

to  
my  
partner



*to my partner*

come and kiss me.

hard.

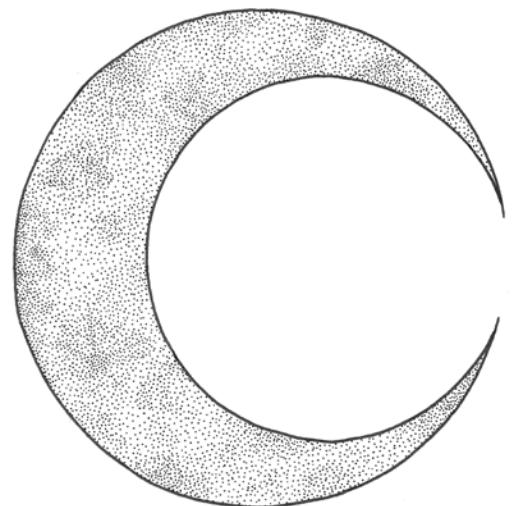
then softly.

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 can't 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 there's 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.

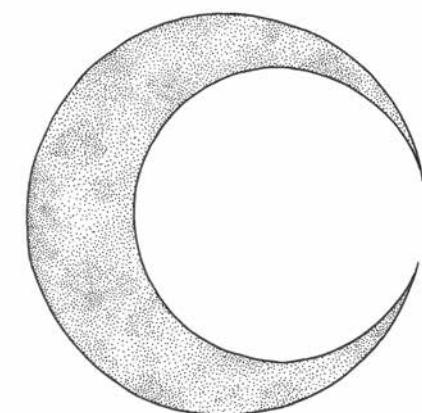
nothing more, nothing less.

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 if daisy's 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 sweetess  
mother nature would be proud of.

