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I throw letters to the sky
Every day I throw letters to the sky
Every day I throw a letter to the sky
Every day I throw a dozen letters to the sky
Every day I write and throw a dozen letters to the sky
Every day I throw letters to the sky
Letters
Letters addressed to imaginary lovers
Love letters
Letters of love
Letters of imaginary love letters
Letters burying and repeating over their heads
Every day I throw a dozen letters to the sky
Letters addressed to imaginary ex-lovers
Letters addressed to the sky
Letters
Love letters
Letters addressed to love letters
Letters
Letters
Letters like
        When are you coming home?
And
        I want you to know I haven't forgotten.
And
        How was your day?
And
        I will always love you.
And
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| How have you | been? |
|---|--------------|
| And | |
| I hope all is we | ell. |
| And | |
| When are you | coming home? |
| And | |
| I hope all is we | ell. |
| And | |
| Please, get so | me rest. |
| | |
| In a letter I can write t | o Him |
| In a letter I can write t | o Her |
| He to Her | |
| She to Him | |
| Her to She | |
| Him to He | |
| I to Self | |
| All through God | |
| All through Air | |
| All through Self | |
| | |
| To you, I'd like to read some examples. | |
| First: | |
| Dear, my Dearest, | |

It's been so long. It's been sixteen months since I've seen your face. I look at you and I remember our pictures. I look at our pictures and I remember you. I wonder who you remember when you look at my pictures. I wonder who you remember when you look at me. It's true that things have changed. Many things have stayed the same, but everything of importance has changed. Don't pity me. Don't mistake me for a fool.

Do you remember when you first met me? How I sat there and you sat here? It was months later when you told me that you had pitied me. It's true that I was all alone. It was months later when you told me that you had found me all alone, as I sat there, as you sat here. You imposed this loneliness onto me – this loneliness causing misery – this loneliness causing melancholy. It was a lie. It was months later when you told me about how you had found me all alone, as you sat here and as I sat there, and how you had found me all alone, and how you had taken pity on me. This loneliness – this misery and this melancholy – that was yours, not mine. It's true that I was all alone. Months later, you told me that you had assigned this loneliness – this misery and this melancholy – this lonely that you had assigned through your pity – to me. To me from you. It was your first gift, and I'd like to return it to you. Although, it's true that I was all alone.

I don't mean to annoy you. I don't mean to argue. Do you remember the nights that we went out dancing? Do you remember the Sundays – the long unending Sundays – the Sundays that would never end? Do you remember the night you stayed all night at the studio? Do you remember when we sat in the wrong chairs? Do you remember the night you had the door fixed? Do you remember where I had been? Do you remember all of the cities with names I have forgotten? Do you remember those lost years – those years that fade like concrete – those years which are truly irreplaceable – those years which are so commonly mistaken for inessential – those years which fade slower than concrete – those years that fade like concrete – those years that could never be repeated – those years which should never be repeated – those years you once called so cherished? Do you remember the specifics of the pens and the pencils – the specifics of the love and the loss? Do you remember when we had acrylic paint dripping from the walls? It was such a mess. I will always love you.

Now I want you to know I haven't forgotten. I have waited patiently, but I haven't forgotten. I will always love you, and I know that you aren't coming home. I will always love you, although you're never coming home. You were my love, you were the man and the woman of my life, and I know that you will never come home.

And I think that that's all I have for now.

I hope all is well.

Second:

When are you coming home? Has it been days or has it been months? The rocks are growing new moss, you know, the rocks are growing new moss.

I know that you'll be home soon, but how could I not worry? I know that you'll be home soon, but how could I not worry?

Please, be safe. Please, get some rest. Please, I will always love you.

Third:

 I write letters addressed to the sky I stay up all night and I write letters to the sky Every day I throw a dozen letters to the sky Every day I throw a letter to the sky Him to Her Her to She She to He He to Him Letters like When are you coming home? And I haven't forgotten. And I will always love you. And When are you coming home? And Please, get some rest. And I will always love you.

I'd like you to know that I stay up all night

And I'd like you to know that I stay up all night and that I write and throw letters to the sky

And I'd like you to know that I hope all is well