

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