

Love Letters

by Angela Brett

A mental syntonicity one day,
a gentle hint of what we two could be
lit just enough my life so I could see
that trust in love just might bring rhapsody,
exuberant duet of you and me,
a music fit to agonise the deaf.
By moonlight we could glimpse our apogee,
drew closer to alleviate the ache.
I saw my glow reflected in your eye,
I saw your soul like flesh through *négligée*,
enigma moulding treasure from okay.
I leaned a little nearer till I fell
in love, and whispered brazenly '*je t'aime*.'
L'amour, the kissing cousin of *la haine*
A congress fit for hedonists, but Oh!
A princess in our bed, I feel the pea:
a tiny irritation right on cue,
a grating indication that we are
two spirits passing through the first caress
and driven past into infinity.
I'm looking straight ahead and not at you,
we'll separate in steps, but *c'est la vie*.
Although no other man can double you,
although no lover can replace this ex,
we're done, and if today you wonder why,
remember every A will lead to Z.

