

I Wrote  
This For  
You.

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I WROTE THIS FOR YOU

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2014

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## CENTRAL AVENUE PUBLISHING EDITION

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### **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.

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*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

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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~~

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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 led 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.

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## 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

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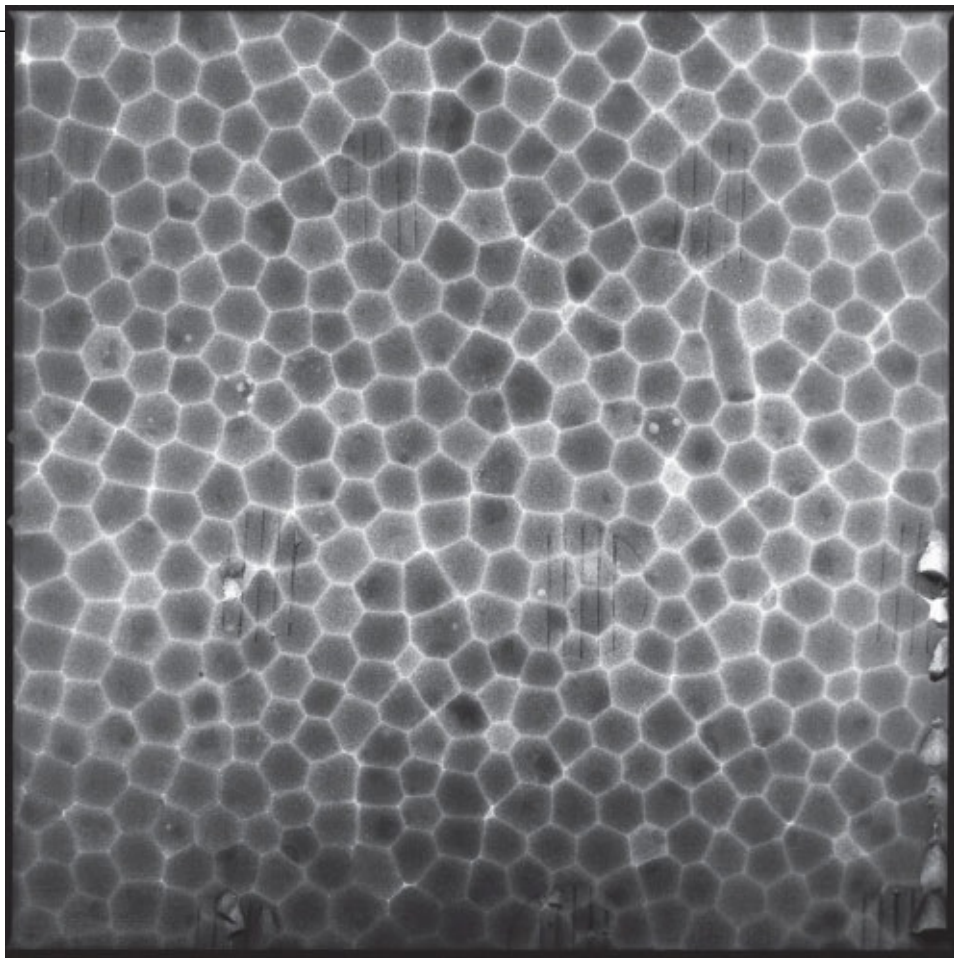
And you taught me what this feels like.  
And then how it feels to lose it.  
And you showed me who I wanted.  
And then who I wasn't.  
And you ticked every box.  
And then drew a line.  
And you weren't mine to begin with.  
And then not to end with.  
And you looked like everything I wanted.  
And 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

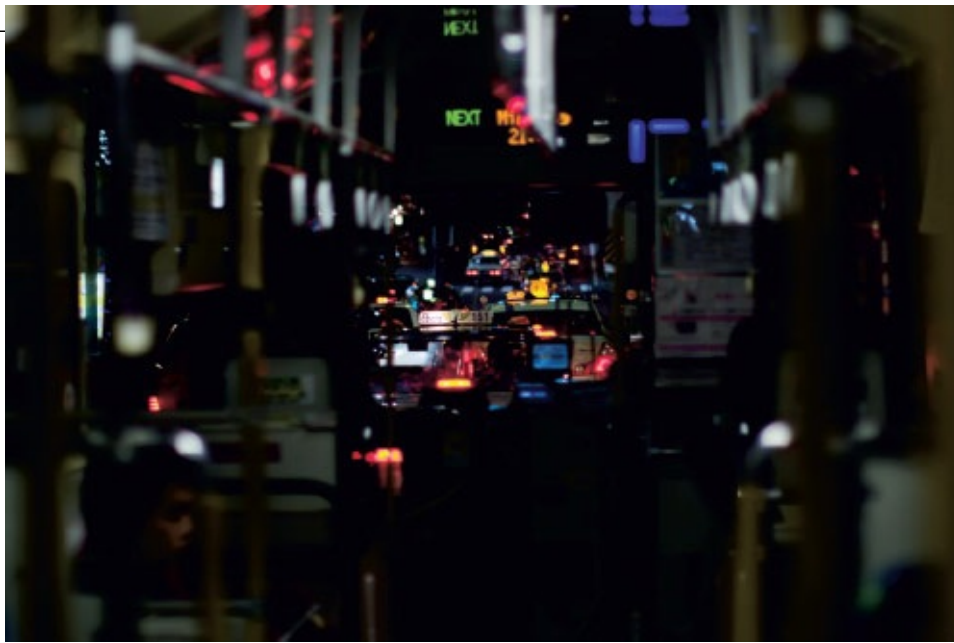
And you asked why people always expected you to smile in photographs. And I told you it was because they hoped that in the future, there would be something to smile about.



## 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.”



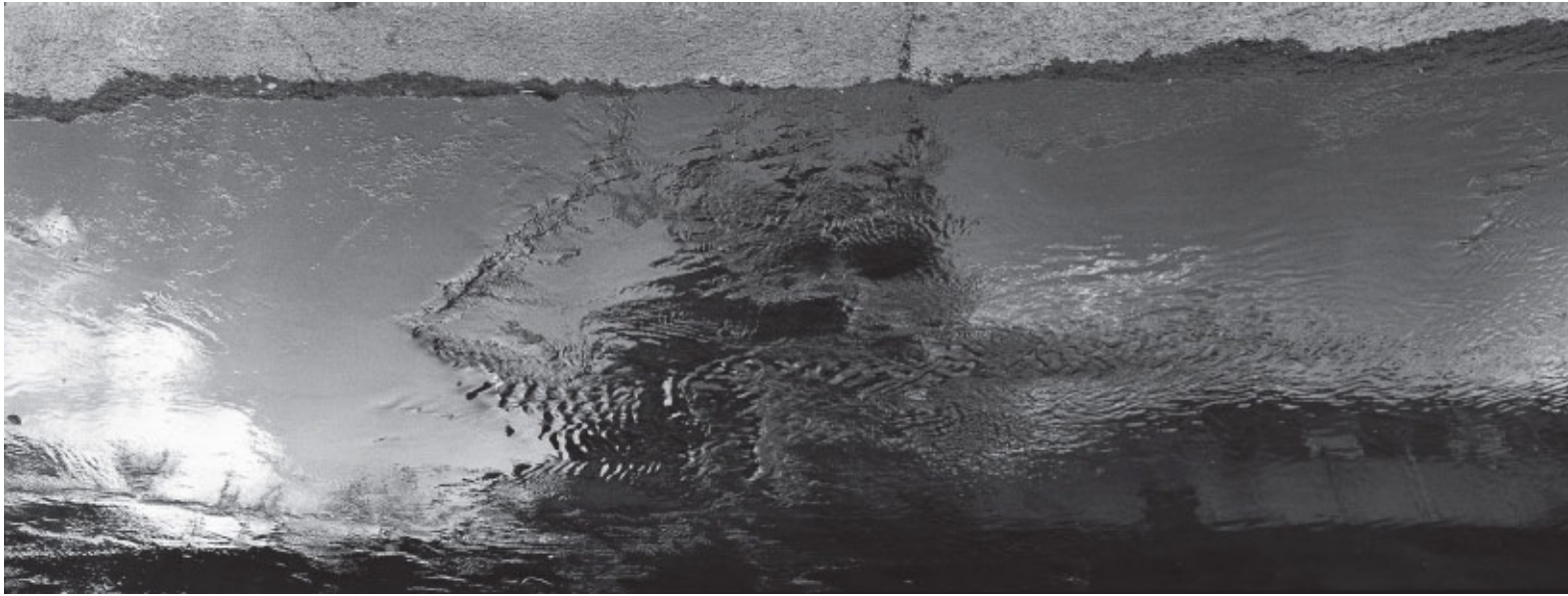
## THE TIME IT TAKES TO FALL

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.

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# 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

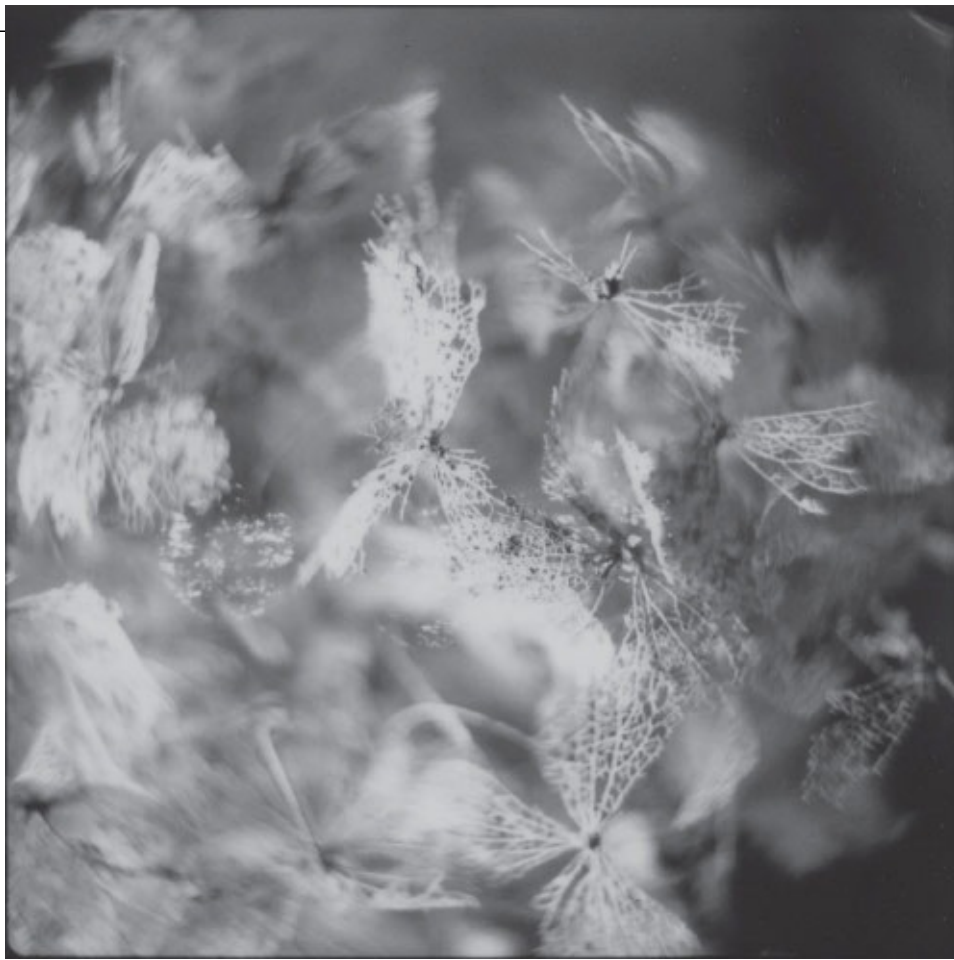
So yes, we could kiss. I could kiss you and you could kiss me. There's no science, plane ticket or clock stopping us. But if we kiss, it will end the world. And I've ended the world before. No one survived.

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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