

No post on Sundays

by [Michael Stanley](#) in the [December 2, 2020](#) issue

*Dear Sir or Madame*, begins my scribble,  
“Too stiff,” says I, which ends that quibble.  
New page—*Old Friend!* I start to scratch,  
but soon cross out. What words can match  
this Word I am replying to  
sent by a Love that I once knew?  
*You may not hear from me that much,  
but today I thought I’d get in touch . . .*  
And when I get the words just right,  
my signature’s nearly in sight,  
I blot the hopes leaked from the pen,  
reset the margins, try again.  
My crumpled drafts carpet the floor—  
“I give up!” Then upon my door  
a knock.