

## Adieu

I got your text, Dear. It's been fun.  
You contemplated, cut and run.  
You're fair to get things off your chest  
and kind for wishing me the best.

I cleared Love's rubble and debris  
and gathered what you gave to me.  
And to give closure to our story,  
I send this box with inventory.

The gifts herein, returned to you:  
One headless nail. One threadless screw.  
One stealthy snake in prickly grass.  
One somber, opaque hourglass.  
Twelve rain checks for the Here and Now.  
One mad, meatless, milkless cow.  
Two apathetic jazz quartets,  
complete with reedless clarinets.  
Twelve pointless jokes. Two pipless dice.  
One toothless shark. Some melted ice.  
One choo-choo train without a track  
Six soggy matches in a pack.  
Three starting pistols without blanks.  
And one near miss... one million thanks!

— Caroline Sposto