

# 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>

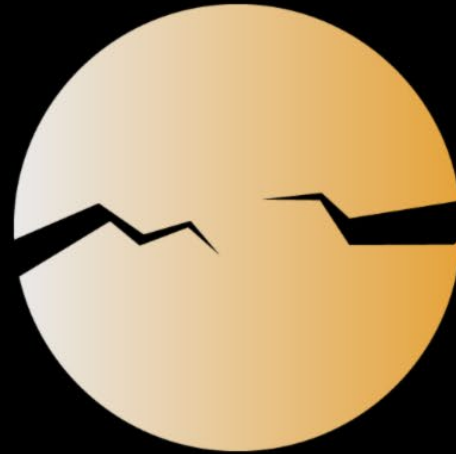
Anna Styrzczyła. *Letters: Home Page*. Website. 2020

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**

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**hold**

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**destroy**

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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.



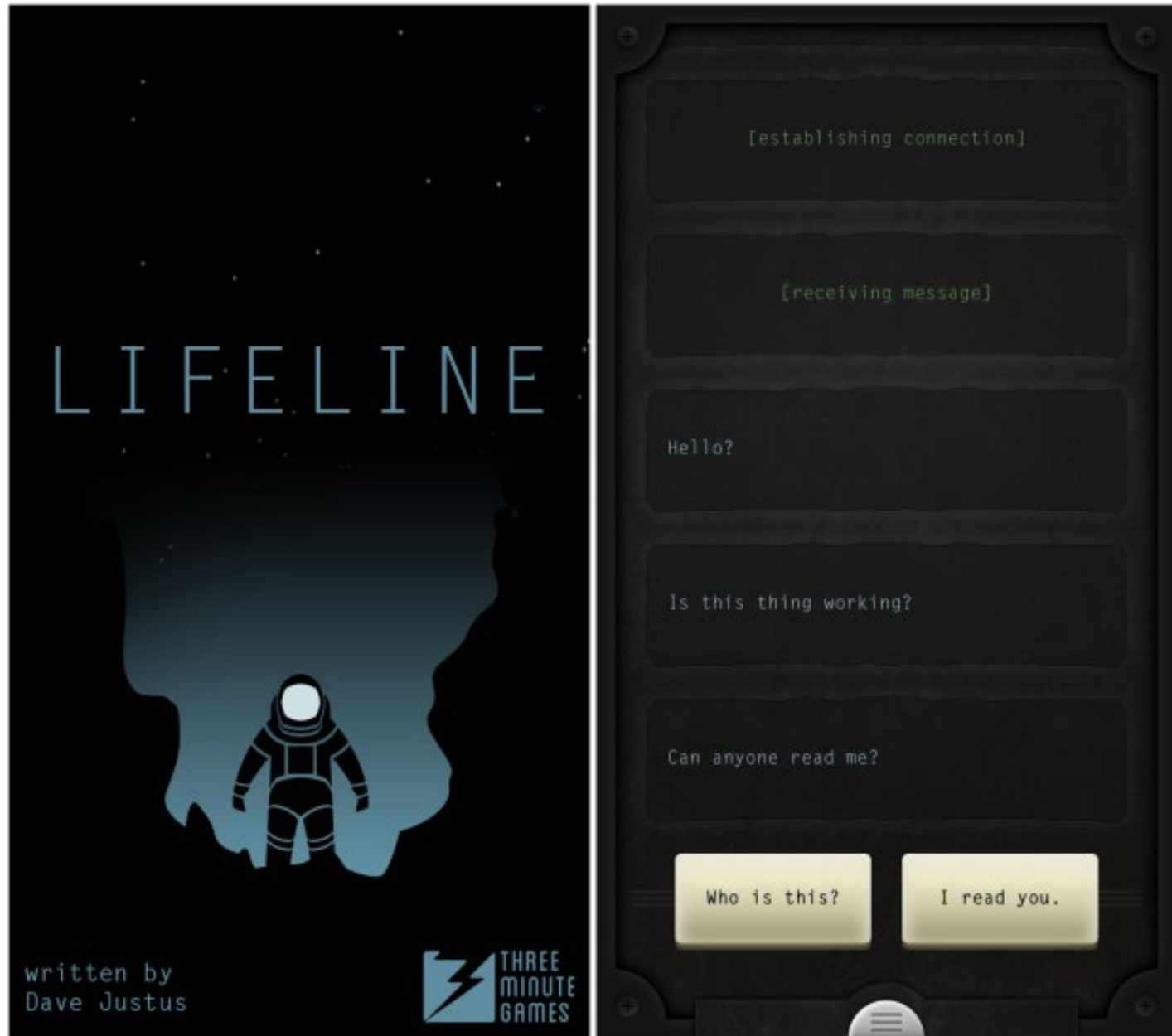
*letters*  
*center*  
*here,*  
*making*  
*love*  
*from*  
*unspanned*  
*seas,*  
*sewing*  
*subtlety*  
*into*  
*thin*  
*sheets.*

**Rewrite**

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Doki Doki Literature Club



Lifeline

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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 fethers</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**

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# 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/>.