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The Love Letter as a Method of Academic Discourse

August Smith

*Western Michigan University*

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My favorite time of day during winter is when everything turns blue, and the light fumbles around like a wounded animal. It is somewhere around 5 p.m. and it’s when the mail trucks are spinning their wheels on the slick streets, laden with dead bouquets and small pieces of trees and the man with the suit handing out gifts hour to hour, and I don’t find it strange that it gets me down when I can’t stop looking out the window. The only thing that really keeps me happy is walking to someplace because that takes me to the next place that I’ll be. When we were moving together, we were also moving laterally towards the future. When we sat still we were merely stumbling from the past, our wheels locked in motion.

August Smith