

I love you the way ancient trees love the earth that holds their endless weight in place,
and I fear the day my roots shake, and I am not enough to hold your grace.

I love you like an ocean that waits centuries for the moon to kiss the tide, yet I tremble knowing one wrong wave from me could make that whole ocean hide.

I love the sound of your voice even when you're saying nothing, the quiet inside your breath, because it's proof that you're here, alive, mine to look at, not a memory I'm mourning to death.

I love the soft curve of your smile, the way it starts like you're unsure whether you deserve joy, and it scares me that life ever taught a heart like yours to live without its own glow or even enjoy.

I love the way your eyes are gentle fire, strong enough to melt my fear yet soft enough to ask to be held, and it terrifies me that someone before me might have dimmed that fire or left your warmth dispelled.

I love your touch that feels like forgiveness, even when I don't say the things I should out loud, and I fear the day you wake up and realize loving me might be lifting a weight too heavy or too proud.

I love the way you carry your hurt, quietly, as if you're apologizing for a wound someone else carved inside your soul., I and I hate how this world convinced you suffering deserves silence, when you deserve comfort, healing, and the feeling of being whole.

I love your mind, the wild thoughts, the way you stop mid-sentence like you just navigated galaxies and returned to earth again, and I fear I'll never find words strong enough to show you you're safe with me through every storm, every memory, every pain.

I love the sound of your laugh like it's medicine for wounds I never tell you about, and I fear you'll think I only love your light and not the days you're filled with doubt.

I love your hands, not because they're perfect but because they shake sometimes yet keep reaching for life with fire, and I promise I don't want perfection from you, only closeness, trust, softness, honesty, desire.

I love the softness you hide behind strength, the tears you don't shed even when life is too heavy to carry alone, and it scares me how easily I could fail you someday if I don't learn your heart like it's my own.

I love the way you choose kindness even when anger would be easier, even when cruelty was once all you were shown, and I fear the world will take advantage of your softness again and leave you shattered on your own.

I love how you look at me like I'm home, even on days I feel like a stranger to myself, and I fear someday you'll grow tired of reassuring a heart that keeps questioning whether it deserves love or help.

I love you inside and out, the flaws, the brilliance, the softness, the

contradictions that make you
unmistakably you,
and sometimes I panic that if I misstep,
you'll mistake my fear for indifference,
even though I'd die before proving it
true.

I love the way you hold me like I matter,
like something in me is worth fighting for
even when I'm drowning in mistakes,
and I fear disappointing you more than I
fear anything this world could ever take.

I love your dreams, the ones you
whisper like secrets because life once
taught you not to hope too loud,
and I want to be the reason you stand in
your light again, shoulders tall, heart
proud.

I love how you heal even when it hurts,
how your heart still loves even after
being torn in two,
and I swear if I ever add more pain to
what you've carried, I will break right
along with you.

I love the way you want to be chosen
without asking, wanted without
reminders, held without earning it first,
and I fear not recognizing every moment
you need reassurance and letting your
heart go thirsty with thirst.

I love that you're strong but
you shouldn't have had to be, not like
that, not alone, not for so long,
and if I ever fail to protect you, fail
to show up, fail to love loudly, I know it
would be wrong.

I love the way the world looks softer
when you're near me, how life has color
instead of endless shades of gray,
and I fear the day you wake up and see
you deserve someone more fearless,

more certain, more steady than I can be
someday.

I love you in every breath, every
heartbeat, every morning, every silence,
every ache, every prayer spoken or
unspoken inside,
and even with fear clawing at my chest,
I choose you, I choose you, and
I won't hide.

I love you with a love that shakes, a love
that wants to be precise, a love that
wants to be right more than it wants to
be easy,
and I fear you won't see how hard I'm
trying, how I'm learning love slowly even
when anxiety grips me fiercely.

I love you for the way you exist, not for
what you give or what you do or what
you fix or how you heal,
I love you for simply being you, and if
that isn't enough someday, I will still
kneel.

I love you with every broken part of me
learning to love without breaking the
parts of you still healing,
and even if my voice shakes, even if
fear enters, I'll love you with truth,
protection, devotion, and feeling.

I love you without perfection, without
performance, without pretending to be
more than a flawed human who is
terrified of failing someone rare,
but I'll keep choosing you again and
again, even afraid, because losing you
is pain I cannot bear.

I love you in every lifetime I'll ever live,
in every universe that will ever exist, in
every version of us across time and
space,
and even if the world pulls us apart
someday, my love would still search for
your face.