
SHOEBOX LOVE

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your hand-written letter stares
at me from the shoebox i keep
all souvenirs of old friends in,
orange envelope crumpled in
rain the day it got delivered—
i saved it anyway; we met here,
on the internet so i grasp every
thing i can, of you, from you—
of the books you send that i
always keep one unread lest
we part ways, of the pendant
you got me which i wear only
on days i miss you— i keep you
as close as i can on most of them.

the letter stares at me and i think
of my promise to write one back,
i don't have the right paper i sigh,
stop glaring i chuckle at the letter

i'll show my love some other way—

when and how the letter sighs and

i die a little inside — i have no idea.

your messy handwriting smiles at me

almost out of pity, write her a story it

whispers, where we grew up together,

where we knew each other before we

knew who we were, where our houses

were on the same street, right across,

our mothers are best-friends in this

one, our fathers talk about jobs and

stock market and investments, in this

story we loved because we saw love

and i knew you as an elder sister before

all my cousins, and you got to be one

even though you were young, in this one

we knew each other longer and better—

we shared rooms and secrets as if trading

candy, and i love you with all my heart.

the letter glares at me from the shoebox

the earrings are still untouched, waiting

for the right moment i will wear them—

realities are cruel, but you, you were kind.