

Yalobusha Review

Volume 4

Article 27

3-1-1998

A Letter from Hungary

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Recommended Citation

Hogue, Cynthia (1998) "A Letter from Hungary," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 4 , Article 27.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol4/iss1/27>

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Cynthia Hogue

A Letter from Hungary

Furious the roses where he drew blood.
Cutting oneself, opening up feels new
(*and new my soul*).

Still, one reasons,
The remarkable
gets by us, not sleight of hand
but subtle. We flit about,
hummingbirds,
our hearts
reft with nebulous longing.

Who is this person?
Where did he come from?
How does one know
when not to drop to
ground level,
nearer the new
blossoms, bury
one's face in them?

He writes of new love
(*I know you told me not to!*).
We have no memory or desire,
we simply read the letter.

It is not our life.
We do not bleed.