

I

Distance deprived us of touch, so it was in your letters that I sought solace.
The smell of ink and parchment flooded my whirling mind with warmth.
While peeling away the burgundy seal, I noticed how my screaming fingertips burned,
for anticipation consumed their nerves. The magnitude of the heatwave
that enveloped me upon reading your scribbled name is better left unsaid.
As I lost myself in your beautifully fashioned lines, I barely noticed the sinking sun as it passed.

II

You wrote about the vast emptiness that plagued your gentle heart when your father passed,
the years you wasted seething at and damning the universe for stealing your solace,
and the way you kicked yourself for allowing your gratitude towards him to remain unsaid.
You shared stories about Saint-Tropez's beaming, southern sun that embraced you in warmth,
the pond behind your mémé's home and its service as an oasis during the summer's heatwave.
You vowed to steal me from rainy Leeds and that the bridges impeding you would be burned.

III

Although my mind may have been your target, your words ignited a fire in my core that burned
with the fury of a thousand supernovas whose expiration dates had long passed.
I devoted myself to you, like an evil man begging God to spare him from Hell's eternal heatwave
or a lost soul searching desperately in the most dishonorable of places for an ounce of solace.
I became so infatuated with the idea of loving you that I mistook your suffocation for warmth.
You craved adoration and hid your selfish intentions in the few things that were unsaid.

IV

I still cherish pieces of us, and the bits of correspondence I recount fondly have nothing unsaid.
Though we had not a chance to gaze upon each other's face, your expressions struck and burned
the pale skin of my cheeks with shameful blotches of flushed warmth.
Your scrupulous writing weaved a seed of inquisitiveness into my mentality that never passed.
I dismissed the looming shadow your ego casted over these tales, for my yearning for solace
overwhelmed my mother wit. Ingenuity was trivial compared to the comfort of our heatwave.

V

Before you, I knew nothing of intimacy, only desire; you trapped me with the idea of a heatwave, a passion that blazed lovers so violently they would rather perish than live with affections unsaid. You composed a glorious song and swore it would one day belong to none but us. I found solace, finally, after spending years drowned in a sea of comparison and envy. You soothed my burned and scorned spirit unreservedly. Blinded by the sugar rush of new love, I unknowingly passed on golden opportunities, because I felt obligated to the turbulent flames that gave me warmth.

VI

I incinerated each slight, telling myself your cruelty was inconsequential. Offering you warmth seemed like the only answer, but you designated me deficient, a disappointing heatwave. I raptured to the heaven of discernment and the ecstasy that deceived me eventually passed. I decreed that I would torture you by ensuring that every one of your thoughts remained unsaid. I summoned my strength and freed myself from your smothering mental grip. Our affair burned into something that favored you more closely. I inhaled the ashes of us and required no solace.

VII

You write to me on the third of each month, anguished by the absence of my warmth and solace, but I found something more fulfilling than our heatwave: the sound of your letters being burned. Nothing brings me more bliss than the image of you having passed, haunted by the things unsaid.