Brian Epstein's Letter to His Mother

by Amanda Harris

1963

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.

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