

amy gaeta

the art of junk mail

five weeks have past since i came out via email. in a fan letter of sorts to a poet i call my favorite. she read at my school and i felt she was someone i could almost feel myself next to. not in bed or in "life" but at ATMs lines, check-outs, gas pumps. where normal people are too afraid to speak aloud to one another. bodies don't invade the space we're told we all have, just move in the same direction.

i buy that pocket sized guide to japanese inspired decluttering or whatever. apparently everything i own is western privilege. my furniture blocks positive energy, the root cause of my stomach aches. new news to me, i wrote her that those poems about the kennedys gave me these knots.

besides white tees and birkenstocks, my possessions are shipped to various new york avenues in hopes one will land on her stoop. i can tell myself she's unpacking my old Lost boxset before replying. before my sexuality exists elsewhere than a sent folder.

at a hundred odd pages I read it and minimize my life twice in one day, but there's still a small turning in my gut that makes it impossible delete that email from every thought. it does more good slipped into a manilla envelope, addressed to the busiest ATM's, check-outs, gas pumps, creating the space we all really don't have, |