

Scattered Letters

Krystal L. Taylor

There lies a pile of scattered letters,
On the shelf over there,
The pages have been worn for the better,
The seams have begun to tear,

Along the pages here are discolored places,
Where tears I've cried have stained,
The ink has started to fade in spaces,
Those feelings now cause nothing but pain,

Words that felt heavy with weight,
Seem to be light with nothing now,
The time where I would anxiously await,
Has passed away this I vow,

For the fools have played the game,
And the consequence runs deep,
We know some spirits can't be tamed,
And still we play for keeps,

There is a pile of letters tied in a purple band,
That used to lie on the shelf over there,
Written with love from a man,
Whose set face captures my stare.