

BRITTAN SEMLER

# Fairy Letters

When I was six or seven,  
My summers were filled with fairy letters.

In the magic moonlight  
The letters I tucked into lily buds  
    Or slid into the knot of a tree trunk  
Were stolen by secret travelers  
With butterfly wings and wind chime voices.

In the humid misty mornings I would find their dew-  
Dampened notes in the same places mine had hid  
The night before.

They wrote to me of fairy houses  
    And chipmunk friends

Tea parties of nectar and berries  
Flower petal dresses stitched with spider web.

Late one muggy summer night,  
An insomniac of my own imagination,  
I treaded quietly downstairs to glimpse my fairies  
frolicking in our star-dusted garden.

I instead found my mother  
Tucking a glittery note beneath a tiny canopy of  
strawberry leaves.  
My childhood splintered;  
No more was I the girl chosen by the fairies.

Traces of their thriving colony  
    Faded with the season.  
Their fairy ghost town crumbled;  
Great twig roofs collapsing on moss carpeting  
Acorn chairs washed away by the rain.

My backyard barren of secrets  
I packed away my letters of lies.

Years later, I re-read those carefully penned stories  
About magical secret admirers.  
In all the fairies I thought I'd lost,  
I forgot the one I always had.