

Missing you

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I miss you, my darling, as I always do. I can almost feel you beside me as I write this letter, and I can smell the scent of wildflowers that always reminds me of you. But at this moment, these things no longer give me pleasure. Your visits have been less and less frequent, and I feel sometimes as if the greatest part of who I am is slowly slipping away. I am trying to hold on, though. At night when I am alone, I call for you, and whenever my ache seems to be the greatest, you still seem to find a way to return to me.

Last night, in my dreams, I saw you on the pier. The wind was blowing through your hair, and your eyes held the fading sunlight. I was speechless as I watched you leaning against the rail. You are beautiful, I thought as I saw you, a vision that I could never find in anyone else. I slowly began to walk toward you, and when you finally turned to me, I noticed that others had been watching you as well. "Do you know her?" they asked me in jealous whispers, and as you smiled at me I simply answered with the truth, "Better than I know myself."

I stop when I reach you and I take you in my arms. I long for this moment more than any other. It is what I live for, and when you return my embrace, I give myself over to this moment, at peace once again. I raise my hand and gently touch your cheek and you tilt your head and close your eyes. My hands are hard and your skin is soft, and I wonder for a moment if you'll pull back, but of course, you don't. I know that this is the moment I have been waiting for, and I pray that the moment never ends.

Love always,