

[Your Name]  
[Your Address]  
[City, State, Zip Code]  
[Email Address]  
[Date]

Dear [Recipient's Name],  
In the whispering grove where shadows tangle,  
Gnarled branches twist in a ballet of decay,  
Each arc a story, a life once vibrant,  
Now weaving tales in the twilight's gray.  
The wind, a ghostly troubadour, sings softly,  
Caressing the rough-hewn bark with gentle sighs,  
And the roots, like ancient fingers, clutch the earth,  
Holding onto secrets where time never dies.  
As I ponder the knots in the wood and the sky,  
I see reflections of struggles and dreams,  
Each twist a reminder of paths untraveled,  
Each leaf a fragment of our fragmented themes.  
So I write to you amidst this wild embrace,  
Inviting you to wander where the wild things grow,  
To find the beauty in things intertwining,  
In the gnarled imagery--a glimpse of our flow.  
Yours,  
[Your Name]