

I wonder if you think of me.

I think about you all the time. From my waking breath to the last projection my mind makes before I go to sleep, I see you.

It's tough to know when to give up. On one hand, defaulting to the losing position means never being disappointed. An assumed worst case scenario only leaves room for improvement b/w expectation and reality. But how do we know when it's time to give up? How do we know when fight is no longer worth fighting?

It seems crazy because the decision to go on this test run was so haphazard and whimsical. I may have even been precarious, but I do not regret it for one moment.

There's more love in me than I can seem to hold. Maybe that's part of the problem. I cannot begin to describe the appreciation I have for my circumstances, as flawed as they may be.

You are a breath of fresh air. You are woman. You are magic.

Of course I miss you. I miss you even when I'm with you. You're not something that I can get enough of. I miss your gaze, your hair, your skin. Something about the way you looked at me... like I was the only thing that mattered in that moment. I'll never forget that.

It bothers me when you forget so much about what happened, when you act like we are and were not close. You're not just a fleeting love interest to me. You're my best friend.

I'm never going to stop looking for the best parts of our nature. There's more to this existence than just a slightly advanced monkey civilization on a giant rock that floats around a giant ball of fire. Our lives may not have implicit meaning, but that doesn't mean the don't have to mean something.

Sometimes my eyes feel heavy. Moisture doesn't well up. It just feels like I should cry. I have no energy or motive to continue moving and yet I endure. Am I depressed? Or sad? I don't know anymore.