

A Million Miles To Montreal

Across Five Aprils

Dear Sam,
I'm sorry I pushed you away from everything we had, even me.
I couldn't ask you to wait forever.
But that doesn't mean that my feelings have changed,
every day your face is clearer.
Regret is the burden I'll carry from here to my grave.
This distance is the knife in my heart.
Let him know the treasure he has.
Don't let him make my mistakes.
Forever is never to long to wait for something perfect,
I'll be here.
Love always.