

Yours Truly

When my mother writes a letter,
she uses her fountain pen and fancy paper that she keeps in her desk
in a special drawer.

She slips in a photo and
chuckles as she writes about
me, about the weather, about
what she's doing and hopes to do.

She licks a stamp, writes
carefully on the envelope,
and carries the letter to
the mailbox out by the road,
wondering how many days will pass before it's read.

When I write a letter,

I use my computer and fancy modem that I keep in my room
on my special desk.

I enclose an attachment and
chuckle as I write about
my mom, about the weather, about what I'm doing and hope to do.

I key in the address and a subject and press SEND. My computer buzzes and
then—delivery!

It's there, waiting for someone to call it up on her screen
and read it *now*.