

# Caroline

Douglas Dare

It's been countless days, since last we wrote  
And countless more, since last we spoke  
But now that's all that remains  
The letters that make up your name  
And I used to see every line that crossed  
Your face, but now the lines are lost  
In stories told and I've grown old  
Let me read again the letters that you sent Caroline wrote to me  
Every day of that July  
But now that's all I have left  
Just thirty-one pages of Caroline I waited all that time for you  
To write me back, to write a new  
Verse of our love but it never came  
Just hoped my Caroline was safe  
And just as I had always feared  
Your precious words they disappeared  
In to my mind as I went blind  
Let me read again the letters that you sent, Caroline wrote to me  
Every day of that July  
But now that's all I have left  
Just thirty-one pages of Caroline To pick them up might cut my hands,  
And blind me.  
To pick them up might cut my hands,  
And blind me.  
Let me read again the letters that she sent.

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