

The 4th Letter
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Goodbye Dearest Felicity,

I have to stay away, because even though I love you with all of my being, my punishment for our adultery is to be that I don't get to see you one last time before you die. He knows. We talked a while ago, and I know that he knows. There was no warmth in him for me any more - but why should I expect any? Your friend Pru says that you don't want any visitors, and despite her hard-nosed reputation, has tears for me because she knows of my love for you.

You walked into my life so unexpectedly, and your lovely face lit up my sad, sad heart.

That first night we made love together is etched in my memory forever, and with each day, week and month that passed, I loved you more and more. Every moment we spent together was a joy to me, and the times we spent apart a mixture of delicious anticipation of our next meeting together with a terrible emptiness that wouldn't be filled.

I wrote three other letters to you Felicity, and never sent them to you. *She* found them, read them, then stole them, and then locked them away in her bookcase. She used them as a whip - to whip herself further and further into the jealous Hell she seemed to relish - yet one more thing used to heap blame and guilt upon me. I dismantled the bookcase, retrieved the letters and destroyed them.

I should have sent those letters to you Felicity. In them I had asked you to come and live with me. I held back from sending them because I knew they would turn your life upside down. Mine resembled a car-crash, and I was determined not to destroy yours too.

That day you turned up at my door when she was there and I had to turn you away something inside of me died. I knew you were deeply troubled - I didn't know it was because you had terrible news about your health. I don't blame you if you hated me after that - I certainly hated myself for my weakness and indecision.

I'm still not worthy of you, and yet beg your forgiveness, and want to thank

you for the short time we had together, when I was happier than I've ever been before. I still dream of you. I can still feel the silky softness of your long dark hair as it tumbles around my face when you kiss me. I breathe you in, and want to hold that breath, sense it lingering long after you have left. I still touch your beautiful body, feeling your generosity and warmth flooding out and around me.

I love you Felicity. I love you so, so much, I cannot send this letter to you either, knowing that it will probably only hurt you even more. It too, is destined for destruction, following the other three I never sent.

You are ever in my heart and mind.

Joe.