

# Dreaming Your Silence Is a Postal Service Error, 2005

Jen Coleman

I wasn't anxious to rip them open:  
months of once-crisp envelopes  
addressed in a neat red hand,

elastic-bound, bled with violet  
postmarks—I wouldn't have cared  
if they'd been empty. A tornado

may have been near. Want and fear  
are indistinguishable atmospheric forces.  
Between the recovered captives

and me, seas of coma and clean history—  
a metal door ajar, the low clouds lit  
with grey, I don't know, apocalypse.

**Jen Coleman's** poems have appeared in *Appalachian Heritage*, *Fifth Wednesday Journal*, *New Welsh Review*, *Phoebe*, *The Southeast Review*, and elsewhere. She earned her MFA from Hollins University and teaches English at Dabney S. Lancaster Community College. She lives in VA with her two Manx cats.