

FROM MY DECEASED X TO ME

THE KING

I don't suppose you'll ever miss me.  
But, you see, my whole world is built around you.  
(it was my choice, that's where I wanted it built.)  
I ache for you, I swear.  
Every nerve of my being is  
Tied in with your existence.  
Sometimes at night I cry.  
And get angry with myself,  
For being foolish,  
And I cry.  
And I wonder  
"What did this man ever really give you?  
What spell did he cast?"  
And out of desperation and frustration,  
And from lack of a more suitable answer -  
I cry.  
And I feel so hopeless and helpless,  
Because no matter who wants me,  
I still want you.  
And it doesn't make sense to me -  
So I cry.  
But today something came over me,  
It obsessed me,  
It took absolute control of me,  
And it felt good, for once,  
To feel something besides wanting you,  
And this feeling hung over me  
And told me  
That you were no longer  
A part of the problem,  
Nor any part of the solution,  
And I felt a powerful sense of relief,  
But I was skeptical,  
And the feeling persuaded me  
That talking against you was pointless,  
Pretending disconcern was useless,  
Begging you to stay was senseless,  
But loving you in spite of it all was selfish,  
And I glowed,  
So, at this point, I feel no pain,  
I feel no regrets,  
There are no arguments  
Going on within myself,  
I am at peace,  
And it is all because I know  
That I have given all of myself that I could spare,  
And then some,  
And miraculously I had enough left over  
To salvage myself,  
And it is all too clear to me  
That I, instead of you,  
Deserve your place on the pedestal,

I earned it while it was merely given to you,  
(but it was my choice, I thought I want you to have it)  
And you are foolish to ever dream,  
That a greater love will ever come around again  
In your lifetime,  
Because it won't,  
But you must have enjoyed it while you had it,  
And I will die and be named a martyr,  
Because it suddenly dawned on me,  
"Why should I mourn for your loss?"

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I wrote this to you 5/25/78 on Eric's birthday  
😊 So, put that in your pipe & smoke it!

I found it in my file folder folder  
I am so tired I can't think straight. I love you  
New Legal Assistant letter. Now that what I call  
a Man on a Mission! You Go Boo!