

A Letter that Ends All Letters

by angelmaple

This a poem written in a moment of imagined sardonic despair.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Wish I could just walk up to you and say:

“Hey I would like my heart back in my chest –

At least before my everlasting rest.”

Wonder if you've the decency to pay

For gift wrap so I can't see how mangled

Th'bloody sentimental piece of muscle

Is, with its art'ries and vessels strangled.

Would you care to adorn it with tussles?

But of course I'm talking blatant nonsense

For when I offered it on a skewer

Of Cupid – that uncouth meddlesome youth,

You'd already thrown it in a sewer.

Now I know 'twas never a fair bargain

For you never had that gaping fissure

That I gladly braved through pain and pleasure

You hid its lack in false pretty jargon.

As I plan this melodramatic scene

My wretched body will echo

My wretched soul

And you may do what you will with my heart

For it was never worth more than that tart