



HEATHER KIRN

## **LETTER TO SELF UPON COMPLETING AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

Congratulations. Your solitude  
wears paper well, and paragraphs  
become your curvy derring-do.

Those tropes, they make  
sophisticated trimmings of your tears.

Your title: fitting  
as a gondolier hat in Venice. But here  
is all you needed to say:

people gave you countless cards  
for a day  
on which you did nothing but scream;

photos snapped yourself  
prettier for a future  
in which you'd be less so;

the world would always be  
precisely the same size,  
but the universe, they said, was expanding;

and the dog, he loved you because he didn't  
know he had a choice.

