

Leigh Nash

When you have to

There is an invisible letter
scotch-taped to the turquoise fridge.

It's for you, the corners
crimped from the leaking
roof.

'Y's fly close to the rafters
like too-white seagulls.
Their messages are invisible,

too. Out in the street
they don't know
what to do with us,
us sitting in here
gnawing on the alphabet.