

Letter to Rosa Luxemburg

If I had written to you today as I walked through the forest
deep in the evening
remembering you in prison
silent
with your thinking interrupted only by an old woman who told you
that she also liked to read books
what would I have said?
that I missed you, thought of you, and wanted you back
that I could not bear the thought of you silently at the pond
fixing the design of shrubs and trees around it
in your mind
to block out hopelessness?
could I have told you that I felt you near
as I saw beside me, violets filling the banks
falling over the edges
themselves in desperation to find the sun
just as you longed for it in prison?
could I have sent you dried flowers
in the hope that they might reach you
get past the censors checking
withholding,
postponing your letters to break you?
would you understand the purple offerings as a sign of my admiration
a friendship never faltering even though it could mean my investigation?
could I have filled the silent echoes with words to share those you sent me
telling me to be strong, not to lose heart
to keep my head up?
your strength, determination, belief
in the darkest humidity of cells seems never broken

even while you told me not to be crushed, not forsaken.
are there any words which I could send you
which would ever match those you sent me?
what else would you have written if I could have passed this on to you
gazing deep into the pond tempting the bravest soul?
perhaps you saw the bird with orange speckled breast
perhaps it danced distracting you
just as the lone actor entices me today
deep into the black forest.