



7th ANNUAL
POEM
TOWN
BRADFORD

DEAR MELANCHOLY

I'M TOLD I NEED TO WRITE THIS,
THOUGH I KNOW YOU'LL SIMPLY SIGH
AND LOOK PAST ME THROUGH GUNMETAL EYES.

YOU WERE MY FIRST FRIEND,
EVEN BEFORE THE IMAGINARY ONES
CREPT FROM THOSE SAME MISTS I'D LET SWALLOW THEM.
I COULD ALWAYS SEE THROUGH THEM,
BUT NOT YOU.

YOU WERE MURKY AND RICH AS LAKE MUD,
BULGING WITH THE SILENCE OF A 5 A.M. SKY.
I WOULD LOOK TO YOUR EMPTY PARKING LOT
MOUTH FOR ANSWERS
AND KNEW THE LACK WAS IT.

I NEED SPACE,
THOUGH THAT TOO IS YOUR CREAKING YAWN,
BUT IT ISN'T YOU.
IT'S ME.

WHAT YOU TOOK YOU FILLED WITH MEANING,
LIKE AN URN, TRUE.
STILL, YOU HAVE THE PART OF ME
THAT'S TURNED TO SACRED ASH.

ALL I ASK IS THAT ONE DAY
YOU WILL EAT YOUR FILL.

N. L. H. Hattam



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