

Black Sandy Beaches

The Dear Hunter

Messages from broken bottles fall on black sandy beaches.
Ink in vein across the page now run from morning dew.
Hands which chance upon it lead to eyes that strain to read;
Hearts which pound from love long overdue;
Lips which press together stifle rhythmic heavy breaths.
Oh how she smiles from vicarious love from the one he writes
about. She must have been so glad for him to throw it out. Further steps lead to yet another
broken bottle.

Again the words contain have bled the page.
Who's tears were these which ran the ink?
From who'd they pour to make this streak?
Where they his by chance from telling her,
or hers by chance from reading it?
They could have been collective.
They could have been from someone else.
Why don't we see what's at the bottom?
Why don't we see what comes next? Oh how she cries from vicarious pain from the one he
writes

about. She must have been so sad for him to throw her out.
Let's just say, she, she is better, better off somehow.
Let's just say she has never been happier then she is now.
We couldn't fake it, so why even try?
Let's just say, she, she is better, better off somehow.
Let's just say, she, she has never been happier then she is now.
Let's just say, she, she is better, better off somehow.
Let's just say, she, she has never been, happier,
Happier than she is now.

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