



2021

Dear Jhon

Joanna Suzanne

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Recommended Citation

Suzanne, Joanna (2021) "Dear Jhon," *Floodwall Magazine*: Vol. 1: Iss. 2, Article 8.

Available at: <https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine/vol1/iss2/8>

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Dear John

in dreams, the passing of trains. &i
realize i forgot what it was to fuck
with open windows. frustration melts like rocks
in the glass (like
irides in sun-
light, like hope in wet basements), leaves
a bitter fragility in the dregs.
the hours drip. suddenly,
it's two in the morning and silent, you
seeing my face with your fingers, i
flushing your secrets
with my skin. the nextday's dawn comes
drawn with shards in both eyes:
always end with a jab to the left.

About Joanna Suzanne

Joanna Suzanne Lee has never been formally trained in any kind of writing, thank you very much. She can, however, dissect the brainstem of a neonatal mouse or diagnose your lower back pain. Her first full-length book of poetry, *the somersaults I did as I fell*, was released in January of 2009. Her work has recently appeared in *Right Hand Pointing*, *Contemporary American Voices* and *scissors and spackle*, among others.