

## Letters Never Sent

Simon Carly

In a suitcase tied with string  
On the highest shelf  
In the closet down the hall  
Hidden from myself  
Fits of madness, pools of grief  
Fevers of desire  
How peculiar these remain  
Slavaged from the fire  
For some I crumpled some I burned  
Some I tore to shreds  
Lifetimes later, here they are  
Ones I saved instead  
Letters never sent to you  
Letters never sent

Never reached their destination  
Mostly born of pain  
Resurfaced with the purpose of  
A trip down memory lane  
Broken hearted, breaking hearts  
All the way it went  
Evidence of what I saw  
My experiments

Life's a riddle, life's a dream  
Life's an accident  
Now I'm gonna set them free  
Letters never sent

Letters never sent to you  
Letters never sent  
Once upon a time taboo  
Letters never sent

Letters never sent to you  
Letters never sent  
Incongruous, and overdue  
Letters never sent