

Black Sandy Beaches

The Dear Hunter

Messages from broken bottles fall on black sandy beaches
Ink in vain across the page now run from morning dew
Hands which chance upon it lead to eyes which strain to read
Hearts which pound from love long overdue
Lips which press together, stifle rhythmic heavy breaths

Oh how she smiles from vicarious love from the one he writes about
She must have been so glad for him to throw it out
Further steps lead to yet another broken bottle
Again the words contained have bled the page
Whose tears were these which ran the ink
From who they'd pour to make this streak?
Were they his by chance from telling her or hers by chance from reading it?
They could have been collective
They could have been from someone else
Why don't we see what's at the bottom?
Why don't we see what comes next

Oh how she cries from vicarious pain from the one he writes about
She must have been so sad for him to throw her out

Let's just say she is better off somehow
Let's just say she has never been happier than she is now
We couldn't fake it so why even try?