

from *Dive* by Heather Sellers

LETTERS FROM THE MIDWEST

Unopened. I lie here indolent wondering
what is the difference between heroin
and my mornings, alone in bed
for hours, unloved, missing.
My checkbook, unbalanced.
My failed marriage. Two wars,
two sons. One air. One sea.
No answering.

After a couple weeks, I throw
the paper chatter along
with a plastic bag of surplus
boiled chickpeas
into the trash, with the teabags,
keeping my regrets.