

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.