

Love Struck

That moment.

That single moment he crossed my eye.

Hundreds of people.

Mob of a crowd.

Then there was him.

The only one who stole my essence.

Left me lost with words

Practically breathless

Who would have thought?

That a drunk night like that I'd meet him.

Him, that green-eyed guy in the crowd.

That was nothing but a stranger.

But all it took was that one moment.

His smile that took me away

And the integrity of a man, not a boy.

That healed my heart.

And changed my life.

Uncontrollable laughs.

Never ending giggles.

Rosy cheeks from every time he makes me blush.

And my face left with soreness from all the never ending smiles.

From those walks on the beach at honeymoon island.
Sitting in the sand as we watched the waves crash upon us.
Gazing at each other wondering how we got here.
Just as you put your hand on my leg.
Then brushed it through my hair, behind my ear.
Then there's that adorable smile.
The tip of what made me fall for you.
Then your kiss.
Even then we couldn't bear but smile.
If that doesn't show genuine love, I don't know what does?

A trail through the park we walk.
Trees and vines hanging left and right.
A boardwalk that went on for miles.
Surrounding a lake that stretched around us.
Fish splashing, cranes wading, then alligators calling out.
Hands enclosed with one another.
Skipping down the boardwalk.
Being silly, like little kids again.
Giggling to his jokes.
And learning the ins and outs to each other's lives.

Weekly dinner with your parents.

Boneless ribs, mashed potatoes, and green beans.

My favorite meal.

Who would have thought?

Silly just like your mother.

And genuine like your father.

Never a dull moment on those Tuesday nights.

That first night I learned cotton.

Then our Tuesday night routine playing together

Your parents treating me like their own.

And the feeling of home I get from you.

Hockey stick, puck and gear.

I got the stick, you got the gear.

Hockey is your game.

And cheering is my passion.

You thought of my affection.

As you scored to make each goal.

Adrenaline rushing through my body.

Hair blowing with the wind.

And your hand locked in twinned with mine.

Just as the Riptide roller coaster dropped.

Waking before the sun rises to pick me up.

2 hour drive to Orlando here we come.

Singing falsetto to the girlish songs.

One of your favorites "Crazy Kids" by Kesha.

Just being silly.

Like no one else matters.

Goofy but adorably cute.

Putt putt

Congo river miniature golf.

Your bet on the winner.

Your silly and misbelief cockiness.

And an even tougher opponent.

Never treating me like a first time player.

That is until you left me behind.

Letting me start over more than once.

Just so I'd have a fair game.

Neck and neck the scores showed.

51-52.

You beat me by one and won the bet fair and square.

Bringing us back to where it all started.

Almost every Saturday.

Round up.

With our boots on.

You were no longer a stranger in the crowd

You were my green-eyed man.

My one and only cowboy.

Line dancing to my favorite "Cheater, cheater" by Joey and Roey.

With your effort of course.

Then slow dancing to "One of those Nights" by Tim McGraw.

More like slow holding.

After a couple drinks, dancing

At night's end was much harder than arrival.

Then the moment of completion.

The feeling of joy every time we lock eyes.

Smile so big my face hurts.

Heart so full it aches.

Head throbbing from our never ending stream of good times.

Sparks filling the air after every kiss.

Then the sound of those two words.

"I'm sorry."

Stomach all sicken.

Eyes full of tears.

Bones ache.

Head throbbing.

Then the sound of his voice.

"I'm sorry it's not you it's me."

Those words.

I just knew what was coming.

Then the sound of his voice.

"My head is not where it belongs to continue to make you happy."

His sympathy.

But also selfishness.

Bringing me to the edge.

"I just want you." I murmured.

Shocked.

Heartbroken.

Helpless.

"I don't want to say goodbye." I said as I wiped a tear away.

Shaken up.

Breathless.

Then the sound of his voice.

"I'm sorry, you're not saying goodbye, friends can talk."

Friends?

That title.

What did that mean?

Lost with words.

Then the sound of his voice.

"You never know what the future holds, after these 6 months."

6 months.

182.5 days.

Hopeful.

That's what I was.

Hopeful for the future.

Hopeful to be in his arms again.

Hopeful for him to be mine again.

Then the sound of his voice.

"I'll see you soon then"