# Letters to Yourself

## Swingin' Utters

Let your eyes promise me lies
Let your sigh be a sweet goodbye
And never even write to me a letter
I won't worry about tearful endeavorsThere was no reason to return
I was told
Nobody waiting for me
to come back home
nothing is left
but the promise of praise
Nothing remainsNo phone calls late at night
of pictures a constant reminder
no burning of inpassioned pages
or returning them to senderyou send a letter to
the only one you can't deny
will never send you a reply
you never bother to sit back
and ask yourself why
Blinded by your own dim lightTried but devout
Tortured the cherished
loved the unheraldedBought up their trash
Brought to my knees
by beggars and braggarts
washed my laced sleeves
after each miscarriageYou fill your pen and
spill the words onto each line
your monogram in wax
seals another pathetic cry
You're so romantic
So cautious and tranquilized
is there anything behind your eyes

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