

Nadine Rodgers

notes from lee malvo's cell

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my name is lee and whatever love was
meant for me is at the bottom of the
barrel that my mother sent.

she didn't know the barrel from miami
never meant that much to me still she
worked hard to fill it.

and all the while i needed her she sent me
socks from wal-mart and new underwear
and ketchup for my food.

i watched my father's house from outside
and when nana estelle turned her eyes he
did not help me carry my hurt.

anyone could have me just as long as the full
barrel would always come and i never
forgot who was my mother.