

My Athenaeum

Simplicity brings a naked affection as honest as rainwater. Stitching up the spine to hold the core of you, these paperbacks are modest, unlike the vellum manuscripts decorated with gold-leaf and intricate marginalia. No oak gall ink or quills described you, only my dried tears. Filing fills the lack and retains the parts I don't want to lose: recollections of patterns pinned to fabric on the floor, you bent over the sewing machine. Always thrifty, make-do, can-do. There was so much I wanted to say, and the cards keep the words close to my heart. Strings of letters that can only be uttered quietly, but maybe you are here listening in this room of tiny diaries.

Rosanna Licari