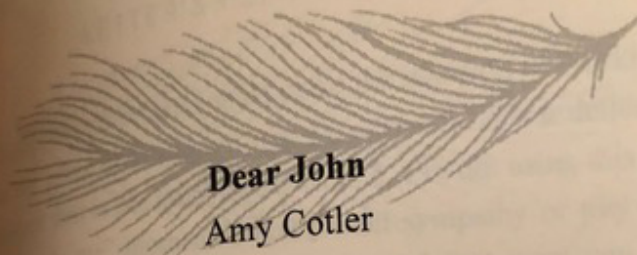


The book cover features a collage of vintage-style photographs and handwritten letters. The photos include a close-up of a plant with small white flowers, a bowl of fruit, and a person's face. The handwritten letters are in various cursive scripts, some of which are partially obscured by the title text.

Letters I'll Never Send

AN ANTHOLOGY

EDITED BY
JACKIE BLUU

A detailed black and white illustration of a feather, likely a quill, is positioned above the recipient's name.

Dear John
Amy Cotler

Dear John,

I can't live in your apartment. It's dark in there and I can feel the weight of something I don't like. The paintings on your walls strain against their hooks, longing for the floor. There's always the sound of a TV commercial in the background, even when the box is switched off. Your kitchen reeks of dirty potatoes—peeled and aging on the counter from neglect.

I'll never live in your apartment, though your kisses deeply move me. I love you for those smooth lips, that tight ass and large teeth too. But I can't step inside, more or less live, in your funky apartment, or even walk through your yard, where the grass lays flat. Even the daffodils can barely stand up to face the sun.

Sweet invitation, though. See you tonight.

— Mary