

so sorry so  
so sorry so  
Sorry

You deserve better

Dear Harriett,

I love you.

I love you, and I'm sorry.

Harriett, I won't be coming home. I have to go. I need to go. You were right, I should have quit that job years ago. I shouldn't have kept going to that tower every day. It's been nearly 15 years now, and I can't take any more. I can't fight anymore.

The woods can talk. The woods can hear. The woods can feel. They called out to me. Told me to do horrible things. Things I would sooner die before I'd do to you. They won't let me go, and I can only think of one way to stop them from using me to hurt you.

Please, listen to me, don't come after me. Pick up everything and leave. Forget me, forget us, forget everything. I ~~didn't~~ don't want to hurt you. I wish I could have stayed the <sup>man</sup> you married, but I'm changing. In ways I can't explain, and I need to protect you. From me. From what I'm becoming.

Don't think about how I left, or about why. Think about the camping trip for our second anniversary. Remember the stars watching overhead as we walked in a woods that didn't frighten, but mystified us. How you tried to teach me how to ride a horse. I never learned, but it wasn't because you were a bad teacher. Live in those moments. In any one other than this one. Please.

I love you.

I promise I do,  
Robert

I wrote this whole letter and never gave it to you. Maybe it's for the best.

I can't tell how much time has really passed. Days? More? I let it wash over me. What would it do to me to fight back? I know there's no winning.

I miss you. I think. I can't remember what it is I'm supposed to feel. Longing, I think, is correct. I think I'm stuck. Frozen. But I can't come back. If I did, I might bring her with me.

You wouldn't like it here. It's too quiet. The flowers, they turn their faces.  
They turn away from me, afraid of what I'm becoming.

Where are you? Have you left yet?

Today I found 朝向天台山, a 短暂的 朝向天台山, 女人房. I had to struggle to see 二层楼 or hear 二层楼. The world seems a million miles away. Listening from inside the husk of a hollow tree. Is there a way out, now that I'm no longer 朝向天台? I fell apart when I was alone. Could there be hope 朝向天台? No one gets out of here. But could I? Could I see you again?

I'm afraid you wouldn't recognize me. There's something wrong here. וְנִיחַד  
שֶׁאָתָה כֵן. שְׁתִ' שְׁתִ' כֵן-פָּרָעֹה. She's פָּרָעֹה.  
כֵן פָּרָעֹה, שְׁתִ' וְנִיחַד פָּרָעֹה. It's בְּרָאָה.

He pushed me, accused me. So angry and afraid. Like how I was, but worse.  
But I didn't do what he's accusing me of, I swear. I haven't lost my mind.  
I wouldn't write that. You'd believe me, wouldn't you?

I'm sorry. I left the woods take me from you, my love. I let that happen to us.  
I still sing to you sometimes. Do you hear it coming through the trees?

Is this really how it happened?  
I don't remember. Save this,  
in case I forget again.