

Brian Epstein's Letter to His Mother

by Amanda Harris

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All that loves green produces green.
If this letter finds you well,
please know that we are absurdly
famous. Girls want us to sign
their breasts, make babies. I am
not aroused. The impure thoughts
about John feel strong the way
the anchor is strong, steady the way
a cat's hand is steady. I cannot,
even with your impending death,
afford conversion therapy. Please
send money. I drown like a broke
musician in my thoughts.

