

Across Five Aprils, A Million Miles To Montreal

Dear Sam,
I'm sorry I pushed you away from everything we had, even me.
I couldn't ask you to wait forever.
But that doesn't mean that my feelings have changed,
everyday your face is clearer.
Regret is the burden I'll carry from here to my grave.
This distance is the knife in my heart.
Let him know the treasure we had.
Don't let him make my mistakes.
Forever is never to long to wait for something perfect,
I'll be here.
Love always.