snoury

Hey kiddo, Veeded to get in touch to touch, to hear your voice Live your life wreck your day.

Greetings from hell! Thought I'd drop you wanted to say I'm sorry no, not sorry, damn sore.

My sweet con man, Hope you're well pray you feel regret hate the mirror lose your job.

Darling evasive one, Enclosed is an old photo our cul-de-sac. Remember?

Well that's all for now. All she wrote the end finito sayonata my pain.

Honey babe, I'd love to hear from you part of my heart know your tongue licked my envelope imagine my note beside the condoms in your sock drawer.

Your taithtul dumpling, Patricia Patty

All my love my anger my stockpiled weapons, my self-inflicted wounds and obsessions.

I await your reply your angst and flowers your guilty phone call your untimely death.

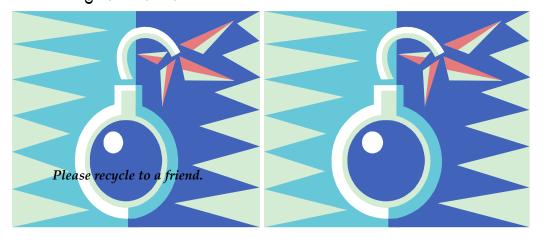
> My dearest coward, Seems forever since I wrote eternity since my pen bled my darling faker, eons.

My gypsy fool, Words that mean don't come can't speak, won't scratch the surface of my vellum or your thick skin. Dear sir: Enclosed please find my heart, my lost mind my shrink's bill my prescription for prozac.

My sweetest memory, Hello from Rhode Island. The gulls are crying clams are tight it's raining, again.

DEAR WHOEVER YOU ARE

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MY DEAREST COWARD by PAT HEGNAUER © 2010

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