

My dearest,

Keep being who you are.

You've done so much to pull yourself upwards,
To bring yourself to where you stand now.

Even when lost,
You haven't strayed from your path.
You've always managed to find your way.

I admire you,
Your versatile nature,
The beauty of your person.

I'm proud of who you are,
And of all you've done,
And all you aspire to be and do.

Keep doing what you can,
As you always have.

Before giving yourself to others.
Please, put yourself first.
Ensure you are safe,
Ensure you are ready.
Walking on a broken leg,
Won't make it heal any better.

Do this all your life,
That way you'll continue doing your best,
You'll continue doing wonderful things.
Even if you don't notice them,
Even if you don't feel right about what you do.
You'll be doing this by being yourself.
Being kind, brilliant, and loving.
You'll always be enough for others,
And for yourself.

You bring your spirit and all it encompasses,
And that is wonderful enough.

So please,

Keep on traveling.

Keep on growing.

Keep on loving.

Perhaps it is only my delusion,
Perhaps, you are only ordinary,
A human like any other.

Perhaps to you, all I write means very little.
Or perhaps nothing at all.
Even so, there is truth to how I feel.

You are an explorer, and an artist.
You are a lover of color, song, and meaning.
You are a question to yourself,
And to those around you.

Every part of your being,
It is so beautifully alien.

Without ever being near you.
I have missed you.

Without ever knowing what I craved,
I have yearned for you.

When I look in the faces of others,
Yours is the one I hope to see.

When I hear the voice of another,
Yours is the one I hope to hear.

When I listen to works of song,
I listen for you in its meaning.

No one has been enough,
Not to compare to you,
Not to make me forget.

I have tried looking elsewhere,
And still, you will forever be in my favor.

You are different, and you are strange,
And you are all I have ever wanted.

Your feelings I want to share with my own,
Both melancholic and joyful.
You are the one who inspires me,
Your life I want to entwine with mine,
Your words are what I wish to hear as I die.
I want to be this very person for you,
The one that I adore.

You whom I met so very broken,
How you have grown.

You now stand tall,
You speak with sureness,
You carry a confident stride.
Before this, you had only seen your flaws,
Your failures.
Always met with disappointment,
That of others, and your own.
Only when shrouded in sorrow,
And choked of life,
You saw a guiding light.
You saw your life's virtues,
And they shined brightly,
Shining through the gloom.

You broke free of your burden,
Your suffocating defeat.
You took note of your scars,
The ones that now mark you.
You then dawned a mask,
One worn with pride.
Worn to keep yourself hidden,
To hide your scars,
To pass through the masses,
Following their standards and styles,
Acting as if you were the same as them.

You do this to keep secrets hidden,
Ones that have been buried with shame.

Behind what you have crafted,
That brazen image,
Is the truth, that pained girl.
A girl covered in scars, a girl so different.
You shun her, not wanting to accept her.
Still, she is a part of you.

You,
Estranged to yourself,
Confused, and doubtful.
An actress, whose role is ever-changing.

Still, no matter how difficult to conceive,
You are not a girl solely made of flaws,
And you are not who you pretend to be.

You are scarred, and inhuman,
And you are beautiful.
You always have been.

Creative, curious, passionate, and loving.
You are your flaws,
But you are also your virtues.

No matter where you have stood in life,
No matter how misplaced.
I have always seen and adored you.

Your golden, guiding light.
Like a distant star,
One overshadowed by the sun,
One unseen among others,
Those that shine brighter.
But when looked at closely,
Your colors shine,
They shine beyond compare.
They are what have endured.

When we first crossed paths,
You seemed so different from me.
You gave me such kind words.
Words I didn't feel I deserved.
Yet when I spoke to you,
You dawned new shades entirely.
A new person now sat before me,
Eager, lonely, and afraid.
...and I embraced her.
You let me know her,
And she was so precious.
She was you.

You made me laugh, just as you do now.
You made me think and question.
Such contagious curiosity.
I adored your jewels and dressings,
Just as I do now.

You have such a perspective,
One of curiosity and concern.

Your thoughts and trinkets,
You look over them with such care,
A perspective of wonder,
And of innovation.

That which is dull,
You wonder how it can be polished.
You wonder how to fix what is broken.

You carry a sense of adventure.
Ever unsure, ever curious, ever trying.
Even when you've felt lost,
You've never failed to move onward.

You contain such promise and aspiration,
Though you may doubt this to be true.

You carry a heavy heart,
One that has been filled to bursting,
Filled with thoughts and feelings.
Many of which are not your own,
Ones you've taken on as your burden,
One upheld without the chance of rest.

If you were to let such tension spill,
It should be through voice and pen,
Guided by soulful intent,
And made into an expression of art.

Paint your pains, pleasures, and curiosities.
Paint them through sights and sounds,
That way someone might understand your content,
Content understood in a way that words can't convey.

Your words have never been enough,
Not to express what you think and feel.

I have seen you in disarray,
Treading across unfamiliar manners,
And strange actions.
Trying to commune with a foreign world.

Though you may feel alone and unheard,
Know that I will always stand with you,
With patience and open ears,
I will share what I can,
Sharing your heart and mind's passion.

So please, speak to me.
Speak with words of nonsense and ramblings.
Your sayings are a wonder all their own.

Through your unsureness,
You raise questions that bring clarity.
Your diffusion births joys and truths alike.
Your mind is truly a place of wonder and beauty.

So please, If you will let me,
I will listen without end.

I have always thought it to be cliché,
To portray one's view with the abstract,
With comparisons made to material things.
Much like comparing one's eyes to oceans,
And one's beauty to a sunset.

Only when I found you did I understand,
I understand why people do such things.

There are qualities you possess,
Qualities beyond the description of words.
These qualities,
Comparable only to wonders of the world,
Wonders reaching an awe-inspiring magnitude.

I suppose to the hopeless romantic,
Their object of affection is beyond human.
They stand as an idol,
One beyond that of human nature.
A being that can only be shown through paintings,
Paintings of skies, terrane, and spectrums of color.
I hope to bring justice to your being,
Though words will never be enough.
I paint you because it is not my place to say, I love you.
Still, I will use what words I can.
I will use them to illustrate such a vision.

Oh, what new colors you have shown me.
Colors of hope, desire, and fantasy.
Darker shades too.
Colors of lust, jealousy, and possession.

By being yourself,
You have made me want you in every way.
Tender, and mild..
Heedless, and with passion.

You have inspired feelings in me,
Feelings foreign to myself.
Feelings that have brought me inspiration.
Inspiration to write parables,
And create etches of your form.

You have brought me to make works of art,
That way I might capture your rarity.
You have brought me to my knees,
And so I will do what I can,
I will immortalize such imperfect perfection.
You are not only an idol, but my muse.

If you worry I will forget you.
No one could ever be more wrong.

You have shared yourself with me,
And have shown me so much.

You have planted a seed in my core,
One that is ever-growing.
You have changed me, and inspired me.

Without you, I would not enjoy the things I do,
I would not feel the way I feel or think such thoughts.
I would not be the dreamer I am now,
The hopeless romantic.

You are not a mere stepping stone,
One left forgotten on the path behind me.
When I fall on this path,
You are the hand that pulls me upward.
When I am astray you return me to the path's journey.
You are my hope.
The driving force that has pushed me onward,
So that one day I might be half as beautiful as you.

I still dream of the travels we have yet to have.
I dream of us dancing through rain and snow.
Dancing through forests, and through open fields.
I dream of all the pleasant things we would share.

Music, writing, clothing, and decor.
Oh, what a lovely collection we would foster.
A collection of creatures, trinkets, and art.

I dream of the home we would build,
And of the history, we would build with it.
A history of emotion and experience,
One where we might laugh, cry, and sit in silence.
Ever loving the other's presence.

All the while I wonder, do you still dream of me,
As I do of you.
Perhaps not,
Perhaps you've forgotten the dreams we shared.
Perhaps in another life, in another time,
You would love me the same.

I know your shoulders weigh heavy with worry,
As is the nature of someone whose feelings run so deep.
I know I can't carry your burdens for you,
Nor can I be the one to face your conflicts.
But, I will stand behind you with what I can offer.
I offer the warmth of my company, my embrace,
And my words.

Even if all the warmth I can give feels like a dull spark,
I will do what I can with it to brighten your darkest of times,
Even if only for that fading moment.

I am here for when you need release, comfort, and aid.
I am here to share your joy and your worries.
I am here to adore you, to love you,
As well as learn with you, and grow with you.

I will always be here for you, even if I must wait,
And even if you are not mine to love.

If you were to want my heart,
With all its comforts and desires,
It would be yours to take.
Though I know you may not want it as I want yours.

Still,

I cringe at the thought of someone who is not me,
The thought of someone else being the one,
The one who catches your longing gaze,
The one who covets affection.
That very thought makes my innards twist.
My heart, burning and pulsing in a flurry of ugly emotion.
I will admit that even tears are shed,
Tears brought on with every thought of longing.

I fear that such desperation would only dishearten,
Even detest you.

If you saw such feelings before you,
Would you cringe as I do before my own?

I wonder if you look at me in the same light.

While you have accepted my love before,
Accepting my being and all I encompass,
That was only before.

The distance between our paths,
It leaves weary hope for a crossroads.
Even so,
If the miles between us were a hundred times greater,
I would still hold onto hope that our hands might touch,
That our eyes might meet,
And that our time together wouldn't be divided,
Divided by the distance of our paths.

I know your eyes wander, as does your heart.

Though I know not what affection you hold for me,
Whether you long for a time shared,
Whether you wish to feel my touch,
I know there are passers-by.
Those whose spirits might shine brighter than my own.
It is your right to follow your heart,
Even if its place is not with mine.

You deserve whoever draws your gaze with their shine.
You deserve whatever love, warmth, and strength they offer.
Let them paint you a world,
Painted with what colors you help them see,
A better world than what I may have ever made for you.

Let them be your idol, your muse, as you are mine.
Love them as I love you, and may they do the same.
May they love every part of your being and body as I do.
May they love you for your strangeness, for your ramblings,
And for the pained, beautiful girl you are.

As much as I long for us to be brought together,
I know you must follow your journey.
You must follow your hopes, dreams, and desires.

It is a selfish wish,
To wish myself to be the object of your affection.
So forget me if you must.
Forget our times shared, our wishes, our longing.
Perhaps you already have.

I only want what is best for the life you choose.
And If you still wish for my company,
Forget these words and these feelings of mine.
If I must, I too will forget them.

I will do you as you ask.
I will be here as you need,
Kept in your pocket.
I will love you always,
Without condition,
And without end.

These thoughts made into words,
I have now confessed them to you.

In a moment among daily efforts,
You asked for my company,
The company of a friend.

I wished to bring you comfort,
That of humor and relief.
But as is our shared nature,
Matters of humor became earnest.

And so we spoke earnestly,
Delving into buried details,
That which would go forever unsaid,
If not for our ways,
Ways in which we break the others guard.
Our intentions then spilled.
And so you convinced me to speak,
And so I expressed what I have felt.
Feelings you sensed,
Hidden under the surface of my words.
I spoke of my feelings,
Ones felt for all of our time shared,
Feelings of longing and adoration,
Feelings of envy.

In a plain light, I spoke of you,
My wanting of you.
In return I asked the same,
To express what has gone unspoken,
Feelings I already knew to be held.
And so you did as I asked.
You spoke of bitter truths,
Those I've felt on my tongue for a time,
For as long as they've held true.
You do not love me as I love you.

For me,
You hold no desires,
Not for my person,
Not for my being,
Nor my body.
Not for a life shared.
Still, you care.
You hope for a time,
A time shared fondly, sweetly.
You wish for my company,
My warmth, my words.
You hope for a time lasting beyond our youth.
What is the future you wish for?
Are we to live as peers, as friends?
You will not say, for you do not know.
And yet, you wish for me.

It is strange to be loved by you.
Loved without craving.
Loved with unsureness.
A love that is an acknowledgment,
An appreciation,
A side glance.

You say I am more than a friend.
And yet, If I am not a friend,
Then what am I?
Someone cared for,
But without longing.
Regarded with fondness,
But not missed.
Am I only a memory,
One of faded affection.

So then,
Have I forgone my comforts?
Was what I offer only needed then?
If not, then why?
Why use sweet words?
Why wish for my company?
Why think of me as you do?

I have seen you change,
Dawning new names,
And pale faces.
Exploring pleasures,
Hoping to find direction,
A purpose,
Even distraction.
A place to belong,
And a way to live.
If I am a memory,
Am I a reminder?
A reminder of old faces,
Withered kinships,
And ill-fated actions.
All of which, resented.
Do you resent me,
As you do them?

I only wonder how you feel,
And what you see.
Your feelings,
Why do they run so deep,
But only run so far?
Why am I loved,
But kept within distance?
Why am I loved beyond family,
And loved beyond friend,
But not loved as one dearer?

Such confusion,
As I am sure it confuses you the same.
So I will force my contention,
Ever wondered with wonders unspoken.
I will assume my place,
Content as your aid,
As your friend,
As I am needed.

Loved, but within distance.

I will love you the same,
Loving you from afar.
I will share your music,
I will listen to such song without out.
I will listen to lyrics and tune,
It is as if they are spoken words.
Words spoken from the heart,
Words spoken by you.
I will be listening,
So that I might know you.
So that I might hear you.
I will look for you in every song.