# The Letter

## Dean Friedman

By dean friedmanAutumn seems awful lonely here whenever we think of you.
Last night the sky turned purple and we wanted to share the view.
Leaves on the trees are turning and the woods are all ablaze
They smell of timber burning in the fireplace.Sunday we woke up early and we drove out to tice's farms,
Gorging ourselves on all the cider and doughnuts we could fit under both our arms.
Picking out penny candy in the country store,
Till we collapsed on the porch with our bellies sore.So what's it like to be on your own, a roaming vagabond, away from home,
In search of some forgotten door?
Is it half as good as it sounds? tell me, have you really found
The peace and calm we've all been looking for?Freckles still misses you. she always sleeps on the floor in your room.
Ruth says she smells, but you know it's just her very unique perfume.
The tree in the back bore apples but they're green and full of worms.
Guess we'll sit tight and wait until the cider turns.Everyone sends their love; they still don't really believe you're gone.
Everyone's jealous of this crazy odyssey that you're on.
Hoping this finds you happy and healthy and sane.
I pray that your strength will ease you through the growing pains.So what's it like to be on your own, a roaming vagabond, away from home,
In search of some forgotten door?
Is it half as good as it sounds? tell me, have you really found
The peace and calm we've all been looking for?

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