Eight Letters

Paul Baribeau

The first letter I wrote you was way too long
Way too crazy, way too scary, way too sad
The second one I wrote you was way too short
Just said, "I love you, baby. Please come back."
The third one that I wrote you was right down the middle
Somehow it didn't quite sum it all up.
The fourth one that I wrote you, I did the best that I could do
We both know that was never enough.I had nothing nice to say,
I said it anyway.
Somehow it made me feel better.
Oh, but in the end, I guess,
It was probably for the best
That I never sent you those letters.The fifth one that I wrote you was one big, long joke
You probably wouldn't think was very funny
The sixth one that I wrote you was a strictly business note
Requesting you pay me back that last two months rent money
The seventh one was magic, it was totally romantic
it would have made your little boxer shorts melt
But the eighth time that I tried, I swear I couldn't even write.
I just curled up and cried all by myselfI had nothing nice to say,
I said it anyway.
Somehow it made me feel better.
Oh, but in the end, I guess,
it was probably for the best
That I never sent you those letters.

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