

## *Fan Letter*

JOHN MANN

Dear life, dear earth, dear season  
of snow. Dear willow branch  
turning in wind. Dear song.  
Dear rain scouring the plain.  
Dear comet dust sprinkling  
its trail in black sky. Dear  
skin unfolding like twin  
rose petals. Dear owl-echo  
moaning through night. Dear  
three-chambered hawk heart  
falling into dawn. Dear  
arrow of desire taking aim  
at the body. Dear cold.  
Dear breath. Dear light  
piercing the sea with  
knives of gold.