I love you because

* Coffees and breakfast in the morning
* You are funny (but also a playful pain in the ass)
* You love our little doggy just as much as I do, and you make her happy
* You have cool music taste, and even cooler dance moves
* You buy me flowers around special occasions
* Your cooking is alright. When it isn’t just alright, it is fanfuckingtastic.
* You are smart; You always know random facts that I just would elsewise never learn
* Dates where we just sit there and nerd out about something, or plan our lives
* History.

I worry for our relationship. I want to talk about it, but never can with you without an emotional rollercoaster, which usually starts with more yelling, cursing, and aggression than I would care for. I literally feel like curling up in a ball sometimes because I worry when the next thing will be thrown, the next window broken, the next doorway destroyed.

This aggression is killing our relationship, not the arguments themselves. I don’t care that we disagree on things, but I can not sit by as Robin Kearney’s daughter and be screamed and cursed at, or worse yet, feel threatened. I am tired of being called a cunt, bitch, an asshole. I’m tired of the Fuck You’s. These are never deserved (to either of us). I hate this part of our relationship.

I know today you said you forgot your medicine again. I do my best to remind you, and you still forget. You have tools to improve this (your pill calendar, phone alarms, stashing them everywhere around the house; google it). If you love me and our relationship, you would use these tools and make it your highest mental priority to take your medicine. I know you are capable; you brush your teeth and shower every day. You missing your medicine is literally killing our relationship. I am sick of having to accept being called a cunt because you forgot to take a pill.

I play a role in the arguments. I get that. I’m not arguing that. I’m sorry for my part in every disagreement we have. What I will not do, however, is validate your aggression. That is not healthy; it’s abusive.

I still love you. Reread the top of this message and know that the list goes on. I want us to stay a thing. When things are good for us, they are great. I want more of that.

At the end of the day, you are still my best friend.