

# ENIGMA MACHINE

Travis Smith

*for Genevieve*

Your first inheritance was the name  
of whatever hurricane  
spun like a roulette wheel  
in the sea when you were born.  
You just missed "Ferdinand."

And when your grandfather died  
around Christmastime,  
he willed you his Enigma Machine,  
the last one not in museums.  
Lunatic typewriter, gobbledygook  
black box.

I asked you to write me  
as you vacation in Italy,  
but what do you do, Genevieve, Genevieve?  
You are as cruel as fate.  
I will always write you back,  
though your each letter comes to me  
spy-proof, a crypto mess,  
mysterious  
as the one white hair  
on the nape of your neck.