

***In the Green Desk***  
**by D. Williams**

If it was important, she kept it in the green desk in very plain boxes coated in mold, dust, with a smell I would call "Lost Hopes and Dreams."

It was my job to wrangle the desk drawers, expose their contents to fresh air. Fresh eyes. Disturbing the words written in perfect penmanship, looped, curled, the angle just so.

Written as if the writer just liked the way it looked, the thoughts picture perfect on scrap paper. Words for no one or drafts of the same. And carbon paper. Who uses carbon paper or a "trusty pencil." An envelope "The Depressing Year" or a note about how not even her dog acknowledged her that night.

The Green Desk. That place that holds the Resentment.

Cards and musty love letters addressed to My Darling. A break up note, two in fact. And more quarter pages of scrap paper from the office recycle box. Their backsides spilling details of a decades long love affair. "My Darling" couldn't handle the white-hot intensity of the Writer's emotions. Making it their problem. Demands for apologies and romantic meetings.

A list checked off, fantasy dates and wishes for time together. Desperation for a soulmate concocted from decades of too much TV and movies, a brain packed with Gullibility.

Now they are frail words.

"My Darling" never left the wife. But continued to buy gifts. Expensive ones with appraisals and insurance. The green Desk hid those receipts too.

The desk spills too many things. I take up my pencil for the Desk:

Dear My Darling,

She was fine without you. She didn't need you. She doesn't write you anymore. You left her and you trained her to wait for you to come back. She only sits and watches for you. Her life empty when you aren't there.