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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.