

And this is my gift to you...

I miss you much; I wish things were otherwise; I love you.

I want you to know this, always.

There's something that keeps me holding onto you.

I have felt a certain likeness and kindness toward you.

Some of my previous views of you have changed...

...some for better.

...some for worse.

I wish you were now what you were always, never changing.

Some things change about me...I'm new to this world that wants me.

Be patient with me please!

I'm sorry if I can't be calm all the time...I'm having problems adjusting:

Give me time.

Communicate your feelings to me...be open, not harsh...with me.

If you be harsh with your ways to me, I will be the same to you more often.

If you be gentle with your ways to me, I will tell you what I like and don't.

I want you to love me for the good and bad...not for what I could be.

I don't want to love you for what you could be.

I need some optimism when my hours seem bleak...

I want someone who can sweep me off my feet...

I need understanding for who I am and respect for that as well.

Be patient, oh so patient with your love's hand.

If I say, "Not now," and sound annoyed...

understand that I don't want that kind of attention at that moment.

I don't always need to explain myself...you have your secrets, too.

I don't know why I do what I do, so don't ask...

I'm "special" in my "insanity", don't try to change me.

Society is trying to mold me, but I want to mold myself.

Smile to let me know if I please you or if I'm what you want.

Sometimes, I think that I'm not what you want.

Don't be a part of that society.

Protect me from fear and despair...I look to you as a reserve.

Don't withdraw when I turn to you, refusing to help...

I need you...don't turn me down.

If you don't like me...make an exchange, for satisfaction.

I am a gift to you...don't abuse me.

Love me for who I am...not for what I will become.

September 17, 2002