

oo Tethered oo

Moments in between our
Move at an increment
My chest, a cage for
Must burst open at

There I'll unfold
Revealing more
The core of m
And I trust

Your
Lo

November 8, 1900

My dearest Joseph,

I feel as if, prior to meeting you, I had been asleep all my life. That every day I was meandering through a dreamscape in grayscale, and now for the first time I see color blooming all around me. I am sure you could tell how nervous I was when we met the other night down in Blagden Alley. Looking over my shoulder every few seconds like some fearful owl. My mother and father would have a fit if they knew that is where I had gotten to. I had only ever heard horror stories about the people who live in the alley just outside our wooden garden gate. The crime and poverty that flourished there and how it was no place for a woman like me.

While those things exist, it is only a small glimpse of the greater tapestry of life that persists there. Imagine if an alien visitor came to Earth in the dark dreariness of winter and believed that was all the good Earth had to offer? That

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Your eyes
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In

is how the people I know see this alley.
How I saw this alley. But not anymore.
There, with you, I see possibility.

Around every corner a new world to explore.
Listen to me, rambling on like this. New
worlds and alien visitors. You must think
me silly. I like being silly. I like that
you make me feel safe to be silly and
fanciful.

But now, in the moments apart, I return
to the bleary sedation of life. The day
to day to do that my family requires
of me. Helping my mother entertain the
guests that shuffle through our doors
to curry favor with my father. In rooms
of raucous conversation with his friends
from the Negro Business League, I clearly
hear the ticking of a clock. The sound
pulling my stationary self closer to
our next meeting. I hope this letter
will be a bridge between now and then.

Fancifully yours

Angelina P.S. My family believes in the importance of
the romantic arts. Enclosed in this box
is a sonnet written with you at its
heart.

oo Tethered oo

Moments in between our next meeting
Move at an incremental glacial pace
My chest, a cage for my heart's own beating
Must burst open at our next embrace.

There I'll unfold myself body, mind, soul
Revealing more and more until you find
The core of me, what keeps me stable, whole
And I trust my love that you will be kind

Your eyes hold endless possibility
Looking at you I see my forever
A house made a home and a family
Two souls tethered never to dis sever

We'll laugh, love and live till we're old and gray
I'll never leave you till my dying day.

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