

Dear Agnieszka

Connie Walle

I know it's too late
to stop the wounds,
the hurt. The cow is
already out of the barn.
Before you were nine
all things should have
been spoken. The
lines tossed to you
light as jacks and just
as sharp, bouncing
round your head, dribbling
into your heart.
But you know I
loved you and that
should count for something.