which facts we previously established by joint decree.  
When we called to order a congress of hurt we passed a motion  
To ask the blinds raised. Which is to say unbeige beige. Someone  
Once opined that beige was like to invisible or maybe the word  
Was calm. The window faced north which we understood to be good  
For our art. It was whatever if ever what was ever ever.

Which we knew in our hearts to be false

nothing being such as never again.