By: Breathe words

To the girl at the bus-stop.... To the guy with the nice smile... to be honest I don't really know what I'm doing but I do believe that it's definitely going to go somewhere. Enjoy. :)



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## Letters! : Chapter 1

Dear Bus-angel, To the girl in the purple and gold sweatpants standing at the bus-stop on Monday morning with a cigarette in one hand and a bottle of pinto in the other a snarl on your already scrunched up face- you are Gorgeous. I tried to talk to you that day but I was rebutted and you kept drinking with your back turned toward me as a sign that I was not wanted and I am to be ignored. I'm that guy that is always there every morning in a yellow tracksuit always reeking of that new axe cologne asking strangers for change so I could ride the bus. That day you in your beautiful sweats sealed the deal on my confidence, so I'm writing this to see if you want to go with me for a cup of coffee this Saturday. Sincerely, Your Tracksuit Adonis.

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