To my beloved ~~best fr~~ ~~lov~~ best friend (my dearest, dearest lover)

Writing this letter is no easy process (ha I imagine you will mock me for my struggle through four drafts and counting) and you must imagine the internal conflict ~~you cause~~ I face as I perch high on the indecision of sending this to you. I pray in fervour that someone may successfully deliver this to you without unaccounted interception (you perhaps cannot imagine how I torture myself by thinking that no worldly means could possibly find you and thrust this in your hands) but all the same you realize I choose to write a letter. Not a text, or even a call. (I need to hear your voice I hope you call like you always do because I would drop everything to listen to you again) Mail takes the longest to be delivered, and even then I dread ~~the immediacy of this reaching you~~ the long wait (I'm sorry I'm sorry I only realized how infinitely time stretches when waiting for help. I'm sorry I didn't pick up when Mike left you and you needed me. I thought I couldn't bear it if you told me anymore about your date with him. I will give ten fingers to go back and pick up your call.)

I always imagine that you will be reading this while leaning against your paper shredder beside your table. The sun will always be streaming in through the window behind you (as if the sun never leaves you), lighting the desk. The desk messy as always (You may never imagine how I hated that about you) and you are leaning against the paper shredder. I can still imagine your room still. How nostalgic that is! The tiny bed with no personality (but every time I squeeze my eyes shut and pretend that I don't smell Mike that I don't see your love splayed out naked). The bedside table with the second drawer loose (that I want to burn away the reminder that you fell away from him and into the arms of the wood). You never did invite me over after I ~~embraced you a little too long for friendship~~ threw up on your carpet (I think you suspected my feelings already, or else you must have heard my heart clenching and breaking against your neck). I'm sorry for ruining your ~~one true friendship~~ ~~carpet~~ ~~our friendship~~ carpet. I'm sorry (that I love you I love you I love you please come back)

~~Despite the distance between us, I want to catch up with you. How did you fare in the Business School? Do you still love tomatoes as much and need I bring some fresh ones the next time I visit?~~

(P.S. This is another one going into the trash. I can't seem to get the words right to you. I mean iloveyou. Shit. How could you not tell? I hated Mike. I want to tell you. Iloveyouiloveyouiloveyouiloveyou. Shit. I hate myself. How many times do I have to chant to make the wish come true? How many times must I apologize? What must I do to make you come back? Comeback to me. Please. Don't kill me. I love you so much I could cry. Shit. Please. I wish I could undo your death.)