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## Euphoria

I sit, unable to rest  
A sick, unsure feeling deep in my breast  
My breath comes slow, measured, divided  
By the letter that sits in my hands.  
The envelope: the promise of love  
The promise of some kind of normalcy, in my world so full of death.  
My eyes scan over the address  
I imagine her writing it, wishing I were home  
Her tears have smudged the ink leaving little blue pools where once there were words.  
My fingers trace the borders of the tiny islands, a map of our pain.  
Our separation, our shared agony of simply being apart.  
Inside the envelope, the letter sits.  
At one time, it was perfectly folded and handled with care  
But the censors have stuffed it back haphazardly.  
My anger flares for a moment  
This precious piece of home  
Mutilated by the destructive, paranoid hands of war.  
I pull out the letter.  
It looks out of place here...Delicate  
I feel bad for bringing it here, surrounded by so much suffering.

I thank her silently for not mentioning the war.  
I just want to escape now.  
I get lost in the stories of home, drinking in every detail,  
Imagining that I am away from all this suffering and carnage.  
When I finish I read it again, admiring her handwriting  
The loops of her letters, the way she crosses her Ts.

Every little detail like a piece of her etched into the paper  
A testament to the quiet grace of the woman I love.  
I kiss her signature, the closest substitute I have for her lips  
Let the residual feeling from the letter fade  
And then slide it delicately back into the envelope.  
The shield against my reality lifts and the shadows fall once More