

The Last Night of Winter

Mia Doi Todd

Thanks for your letter, it made me feel better.
I was down, and it gave me a lift... appeared the Goodyear blimp. The tree out your window is
covered in pink snow.
You put a few blossoms in the envelope... I didn't know. Now on the sidewalk, outside my P.O.
box.
I'm a parade, I'm confetti of fuschia hearts... We are never really apart. You dreamed of me the
last night of summer.
You dreamed of me the last night of summer. You were coming. I was leaving.
We met in the harbor where whaling ships dock... We threw some rocks.
Everyone wanted you. I was not immune to
the fever that overtook the cast and crew... I couldn't get to you. But I had a secret, a torch to
give you.
I stole an hour or two to share the fruit I grew with you. I dreamed of you the last night of
winter.
I dreamed of you the last night of winter. Hidden treasure, buried long ago, of immeasurable
gold.
I'm drawing a map, connecting the dots, fusing the past to the present. I must always remember
our moments together
and believe in magic. It exists just beneath the surface. New York City thinks it knows
everything.
The buildings, the people threaten to crush your body, your mind, your soul.
But you keep writing, and I'll keep writing,
and one day the story will be told. All our oysters will unfold. You dreamed of me the last night
of summer.
I'll dream of you the last night of winter.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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