

## The Messenger

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# I Wrote You

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# I Wrote You // Richard Jennis

Simply because you breathe  
And because you can dream  
You are tempted to believe  
You are alive and free

You know you are alive because you know that you  
can think  
You can breathe and reproduce and you can sleep  
and drink  
When you pinch yourself, you do not awake  
Your reality is genuine, so nothing here is fake

You're wrong. I wrote you.

I wrote your gap-toothed smile  
I wrote every joy and trial  
When you fell in love with you-know-who  
Guess what? I wrote her too

I thought you up in the shower, then slipped you in a  
book  
You can see bits of me everywhere you look  
The girl you love has nuanced traces of my love's  
hair style  
She has her lips, interests and hips and even her  
pearly smile

It's true. I wrote you.

I wrote your dreams  
Your inquiries

But writing your heart  
Was my favorite part

And when I had you lying under the stars, staring at  
the sky

I wrote myself inside your world as a passerby  
I said good day and asked if you simply found it too  
damn odd

To accept the notion that one could have devotion to a  
human god

You know it to be true. I wrote every part of you

I wrote your tears  
Your words, your fears  
Your breaths and sighs  
Your startled eyes

I wrote you into existence, but you needn't be  
thanking me

You've given me far more, you are my published  
legacy

And now that I am finished, and I have had my fun  
I regret to inform you that my story is all done

Tonight, before you fall asleep, listen, but do not look  
In the fading silence you will hear the tender closing  
of my book.