

## Title: The Last Letter

The old man sat on the porch, a pen in one hand and trembling fingers holding a yellowed piece of stationery in the other. The ink bled slightly on the paper—his handwriting no longer steady, but the words were honest.

"Dear Lily," he began.

The breeze carried the scent of jasmine from the garden she once tended. It had been fifteen years since she passed, but today, he could almost hear her humming.

*"I watered the roses today. They're still your favorite shade of red. I wish you could see them. I still talk to them like you did. Maybe they listen to me too."*

He paused, wiping his eyes.

*"Do you remember the summer we got lost driving upstate? We ended up at that tiny diner in the middle of nowhere. Best cherry pie I ever had. I haven't found anything like it since, but that memory is enough to keep me full."*

The pen scratched slower now.

*"I never remarried. People said I should, that time heals everything. But you were never a wound. You were home."*

He folded the letter gently and placed it inside an envelope. No stamp. No address. Just one word written neatly across the front: *Lily*.

He stood with effort and walked to the garden. Beneath the oldest rose bush, he dug a small hole and buried the letter with care.

Then he sat back down, the evening sun warming his face, and whispered, "See you soon."

