

13a~Tom Beckett to _____.

Dear _____,

This could be, and is, addressed to anyone.

Poems are fan or love letters or funhouse mirrors or other ways of knowing – ways of knowing fundamentally involved with eros, distortion, and history refracted through the present – as one wrestles with intentions in a kind of awkward love.

As poet, a certain frisson is what matters – whether or not one's kiss is returned. Does it sound right, feel good, get one going, make one think, make one hard, make one wet, make one question?

Intentions come and go like seizures. They shake one up, leave one somewhat altered or diminished. One doesn't recall the experience of having them. One hears from others about them. One does one's homework to find out about oneself. What one's place in life might be. History is one's private life.

Poet: you're going to fill me up
and then abandon me.

I am replaceable. We know that.

Your alibis scare me. Memorize your nature.

Sincerely,

Tom Beckett