Dearest

I sometimes write poems, and when I read them later, I realize they were about you. I sometimes look at the sky, and when I feel happy seeing a flock of geese or a bright red cardinal, I think of the elation and power and happiness you bring to me. I sometimes do the craziest shit, but I always wish you were there to see. I sometimes lie down in the river behind school in the spring, and while my blood cools under the pulsating light through the trees, in a place where wind has more force and penetration, I allow your being to enter my mind, and I let it seep out into the river. It travels through the water and towards the banks, and it is now embedded in trees and grass and flowers.

You will always interest me, and therefore I will always love you. I will watch you button your shirt slowly and carefully, and that will be enough. I will see you smile when I tell a joke or say something stupid and that will be enough. I will hear you groan over some sort of unfortunate circumstance and hearing the sound of you while being invited to share in your passing annoyance, and that will be more than enough. You are everything interesting and exciting in the world. You make experiencing anything worthwhile and enjoyable. As long as you’re around, everything is right, and nothing bothers me.

I forget everything when you come into my mind.

Your love