

Linda Pastan

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an excerpt of

*In an Unaddressed Envelope*

Dear loves I never met,  
dear children I never carried,  
you who were here for a while  
clothed in the rags of imagination,  
who brushed past me without seeing  
and sang songs the wind carried away  
as if they were so many leaves  
to be raked and burned later:  
your singing comes back to me now  
beneath the dark elusive notes  
of someone else's music.