

Carrying You Through Time

I never touched you. Never held you close. Never smelled the scent of your hair or felt the warmth of your skin beneath my fingers. And still, after all this time, I carry you with me in every breath, in every thought, in every waking moment. You are the ghost in my veins, the blood in my chest, the constant in my heart.

Two years have passed since we last spoke, yet here I am, drowning in the weight of emotions that refuse to fade. It's suffocating, this love that never had a chance to breathe outside the confines of screens and words. You were always just a presence on the other side of a glowing screen, but somehow, you became my entire world. And now? Now, every breath I take feels like it's borrowed from a life I no longer recognize as mine.

I think about you constantly—not because I'm alone, not because the silence around me is deafening—but because even in the loudest, brightest moments, there's a hollow space inside me that screams your name. I imagine you laughing somewhere far away, sharing pieces of yourself with someone else, and it kills me. Not because I want you to be unhappy, but because I can't stand the thought of anyone else having what I once had. What we once had. You might have moved on—you might even have someone new by your side—but I feel jealous of him. Jealous of the fate he has, the moments he gets to share with you, the air he breathes in your presence. I wish I could steal his fate, rip it away from him, and claim it for myself. Because no one will ever love you the way I do. No one.

When I hear your name mentioned—even casually, even carelessly—it hits me like a freight train. My chest tightens, my throat closes up, and for a fleeting second, I smile. A stupid, involuntary smile that reminds me how much you still mean to me. But then the reality crashes down, heavier than before, dragging me under waves of regret and longing. Tears spill without warning, hot and relentless, blurring everything around me. Do I still love you? Or am I clinging to the ghost of something that was never real to begin with? The truth is, I don't know anymore. All I know is that the ache hasn't dulled; it's grown sharper, more jagged, cutting deeper with each passing day.

Sometimes, people ask me about you. They ask me how it felt to love you, to be loved by you—or at least, they assume I was. At first, I smile. It's automatic, almost reflexive, like my lips are trying to shield the storm brewing beneath them. But then my throat starts trembling, betraying the facade I've worked so hard to maintain. The lump rises faster than I can swallow it, choking me, forcing its way out until the tears roll down my cheeks, unbidden and unstoppable. I try to hold them back, to keep the mask intact, but it's useless. You're etched too deeply into my soul for me to hide it anymore. Every question feels like reopening a wound that never fully closed.

It's been two years since we stopped talking, two years of silence stretching between us like an endless chasm. Yet somehow, I still find myself loving you in every single moment. Every song, every sunset, every damn thing reminds me of you. There are nights when I cry—not for myself, not for the pain I carry—but for the pain I caused you. If I could trade places, take away every tear

you shed because of me, I would do it in a heartbeat. Your happiness means more to me than my own, even now, even after all this time. Even if it means watching you walk away into someone else's arms.

There are times when I sit alone, staring at my phone, wishing I could send you a message. Just one. To ask how you're doing, to tell you that I hope you're okay. But fear grips me so tightly that I can barely breathe, let alone type out the words. What if you've forgotten me entirely? What if you've replaced me with someone better, someone who deserves you more than I ever did? And then there are the pictures—the ones I swore I wouldn't look at again. I tell myself I won't open them, won't torture myself with glimpses of a face I'll never see in person. But late at night, when the loneliness becomes unbearable, I give in. I scroll through them, memorizing every detail, every curve, every expression. And afterward, I hate myself for it. Because seeing you only makes it worse. It reminds me of everything I lost, everything I'll never have again.

I try to move on, God knows I try. I meet new people, talk to new girls, laugh at their jokes, listen to their stories. But inevitably, I catch myself comparing them to you. Does she smile the same way? Does her laugh light up the room like yours did? Is she kind enough, patient enough, understanding enough? No matter how hard I push forward, I can't escape the shadow of who you were—and maybe still are—to me. Everyone else feels pale, insignificant, unworthy of the pedestal you occupy in my heart.

What do you feel when you think of me? Do you smile, even for a second? Or has time erased me completely from your thoughts? I hope, wherever you are, whatever you're doing, that you're happy. That's all I've ever wanted for you—for you to be happy, even if it isn't with me. But knowing that someone else gets to hold you, to kiss you, to wake up next to you—it eats away at me. I envy him, whoever he is. I envy the way he gets to live the life I dreamed of, the life I should have fought harder for. I'd give anything to trade places with him, to step into his shoes and take his place in your world. Anything.

But moving on? That feels impossible. Like trying to climb a mountain made of glass, slipping further with every attempt. The truth is, I don't know if I'll ever fully heal from losing you. Maybe the wound will scar over, but it'll never disappear. Even the sharpest physical pain—the sting of a cut, the burn of a bruise—doesn't come close to the agony of knowing you're gone from my life. Sometimes I wonder if things could have been different, if we'd met in person, if we'd had the chance to touch, to smell, to truly exist together in the same space. Would it have changed anything? Or would we still be here, separated by circumstances beyond our control?

So, I write these words instead, pouring out emotions I can't seem to contain. Hoping that somewhere, somehow, you might read them one day and understand how much you meant to me. How much you still mean to me. Until then, I carry you with me, tucked safely within the corners of my heart, where no one else can reach. Because even though you're gone, even though you may never think of me again, I'll always belong to you. Completely, irrevocably, painfully yours.