

## David Donna

### Blessings By Text Message

My friends,  
I would blister my hands opening  
the red-hot window  
to float this filigree of well-wishes  
towards you, to adorn

your nests—insubstantial  
as protection, I regret  
but tell me if it catches  
some still-gentle light  
with you when it comes to rest.

I miss you all.  
These separate days each stretch—  
high-tension wires along the streets  
between our apartments  
buzz, the loudest sound outside.

We'll feel this in the quiet at the backs  
of our thighs a while yet.  
Whoever's eyes  
remain with mine on this,  
send word, or send whatever's left.

**David Donna** is a software engineer living near Boston, where he lives with too many books and not enough books. His work has appeared in the *First Literary Review-East*.