

My dearest,

I don't know if you'll ever read this with the same heart I did, but I'm writing it from, but I need to let these words exist somewhere between us.

I know I hurt you.

Not loudly, not cruelly, but quietly, through moments where I should have been softer, more patient, more present. And for that, I am deeply sorry. Not the kind that understands the weight of what it broke.

I never meant to make you feel unsafe in loving me. Yet somehow, I did.

You chose someone else. I know that now. And I don't blame you for choosing peace over confusion, calm over storm. I just want you to know something simple and painfully true:

I still choose you.

Not in a desperate way.

Not in a 'please come back' way.

But in a quiet, enduring way that lives in the background of everything I do.

I don't want to compete with anyone.
I don't want pull you away from that
you've chosen. I only want you to
know that what we had was real to
me and it still is.

If I could go back, I wouldn't change
what we felt. I would only change
how I protected it.

I'm not writing this to make you feel
guilty. I'm writing this because love
that stays silent turns into regret,
about and I don't want to carry
regret about you.

If you are happy, I will respect
that.

But if somewhere inside you there is
even the smallest part that rememb
ers...

I'm here,

still gentle

still choosing you

Always

— Pawus