Letters Written With Erasable Ink

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In a letter of two pages or less I could show the ways I think unlike most in these situations, feel something missing, dream of ways to correct your mistakes, relive every day before we left, disappeared, died, subtly departed to another world

I will choose one or more of the above and two of the following. I said I would wait long enough to forget or until you never returned, and I am still here, pen in one hand, common sense in the other.

Telling this little story and exaggerating if absolutely necessary, deleting where I see fit. Scratching off and blacking out what makes you feel uncomfortable, make you want to call the police, make your mother feel uneasy, the same one that said I was her absolute favorite, for her I’ll revise.
The first and final draft,
torn and erased,
all the bitter details of our journey,
from confusion to disgust,
pen to paper, then your backseat.

Delete all the unmentionables as you read on,
under lamplight walking your dog,
the cute one belly up in your pool,
I just meant to say I was sorry.

All in all I would scrap the whole piece,
start over with
Just writing to say hello
Love
Erased