

to
my
partner



to my partner

come and kiss me.

hard.

then softly.

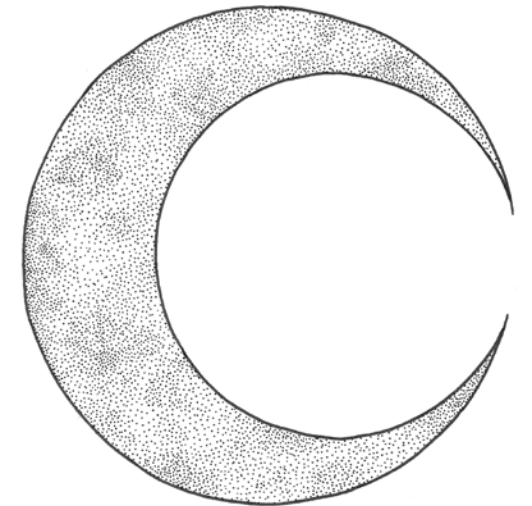
then tell me how much you love the freckles
under my left eye.

trace them,
kiss me again,
lay with me.

let us be pure and captivating
and let us be each others.



to
the person
I will marry



to the person i will marry

when you tell me you love me for the first time,

do not say it during sex,
i do not want our lips to part for a single second.

do not say it when we are drunk on tequila and lime
when the salt has coated our mouths
and i can taste it with every kiss we share.

do not say it when we are out for dinner,
spending money we do not have,
eating food too expensive for it's own good.

do not say it when i am sleeping next to you,
unable to memorize the curls of your lips as you
whisper it, too dark to see the tears on our faces.

do not say it on valentine's day
or birthdays
or easter
or christmas

do not ruin these things for me.
when you tell me you love me, make it mundane, make
it uneventful, make it like we've been saying it for a
thousand years.





because,
when you stop saying it,
i do not want to be reminded of it every time i kiss
someone new, or i smell citrus, or i eat out, or i fall
asleep, or any holidays at all.
do not taint my life with you love
and then your absence of it.

i finally had that feeling again.
it only lasted for a few seconds
and as soon as i looked away from
your eyes i felt my cheeks flush with embarrassment.

but it felt beautifully raw
to feel my stomach leap into my mouth
and my heart into my shoes

i didn't think i'd ever feel that way again
maybe the feeling will learn to stay
maybe it won't be so fleeting.

maybe
when i'm with you,
i'll learn to love it again.

we haven't met yet,
but i cant stop thinking about you.

i have imagined your laugh in every volume, every
possible tone
and i think my ears could already pick you out of a

crowded room.
that honey covered, sweet sounding melody could put
me to sleep already.
it has coated
my ear drums
and my soul
and my heart.

you know,
i have already named the entirety of our family,
granted,
most of them are dogs,
and theres a possibility that i may be open to hearing
some of your suggestions,
but i think you'll like most of mine.

and sometimes,
when i am drifting off
into a place where my subconscious has already met
you,
i can picture you laying next to me,
and i swear i can almost feel the heat of your breath on
the back of my neck,
your hair tickling my cheek.

there is a certain bittersweetness
in my eventual awaken,
i know that i am one day closer to meeting you,
but i have once again left you behind in my dreams.

the balancing act of searching for you and dreaming of
you

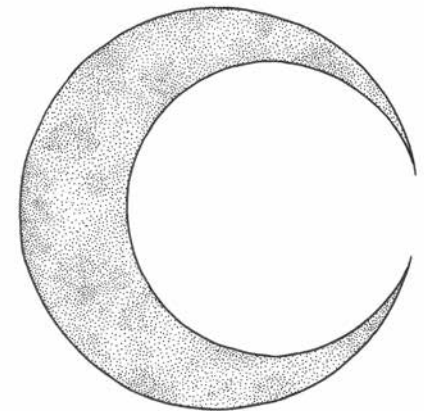




is like walking a tightrope
and my spacial awareness has always been atrocious.
you'll learn that soon enough.

and there is a certain beauty and a sadness in us not
having met yet.
once we do,
i know i cannot daydream about you in the same way
but i am so desperate to hold your face in my hands,
rub my fingertips over the back of your neck
and finally taste your lips with mine.
i would give up daydreaming for you,
always.

i know you will look at me
with only kindness and warmth in your eyes,
and touch me with fingers that are nothing less than
gentle.
there will be a tenderness between us,
something pure and intense,
the sort of love that i have craved since forever.
when you look at me,
i mean, really look at me,
in between the freckles
or the yellow speckles in my left eye,
i hope there is only true, infatuating love.
nothing more, nothing less.
i promise to
always
feel that same way
about you.





to future me

the next time you are walking alone.
whether it is through a forest or
a field full of daisies or
a beach late at night.
just

stop.

breath.

taste,
hear,
feel
the wind
and let the breeze comfort the senses
you so often overlook.
be still, be calm, be transcendent.

envelop nature's touch
and let her beauty course through you
in every word you write
and every word you say.

be the you that can stand still,
taking in the world around you
and spreading a sweetness
mother nature would be proud of.

