

I Wrote
This For
You.

I WROTE THIS FOR YOU

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Cover Design: Michelle Halket

All Photography: Copyright © Jon Ellis - For my Father. Now only in my thoughts.

Dear You,

You are holding in your hands what was promised to you years ago. I'm sorry it took so long. But life, as is so often the case, is life and we forget about the promises we've made.

You, however, are harder to forget.

I know the world is crazy. I know love is not always the way it's meant to be. I know sometimes, things hurt. But I also know that we'll get through this. That our hearts will arrive on the other side, in one piece. That everything is beautiful, if we give it the chance to be.

I've tried to write down what I saw and what you told me and I sincerely don't think I missed anything. Let me know if I have.

I love you. I miss you.

Me

SUN,

The Layers Unseen
The First Sign Is Taking Strange Pictures
The Bibliography Of Strings
The Corners Of Your Mouth
The Shape Of It
The Point Of Contact
The Time It Takes To Fall
The Seat Next To You
The Shipwreck In My Head
The Pattern Is A System Is A Maze
The Missed Appointment
The New Colour
The Moths Don't Die For Nothing
The Clearly Labeled
The Drive Before Dawn
The Wet Hair And Eyes
The Shape Falls At Your Feet
The Excuse For Your Company
The Lantern In The Lifeboat
The Paint Hides The Brick
The Way Glass Breaks
The Truth Is Born In Strange Places
The Important Things Humans Do

MOON,

The Children Of Time
The Ghost Train
The Day Tomorrow Came
The Train Of Lies
The Fragile Arc
The Corner Of Me And You
The Books Never Written
The To Not Do List
The Rules Of Engagement
The Speed Of Feeling
The Heart Beats Per Minute
The Needle And Ink
The Heart Rides On
The Lovers Bleed Into Each Other
The Things That Are Left
The Circus Is Cheaper When It Rains
The Song Across Wires

The Fury Of Water
The Place Where Nothing Hurts
The Fire At Sea
The Beautiful Mess We Could Be
The Title Screen
The Bleach
The Stranger In Waiting
The Heart We Share
The Road Map Back
The Shape Of Air
The Lipstick On The Window
The Absence Of Oxygen
The Scars You Love
The Zodiac Of One
The Static On The Line
The Tender Tinder Box
The Slight Pinch
The Wishing Well In The Sky (Letters To Father Time)
The Humans Aren't Recyclable
The Place Where I Wait
The Ebb And Flow
The Point Past Peak Feelings
The Picture We Make
The Diaries Of Foreign Lovers
The Lack Of Postcards
The Translation Service
The First Time We Met
The AWOL Hearts
The Forgotten Feeling
The First Crack Is The Last

STARS,

The Place Where You Get Off
The Bargain
The Skeletons In The Sea
The Forgotten Star
The Seraphim And The Pirate
The One I Miss
The Stranger In You
The Leftovers
The End Of That
The Bridge From Solitude
The Sheer Arrogance Of Loneliness
The Heart Is Red
The Bastards Tied Me Down
The Shade

The Truth Is Ugly
The Skin I'm In

The Floor Takes So Long To Hit
The Cupboard Is Empty
The Tiny Iceberg
The B-Train
The Rose Is Not Always A Rose
The Mechanics Of Puppetry
The Bystander Picks Something Up
The Leave Behind
The Simple Shattering Of Water
The Glass Tower
The Sea Reclaims The Land
The World Is Too Big
The Green Curtain
The Princess Is In Another Castle
The Monsters I Miss
The Error Of Parallax
The History Of Arson
The Things Sold By The Sea Shore
The Tales From Bar
The Last Days
The Slipstream We're Caught In
The Death Of Love
The Missing Exclamation Marks
The Lying Tree
The Day After The Crash
The Future Is The Past Waiting To Happen
The Next Stop
The Sun Or The Moon
The City Rises And Falls
The Blue Lines
The Water Is On Fire
The Seconds Before Launch
The Grim Alternatives
The Promise Sleep Made Me
The Theory Is Still Just A Theory
The Tick-Tock In Your Chest
The Fragments Belong Together
The Water Flows Uphill
The Fading Glow
The Twins
The Empty Classroom
The World Is Better Backwards

RAIN.

The Angel Of Almost
The Best Way To Run Into Traffic
The Hope Of Symmetry
The Catwalk In The Sky
The Medicine Is The Sickness
The Fragments Of Hope
The Reason The Willow Weeps
The Lack Of Apologies
The Truth Behind Glass Mountains
The Flowers Of 3753 Cruithne
The Need For Honesty After Midnight
The Place Sentences Go To Die
The People We Could Be
The Inscription
The Wood In Trees
The Red Sky At Night
The Amount Of People Who Like This
The Nod And The Wink
The Few And Fewer
The Return To Green
The Envy Of Wishes
The Nature Of My Body
The Ghost Farm
The Ratio Of Life To Living
The Refracted Night
The Metronome Tree
The Hardest You Could Be
The Dwindling Conversation
The Oroborus I Fell In Love With
The Chameleons Live In The City
The Wall Of Days
The List Of Changes
The View On The Way Down
The Way You Lie Here
The Place Everyone Worked
The Moths Arrive In Black And White
The Audience Of One
The Sweet Release
The Trees That Decided Not To Die
The Saviour Got Lost In The Mirror
The Rain Was Once A Cloud
The Blood Red Lie
The Moment My Skin Brushed Against Yours
The Packaging Of People
The Defenders Of The Forgotten
The Pressure To The Wounded
The Place I'm In

The Ground Will Give Way

~~The World Needs More Lighthouses~~

The Great Burning Of Supper

The Bubbles Are Your Friends

The Perfect Apathy

The Finite Curve

The Shop That Lets You Rent Happiness

The Day You Read This

The Arrivals Lounge

The Last Thing You Said



THE DEDICATION LIST

To the small.

To the star counters.

To the cloud watchers.

To the inspired.

To the birds.

To everyone who's ever cried.

To everyone who's ever tried.

To those who pull themselves up off the floor.

To those who can still find love in their hearts, even after everything.

To those who paint the world each day with the colours of their feelings.

To those who hope.

To you.*

*Thank you.



THE LAYERS UNSEEN

There is magic even here, in gridlock, in loneliness, in too much work, in late nights gone on too long, in shopping trolleys with broken wheels, in boredom, in tax returns, the same magic that made a man write about a princess that slept until she was kissed, long golden hair draped over a balcony and fingers pricked with needles. There is magic even here, in potholes along back-country roads, in not having the right change (you pat your pockets), arriving late and missing the last train home, the same magic that caused a woman in France to think that God spoke to her, that made another sit down at the front of a bus and refuse to move, that lead a man to think that maybe the world wasn't flat and the moon could be walked upon by human feet. There is magic. Even here. In office cubicles.

THE FIRST SIGN IS TAKING STRANGE PICTURES

I have pretended to go mad in order to tell you the things I need to. I call it art. Because art is the word we give to our feelings made public. And art doesn't worry anyone.



THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF STRINGS

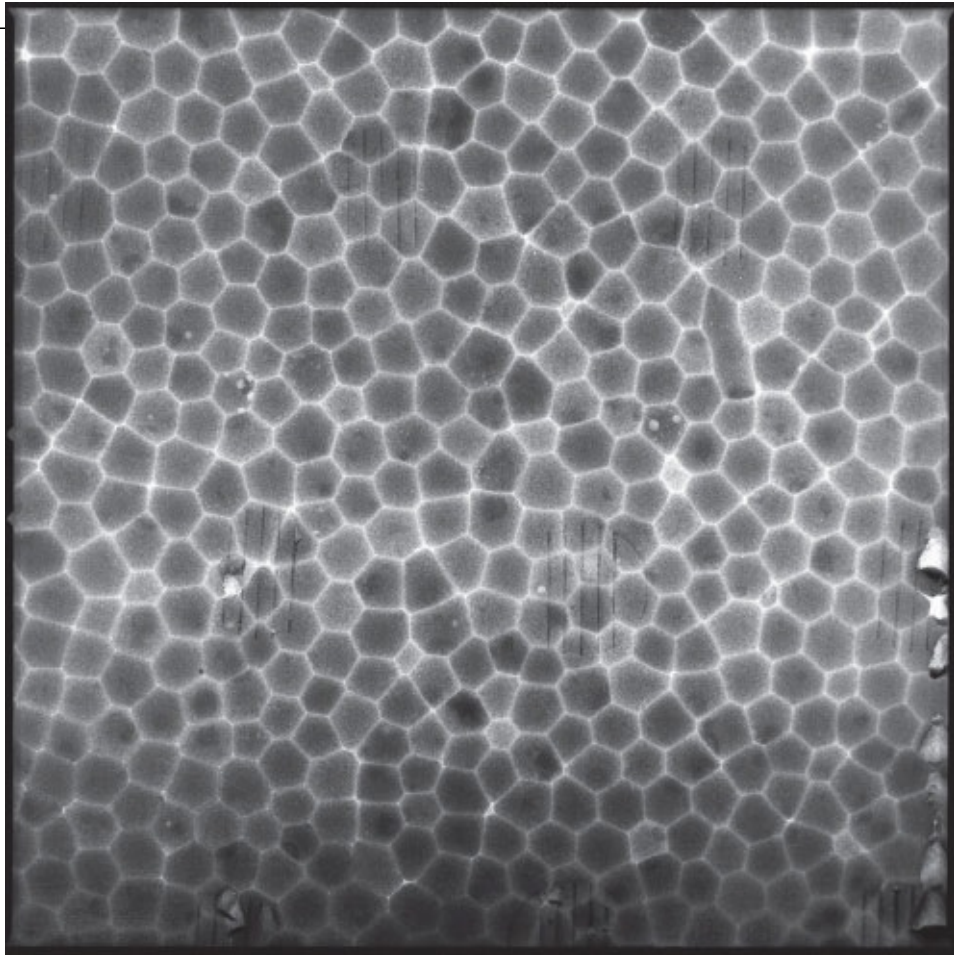
And you taught me what this feels like.
And then how it feels to lose it.
And you showed me who I wanted.
And then who I wasn't.
And you ticked every box.
And then drew a line.
And you weren't mine to begin with.
And then not to end with.
And you looked like everything I wanted.
And then became something I hated.
And you get thought of every day.
And then not in a good way.
And you let me leave.
And then wish I'd stayed.
And you almost killed me.
But I didn't die.





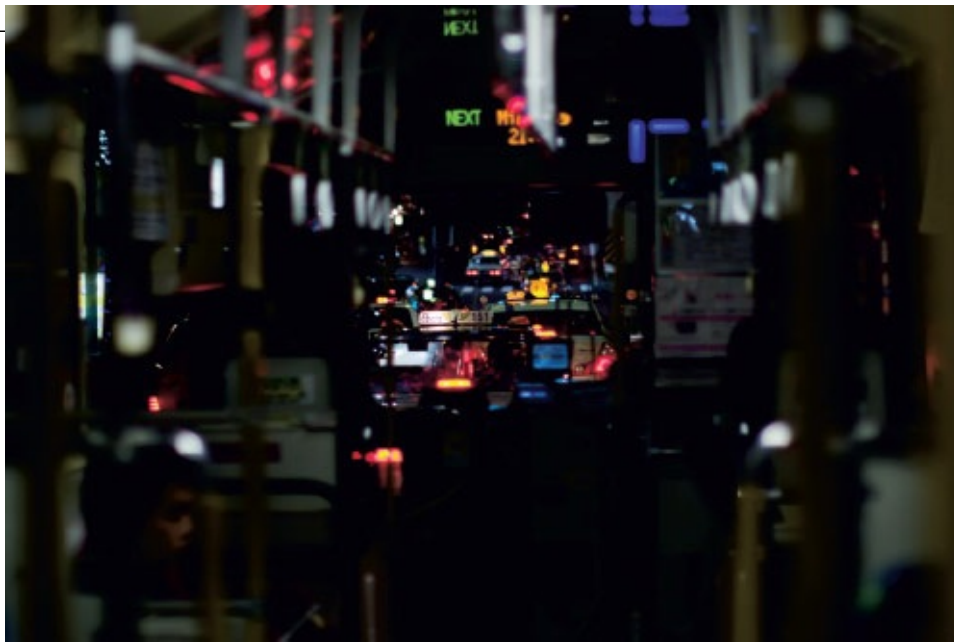
THE CORNERS OF YOUR MOUTH

And you asked why people always expected you to smile in photographs. And I told you it was because they hoped that in the future, there would be something to smile about.



THE SHAPE OF IT

They want me. I want you. And you want someone else.
But none of us want to turn around.



THE POINT OF CONTACT

And then my soul saw you and it kind of went

“Oh there you are. I’ve been looking for you.”



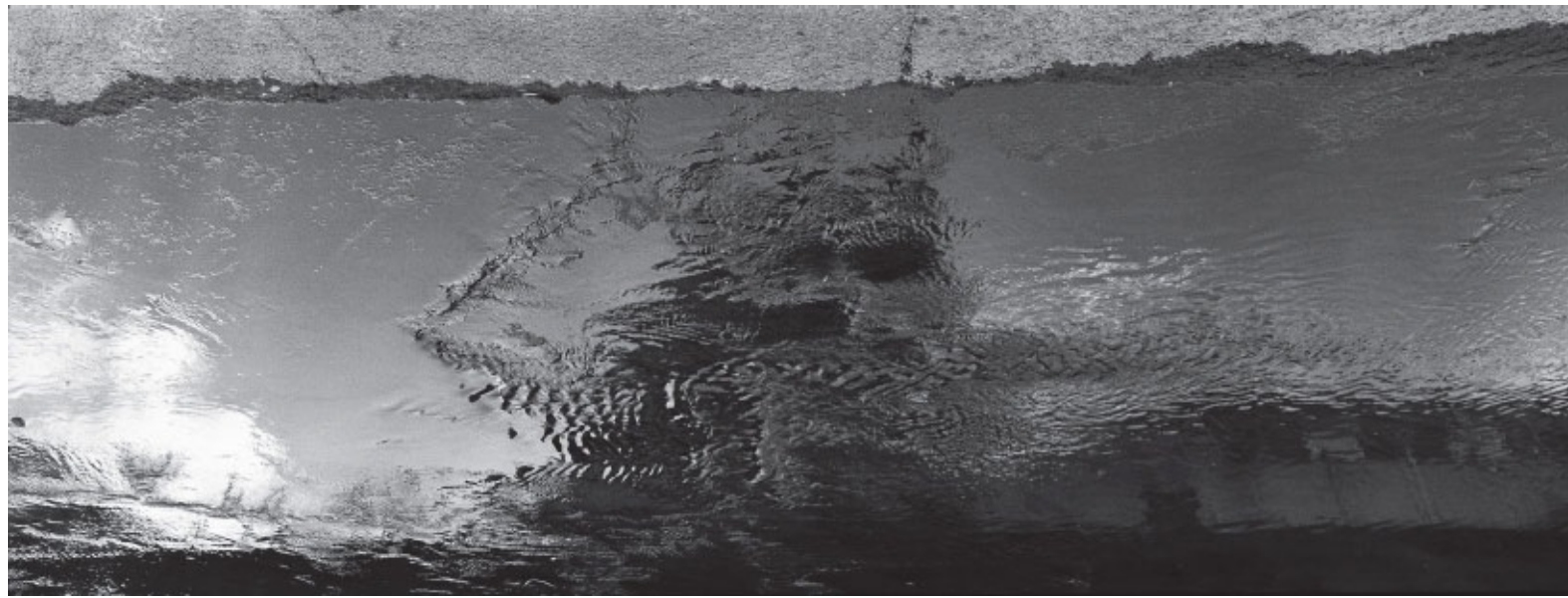
THE TIME IT TAKES TO FALL

So if all we have is that glance in the window. If all we have is till this train stops. If all we have is till the sun comes up, till your lift picks you up. And if all we have is till the day I die. I'm ok with what we have.



THE SEAT NEXT TO YOU

When I sit near you, my hands suddenly become alien things and I don't know where to put them or what they usually do, like this is the first time I've ever had hands and maybe they go in my pockets and maybe they don't.



THE SHIPWRECK IN MY HEAD

Everything you do, you pay for. So if you're going to kiss me, you'd best be prepared to bleed.

THE PATTERN IS A SYSTEM IS A MAZE

Of course it's complicated. If it wasn't, I probably wouldn't be interested in you.





THE MISSED APPOINTMENT

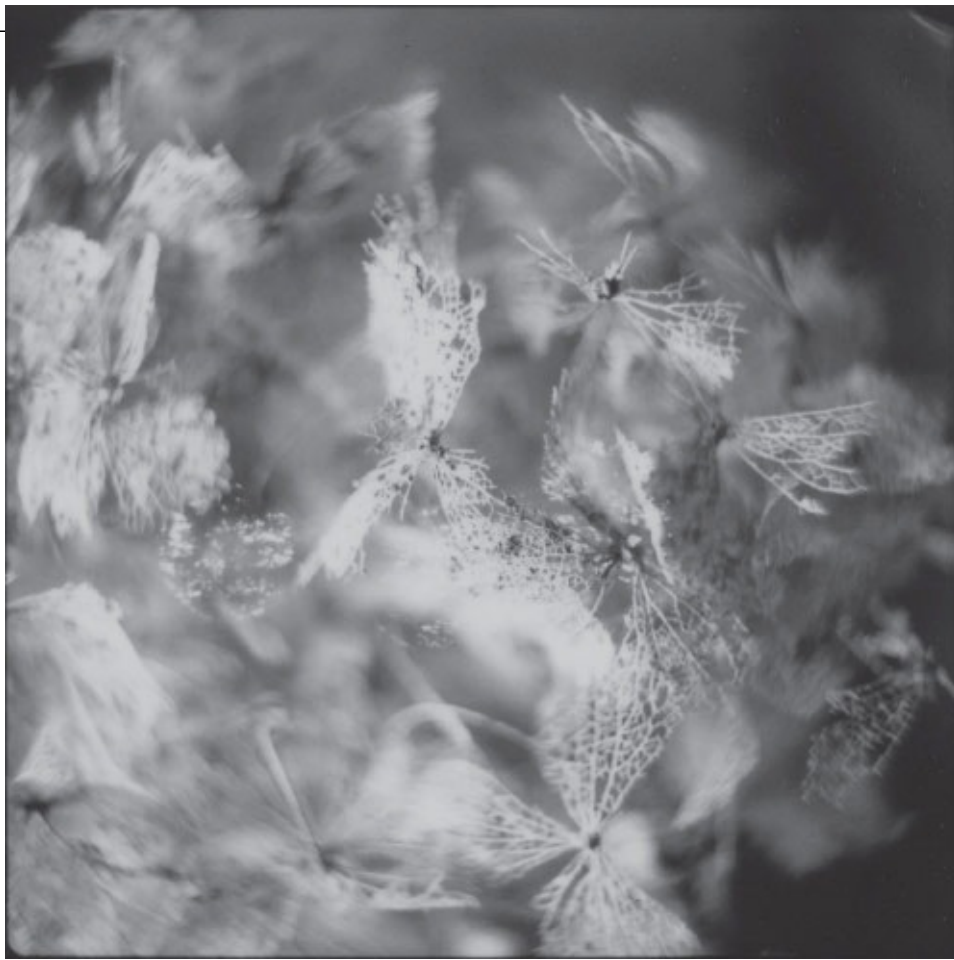
So yes, we could kiss. I could kiss you and you could kiss me. There's no science, plane ticket or clock stopping us. But if we kiss, it will end the world. And I've ended the world before. No one survived.

Least of all me.



THE NEW COLOUR

And their shape and their hair and their eyes and their smell and their voice. That suddenly, these things can exist and you're not quite sure how they existed without you knowing about them before.



THE MOTHS DON'T DIE FOR NOTHING

I'm sure people just kiss each other. I'm sure that sometimes you're talking and somehow two people move closer and closer to each other and then, they just kiss. I'm sure it happens all the time. But I'm also sure that a kiss is never just a kiss.

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