

[Home](#)

[Current Issue](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Autumn 2007](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

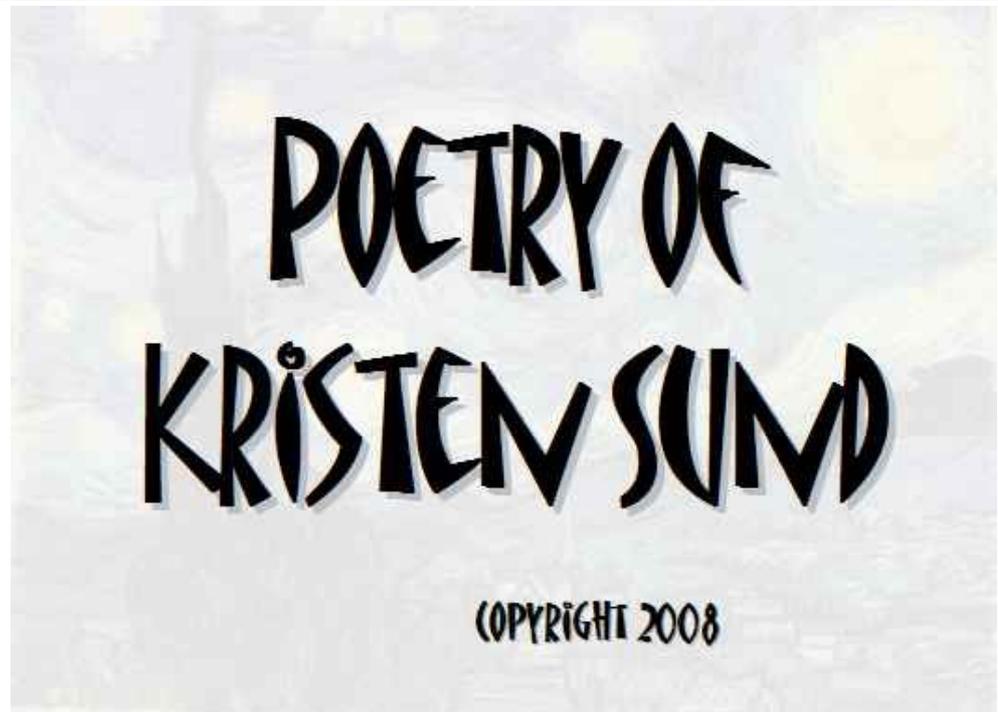
[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)



## **You Still Get Mail**

There is a picture of you  
on my dresser,  
and if I stare at it long enough,  
I can almost see your eyes move.

My grandfather bends down  
to kiss your headstone.  
"I would rather kiss a toilet seat," I say,  
embarrassed by his sentiment.

Sometimes an envelope comes to our house  
with your name on it.

And I like seeing it,  
so I can pretend  
I am just waiting for you to come home.

## **Memorial**

"See this freckle," I say,  
pointing to my foot.  
"I got it about a year ago.

I think you get a new freckle  
each time you lose someone.  
That way, a part of them  
is always with you."

You look confused, doubtful,  
then look down at your  
own hand.

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**Kristen Sund** recently graduated from Hampshire College in Amherst, MA, where she studied communications and creative writing. She fell in love with poetry when she was very young and since then has been published in *Teen Ink*, *The Reader*, *Big Toe Review*, and *Prick of the Spindle*. While at Hampshire College, she worked as the art director and poetry editor for the school's literary magazine. When she is not writing, Kristen works as a graphic designer. As a poet, she finds it hard to write a 100 word bio, and decides that 98 words will have to do.