

Katie, Dear

Katie, dear
So quick to anger,
So reticent to trust

I promise you
Nothing more
Than that I will think
Only of you
When I touch you

And that your eyes
Are a color I adore
And have never
Seen before

And they make me
Happy
And weak
In my soul

My sad
Wooden
Translucent
Soul.

***John Tustin** is currently suffering in exile on the island of Elba but hopes to return to you soon.*

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