**Letter to Everyone I Have Never Met**

Jen Gayda Gupta

I am the beat between

the slice of a cricket’s legs,

the open wait for a wave’s

crash, calamity

of plates split

into a thousand chiseled

throbs, the toe

that dares a jutting

wall. I am singing

a static. I wear a long

and painless wail.

I am scooped from the bottom

of a well, both sides

of a sunlit window.

I am awake

while my lover snores.

I am the tight cuff

of a shrinking shirt.

Somedays I am an unwashed

sore. I am never

really sure about certainty,

always really sure

I am a hairline

fracture from severed.

I am the tender side

of a cheek.

A kettle that whistles

without touching

a stove. I am hungry,

I sip the river,

swallow the ocean.

I am saving my lost

hairs in a letter.

I am going to stay

long after I’m gone.