

No post on Sundays

by [Michael Stanley](#) in the [December 2, 2020](#) issue

Dear Sir or Madame, begins my scribble,
“Too stiff,” says I, which ends that quibble.
New page—*Old Friend!* I start to scratch,
but soon cross out. What words can match
this Word I am replying to
sent by a Love that I once knew?
*You may not hear from me that much,
but today I thought I’d get in touch . . .*
And when I get the words just right,
my signature’s nearly in sight,
I blot the hopes leaked from the pen,
reset the margins, try again.
My crumpled drafts carpet the floor—
“I give up!” Then upon my door
a knock.