

EVERYTHING'S EVERY

WHERE EVERY
PIECE OF YOU
BECOMES A PIECE
OF EVERYTHING I
HOLD DEAR.

to you, from where i stand.

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chapter five — everything i imagined with you

i built quiet worlds around you. moments that never happened but felt almost real. i pictured mornings with sunlight spilling across your face, evenings where the silence felt like safety. i imagined what it would be like to stay, and for a while, that dream was enough. even if it only ever existed between heartbeats, it was ours, if only in thought.

quiet mornings where we don't rush to speak, just sit and exist.

i picture mornings with you where the world feels paused, and nothing needs to be said. there's no rush to fill the silence, we just sit, letting the soft light settle around us, letting our thoughts drift without pressure. even in the stillness, i feel connected, like the mere presence of you is enough. it's in those imagined moments that i understand how comforting calm can be.

sometimes, i think about the way we'd share small, unspoken gestures, a quiet smile, a glance that says more than words ever could. the air would feel heavy with the ease of simply being, without needing to impress or entertain. even breathing becomes meaningful when someone you care about is near, even if only in imagination. it's a strange, gentle kind of intimacy that makes my heart feel both light and full.

and maybe that's why i hold onto the thought so dearly. mornings like this don't demand anything grand. no declarations, no drama, just a shared presence that quietly says, *i'm here, and that's enough*. it reminds me that connection doesn't have to be loud or constant to matter. and even across distance or in fleeting daydreams, imagining this with you feels like coming home.

moments where i'd finally get to admire you.

i imagine the moments where i'd finally get to admire you in person, not just through words on a screen. the thought of seeing your expressions, noticing the little things that make you who you are, fills me with a quiet excitement. it's strange how much i've come to care for someone i haven't met yet, yet i feel like i already know pieces of you.

in my mind, i picture watching you without needing to speak, just taking in your presence. the way sunlight might catch your hair, or the way your laughter would ripple into the air, i'd notice it all. it's a soft longing, and patient, waiting for the chance to witness the quiet details that make you you. imagining it makes the distance feel a little smaller, a little more bearable. it's a small comfort, but it's enough to keep hope alive.

even without meeting yet, these thoughts linger with me throughout the day. they remind me that admiration doesn't always need immediacy to exist, it can live in patience. and when the day comes that we finally meet, i hope i'll be ready to see every little thing about you that i've been carrying in my mind for so long. thinking of it already makes my chest feel full in the gentlest way.

walking side by side without needing to say anything.

sunlight would catch us walking side by side, and we wouldn't need to say a word. the world could be noisy or quiet, but it wouldn't matter as your presence alone would make everything feel lighter. the rhythm of our steps, and the quiet comfort of just being near you; it all speaks more than words ever could. even imagining it, i can feel the warmth of that simple closeness. it's in these moments that i understand how peaceful connection can be.

in the spaces between thoughts, i picture subtle glances and quiet smiles that carry everything we don't need to say. the sway of your hair in the breeze, the way your laughter lingers in the air, i'd notice all of it without needing to speak. this quiet intimacy doesn't demand anything, yet it makes everything feel meaningful. just walking together, just existing in the same space, feels like the kind of closeness i've always longed for.

through these daydreams, hope grows quietly in my chest. no grand gestures are necessary, only the simplicity of presence, and the unspoken understanding that we're there for each other. imagining it makes the distance shrink, even if only in thought. it's a gentle reminder that closeness can exist without words, and that sometimes, being side by side is all anyone really needs.

a day where we don't have to imagine anymore.

i dream of a day where we don't have to imagine anymore. the kind of day where waiting and wondering give way to the warmth of being truly together. no screens, no distance, just the soft reality of your presence beside me. i imagine feeling your laughter spill into the space between us, and noticing every small detail that i've carried in my mind for so long. it would be quiet and simple, yet it would feel like the most extraordinary moment.

when that day comes, i'd finally see what i've been holding in my thoughts. the way you move, the way you smile, and the way your presence makes the world feel softer. every glance, every touch, every pause would carry the weight of all the imagined moments we've shared. it wouldn't need grand gestures or declarations; just being there, fully and openly, would be enough. my chest would ache with gratitude for finally crossing the distance we've only ever measured in imagination.

i hope we'd walk without hurry, letting the quiet fill the space naturally. i hope we'd sit, talk, or simply exist side by side, letting each moment stretch without pressure. and eventually, i'd know that the connection we've felt across distance has finally found its home.

discovering your little quirks and falling for them again and again.

i don't know if it's weird but your chaos calms me. the way your thoughts bounce around, the randomness that catches me off guard, it's like discovering tiny sparks of you i didn't know existed. every unexpected joke, every silly habit, every little contradiction makes me smile in a way only you can. it's messy, it's unpredictable, and it's utterly you. and i can't help falling for it, for you, again and again.

i love how your quirks feel alive, like little windows into your mind that i get to peek through. the randomness isn't careless, it's proof of the way you see the world differently, and it makes everything around you feel brighter, more alive. noticing these things, even the ones that seem small or strange, pulls me closer. each odd little habit, each chaotic moment, becomes a reason to adore you all over again. it's impossible not to.

and the thing is, it never grows old. even when i think i've seen it all, you surprise me, and my heart follows every time. the way you are; unpredictable, messy, it makes ordinary moments feel extraordinary. with you, i realize that falling for someone isn't about perfection; it's about delighting in all the little pieces that make them whole. and for you, i fall, again and again, willingly, completely, and with a smile i can't hide.

chapter six — everything i hope you know

i hope you know that you were never hard to care for. that your presence, even in silence, meant more than you could imagine. i hope you know that every version of you is mine to cherish. i hope you know that your kindness lingered, that your words stayed long after they were spoken. and even if i never find the right way to say it, i hope you know that you were loved here, deeply and without condition.

how deeply i care for every part of you, even the small things.

i care for every part of you, even the pieces you think are too small to matter. the way your thoughts jump around, the little jokes only you would make, the tiny habits you share in message, i notice them all, and they mean more to me than you probably know. it's not just the big moments or the grand gestures; it's everything that makes you, you. each little detail feels like a thread pulling me closer, even across the distance.

sometimes, i catch myself smiling at something so small that it might have slipped your mind, but not mine. it's in these quiet observations, through texts or late-night conversations, that my care grows deeper, unspoken but unwavering. even when we're far apart, these fragments of you make me feel connected, like i carry little pieces of you with me wherever i go.

and the truth is, this care doesn't need physical closeness to exist. it thrives quietly, in the background, patient and steadfast. it's a love that pays attention, that lingers on details others might overlook. and for every small, perfect part of you, my heart falls a little more, willingly, completely, and without hesitation.

that i smile more than i realize when i think of you.

sometimes i catch myself remembering a small thing you said, a joke or a fleeting thought, and it makes me smile without even realizing it. it's subtle, like a quiet warmth settling in my chest, and it surprises me how much these tiny pieces of you linger. even across distance, your presence threads through my day in ways i can't explain.

other times, i imagine the moments we haven't shared yet, the conversations that will unfold slowly, naturally, across screens or in person one day. i think of the way your words can reach me, the little quirks that make you, you, and how every detail adds to the feeling that you matter. even without seeing you, without any grand gestures, it's impossible not to feel close. your presence exists in the small corners of my mind, persistent and alive.

caring for you doesn't need grand moments or physical closeness to feel real. it lives in the small, ordinary corners of my day, in the way a memory of you can lift me without warning. every smile, every thought of you, becomes a gentle reminder that someone out there matters this much to me. and somehow, even across screens and distance, your affection lingers in ways i never expected.

how your messages can brighten even my quietest days.

even on quiet days, when nothing seems to move or matter, your messages find me. a line from you, a small joke can make my chest feel lighter without warning. it's not loud or dramatic, but it reaches me in a way no one else's words do. somehow, across distance and screens, you manage to make ordinary moments feel warmer, softer, like someone sees me after all. and i catch myself smiling, quietly, more than i thought i could.

there's a gentle steadiness in the way you show up through your words. the little details you remember, the way you phrase things, even the pauses between messages. it all feels intentional, like care hidden in plain sight. it makes my quietest days feel less lonely, less heavy. it's strange to think that someone i've never met can make me feel this seen. but here i am, carrying that warmth in the corners of my mind, quietly grateful.

and i guess that's the truth i haven't said aloud: your messages matter more than i let on. they linger longer than i expect, shaping my days in subtle, steady ways. they remind me that connection doesn't have to be loud or in person to feel real. and somewhere between your words and the spaces they fill, i realize just how much you already mean to me.

**that i've felt more seen by you
than anyone else.**

it's strange how you've managed to see me so clearly without ever needing to ask for explanations. you notice things others overlook, the small shifts, the pauses between my words, the quiet hesitations i try to hide. and somehow, without me saying much, you understand. it's not about grand gestures or perfect words; it's the way you listen, the way you simply get it. with you, i don't feel like i have to perform. i just exist, and that's enough.

there's comfort in being seen this way. it's soft, not demanding, and it makes the walls i've built around myself feel less necessary. you've shown me that being understood doesn't have to come with fear or exhaustion, it can be quiet, almost gentle, like being met exactly where i am. i never knew how much i needed that until you gave it so naturally.

and i'll always remember that it's not the words themselves, but how you made me feel known without asking me to prove anything. in a world where i often feel too much or not enough, you've shown me that i can just be. and in your understanding, i've felt more seen than i ever have with anyone else.

that yes, i like you, and it's been on my mind longer than i can count.

i like you. i've liked you for longer than i can even count, and it's always been quietly there, steady in the back of my mind. every message from you, every little thing you do, only makes it clearer. i don't have to overthink it or question it anymore. yes, i like you, and it's true.

it's been on my mind for so long that i sometimes forget it's okay to just say it out loud. you've become a part of my days in a way that feels natural and right. thinking of you, caring for you, it's something that settles gently in me. i like how you make ordinary moments feel lighter. it's simple, and it's real.

i don't need this to be a secret anymore. it's not something fleeting or uncertain. it's steady, like a quiet truth that has been quietly shaping how i see everything. yes, i like you, and i wanted you to know that, fully and without hesitation. it matters to me that you hear it, even if you already know.

and so here it is, plain and true. *i like you*, and i have for a long time. it's been on my mind longer than i can count, and i won't try to hide it anymore. it's just me, admitting it fully, hoping that knowing it doesn't change what already feels right between us.

you don't deserve just a paragraph, and that's exactly why i wrote you a book. because a few lines could never hold everything you've made me feel. this is every word i couldn't say out loud, every quiet moment that reminded me how lucky i am to have known you.

you've always been more than a chapter in my life — you've been the reason i kept writing.

this is the only way i knew how to tell you that *i like you* — that somewhere between all these words, you became the reason they exist.

i like you a lot, yzo. i like every bit of you, and i'm honored to have the privilege of liking a man as genuine as you.

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this marks the end of this book, but the start of our never-ending affection for each other.