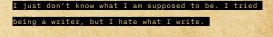
My Beloved Tamoji,

Gou're uneven keartbeat reminde me of when I grew up in a nightlub...don't mind the big pink bunnies.

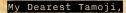
Tell me that you have never been in love before.





I'm in a horror picture show, with no happy ending.

Not for me at least.

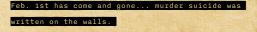


It was a good night to be sober again. It has been

six days since the last time I saw your face.

I wanted only you, and now... I don't know.





We both sighed.

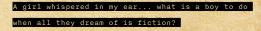
My Beloved Tamoji,

A feel fully loaded with my face up in the clouds. A feel at peace.

 $\mathcal A$ am being told to feel at peace.

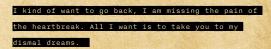
With nothing but love,



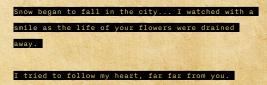


Write to someone that can make it a reality.

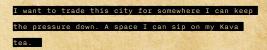




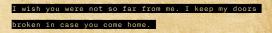




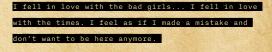






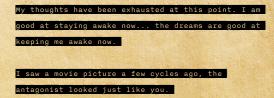




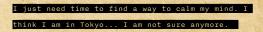




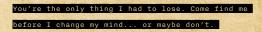












My Beloved Tamoji,

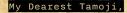
 ${\mathcal A}$ wonder if the sun is the same for you as it is for me. Lately it has

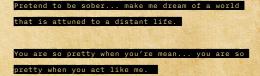
become a little more blue than normal.

My Beloved Tamoji,

At has been a long time. A miss the way your hair blows in the wind, sorrel bits of dust dancing in the moonlight

 ${\mathcal A}$ wish ${\mathcal A}$ could have been there for you, but. he will do his best.









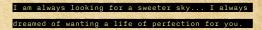
My Beloved Tamoji,

The city is a dark place. Dream of the way it will make you feel, but be wary of the way it will taint your eyes.

Your father will need your help as you grow older. Try to be there for

him

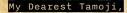


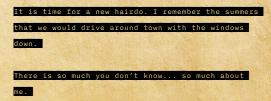


My Beloved Tamoji,

Mama misses you dearly... why don't you come home every once in a

while?



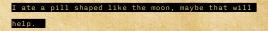




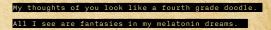
Mmhgm.













I'm sitting in the backseat thinking about that one

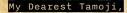
night we were on fire.

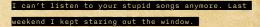
Thinking about something comforting.

My Beloved Tamoji,

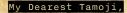
 ${\mathcal A}$ am missing my moon raker tonight, my cloud maker. The small

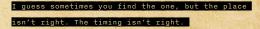
hand on my shoulder pointing up at the stars.





I feel like you don't even need my help.



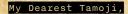


All I know now is that I am alone.

My Beloved Tamoji,

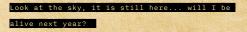
When you die, be iconic. Don't forget to let the triangle play.

With nothing but love,



Je suis rempli de tristesse je suis troublè.





My Beloved Tamoji,

 ${\mathcal A}$ want you to believe that you are the protagonist in your own story. At is okay if you turn out to be the bad guy, just don't let anyone else know.

That is anyone else but me.