

Letter to the Soul

Gentle, gliding, guiding
words written on clean white paper.
The author, Lady A, feels
the sentiments will be savoured.
She channels the flow of energy
from mind to pen to page.
Never losing thread of thought
her intent is her truth.

News of family, of life, of leisure
encompassed within the lines.
As though she was giving her
beloved friend hope with detail.
The author signs her name
in neatest script, with utmost love.
It fills her heart and her brain
to know, that again, she is giving.

On a Tuesday, her far-flung friend
receives the letter she posted.
Precious and so delicate
like the day lilies in her garden.
Cup of coffee in right hand and
the letter clutched in her left,
that garden then beckons,
as excitement grows like spring buds.

Navigating the much-awaited words,
Lady B drinks her coffee slowly.
While consuming the news imparted.
Eyes barely blinking as she's immersed.
Only then does the devastation drop,
a black shade falls across the page.
Lady B has woven it carefully,
with the merest hint of ruefulness.

Six words: I don't have long to live.
Like ice in her veins, they freeze her.
It's only when they sink in that
reality takes hold once more.
Unfrozen now, Lady A takes her phone,
calls her friend's number.
Eternity passes before her friend answers.
Their tears merge like two rivers.

Inspiration for Letter to the Soul:

For this poem, I wanted to incorporate the often-forgotten art of letter-writing. Alongside this I wanted to make it about the gift of friendship but also the burden of one friend being terminally ill. When the drama is revealed it is a shock, and the friends are united in their agony and grief. I wanted to broach the tough subjects but be respectful to the two ladies of the piece. I hope you find this poem is a good read – let me know your thoughts!