

# The Messenger

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## Untitled

Meg Hurtado

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Away from you, and over many mornings,  
Out of many chances for rest and blindness,  
I have run, to escape the letters you write  
    To me with your eyes.

The very fountains in my wistful garden  
Have told me not to love you. And the winged moon  
Has sung to me and said, 'Child, you need solace,  
    Not a thunderstorm.'

Over and over my key turns, I enter  
This pale room. I have been walking in bright fields,  
And my clothes are full of rain and failed sunshine,  
    And my hands are cold.

Over and over, there are your letters, on  
A music-stand in the hall. They are too sweet  
To burn, but I have not sufficient shadow,  
    Or love, to answer.

Untitled

Meg Hurtado