

## Letters To Yourself

Swingin' Utters

Let your eyes promise me lies  
Let your sigh be a sweet goodbye  
And never even write to me a letter  
I won't worry about tearful endeavors

There was no reason to return  
I was told  
Nobody waiting for me  
to come back home  
nothing is left  
but the promise of praise  
Nothing remains

No phone calls late at night  
of pictures a constant reminder  
no burning of impassioned pages  
or returning them to sender

you send a letter to  
the only one you can't deny  
will never send you a reply  
you never bother to sit back  
and ask yourself why  
Blinded by your own dim light

Tried but devout  
Tortured the cherished  
loved the unheralded

Bought up their trash  
Brought to my knees  
by beggars and braggarts  
washed my laced sleeves  
after each miscarriage

You fill your pen and  
spill the words onto each line  
your monogram in wax  
seals another pathetic cry  
You're so romantic  
So cautious and tranquilized  
is there anything behind your eyes