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## Yours Truly

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Yours Truly

Khalid Mukhtar

It was a different time.  
There were no accidental key presses  
or swipes, or acts of feckless fat-fingering.  
And gestures weren't reduced to fingertip gymnastics.  
There was enough paper, enough ink and the innocent audacity  
to write down our feelings in long winding sentences  
that began with "Dear" or "Dearest", or "My dear, dear, darling."

I miss those cliché beginnings.  
They held meaning for me.  
Someone had taken the time  
to address me with a term of endearment.  
I couldn't care less that everyone else used those same terms.  
I simply appreciated that they weren't missing.

I loved how when the writer ran out of space, and chose  
to cram one more thought in the margins, unaware  
that it would beget more thoughts, and more, until  
the letter, finally complete with marginalia,  
looked like the treasure map that it truly was.

If you paid close attention, you could just play back  
the actual scene of composition, feel the distractions,  
the afterthoughts and the gray comedy of being  
human. You could detect mood. Even madness.

And "P.S." had all the meaning and excitement  
of a genuinely forgotten note added just in time, like:  
*P.S. Kiss the baby for me.*

But by far, the single most powerful message a letter bore for me  
was its confession of crumples witnessing that, at some point,  
it wasn't meant to be sent.