

Saetia, An Open Letter

It is almost like we've died entwined in that way we are.
And our voices,
our touch,
our lips are searching for answers
to questions not asked.
It is not a belief in dreams.
It is not a refusal to accept.
It is a refusal to let go.
And words written over time only serve to paint these days
a clearer shade of black.
Now a dying wave on a shallow sea.
Now a dying wave on a shallow sea.
See, our lives fade apart to converge
-- only in my darker hours,
only in my saddest hours...
Take these words pulled from me tied to you.
Destroyed,
Destroyed,
Destroyed,
Destroyed.
Yours Always.