



Letters From Bootcamp

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LETTERS FROM BOOTCAMP

by Lauro Vazquez

your first letter
spoke
of the crime
of writing.
writing
was only
permissible
on sundays.
letters on any other day
where reason enough
for punishment.
words became windows
eyes
to see beyond walls.
they were born
in the gut
they crawled through
the darkness
the throat
the mouth
and grew
fiery feathers
and took flight from the lips.
i know you cannot
fly or make something appear
in your hands.
but even so i try to imagine you
everyday
carrying brittle wings at your back
carrying a crackling
metaphor in your hands.
your letters then
spoke
they told me
of my letters
how they kept you sane
in that place that smells
of frustration. of walls.

they spoke of
the day
how your favorite part
of the day
was the night
because at night
you received the mail
the gift of words
electrified with
hope.
at night you would lay
on your bed and think and cry
and breathe.
i can almost picture you
breathing.
the moon watering
beyond the walls.
the wind howling
huge moaning circles
under the stars.
i can almost picture
you
crying
not because you are a girl
alone
but because
beneath the vast darkness of the night
you can breathe.
really breathe. sucking in the wind
the night the stars the sky
into your chest
as if breathing in life i tself
into your bones. your soul
because there in the middle of
words ready to cry
you can breathe.
you can see beyond the walls.
you can feel alive. because at night
you can see sunlight
escaping from your mouth.