

6-4-2012

## Collegiate Love Letters

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.claremont.edu/passwords>

 Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [Photography Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

(2012) "Collegiate Love Letters," *Passwords*: Vol. 12: Iss. 2, Article 7. DOI: 10.5642/passwr.20121202.7  
Available at: <http://scholarship.claremont.edu/passwords/vol12/iss2/7>

This Story is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Claremont at Scholarship @ Claremont. It has been accepted for inclusion in Passwords by an authorized administrator of Scholarship @ Claremont. For more information, please contact [scholarship@cuc.claremont.edu](mailto:scholarship@cuc.claremont.edu).

# Collegiate Love Letters

## Anonymous

I.

To Whom It May Concern:

I'm sorry we had sex.

Well actually, I think what I mean is

I'm sorry we'll never have sex again. Because while it was happening it was too dark to really see you, arms a little thin and hands a little rough with the weather and the air where you're from. I didn't get the chance to know every inch of you, subtle muscles shifting under skin and hair and smile flashing. It all went too fast too sweet too dark too much but it was over just too fast to give me the time to

Enjoy

Admire

Feel

Wait, no. That's not really it. What I mean to say is

I'm sorry you never want to have sex with me again. I'm sorry that I want to be your Elaine Robinson and I want to make you care, not only about where you are going but also where you have been and I want to rudely interject myself in between and hope that you will let me stay. I'm sorry that you'd rather count stars climb trees shoot hoops bake cakes pet cats swim laps write songs eat burgers kiss babies, anything but have sex with me again. I'm sorry that I want to touch you but you don't let me because you're all the way across the room and you flinch

When I step nearer

Like don't come closer.

I'm sorry I'm your best friend she's very nice very smart very beautiful very close but not enough sort of girl.

Yeah, I think that's right. That's what I mean. It's so hard to find the words I

## PASSWORDS

mean to say I'm sorry I said we were on the same page just please let me explain: I lied.

I know, I know. Lying is bad. But the thing you don't realize is that

In these bodies on this bed in this room on this island in this little town in the United States of America on Google Earth we are here but not existing. So many nights we just had nothing to do but sit around and talk and lie down and hold hands and kiss.

You see? Everything begets everything else.

What you don't understand about us is that so many days we were too close together with nowhere else to go and no one else to talk to

So we were fascinated with each other

So bored we decided to do whatever

Except now I love you.

Yeah, I know that doesn't sound quite right I mean this is supposed to be a love letter! But if you think about it, you know what I'm saying is true. If you don't get drunk and you don't study like you want to become rich someday, the time seems never to pass

So we had sex

Except now I love you.

And lying is bad

You told me so

Now I know

You really don't love me I'm sorry we had sex.

II.

To Whom It May Concern:

I'm glad we had sex.

Sure, all my friends say you look a little too much like Kevin Federline to be

## PASSWORDS

tasteful and maybe your golden days you left far behind you in high school, but I always thought you were pretty cool.

I wonder, though, what exactly are you going to do for the rest of your life? You can't keep picking girls up at the corner bar forever. They close up at 3 am and by then you might be balding or look down to discover that your varsity abs have turned into a beer belly I mean you never know.

Well, I guess that's all beside the point. I think what I'm trying to say is

I'm glad we ended up having sex. The probability that it would've happened is somewhere around .025 because I'm like 34 percent babysitter 28 percent textbook reader 16 percent capitol hill indignant 12 percent fingers on piano keys 7 percent mountain goat and only 3 percent sex kitten. You can't even deny you know that's the way it is because you never would've noticed me in high school. You were too busy

Floor Captain

Prom King

Lord of the Underworld

By the way, maybe you should think about getting a real job because being Lord of the Underworld won't really feed your children or give them health insurance or protect them from

The wind rain snow sleet

The toll-road salesman SAT heartbreak

Sorry. I know it is none of my business. I just have this nervous tic where I try to make things turn out the way they are supposed to because I hate loose knots and lost shoes and I think you are probably one if not both. But that is neither here nor there I mean this is supposed to be a love letter! God, where was I?

Oh, right.

You keep me up at night.

Hoping that maybe if I love you enough, things will turn out all right for you and your strange thoughts and your mom who is dying but still wishes you would stop smoking so much weed. Because you see maybe if I love you enough, somehow you will hear me and understand that you don't have many chances left. Please understand, Lord of the Underworld

## PASSWORDS

I can't sleep eat sit walk blink without thinking of you.

You are my responsibility now because

You are lost.

Hades so heavy a duty it is to love you but

If it will save you then

I'm glad we had sex.



Nicola Parisi