

What are you Waiting For?

Dear Betty,

How are you? On Sunday I got a lemonade from the local lemonade stand on Bushberry Street. And then I realized that the ice is me, and the sugar, you. So I decided to write this letter, reminding you. I miss you Betty. Please come back.

Signed, Benley Sanchos.

Dear Benley,

I am not obliged to give, nor do anything for you. No, I am ice and you are salt. You have always been salty. The tides are long gone, Ben. It's time you wash away with them.

Not yours, Betty Brewson.

1

Dear Betty,

What if the tides bring you along with me? I'm just a leaf blowing hopelessly through the wind, so at least let me come see you? Why can't you ever let it go?

Love, Benley Sanchos.

Dear Benley,

You're quite the opposite of a leaf. You are pure destruction. You say you love someone and a year later you disappear because of a silly little argument- which I was right about by the way- and don't tell them anything. Leave me alone. Go find someone else who can put up with you. A broken watch which cannot be mended. A torn old magazine with scraps unmended. And *I* won't be gluing them back together.

Leave me be, Betty Brewson.

Dear Betty,

I'll give up now.

2

I will stop writing to you.

I'll leave you alone.

I'll take your word for it.

I'll stop always trying,
Because
I know you don't care.
I'll stop always trying...
I'll get out of your hair.

I'll find someone else,
Or no one at all.
Maybe we can be friends.
But I'm already gone.

Yesterday I died.
Yesterday I fell.
Of old age, I left.
Of old age, my hell.

And now I'm writing you this.
Even though I'm dead.
But before I say goodbye...
Let me tell you what I said.

I said, she will never come.
I said, I am just mad.

I said, I'm in my own little world,
But what is she waiting for?

We never kissed once.

And how could we?

You ran away.

So what are you waiting for?

But now it's too late.

Signed, dead Benley Sanchos.

Benley,

I've been dead for a while.

I didn't run away.

I just stayed in my house of heaven.

After I too, died of old age one day.

And now we're writing poems.

Letters to you, letters to me.

But let me tell you one thing:

Thanks for saying you will stop.

Even though...

You probably won't.

My question would also be:

What are you waiting for?

Go find someone else.

Stop obsessing over me.

Betty Brewson.

Dear Betty,

Well now let's get to the facts.

It was just a spoon!

I didn't mean to hurt you.

You left me too soon.

5

Benley Sanchos.

Dear Benley,

It was not a spoon.

It was a fork!

And let me remind you,

You straight up threw it at me!

And didn't I tell you to leave me alone?

You know I'm right, Betty Brewson.

Dear Betty,

For the last time, I was sleep walking!

I was right, Benley Sanchos.

Dear Benley,

No you weren't.

6

Betty Brewson.

Betty,

YES I WAS!

Benley Sanchos.

Benley,

Whatever. Let's just kiss already.

Betty Brewson.

Betty,

But I'm in hell...

Benley Sanchos.

Benley,

No. Turn around once you get this letter, dummy.

7

Signed, smart Betty Brewson.

Benley turns around and the two make eye contact.

“So?” Said Betty.

“What are you waiting for?”

As the sunset of Heaven got darker, calmer, Benley Sanchos and Betty Brewson were not waiting anymore.

Finally, they kissed.