

# 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.

