

Folly, The Last I Ever We Wrote

The last letter you ever wrote assured me two-fold
that your words can appease the most blistered spirit.
How much I lust for life...How much I lust...
Finding out what life means to us may be the most intriguing puzzle ever known.
The first time we experienced anything so true,
we were so far apart from one another.
We kept on instilling trust within grasp,
believing everything falls into place, depleted the sense of complacency.
Forever search, we'll grow!
We'll grow to fix these splintered ghosts.
Everyday I open my eyes to see it break again.
Behind what we are, the sun is but a hand away.
And in the shadows that we called our home exists effulgence within our hearts.
I write you now because one of the necessary ingredients
to this great vision that I call my future is you.