

Depressionist Letters and Poetics- Letter To My Teacher ii

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Sunday April 5, 2009

**Letter to my teacher**

I see you now

A silhouette

Of godzillic proportions

But...you can't help casting your shadow

You fell with the empire state building

I know now that I will never be like you

I never could have been

Though I thought that I would

If I hated myself enough

I lost hope too quickly

Or...I did something wrong.

I don't know

exactly...

Who is your Godzilla?

Your silhouette could

Walk from a street lamp

Beholden with identity

And you'd have none of it.

I see you now

And you have changed so

Often mottled things like  
Youth become shadows