

Dearest, how have you been?

I have let you go only in name. I spin the ink of your name into thread; I pull it through the eye of a needle and push it through my skin; I sew the ink of your name into the blood of my veins so I will never forget you.

Dearest, have you forgotten me?

Your words have been printed on the fabric of my existence. I buy cotton in yards that cover the distance between us; I cut cloth under stencils of your long gone promises; I tailor my clothes with the thread of your speeches.

You swore to be mine and mine alone, so help you God.

I dress myself in the image you made for me. I pull over my legs the passions you said were mine. I slip the buttons into place and match the biography you have written for me with the holes in my life. I do so to hide the bruises from where the needle could not find my veins, where my skin had been spilled over with the ink of your name.

Dearest, I have been well. Would you like to meet?

We shall have dinner. I shall take your name from my veins; I shall pull it through the eye of a needle and push it through your flesh. You will not forget me, for I shall thread my blood into your veins. And when I bare myself to you, you will see the bruises from the needle of your name, you will see the ink that had spilled from my veins.

Dearest, I will let you go with my blood on your name, my name in your veins, my words on the fabric of your existence. Then you will never forget me, as I will never forget you.