

Dear Sir

by TheChickWithThePen

[Lights up on CLAUDE. He's holding a letter, standing.]

CLAUDE:

Dear sir,

We regret to inform you

That your (that place with cream walls and dog hair where
warm nights are cracked by

broken windows

shattered glass

ceilings let you sink into plaid cushions and listen
to your own heart

live safe or sound

loud enough for you) your house home is being
forclosed.

Sir, you've missed your payments and refuse to pay your fines in
blood and silver as per our demands.

Dear Sir, dear friend, I love you with my lips but I love your money
more

And now you've dried up in the Arizona sun

And the leeches have become ravenous.

Dear Sir, we regret to inform you

That your (you know, that person whose soul's entwined
with yours

or yours with hers

hard to tell when electric blue

turns icy

soft caresses

soft landings for tears

radiant smiles

that person you love enough to forge the
terms for love
and make it real) your wife

is a gold-digging slut and you've wrapped your eyes in rose-colored
saran wrap all this time.

Dear Sir,

Our deepest sympathies for your loss of everything you held dear.
We know it's hard to lose someone,
especially if that someone
is yourself.
But it's good to say goodbye, so remember to wave at your soul
as it leaves you
one piece of furniture at a time.
Remember to laugh at the empty spaces
Reeking with silence of the absent.

Dear Sir,

It is of utmost importance that you understand how fucked you are.
And how sorry we are to hear it.
If this letter has been sent in error, the error is yours, not ours.

Don't forget to send us your new address in Hell or Detroit, it
amounts to the same thing.

Sincerely.

