

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 three — everything i noticed but never said

a collection of quiet observations for you. the messages you send at odd hours, the way your thoughts spill out before you realize it, the small patterns in how you reach out that feel quietly familiar. it's in these little gestures of yours that i've quietly kept track of you — always softly, always without a sound.

the way you describe your day that makes me feel like i'm there.

you tell your stories in a way that makes everything feel close, even when it's far. the way you talk about your day feels unhurried, like every detail has room to breathe. you never rush to the good parts; you just let things unfold, *one small moment at a time*. i listen, and it feels like i'm standing somewhere near you, watching the day move the way you see it. even from far away, it feels like you've found a way to make distance gentle.

you don't try to make your day sound special, and maybe that's why it always feels real. you tell me when you're tired, when something made you laugh, and when your day didn't go as planned. it's the small honesty that gets me, how you make ordinary things feel worth noticing. it reminds me that closeness doesn't need touch; sometimes it's just a story told softly enough to reach someone. and somehow, that's more than enough for me.

every time you talk about your day, it feels like you're handing me a piece of it to keep. i hold onto your words longer than i mean to, replaying them when the world feels too quiet. maybe what matters most is that you choose to share them with me, *and that's enough to make me happy*.

the way you respond even when you're busy, without making me feel like a bother.

sometimes i can tell you're in the middle of something, yet your messages never sound half-there. every word still feels thoughtful, like you're not just replying out of habit but because you actually want to. it's in the small pauses, the steady tone, the way you make time feel slower when you talk to me. i never feel like an interruption. instead, it feels like you let me take a small space in your day, *and somehow that's enough.*

what stays with me most is how effortless it feels. nothing about it seems practiced or careful, just simple honesty. you never have to say you care because it's already there in the way you take the time to listen, even on days when you're tired. it's rare to feel someone's full presence like that, and *it makes everything softer somehow.*

sometimes i wonder if you know how much that means to me. how much i notice the quiet ways you make space for me, even when you don't have to. it reminds me that care doesn't need to be loud or grand. sometimes it's just the steadiness that comes not out of obligation, but out of affection.

how you remember small things i mentioned days ago.

it always surprises me when you bring up something i said days ago, like a small detail i'd forgotten *but you didn't*. sometimes it's something simple, something i never thought would matter to anyone. but then you mention it, and suddenly it feels like maybe my words actually landed somewhere. it's such a small thing, yet it feels like the kindest kind of attention. like you were really there, listening, even in the quiet parts.

i think that's what makes it special. you remember not just what i say, but how i say it. it's as if you pick up the tiny pieces i leave behind and hold them until i'm ready to see them again. that kind of remembering feels rare these days. you make me feel like i don't have to shout to be heard. and i hope you know how much that means to someone like me who's used to being overlooked.

we've never met, and yet it feels like you see me in ways that others don't. maybe it's in how you notice the small things, or how you make them feel important just by remembering. it's strange how your words through a screen can make me feel so close, *so known*. sometimes i wonder if you realize the effect you have on me. because every time you remember, it feels like you're saying, without really saying it, *that i matter*.

the thoughtfulness behind every message you send.

those messages you send feels like it comes from a place that cares. there's a softness to it, something gentle that makes me stop for a while. even when it's something simple, it always feels like there's a piece of you tucked inside. they make ordinary moments feel a little more alive, *a little more special*. it's strange how something through a screen can still feel this warm.

each word you send carries a kind of kindness that stays. it doesn't rush, it doesn't try too hard; *it just feels real*. there's thought behind it, and that's what makes it different. it reminds me that care can live in the smallest things, even in phrases and paragraphs. you make it easy to feel remembered, even when we're far apart.

every little thing you share leaves a mark that lasts longer than you probably know. it makes me smile in the middle of my day, like a quiet reminder that someone out there is thinking of me. there's love in the way you send things, even if you never say the word. and maybe that's why i keep coming back to them. they feel like pieces of you reaching out, *choosing me, again and again*.

the comfort i feel just knowing you're thinking of me.

you thought about me for countless times that sometimes i can't understand why. it's strange how just knowing it can settle something restless inside me. even if it's just a fleeting thought on your end, it lingers on mine. the world feels softer when i remember that someone far away has carried me in their mind. it's a comfort i never expected, and yet i can't imagine my days without it.

when you tell me you thought of me, even for a moment, it brightens everything. it's such a small thing, *but it leaves a mark within me*. i catch myself smiling at the memory, feeling a connection that stretches across the screen. it's a gentle reminder that someone remembers, and someone cares about me, even from afar. and in that simple act, loneliness feels a little less heavy.

those tiny acknowledgments become something bigger than themselves. they remind me that love doesn't always need to be loud or visible. it can live in quiet thoughts inside our mind. knowing you carry me in yours makes distance shrink and days feel warmer. and maybe that's enough to hold onto, for now and for always.

chapter four — everything you taught me

you never meant to teach me anything, and yet you did. you taught me how to listen without waiting to speak, how to find meaning in silence, and how to stay when things get quiet. you showed me that care isn't loud, it lingers in presence and patience. i still carry those lessons softly, the way you once carried me, without saying a word.

the comfort in knowing it's okay to take things slowly.

the idea that it's okay to move slowly feels like a gentle exhale i didn't know i needed. it's as if the world's urgency softens when i think of our pace. with you, there's no need to force clarity or rush feelings, just room to notice the little things that matter. every word from us carries weight in its own quiet way. and in that gentle unfolding, i feel something steady and real.

each message, each conversation, settles without pressure, letting moments stretch naturally. there's a calm in knowing that closeness doesn't have to be immediate to be meaningful. the silences don't feel empty, they feel like space for us to breathe. even patience becomes a kind of care, a warmth that doesn't demand attention. it's strange how moving slowly can feel like the most honest rhythm of all.

letting things unfold without hurry takes a weight off my chest. it gives me space to savor small gestures, to notice what might otherwise pass unnoticed. even across distance, there's trust in the pace we're keeping, in what we're building quietly. and maybe the most comforting truth is that love or connection doesn't need to rush to be real. *it only needs to be allowed to grow.*

how to be patient with myself when i struggle to open up.

i've always been vocal, quick to share thoughts and jokes, but when it comes to my own struggles, words get tangled inside me. opening up feels heavy, like carrying something fragile i'm afraid to drop. it's frustrating to watch myself hesitate, to feel my own walls rise without warning. yet in those moments, you doesn't push or rush me. *you waits, quietly, letting me take the time i need.*

your patience has become a lesson i never expected to learn. seeing you stay with me through silence taught me that vulnerability doesn't have to happen all at once. it's okay to move slowly, to let the words come when they're ready. sometimes just knowing someone can handle my unspoken thoughts is enough to start letting them out. it's a small, steady kind of care that changes how i see myself.

learning to be patient with myself feels like learning to breathe differently. it means letting go of the guilt for not spilling everything at once. it means trusting that my feelings don't have an expiration date. and slowly, through your example, i'm starting to see that opening up isn't weakness, it's a quiet strength i can take at my own pace. every small step feels like progress, and for the first time, *it feels safe to move at my own rhythm.*

the courage to say exactly what you feel, no matter how raw.

there's something quietly brave about saying exactly what you feel, even when it's raw and unpolished. it takes a kind of honesty that doesn't hide behind jokes or careful words. i watch you share without holding back, and it makes the air feel lighter. your courage isn't loud or showy, it's steady, and real. and seeing it makes me wonder if i could ever do the same.

when you speak your mind, even the hardest things, it teaches me that feelings don't have to be perfect to matter. there's power in letting vulnerability sit in the open, without apology or explanation. it's not easy, and i know it scares you sometimes, but you do it anyway. and in that act, you make it feel safe for me to notice my own truths. your honesty becomes a kind of permission for me to be honest too.

learning from your courage, i'm starting to see that raw feelings aren't a weakness; they're proof of being alive. each time you speak openly, it leaves a mark, a quiet reminder that truth has value even when it trembles. it makes me want to listen more carefully, to honor what i feel without fear. and slowly, i realize that bravery isn't just in loud declarations, it's in the quiet, raw honesty of sharing exactly what's inside.

the comfort in feeling seen without having to explain everything.

i feel at ease knowing you understood me without unfolding every thought. with you, words don't need to fill every silence. you read between them, finding meaning in the pauses i can't quite name. it's strange and comforting all at once, to feel seen without performing, to be known without trying. you see through me, not in a way that exposes, *but in a way that softens.*

sometimes, i catch myself marveling at how you notice the small shifts, my quiet hesitations when something feels off. you never demand explanations; you just stay. your presence feels like a safe translation of all the things i don't know how to say. in your understanding, *my chaos finds calm.*

rarely do i find a connection that doesn't ask for proof or explanation, only honesty in whatever shape it comes. with you, I've learned that being seen isn't about being perfect or complete. it's about being accepted as is, even in the half-formed moments. and that, more than anything, *feels like home.*

**that emotions, even messy ones,
are worth feeling fully.**

before you, i used to push things down, tidy up every worry, every doubt, as if they weren't allowed. but with you, i've learned that it's okay to sit in the discomfort, to let the sadness, the anger, the confusion breathe. you doesn't rush me, doesn't judge me for the way i feel. and in that patience, i've discovered a quiet kind of freedom.

watching you face your own feelings with honesty has been like a guide, a gentle reminder that vulnerability isn't weakness. you showed me that even when emotions spill over, even when they're raw, they carry meaning. and somehow, seeing you do that makes it easier for me to be brave with myself. each unpolished feeling becomes a bridge, a way for me to connect with you and with my own heart.

learning this, i've realized that emotions don't need to be controlled or hidden. they need to be felt, fully and unapologetically, just as you taught me. and every time i let myself feel, *i feel closer to you*, as if sharing the depth of my heart is a quiet act of trust. you've shown me that embracing all of what i am, even the messy parts, is worth it. and for the first time, it feels like feeling deeply is not scary, *it's beautiful*.

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