

D. M. GORDON

## Mosses and Ivies

Write to me—do not text—in your unpracticed hand.  
A postcard with a stamp. Write until you run out of room—  
up the sides in smaller and smaller letters, dear little e's,  
outrageous y's, and confusing s's; send a photograph  
of the cathedral, stonework of generations—  
masons, oxen, horses—and say how you got there, where once  
the rich brought chairs to worship while everyone else stood,  
and now the forest grows, blackthorn in the sacristy,  
mosses and ivies, a goodly (godly?) stream murmuring  
over the flooring stones, all that green, as if that were always  
the plan, of the forest I mean. Tell me you aren't lost,  
that your brain isn't frenzied, that it's real, that you haven't  
heard the latest, that in the roofless nave you understand,  
finally, what it all means, for I do not. Write to me.