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The Last Letter

This is not the way I wanted,
It's not at all what I predicted.
Dreams should take the fears of life,
Not in malicious pleasure hand them out.
I lived to have nothing to give.
Though a fading night became my lustrous light.
I could fix it, yes I could, and I would.
A tree, a rope and a fearless thought.
A midnight rain and a sealed envelope.
Read it and explain to me.
What was life suppose to be?

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