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## Letters From Bootcamp

Lauro Vazquez  
*Dominican University of California*

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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.