

01 Letter

Dearest Dove,

You have no idea how painful yesterday's cold was. The frost seeped into my body shrouding my heart in its desolate crystalline white. Only the warmth of your words could've fixed my quiet condition and made my heart red with love's mirth again.

I wish to be your soul's soul.

I wish to be your heart's heart.

This was something that dawned on me this morning as a partial vision when my thoughts by instinct turned to you. This is my sweet morning schedule—wake up and miss you.

Your attention whore,

Aasim