

Jasmine Phat

Period 6

October 6, 2015

Love Letter to Sullivan Ballou

July 26, 1861

My dearest Sullivan,

It is with my greatest honor to have met such an extraordinary man such as yourself, and with no doubt my heart will remain rightfully yours. It is life and death to me. After many nights of unrest, I am left afraid for the future, but my love for your has grown so strong to the point that I cannot delay my affections no longer. I have been trying to muster strength to address this, but what can a small candle say to a dazing Sun? I will melt.

Our love may last within the briefness of summer, but it is the heat of the Sun's(or your) kisses that have brought me this far and encouraged me to keep going on. I realize I am showing a great thing to you, but hope that you will lay aside your joys for a moment and return my affections and blow a kiss from across the globe for me. I trust no other soul with the knowledge of the state of my heart, for I know they will treat it with such ridicule. I know you will not. Such a brave man, you are. Willing to die once and once again, you shall stand on that damned battlefield with the utmost honor and virtue. My heart is sunken at the mere thought of you being

away from me; as if this distance wasn't enough! I know you will be my forever Sullivan, but you will not be Sullivan forever. When Heaven lets you in, please dance with the angels and throw your heart into the constellations. Sirius, Betelgeuse, and Rigel cannot compete with you.

In the words of our beloved Shakespeare, "The stroke of death is as a lovers pinch, Which hurts and is desired,". With this forsaken lovers pinch I am left in tears and I hope you are too. Will the weeping winds kindly send you sailing back to me? However, I know it is your duty to withstand this battle. I hope you come home and I am frantic. Tragic hero, fair lover, it breaks my heart knowing that some day, one breath will be your last. I am glad that your final sigh will be one of relief, and of my name.

Sad and sonder-filled Sarah dreamed and schemed upon the idea of succession, the dream that you will run home with open arms and rosy cheeks. We shall soar and toast a night of eternal bliss. Days are passing and I am growing weak, Sullivan Ballou! You are my peach and my plum and I shall love you until two and two becomes three. All at once, you and I were madly, stupidly, foolishly, clumsily, sloppily, and agonizingly in love. For years, that love will outlast the stars. Our innocence is causing my ribs to collapse. The world is so beautiful, and I cannot take it. You amaze me.

Forever yours,

Sarah