

Dear Mrs. Robinson

Do you remember the first time we met?

You walked into the dressing room of my work.

I zipped you into your white beaded dress
counting every freckle on your back.

The next time I saw you, you wore a black pencil skirt, black blouse, and straight black hair.

You were a seductive mistress.

When you called to me as you took role,

I felt it in my chest.

The picture on your desk of the man beside you was always gone on the weekends
and I knew why.

I'm sorry I had to show you his scarlet letter.

I blame our companionship on your grievance.

You taught me where to put my commas.

I showed you how to put together IKEA furniture.

On your newly constructed couch, I worked on homework while you graded papers.

When your legs crossed over mine on the coffee table, I held my breath.

Your hands felt like a cattle prod when our knuckles touched.

Walking down the brick hallways made my palms sweat like a whore in church.

Our peers warned us and covered for us.

To protect your career, I buried myself.

Your admiration for Poe

cautioned this would end morbid.