Missing U

This is the tale of the letter named i, a lonely author who lived life with a sigh.

Typing her treatise on the common green pea
i encountered a problem while pressing one key.
The harder she pushed, the worst was still true.
i declared to herself “I’m missing my _”
A panic seized i and she looked to the sky
Confirming her fear that all was awry.
i dashed through the city and away from the crowds.
Fleeing the streets and all that was loud.
Climbing a cliff overlooking the sea.
i searched for a sign that would answer her plea.
“My writing is hindered, my home life is stark.
_pon a jo_rney for _. I m_st now embark.”
She hopped on a ship and it sailed double quick.
Clutching her side, i felt quite seasick.
She arrived at a jungle all filled with suspense.
The lump in her throat said she’d moved well past tense
The bees they were buzzing, the blue jays flew near
But i gathered her courage and slashed past her fear
She burst through to a vista all cloaked in blue
And i’s eyes slowly widened as they took in the view.
Umbrellas, ukuleles and UFOs too,
All could be found in this haven of u.
“You’re welcome to stay, but you won’t see much here.
When the b_rds flew away so went the cheer.
The f_sh are long gone, no Key l_me p_e,
There’s plenty of sorry, but not even one i.”
She peered at his face: kind, handsome and true.
“I am none but i. U is that you?”
u looked at me then like I will never forget
and I took your hand on the day that we met.

So that is the story according to me
Of how i found u and they became we.