

THE

LAST LETTER



Boygene Borice

A GIFT TO YOU

A gift to you
For what you've done,
Not for what I expect of you;
A gift to you,
For what you are,
Not for what I want you to be;
A gift to you,
For what we have shared,
And not for what we give
To each other.

A Poem by **Frederick Douglas Harper**

The Last Letter

By

Boygene Borice



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Letter I

Dear Rosalina,

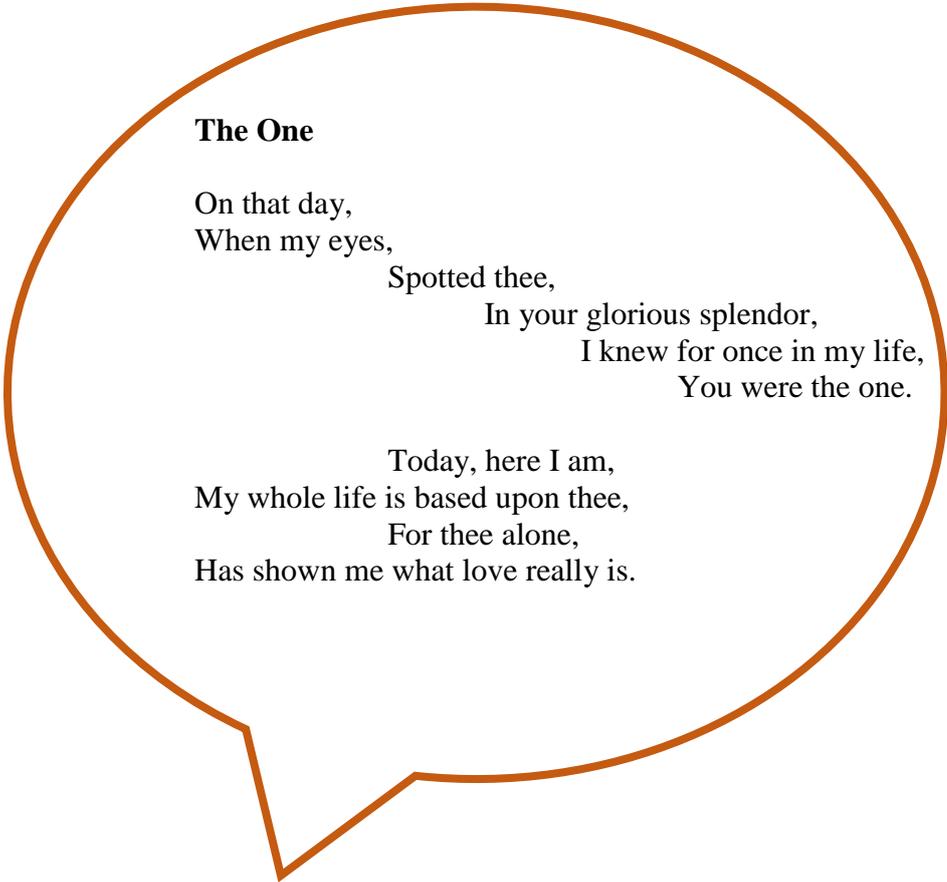
Today I thought of you. Don't get me wrong when I say that, and think I haven't been thinking of you ever. You have always been in my mind since the beginning of us. But today was special when I thought of you. You emerged in my mind like a wind that brings rain from the North. Your being touched my soul and heart in a very impeccable way, no one else can understand when I explain. I wanted to shout aloud, but I realized I was in the company of my boss. Imagine what would have happened, if I had let out a scream?

Love, I went yesterday to the spot where we first met. It is now inhabited by ants. They have built their empire and they feel very comfortable. Can you imagine that? We had kept that spot a secret but the ants in their wisdom and wit must have been following us in silence. It's no longer a secret again. Maybe it's the scent of our affection that must have attracted them. I almost thought I was lost but I remembered the tree we had planted with you, there. It has blossomed. When I touched its leaves, they felt soft and slippery like your skin. They made me feel warm once again. They reminded me of your touch on my skin, how your hands caressed me in ecstasy. It was such an amazing moment. I wished you were there with me again. But I understand the distance between us couldn't allow that to happen.

Oh! I'm sorry, Love, I forgot to ask how the weather is on your side. Sometimes I'm so much soaked in the thought of your affection until I forget to ask how you are faring on. I pray to thee with humility that you bear with my behavior. Hahaha. I know, that sounds funny, right? But you have to understand that every day you are far, my heart grows fond of you and sometimes I lose concentration of my wellbeing, my Love. You are the heartbeat of my soul. Can you imagine being far from your heartbeat? I don't want to explain that.

I pray that I will hear from you soon, Love. The letter you sent me last week, has been my closest companion. It makes me feel that you are here with me, especially, that the Weatherman announced, we may have a very cold season ahead of us. When that time comes, don't worry much about me, your letters will give me the much-needed warmth.

I love you.
Till next me.



The One

On that day,
When my eyes,
 Spotted thee,
 In your glorious splendor,
 I knew for once in my life,
 You were the one.

 Today, here I am,
My whole life is based upon thee,
 For thee alone,
Has shown me what love really is.

Letter II

Dear Rosalina,

Yesterday we had a chess competition at my workplace. It's always a routine in our firm, at the end of every three months, a competition for a different game is organized. The surprising thing is that I won the competition. I know, now you are laughing and wondering how I managed to win such a competition, especially that you used to beat me when we played together. I was duff then, but I learned the tricks of the game from how you played. At first, I was afraid I might lose. You know, I have never told anyone that I knew how to play chess. I remembered you and your style. I learned in secret and thank you for teaching me, Love. Without you, I couldn't have won. The thought of you resurrected all the wits and tips I used to win the game. You are my master in the chess game, and I will always honor that. I will preserve the award for you, till the day of your coming back.

How are you fairing on my Love? How is the weather? Here it is very cold. The weatherman, this time was correct. I misjudged him. I thought he was bluffing, the way he has always been in the previous seasons. I have learned my lesson. I will never doubt the Weatherman again. The house is cold, my Love. It's chilling and freezing, but what can I do? I have no power to control the weather. I have tried to light the fire, but it still seems not enough. Berry, our dog, has a fever, and I'm confused about what to do. I will call the doctor tomorrow to come, check on him. He is the only company I have and the letters you sent me. Whenever I read them, I forget about the cold. They are a source of my strength and warmth in these times. I drink from your letter. I eat from your letters. If you hadn't sent them, I don't know what would have been of me in these times, my Love.

How is Mama? Have you spoken to her recently? I would love to know how she is fairing on. It has been long since I saw her. Please when you talk to her, give her my greetings. Tell her, I haven't forgotten about her. How can you forget the one that gives you the most precious gift ever in this world? Never. Tell her, she is always in my heart and my prayers. I pray that when you come back, we shall visit her. I long to party again in the oceans of her wisdom.

My Love, you are mine and I am yours. No matter how cold it gets, you will still be dear to my heart as my skin. Without you, I remain naked. I lose my identity. I lose me. You are the making of me. Every day, knowing that you are mine, is comfort enough.

Till next time,
I love you.

You And I

Your love has become,
Unbreakable charm,
 To my heart.

I can't run away from you,
Neither can the bond,
 Be shattered.

You are mine,
I am yours,
 Forever bonded.

Letter III

Dear Rosalina,

I received the letter you sent me. I have no words to express how much it made me feel. Your words navigated through my system like the ocean waves. They reminisced me of the moment when we first met, under the Mkuyu tree, near the village square. It was evening. The sky was clear, only the dim light rays of the sun were still hovering the surface of the earth. Your face shone with a brilliance I had never seen before. You smiled at me. I was shy then, but deep in my heart, I knew this was the time, I had to conquer my fear. When you spoke, your voice vibrated in my ears like a sweet melody sang to please the king. It was spectacular. Your words were like a Champaign down my throat. That moment, my Love, I have archived it safely in the deepest chambers of my heart. When I read that letter, it opened that moment before, and the words in the last paragraph of your letter, are the same exact words you spoke to me. What a beautiful woman you are.

It's great to hear that you are fairing on well, my Love. Every day, I spent an hour praying for you. I pray that God will always keep you safe for me. That He may preserve you in His ways. I know it's hard for us to be together, but it's for the best. I am still strong and no day have I wavered or gone astray. I am here for you and you alone. But I can't dispute the fact that there have been temptations, especially at my workplace. There is a lady secretary in the department of procurement. She has been laying traps for me, but I have always come out a winner. I am above her reproach and wits. You should not worry about it my Love, I can never betray our love, not even for treasures. When I said, I do and until death do us apart, I meant every part of those words. You are mine and I am yours. I won't allow anything to come between us. I pray, that by me telling you this, won't vex your heart. I just want you to know the truth. As I promised, I want always to be an open book for you. I won't hide anything at all.

Did you talk to Mama, as I had requested you? I would love to know how she is doing. She is a great woman and I respect her. She brought the most beautiful creation in this world. I always applaud her for that. My Love, you are that creation. You are incomparable, eminent and gloriously adorable. Sometimes, I wonder, if I hadn't met you, what will my life be like. You have totally transformed me into a man, I would never have been, without you. I will always cherish you deeply. Thank you for being my woman.

Stay safe, my Love,
Till next time.



The Best

I have drunk from thy cup,
Of love,
Whose taste is sweeter
Than any wine,
And all I know,
Is I can't stop longing for more.

Letter IV

Dear Rosalina,

Today my heart is flooded with joy and happiness, my Love. I have been always happy but this day is a different one. Remember when I told you, that if one day, I get a vacation, I will take us to Paris? I have good news for you. I have been given a one-week vacation in Paris by my firm. It's scheduled on 5th December. I know you are wondering how this time my boss was so lenient and so kind to an extent that he awarded me a vacation. It wasn't his decision alone though, but it was decided by the board of directors. They have been monitoring my performance for the last six months, and to their surprise, I have performed incredibly beyond their expectations. I wish I could tell you more how I feel, but sometimes words can never be enough to describe such feelings. It's my prayer, that by then, you will be home. I want us to spend that time together. Breathe the air of Paris as one. Explore its beauty together. I just can't wait for that day.

The weather is getting better now. We have recently started basking in the warm radiant rays of the sun, that comes in the afternoon. The house is getting warmer too. I feel more comfortable but still, its warmth can't outshine your presence. It's only you that gives me much satisfaction, my Love. There is nothing in this world that can make me better than you. Life has its own pleasures but you are more than them. You give me love. You shower me with happiness and by your words, my soul is swarmed with joy. With you, I have known the true path of affection. With you I have come to understand that the power of two, united and bonded as one can never be shaken, they become like mountains. Thank you, my Love, for being one with me.

I am pleased to hear that Mama is doing well. The news about her has given me peace. I truly appreciate that she always prays for me. Pass her my regards next time and if it is possible, send her rose flowers on my behalf. Let her know that I'm very grateful for her care and kindness. I can't ask her more but pray for her as wellness. She is an epitome of true motherhood.

One more thing my Love, our dog, Berry, is now well. His fever is over and I appreciate that doctor I called. He treated him with the utmost care. I believe he is an expert in his area, just like you. He is here now, watching me as I draft this letter. I will send you a picture of him. He looks perfectly cute. Take care, my Love.

Till next time,
I love you.

A Promise

Dear Love,
You are the other half of my heart,
Every half part of me is you.

Today,
I can't promise you heaven,
But I will be your happy haven,

I can't I give you the whole world,
But I will give you the whole of me.

I may not be able to give you the wealth you need,
But I will be your most appreciating asset.

I will be your refuge,
When your fortress collapses.

I may not be perfect as you had wanted,
But in my imperfections, I will love you.

Letter V

Dear Rosalina,

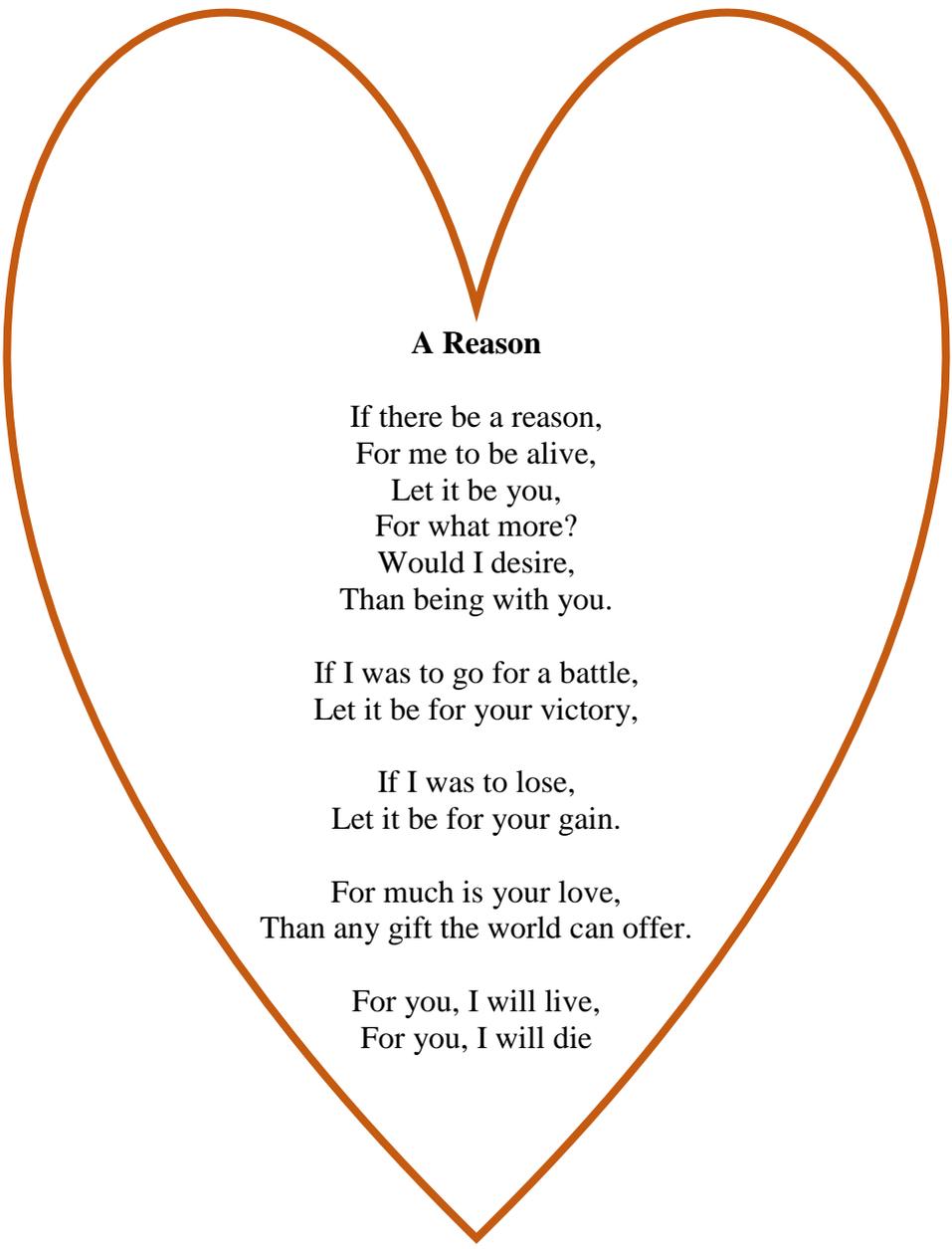
Today, it looks so bright. The rays of the sun are brilliant like your smiles. Their warmth flows through my skin like your tender touch. It's 6:30 am. I have chosen to draft this letter before I report to work. Today is going to be very busy, we have projects we are working on and the deadline is in two weeks. I know you understand how time consumes my attention. Moreover, these projects mean a great deal to our firm. We have to do our best to ensure they are completed. Since we started, I haven't been taking my morning coffee, because there is no time to prepare it. Don't say I should be preparing it in the evening. You know how I get tired when I am back home. But don't worry, I am provided with tea every day in my office.

How are you, my Love? I have been worried a little, it has been two weeks, and I haven't received any letter from you. Did my last letter, vex your heart? Did I use a language that pierced your ears with pain? If I did, my Love, please do tell. You know how I get when you seal your lips without giving me a reason. Or is it the work that has stolen your full attention? I will understand if it's work. I'm sorry to ask, but don't let my heart get weary. You know it only feeds on your words. When you go mute, it starves and soon it will be in a comma. I don't want that to happen, my Love. I have no strength to keep going on, in case anything happens to you. I will sublime into nothing if anything happened to you, my Love.

Last weekend, I had a meeting with our Pastor, John. He asked about you, my Love. He still remembers you like it was yesterday. He misses you beyond what my words could describe. He misses how you used to lead the church choir in worship, during morning services on Sundays. He is always praying for you. He asked when will you be coming back. He can't wait to hear you sing again. The church misses you. I miss you, Love.

If there is anything, holding you into silence, please let me know. I don't want to freak out yet. You are my hope, my present, and my future. You are my foundation and if the foundation scatters, you know what happens. Please, don't let my worries be true. I believe in you and I hope you are safe, full of good health. I long to hear from you soon.

Kisses my Love,
Till next time.



A Reason

If there be a reason,
For me to be alive,
Let it be you,
For what more?
Would I desire,
Than being with you.

If I was to go for a battle,
Let it be for your victory,

If I was to lose,
Let it be for your gain.

For much is your love,
Than any gift the world can offer.

For you, I will live,
For you, I will die

Letter VI

Dear Rosalina,

I am totally worried. Your silence is deafening my soul every minute. Every evening before I go to sleep, which takes hours before I can get the sleep, I pray that whatever may have happened to you, the Good Lord will end it. I cry, wondering what might be the problem. What is it that has sealed your lips or crippled your hands to write me a letter or what has tied your feet to post me a letter. I wish I had answers to all these questions. But how can I know my Love? When you are no longer speaking. When my eyes are no longer seeing your fancy handwriting.

Mornings are no more sweet as they used to be. I wake up so weak and weary. I am losing hope and I'm terrified that soon; my boss will start recognizing my changing behavior. Though I pray it doesn't reach to that point. I look at the sun, and that radiance is not warm any more. The day remains cold for me. The thought of your silence runs through my mind like an electric current. It's like I'm losing myself again, being driven to the past, that I have always been scared to even think of. Please tell me, Love, you won't allow that to happen.

I have drafted this poem for you, my Love. I want you to know that I have always loved you and will always do. If there is any word in my letters, that have afflicted your heart, I'm truly sorry, just let me know so that in the future, my hand will not be mistaken again to jot down such a word. I beg that you enjoy this poem;

*“You have served my heart with adoration,
Driven my soul with compassion,
Built me up with affection,
You have made me who I am today.*

*You saw in me a hero when they saw a loser,
You saw in me a father when they saw a mediocre,
You saw in me greatness when they saw poverty,
How you overlooked their beliefs of me.*

*Today, my Love,
This vow I take with honesty and sincerity,
To let the world, know,
You are my only Love for life.”*

Till next time,
Receive more kisses.

A Dream

Today, I had a dream,
In that dream, I saw us,
Seated in the field in the evening,
The sky shone with a rare brilliance,
The stars smiled at us.

We spoke of our future,
Of the path our love will take...
Suddenly, I woke up,
And I felt your lasting fragrance.

Letter VII

Dear Rosalina,

It's with great honor and utmost humility to have received your letter yesterday. Your words lit my soul once again. I had thought I would become an abyss of smoke rising from the lost souls seeking a place of comfort. My worries are now washed away by the cooling tides from your lips. I can smile. In fact, the time I received that letter, I danced and rejoiced. It was like the moment when a blind man sees light for the first time. I almost wanted to call every neighbor to come and see what had happened. That sounds foolish of me, right? I know, but do you know how it feels to walk through silence for 30 days and nights? That's how I have felt each of those days. I felt your complete presence in every consonant and vowel in your letter. It was like you were here with me.

I am sorry, Love. I was blind and in dark. I didn't know you were that held up. Your boss must be awful-I'm sorry to utter such words, but I can't hide my disappointment and anger towards him. He acted so unkindly for not giving an ear to your humble request. How I wish I had the power to place you closest to my station, but that would also be selfish of me. Your patients will miss you. Please next time, I beg you with love, try to just steal even a minute to say hello. Silence is a thorn that pierces through my heart like cancer. But thank you.

I have been reading and rereading this letter since morning. I couldn't sleep yesternight. Your words were flowing inside of me like the fountains of fresh water. Moreover, the night seemed warm and peaceful. The birds continued to sing in their affectionate melodica way as if they were celebrating something. Your words became my sleep. They comforted me. They gave me warmth, that not even the sun can share with me. You are the best my Love. I pray to the Almighty, to continue keeping you safe and may His favor always be your clothing.

Thank you for caring, my Love. I love you.

Till next time
Kisses.

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