

Her

Other books by

Pierre Alex Jeanty

"Her"

"To the Women I Once Loved"

"Unspoken Feelings of a Gentleman"

"Unspoken Feelings of a Gentleman II"



Volume II

Pierre Alex Jeanty



Copyright © 2017 by Pierre Alex Jeanty All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means – electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise – without the written permission of the publisher.

Cover Design: Omar Rodriguez Editor: Carla DuPont Huger Illustration: TreManda Pewett ISBN 13: 978-0-9974265-6-4

Jeanius Publishing LLC

430 Lee Blvd

Lehigh Acres, FL 33936

For more information, please visit: Pierrealexjeanty.com Jeaniuspublishing.com To the reader, Read this more than once, let the thoughts marinate savor the depth of these appetizers suck on the bones of every word. Digest this body of work.

I made this for you,
I created this for her, I birthed this for him,

I created this for her, I birthed this for him, who compares her to oxygen.

Enjoy!

To the previous readers, You've picked up the words that drip from my heart and treasured them.

I cannot thank you enough for supporting what I am doing. Without you, I'd still exist; but the poet in me would not have had a voice loud enough.

Thank you from my heart.



I still do not claim to be a great poet, but a great observer of her. Love will leave few bruises on several occasions.

It will hit some veins, and do some damage in parts of you that the eyes can't see.

But,

it will not give you bullet wounds, nor will cut deep to the soul It will never become a bystander while your heart bleeds to death.

Your voice shouldn't tremble in the midst of someone who says they love you.

If you are stumbling over your words, may it be because joy has your knees weak.

But it should never be because of the fact that fear is swimming through your veins and doubt overfilling your heart in their presence.

I can't agree with you or them

and say it's love dear.

Falling in love can be scary,

but being in love should never be terrifying.



It was your lack of effort that screamed, "Let go!" and whispered, "Move on," to her ears.

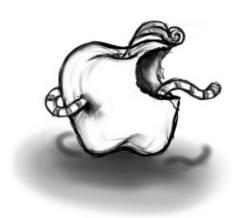
Not her friends, family, or a possible replacement. Those who disappear out of your life as the sun sleeps are neither lovers or friends.

They are gentle monsters.

They are leeches who will feast until you're drained.

They are people with terrible promises and rotten motives.

Do not make them your savior, do not find comfort on their shoulders, do not build on their promises.



The caution tapes around her heart are not there to keep you out, neither do they exist to be decoration on Halloween nights.

They are proof of broken entries by men who hid their true identity to commit loveless acts.

They are there because she is guilty of murder against herself, and them guilty of

being instigators and accomplices.

They are billboards for eyes to see that she has slept through the worst of nightmares.



She will remember the moments
you made her feel loved
more than the times you said,
"I love you."



Young love is beautiful, fall for that boy,

believe that it'll never end, talk about forever without a care in the world.

However,

do not let old age catch you doing those things.

It will remind you very quickly, that boys lie and that a man is what you need.

It will tell you over and over that relationships end and that in a marriage full of love, is when you'll being seeing forever.

Young love is beautiful, but old love is real.

Nothing ordinary is meant for you.

There's nothing more unfair to you
than convincing yourself that it is okay
to accept anything short of extraordinary.

Your body is made to be made loved to by a man who has your 50th wedding anniversary date marked on his calendar,

leaves his heart in your palms, and understands the meaning behind a wedding ring.

Maybe you don't believe in fairy tales, but "till death tear us apart" ought to be the least you settle for.

You deserve a love that knows no conditions and ends at your funeral.



How is it you sacrifice
your happiness
to make sure
there's not a scratch on theirs?

Love should never be only about your happiness, neither should it be excluded.

If I must be honest with you, everyone is forgettable; though memories may linger and replay themselves.

It is who we are that makes us unforgettable, not our want to never be forgotten.

It is the type of love we offer to those who have never known love that makes us unforgettable.

Therefore, love hard, despite how hard it is. It's what they'll remember.



Simple Reminder *I*

Do not become less of a woman to a man who is looking for a woman who thinks less of herself. Showing less can be seen as more, but showing them less of who you are

never gets you more.

The scale should never be given the power to weigh you down.

The number it reads should never add more burden to your soul.

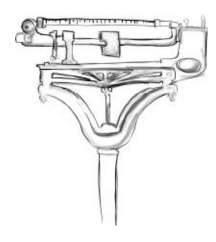
Beauty is not defined

by how much flesh rests on your bones,

but how much

compassion is buried in your heart.

If you find those who make you feel ugly because you weigh more than the average, tell them to swallow their opinions and do more than cardio for that ugly heart.



Quit lying through your teeth.

Do not give her a crown

simply because you want her

to bite her tongue.



There's no greater transgression than attempting to make her feel that she has fallen short by loving the way she does.

It is silly to try to convince her that she is a sinner for being able to love so devotedly.

It may not be normal to you, but let it be to her.

You have to be more afraid of losing her,

than you are afraid of loving her.

You will always have those who will applaud you, those who will only cheer you on when life is putting a beating on you.

There will always be those who want to be in your life, and those who will stick around just to be there when things go wrong so they can have something to keep them blind to their own misery.





The mistake of many is that they think forever is a path, rather than a road, that must be built brick by brick.

Rainbow

How can those who are color blind see how beautiful a rainbow is?

Those who live in the gray areas only flirt with the light, they do not ask its hand in marriage. You're a rainbow my love, their sky is too clouded with darkness for them to see your colors. You must never let their true color cause you to lose yours.



You remind me of the bible.

Though people can see between your lines, they misinterpret your words, they try to define you by their misunderstanding.

They preach their rumors as truth, crucify your name, mock you for being a misfit, throw dirt on your good intentions, and bury your character.

Still you rise, still you overcome, still you love. She is tired of empty I love you's, especially the type that trail before "but"

to put to sleep the doubts that

whisper reasons to walk away loudly in her ears.

She is sick of promise after promise made about keeping promises that keep disappointment tightly hugging her feet.

She isn't bitter, she is sick and tired.

How long do we expect someone to believe the "nothings" spoken by someone who is "their everything"?

You can be the type of girl
who boys look at and want more.
But never become the type of woman
who mistakes the hunger in a boy's eyes
for the passion in a man's.



In her smile lives the light and the darkness of the night sky.

She is no fallen angel, but an angel who has fallen from grace \mathbf{q} uite a few times.

Her prayer is that she finds a man to cheer her as she puts her halo back the way it belongs.

When their actions
become a brush that meticulously,
stroke by stroke,
reveals the full painting of who they are,
you must not let denial erase
nor paint over their true colors.



They'll be proud of you when you set your feet in enough success.

Right now, their eyes cannot open to your dreams.

Fear has stolen their hope and pocketed their interest for a life that revolves around things they are passionate about.

Forgive them, some of them mean well, some of them don't want their fear of failing to abuse you like the fear of failure assaults their minds.

If we love with our lips,
but not our hearts,
we are liars with good intentions,
thieves with charitable actions,
lovers without substance.

Despite,

love is still worth it.

The only love that is worth dying for

is the type of love that makes you feel alive.

Simple Reminder *II*

Wanting someone who doesn't make you feel wanted, is wanting everything you don't need.

Needing someone who doesn't live as if they need you in their life, is being in need of what you shouldn't even want.

Do not let the world

turn the sweetness of your smile into sour tones that hang out with ugly words.

Do not give the bad you've seen the power to plant darkness in the soil of your soul.

Do not let that ugly past hold the beauty that lives in your future, hostage.



To the girl looking for love

You are not
a drunk man's playground
just because he has strong arms
and a six pack.
Sober love will always lead to more
memorable moments than drunken lust.



If you do not feed her mind, your tongue must never find a way to complain about the malnourished love between the two of you.
Nor should it ever question why her heart has only known starvation with you.

Beautiful flowers can't bloom without healthy roots.





Love is a full puzzle;
the bigger picture can
only be seen as you continue
putting the pieces together
and falling deeper and deeper in love.
You will see "forever" clearly.
Love is hard to find, but obvious to see.



Her face,

Her laugh,

Her personality

Her existence can make

an atheist

swear that angels exist.

You do so much

to save those dates, yet never get another day on their calendar.

By now,

I am praying you see that it's not who you try to be tonight for that man that will make him desire you, but how true you are to yourself and what he sees in you.





If you're a size
too big for him to love,
his heart is too many sizes
too small
for him to be your type.

How ignorant can anyone be to believe that beauty is what one looks like, rather than what can be seen in one's heart?

Stay in the "now"

If you let the ghost of your past scare the life out of your new relationship, it will haunt you. You are made of love,

How can you let anyone

convince you

that you are not worthy of it?

Self-love
and selfishness
are neither siblings,
neighbors,
or friends.

When you cannot effortlessly distinguish the difference between the two, you've turned self-love into a self-centered prison.

Don't let any crumbs of attention he throws at your feet cause you to bow down to his curse again.

I know you are hungry for love,
but he has proven time
and time again that
he cannot bring enough
to the table to feed you.

Girls like you

give writers like me

things to write about.

You are the blood of my pen, life to my words.

You are more than art.

You are heaven manifested, and the sweet imagination of an innocent soul.

To describe you in shorter words, is to say that you are creativity itself to man and poetry written by God himself.



Simple Reminder *III*

You must be, "Yours," before you are anyone else's.

If you wonder

how she carries her baggage so well, you must first ask her for a glance at her back.

She has handled betrayal as if its fire was nothing more than an illusion.

Women like that handle their flaws, tame their fears, and silence their doubts.

Strong doesn't describe her, she defines strong.



She is the reason men like me understand what balance is.

When I stare at her, I see both perfection and imperfection.

I see beauty and ugliness living in the same place.

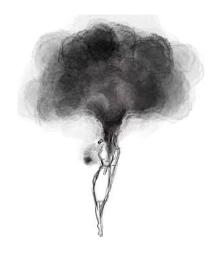
I see light and darkness wrestling one another.

She is so good, yet bad; a perfect mix of heaven, with a little hell at times.

She is yours to keep,
but not yours to own.
Yours to lead,
but not yours to lord over.



If we become like those
who failed to love us how
we were meant to be loved,
and treat others the same way
they treated us,
we've become enemies of love
and allies with misery.



Your body must be home to you.

You must find comfort in it.

If you must know, that welcoming smile

is the doorway to the beautiful sky.

That soft voice is honey to the ears of birds.

That heart is oxygen to this earth.

You must risk your heart to catch love.
This world is all give and take.

The joy of takers do not last long.
They tend to always run out of things to give before the givers.



Your curves lead to the ocean, only those with good driving skills can handle them.

To many, it won't be the safest route, they'll miss the turns,

they'll be afraid of being mocked, they won't be comfortable during the ride.

But love, that's their problem.

Your curves are beautiful.

If they can't love you,

losing more of you shouldn't be the solution.

You are not a fool for being fooled by a fool.



Being thick skinned will do you more good than being thick.

Out of the men you attract, some will try to handle you, but there'll be one who will help you handle life.

The kind of thickness you're serving often determines who dines at your table.

Get thick sweetheart, but get that skin thicker and that heart purer.

They'll walk you further in this life
than thick thighs ever will.

How can you blame her for choosing herself first when choosing yourself is your favorite sport?

Women like her have been victims to enough players, and lost in far too many games.

How can her playing it safe and

being her own MVP be an issue?

The motto that stood as a tagline to your ego used to be, "Don't hate the player, hate the game,"

but now you complain, mouthing off about the game being unfair and her playing too much.

You can't win them all.

Falling for bad promises is easy.

Our cravings for truthful actions from someone we love will oftentimes convince us to see things as they are not.

We become blind and deaf to the truth, while playing guessing games with the lies, trying to find which one they'll ever fulfill.

Therefore, forgive yourself.

More than enough of us have been there.

If his actions don't speak
any love languages,
his voice must become
a foreign noise to you.
Reassurance,
quality time,
affection,
and serving you ought to be found
in what he does
more than what he speaks.

The eyes may lie on some occasions, but not as often as the ears do to the heart.

Drugs are liars
who claim they can give
better realities than the current one.

Stupid liars.

They will only silence the hurt while they feed the pain.

They will promise you freedom as long you are a slave to them.



Them not having an appetite for you does not make you less desirable.

I asked the sky,

"Of all the creations you look down upon, which would you say is the most beautiful?"

He said, "Her."

I smiled knowing that he is as observant as I am.

Simple reminder IV

It is better
to be soul food
than to be an
eye candy,
sweetheart.

You may pique her interest, but you must keep her attention.

You may be granted a date, but you must court her beyond the courtsides.

You may gain exclusivity, but you must contribute to her or gift her presence with your absence. Have your own, but do not let it own you.

Be strong, but realize that loving a man who is in love with you does not spell weakness.

Be independent, but never let yourself become a man-hater.

Do not give resentment that type of power.

It is not "men" who are your enemy,

but liars, manipulators, and cheaters.

Those exist both in men and women.



They can't break you.

They don't have the power to break fighters.

You can only scar warriors; conquerors are meant to overcome.

You must find the freedom to freely admit that his touches are still uncomfortable to you because you've had people who look like him touch you the same places.

Although without a shadow of a doubt, you know he is not the same, he awakes a similar feeling.

Old memories are dug up,

giving breath to skeletons you hid far beyond your closet.

Listen,

many of us who have seen darkness don't know how to accept love, even when our lover accepts our past.

Be honest with him, tell him you don't know how to love yet, even when it's everything you want.

Protect your heart,
but don't protect your ego in the process.
It'll cage your heart,
instead of building boundaries around it.



You only kill you when you live for them.

You kill your dreams,
when you try to convince
your eyes to be one with their vision.



Falling in love is like going sky diving. It is exciting, scary, and fulfilling.

There will be days you hit the ground with love, but you have to get up to fall further in. You must be patient
or you'll never be introduced to
the beautiful soul
that is under her mountain
of bad experiences.

Gold isn't found easily.



If love isn't what

you are trying to harvest,

do her a favor and let her know,

so she can make sure

she does not find ground in you

to plan her seed of love.



Recipe for his growth

I am convinced that a man cannot be a man to a woman, until he understands that she is not made only to feed the appetite of his lust, but to nourish his core's hunger for love.

Gamble with love,

but do not gamble

your heart away to jokers.

Simple reminder **V**



Give yourself more credit.

Being so stubborn to failure
and so attached to perseverance
is more admirable than
you've led yourself to believe.

You're winning, even when there aren't enough people cheering. You cannot love a woman like that with just words and basic actions.

Do the unusual things that prove that you're crazy for her.

I cannot tell you what those things ought to be, but I can tell you that going to the extreme for real love doesn't crown you a fool, but a romantic.

Her skin is honey

Her heart is gold

Her speech is harmonious

Her love is heavenly





She's been a student of pain, been in the class of drama, and circumstances have yelled at her most of her life.

She wants peace now, she doesn't want to cradle her problems in her mind before she sleeps.

She wants to hear less of the world and do more in her world.

She wants to silence her mind and listen to God.

If you do not come to contribute to that, you're a disturbance not a lover.

Your body isn't a hotel room for men to spend the night and check out before the sun stands over the earth.

It was created to be a home for planting love and growing a family.



I am a man,
I cannot tell you
what burden she carries,
but I can tell that they are too
heavy for one person to carry.

Nights like this, she thinks of herself, what she loves, what she missed while missing you.

She thinks about what you both were and could've been.
Then she dreams about what she is going to be.

You are no longer her happiness, she is what now makes her smile.

Whether you play your hand right or not, a king will find his way to you. As long as you hand God your cards to deal.



Love's influence

Her love is powerful.

I am saying this as a man
who has abandoned
many versions of myself
to be better for women like her.

Love is meant to continually blossom.

If it withers overtime,

It is because the soil was not right

Maybe the heart wasn't ready enough,

Or you two were wrong for one another.

I'd bet on the latter.

You not recognizing that you're precious and that every inch of you is beautiful, is your blindness.

Them not recognizing your worth and cherishing you, is their blindness.

The blind cannot lead the blind.
They only find better routes
to mislead each other.

To one man you are not enough; yet, to another you're more than enough.

If that tells you anything sweetheart, it's that your worth shouldn't be found in or determined by a man.

Study her silence, search her mind when she is saying nothing.

Her scars should tell you that she is very capable of healing and there's a survivor beyond that smile.

You also have to understand that anyone who has been cut before is a little afraid of knives, and every survivor lives with precaution.

Therefore,

she will have fears when it comes to love and she will be hesitant when it comes to trusting.

Befriend patience.



Simple reminder VI

You're a great catch that has fallen into the wrong arms.



If we love with restrictions and tie it to conditions, we do not give love room to be love.

When we let true love end, we experience death.

When we let unpromising love die, we only begin to live.

Food for thought

You don't need to sleep with her to know that she is the woman of your dreams.

What you have to realize is that she remembers when it ended, it ended long before she left.

She held on until her hand grew numb, until she grew too weak to hold on any longer.

She had to convince herself far too many times to fight for practically nothing.

The memories of how it started still have a special place in her mind, but you must know this:

Her leaving took wrestling against

every part of herself.

Her leaving you is an act of love, realizing that she has to love herself more than she cares for you.

Rake your hands through her hair, Whisper beautiful words in her ears, Cup your hands around her beautiful face, Admire her breathtaking beauty,

Kiss her lips as if they're both

a forbidden fruit and the sweetest peach you ever tasted.

Hang on to every word that finds its way out of her mouth. Let them make a home to your ears, help them find a space to reside in your memory.

She has had enough with men who heard her, but did not listen, nor gave her existence the attention it deserved.

She is a keeper, as long as you act like you need her and treat her like you want to keep her.

Her beauty is timeless.

It is one of those things that time only betters.

Her skin may inherit wrinkles, but she will have only left behind undesirable parts of her by then, parts of her she needed to outgrow.

Her beauty is timeless, Perhaps not to the naked eye, but to those who can see the soul and listen to the heart.

She only blooms to different stages of beauty.

We risk too much for the wrong people and too little for the right ones.

It's not lost love that we mourn, but memories.

Love cannot be mourned as long as both lovers are breathing.

It's the time lost, the de-attachment, the moments engraved in the mind, the death of the feeling that once lived when things had begun.



As you wait for that moment when you grow tired enough to walk away, your legs are also growing tired, your knees are growing weak in a way they shouldn't.

Eventually, you won't have enough strength to walk away as fast as you were supposed to.

Discern

Loyalty is an activist who fights to earn your lover's trust, and the freedom for their heart to become yours.

However, it can also be a dictator your partner uses to keep your heart imprisoned. She doesn't want a man
who can fall in love with her,
there's not a doubt that she is lovable.

She needed a man who would be in love with her, that has been a challenge many men she has met have faced.

I stared at her not to search deeper for flaws, but because I am amazed by her.

Never in a million years did I think love would be wearing such a gorgeous flesh.

Simple reminder VII

He can't love you if he has never seen love in the mirror.



The beauty of surviving and learning

Her lips are made to be kissed by someone who doesn't condemn the bittersweet flavor on her tongue.

Someone who can recognize that bitterness is trying to find roots in her mind, and see that she isn't settling for that.

Someone who understands that she has been served the coldest hell, but is trying to drown her past experiences and find the courage to embrace new ones.

Her lips are made to be kissed by someone who can see that she craves the sweetness of life.

Healing happens when you stop wrestling with the idea that you gave them power to pin you down and realize that you simply got in the ring to fight with good intentions.

You may have lost, but you won yourself back.

If your ego won't let you compromise for the relationship, what makes you think her knowing her self-worth will let her compromise?

Give no room for her past to whisper lies to you or to mock her for making mistakes if you do not want anyone to judge you for yours.

How can you hold on to her past sins when you only talk about your future as a saint?

She is poetry,
full of emotions
and feelings;
yet complex.
Detailed,
yet unexplainable;
Understood,
yet complicated.



There are hints in the songs she loves,
they may make your ears bleed;
but, they will help you interpret the words
buried under her tongue
and the caged thoughts of her mind.

You are only hard to love to those who will find walking away easy.

You will be far too much for those who cannot cherish the idea of being deeply in love with you.



I think of her as a best seller, handwritten by God on pages made from his magnificent robe.

Her choices are every word. Her eyes are every page. Her heart is an untold story.

Each chapter may have missing paragraphs, but the further you get inside the more she will become easily comprehended.

I advise that you take your time with her; learning of her has to be a marathon or you'll sprint past some important details.

A man's hands are made to cup your face and his arms to hold you.

The day they become weapons to terrorize you, please know that love no longer lives in that man's heart.

Only anger reigns there.

Anger and love cannot grow in the same garden.

Wait for the man
who makes you question what love is,
one who loves you hard
despite how hard you believe you are to love.

You don't need closure to find happiness again, you need to find reasons to start a new chapter, and put down that old book.

Here is one reason, you deserve to be happy.

There will
be memories
that live

as long as

you are alive.

Dear,

Giving yourself away for a cheaper price isn't the right bait to reel in their love.

Lowering your standard isn't how you'll get a leg up on anything.

Only real love can afford you, because you are both love and priceless.

Love cannot be a magic trick.

You loving them will not make them right
or make them love you.

The only magic of love is that it can be invisible,
yet seen wherever it exists.

People like her

can only be loved one way.

The right way,

The passionate way,

The self-less way,

One way, different lanes.



Love's agenda is to add to you.

If your love is taking too much from you, it must be subtracted out of your life.

She doesn't care
whether you are different or not.
What she cares about is
if you're good and right for her.
You may be nothing like the others,
yet still hurt her
when you walk away.

If there's anything more beautiful than a classy woman with a loving heart, my eyes have yet to see it.

Simple reminder VIII You don't have to be a model, it's okay to simply be a woman. All natural, all imperfections, all real.



Every love
starts with forever planted in its yard.
The ones who see it grow,
cultivate their love.

You have to stop
letting his lying tongue
leave marks on your neck
and his hands
leave fingerprints on your back.

Love was never meant to be a sword.

Matter of fact, it never is and never was.

It is the vessels who claim to love us who put swords to our chests.

A new relationship is not remedy for heartbreak, it is rather poison we drink as we mourn our lovers.

It never gets better,
we simply become worse
with someone else.



The storm will wash away the façade that those who aren't true friends put forth.

Prepare for the rain.



How unfortunate
that people with good hearts
sometimes run into bad lovers.

What is more unfortunate is that many bad lovers are born from such experiences.

What she doesn't ask for is usually what she deserves, the small surprises, heartwarming gifts, undivided attention, and to be showered with compliments.

Never stop trying to impress her.



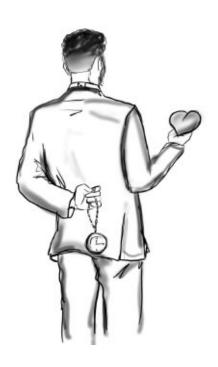
Being drunk in love is actually sobering.

It is taking
too many shots of lust
to numb the void
we feel that trips us.
It causes us to land
on the swords aimed for our hearts
that leave scars on our backs.

Love should never be a burden,

even on the hardest days.

She's a skeptic when it comes to promises.
As she evolves, she only searches for a love that can be seen by those who are deaf and felt by the blind.



Do not ask for her heart if you cannot give her your time.

A lot of wrong men will fight for you; how you pick the right one is by keeping your eyes on which of them doesn't know how to stop fighting.

You are not wrong for demanding

that he puts boundaries around the happy home you are trying to build.

He calls it insecurity, but you see it as keeping away the women who treat men as pets and are looking to kidnap a new one.

Enough female dogs have wandered into nice neighborhoods, snuck through open doors and sabotaged nice homes.

Sweetheart, you have every right to want the door of your relationship closed and secured.

Affection ought to be part of your routine rather than something you treat her to once in a blue moon.
Imagine if the earth saw the moon every so often.

Simple reminder IX



Beauty
is in the eye
of the beholder.
Behold
what you see in that mirror.

She is a cup of good, stirred with bad, and a few drops of innocence.

With a crooked smile, and an adventurous laugh.

Naïve, she is at times.
But behind all those things, is hidden a girl
who doesn't always take a mature path.
Bad intentions leak out of her at times, but she is far from evil.

I am not saying this to condemn her, but to remind you, that even the prettiest people have some ugliness planted in them.

It's the reality of life.

New love cannot find its way into the lives of those who are held captive by yesterday.

She is a heavenly being trapped in this dark world.

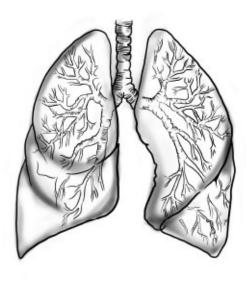
There is nothing I'd like to do more than remind her to never let the darkness oppress her and lead her to forget that she is made of light.

You cannot love and doubt simultaneously.

If the doubt is more alive,
it is because it is being fed well.

Eventually, it will eat away the love
that was ever on the table, piece by piece.

When love is fed,
you will vomit almost every ounce of doubt.



Boldness flowed through her veins and grace filled her lungs.

Women like her know when to raise their voice and when to let their silence make the noise.



You're the sun sweetheart,
even on the cloudy days,
you are made to shine.

At this point in her life, she isn't looking for a man to tell her she is pretty, she's dying to meet the one who will run out of words, trying to explain why she is beautiful to him.

If you pay enough attention, you will realize that there is something beautiful about making her feel beautiful.

Real recognize real

There are many women who hide behind a fake boldness. They try to bury their desire for the love of a man, into their independence.

But you, you understand what it means to be your own and someone else's.

You love yourself in a pure and honest way, and that is what good men are searching for.



Enough men wait until it all ends to love their woman like they did when it all started.

You shouldn't take such chances with her.

She'll fight a war for love, but she will never fight for your time nor attention. Being normal is over praised.
You were never meant
to be accepted by all.
Therefore, be as weird
and as odd as you want to be.

True love is without conditions and boundaries, nor is it at the mercy of reciprocity; however, love must be reciprocated in order to mature.



I'd like to take this moment to celebrate you.

To heal after having your heart broken countless times is an accomplishment.

Many don't graduate past the pain.

They only pick up a third degree burn on their soul while bitterness and anger become their first and second degrees respectively.



Message from the guy who loves you

Allow me to hold your hands, Allow my fingers to tightly hug yours, Allow yourself to be naked while being fully dressed around me,

Allow those guards to rest, Allow yourself to be at ease, to entertain the idea of being loved in a way your defensive ways won't let you.

Allow the doors of your heart to open up a little bit and let some fresh air in, Allow me to see the real you, the vulnerable you.

I am not asking for you to fall in love with me yet, but please be yourself around me.

That is all I'm asking.

Love's words

I am nothing to be afraid of. When you meet me, you will see. Women like her are rare
not because of what they look like,
nor what they have,
but it is because of who they are
and how they view this thing called life
despite the troubles it lays at their feet.

Dear Alexa,

I cannot wait to meet you.
I will be obsessed with you, I already am now.

Side note: Your name begins and ends with the first letter of the alphabet. If I ever fail to put you first, remember that's the position you deserve and ought to settle for when you a man asks for your heart.

Simple reminder \mathbf{X}

Treat her as if she is both gold and glass.

