

## DEADLINES AND DIVINE DISTRACTIONS

**Natasha Stagg**

New York, 2002

Do you remember watching fireworks with me at the coastguard festival? I wrote a poem about it for school. Maybe I'll send it to you. You were the closest thing I've felt to love. You once said that I was trouble with a capital T. Do you still think so? I think I've grown up a lot. I'm 17 now, you know? I hope jail isn't so bad. I hope I see you again before I move away to Chicago or New York to become a librarian. Do you want to travel the world? Do you think I'll ever find someone who thinks the way I do? I want to draw pictures for you, of ancient Greece and of crying Elvis fans. Do you remember kissing my hand and my cheek when we said goodbye? It was a beautifully dramatic breakup. Do you agree? I'm hanging out with X again because she's the only person I'm comfortable doing drugs with. Two things I hope I never do: heroin and anal. I want to stay pretty for as long as I can and then become a recluse or get married. I quit smoking pot because I used to have a quick wit, I think, but I've become addicted to cigarettes and I hate it. My dad is a pothead and an alcoholic. I love both of my parents very much, but they're better apart. I've lived with a few different relatives while my mom is in the hospital. What did it feel like when your dad died? Please don't answer that if you don't want to. I miss you. Write back.

N

PS My cat Spooky ripped up this letter and I taped it back together.