I haven't thought about you for a while It seemed so far away I keep your pictures hidden in a file Of favorite one act plays

Like pieces of myself
Cut off in desperation
As offerings to thee
I keep them on a shelf
They're good for conversation
Over a cup of tea

I put it all down in a letter once
A letter I don't send
It made me feel much better at the time
I thought it helped me mend

The pieces of myself
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