

Letters

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Senior Thesis Course

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With each word they tighten their fetters

letters

enter

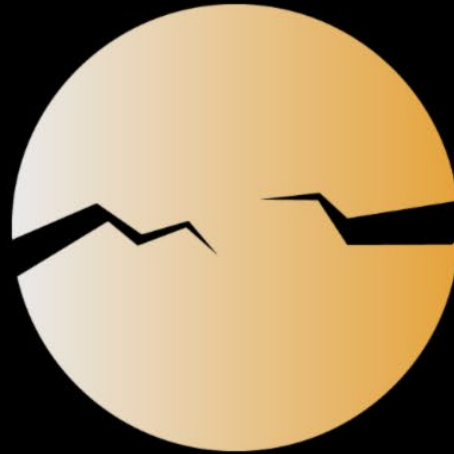
center

splinter

torment

<https://letters2020.com/option1/enter.html>

With each word they tighten their fetters
and lengthen their chains. She swipes the notes he sends her,
locked in shining sheets, somehow there



letters
splinter
here,

love

pain

With each word they tighten their fetters
and lengthen their chains. She swipes the notes he sends her,
locked in shining sheets, somehow there
yet always beyond reach. Still she waits
with open hands, catching coin, never knowing
the lips from which each leaf is torn –
still, she prays, where spaces stood, his letters stand –
still, where once he stood, she withstands grief



letters
center
here,
making
love
from
unspanned
seas,

release

hold

destroy

With each word they tighten their fetters
and lengthen their chains. She swipes the notes he sends her,
locked in shining sheets, somehow there
yet always beyond reach. Still she waits
with open hands, catching coin, never knowing
the lips from which each leaf is torn –
still, she prays, where spaces stood, his letters stand –
still, where once he stood, she withstands grief
like pennies pounded thin, like thieving
hands and mouths mutely confessing
that most essential crime – the sin
of lettering love. Even us judges then
cannot set them free.

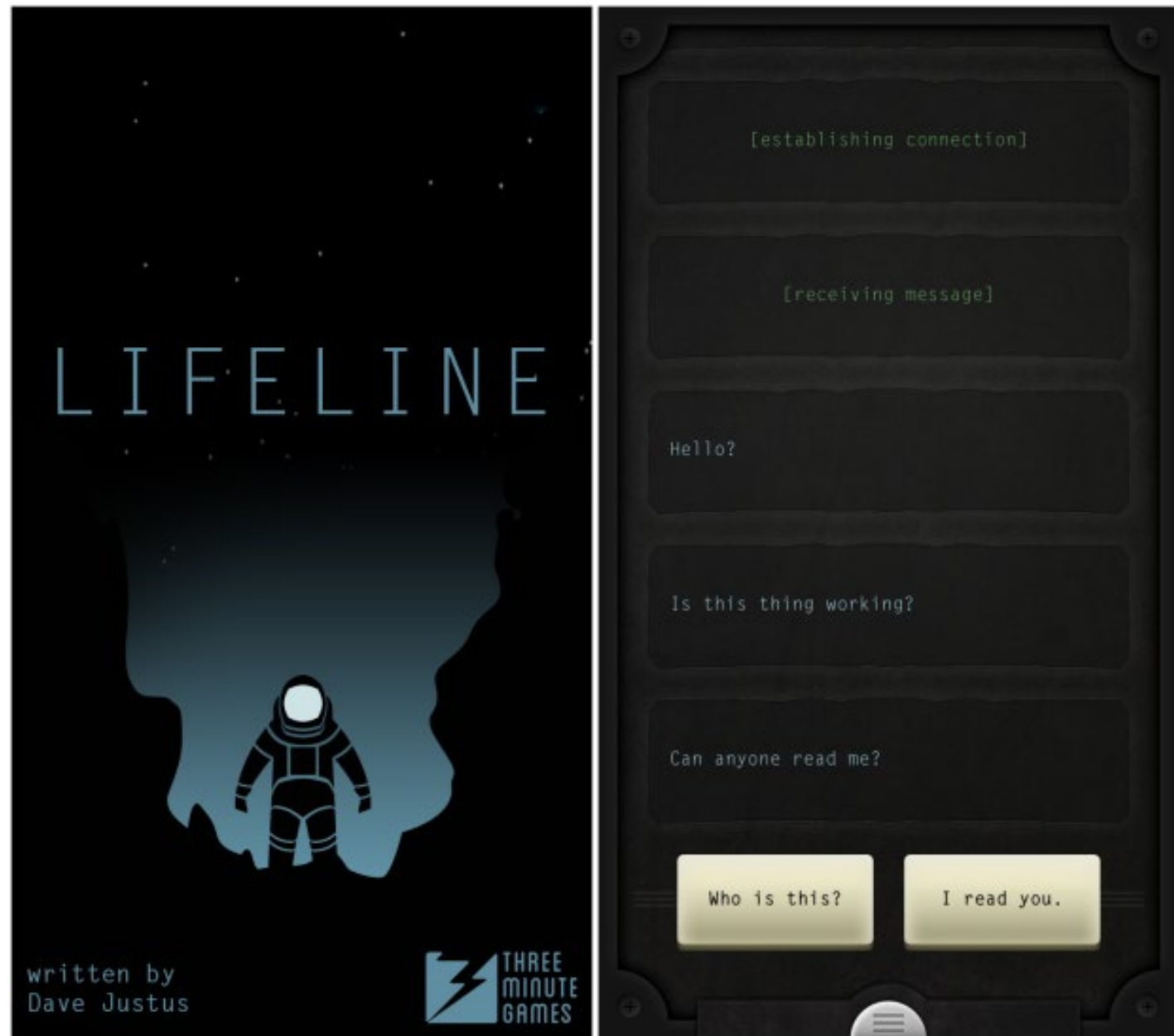


letters
center
here,
making
love
from
unspanned
seas,
sewing
subtlety
into
thin
sheets.

Rewrite



Doki Doki Literature Club



Lifeline

Narcissus and Echo

Shall the water not remember *Ember*
my hand's slow gesture, tracing above *of*
its mirror my half-imaginary *airy*
portrait? My only belonging *longing;*
is my beauty, which I take *ache*
away and then return, as love *of*
teasing playfully the one being *unbeing*
whose gratitude I treasure *Is your*
moves me. I live apart *heart*
from myself, yet cannot *not*
live apart. In the water's tone, *stone?*
that brilliant silence, a flower *Hour,*
whispers my name with such slight *light:*
moment, it seems filament of air, *fare*
the world becomes cloudswell. *well.*

--Fred Chappell (1985)



```
1 <!DOCTYPE html>
2 <html>
3
4 <head>
5   <meta charset="UTF-8">
6   <meta name="viewport" content="width=device-width, initial-scale=1.0">
7   <title>Letters | Home</title>
8   <link href="main.css" rel="stylesheet" type="text/css">
9 </head>
10
11 <body>
12   <table>
13     <tr>
14       <td>With each word they tighten their fetters</td>
15       <td><i>letters</i></td>
16     </tr>
17     <tr>
18       <td></td>
19       <td>
20         <br>
21         <div class="opt"><a href="/option1/enter.html">enter</a></div> <br>
22         <div class="opt"><a href="/option1/center.html">center</a></div> <br>
23         <div class="opt"><a href="/option1/splinter.html">splinter</a></div> <br>
24         <div class="opt"><a href="/option1/torment.html">torment</a></div> <br>
25       </td>
26     </tr>
27   </table>
28
29   <div class="visLeft">
30     
31   </div>
32
33   <div class="visCenter">
34     
35   </div>
36
37   <div class="visRight">
38     
39   </div>
40
41 </body>
```

Let's write a letter!

I'll write on the left,

and so we'll talk side by side,

listening now and then,

taken half by half,

reaching past regrets.

together!

leaving

you

to

echo

on

the

right -

sighing

when

paths

reset.

Begin

Thank you!

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Bibliography

Brotchie, Alistair. *A Book of Surrealist Games*. p. 30.

Chappell, Fred. "Narcissus and Echo." *Shenandoah*, vol. 1, no. 50,
<https://shenandoahliterary.org/blog/2016/03/narcissus-and-echo-by-fred-chappell/>.