That last love poem I gave you, I want to apologize for that. It was crudely put and several of the metaphors leaned too heavily on sea life. I love you so much more than that. The best part of the poem was the beginning, and that had nothing to do with you, or me, or how much either of us loves each other. It was just a line from another, better poem. Most of the poem sounds defensive, like I’ve been accused of not loving you, or you of not loving me. Not that I think I don’t love you, or you me. I don’t. Still, one could read a poem by someone else and it’d seem more authentic—you’d be more likely to think that poem was dedicated to you, I mean, than to think mine was. One could even argue, too, that by studiously avoiding your name or any identifying traits, I was making this poem fit for more than one person, like women in general, or a second wife, or your very attractive sister.