

## **Letters**

They're a black and white reel of times gone by.  
Musty with the perfume of yellowed pages.  
Reminders of empty cobbled streets,  
lit with hesitant smiles of a brewing romance.  
Walking in silence,  
hand in hand.  
Hiding the patient restlessness of a lifetime ahead.

They've become relics of a life lived and lost.  
Of moments that were precious then,  
but so fleeting now that you dare not assume they're yours.

A millennial attempt at romancing words.  
Earnest yet questionable.  
They leave behind a bittersweet yearning,  
To relive and to revive.

## **Homeward Bound?**

With each new addition to her suitcase,  
My heart broke just a bit more.

Vivid hues of red and yellow stacked in her ordered disorder.  
Rolled up days and hours.  
People and laughter.

I wasn't her anchor.  
She wanted to wade through all the storms of life alone.  
I wasn't her safe harbour.  
She wouldn't return to me when the skies cleared.

Our memories lay,  
folded into neat piles on the bed.  
She had claimed them. They were hers, hers alone.

Little did she know that she had taken me with her too.