

xxx,

I HAVE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT YOU. DREAMS WHERE YOU AND I LIVE TOGETHER. DREAMS WHERE WE DANCE AND LAUGH. DREAMS WHERE WE HOLD HANDS AND CRY OVER SILLY MOVIES STARRING SANDRA BULLOCK. DREAMS WHERE WE MAKE SLOW PASSIONATE LOVE IN QUIET PLACES OF GREEN LIFE AND ENDLESS BLUE SKIES. DREAMS WHERE I AM THE ONE THAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED BY YOUR SIDE: THE EXACT IMAGE OF A MAN THAT YOU WERE SURE EXISTED AS A TEENAGER. DREAMS OF LOVE AND LIFE AND HAPPINESS. DREAMS OF FRIENDSHIP AND COMPANIONSHIP. DREAMS OF MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.

BUT I WAKE TIRED. I FEEL BEATEN AND DESTROYED. I CAN HARDLY UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS BECOME OF MY LIFE AND WORSE; I CANNOT COME TO GRIPS WITH MY FEELINGS FOR YOU. I LOVE YOU. I HAVE LOVED YOU FROM THAT FIRST MOMENT. THAT FIRST AWKWARD MOMENT OF OUR YOUTH. I HAVE NEVER STOPPED LOVING YOU, NEVER STOPPED CARING, NEVER STOPPED HOPING, HOPING, HOPING.

I MUST END IT, THOUGH. I MUST PUT YOU AWAY, FOR YOU ARE KILLING ME. I CANNOT GO THROUGH LIFE ASLEEP OR WORSE, AFRAID TO WAKE AND FIND THAT NOTHING INTERESTING AWAITS ME. LIKE THE POOR SOUL ON DEATH ROW, HIS ONLY DAILY SOUND, THAT OF THE SWINGING ROPE.

I LOVE YOU. I KNOW THAT IF I WAIT ANOTHER MOMENT TO SAY IT OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN, THAT I WILL BE DESTROYED BY MY OWN WEIGHT. I LOVE YOU. I CAN HARDLY BREATHE IT WITHOUT FEELING THE HAMMER CLICKING DOWN, WAITING TO STRIKE. I LOVE YOU.

YOU NEVER FELT THE SAME. YOU NEVER NEEDED ME. NEVER WANTED ME ALL TO YOURSELF. I WAS JUST ANOTHER BOY. ANOTHER SILLY IDIOT WITH WORMS FOR BRAINS AND NOTHING INTERESTING TO OFFER. I WISH THAT I WERE A GENTLEMAN. I WISH THAT I COULD SAY THAT IT DOES NOT HURT. BUT IT DOES. TO BE TORN BY TWO SUCH STRONG HORSES: LOVE AND ANGER. TO BE PULLED BY THE ROPES AND TORN APART. TO BE THROWN ASUNDER BY THEM. I AM BUT A PAWN AND I HATE WHO I AM. I HATE THAT NOTHING EVER BECAME OF US. NOTHING EVER BECAME. NOTHING.

I REMEMBER SUCH MOMENTS THAT COULD HAVE BEEN FLOWERS. I REMEMBER TIMES WHEN JUST A TINY BREATHE, A WHISPER, A CLOUD, EVEN A SPECK OF DUST, WOULD HAVE CHANGED OUR OUTCOME. Oh, but I WAS NEVER STRONG ENOUGH TO ACT. NEVER VALUABLE. NEVER USEFUL. I WAS DEAD WEIGHT, AND YOU WERE RIGHT IN THROWING ME OFF, OR NEVER WANTING IT ON YOUR SHOULDERS TO BEGIN WITH.

What a fool I am! What an utter and empty baboon! To DREAM that you loved me! To DREAM at all! What tricks this blind and forgetful god plays at my heart. I wish him away. I wish it all away, you, me, it, this, that, love, hate, oh. But hate, I can keep. Hate for who I am. Hate for NOT KNOWING your heart. Hate for the jealousy of those that DO KNOW you! Hate!

I DREAM. I DREAM OF TIMES ALONE, WITH YOU. I DREAM THAT ONE DAY I COULD HAVE KISSED YOUR LIPS. KISSED AT THOSE SOFT WONDERFUL LIPS WHERE SUCH BEAUTY WAS USHERED. WHERE I FELT THAT I COULD BOW AT YOUR FEET AND LOVE EACH SYLLABLE AS IT FELL. KISSED THOSE DELICATE LIPS.

THERE WAS A DAY WHEN I COULD HAVE KISSED YOU, AND YOU WOULD HAVE LET ME. ONE SPECK OF DUST MORE AND I WOULD HAVE, BUT I DID NOT. YOU WERE SO CLOSE. SO RADIANT. SO REAL! NOT A DROP OF THAT PHONY INSULTING, CHILDLIKE CREATURE WE HAVE COME TO CALL WOMAN. SO HUMAN! AND WORSE, THAT I GREW FONDER OF YOU THAT VERY MOMENT, WITH YOUR SMILE, WITH YOUR GLORIOUS OPEN MOUTH AND GLEAMING EYES. AND TO NOT ACT! NO WONDER YOU NEVER WANTED ME.

I ONCE CONFESSED SOMETHING TO YOU. I TOLD YOU OF MY FEELINGS, MASKING THEM OF COURSE, TO COVER MY DELICATE HEART. AND YOU LOOKED DOWN FROM YOUR HEIGHT AND SAID, YOU JUST HAVE A CRUSH ON ME. IT IS FROM SPENDING SO MUCH TIME TOGETHER.

I DIED A LITTLE THAT MORNING; YOUR WORDS WERE KNIVES DIPPED IN THE WORST SORT OF POISON. I WAS A FOOL FOR NOT FALLING AT YOUR FEET AND SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF MY VOICE MY DEEPEST CONFESSION. CRYING LIKE A CHILD AT YOUR FEET.

LAUGHING AT THE INSANITY OF IT. INSTEAD, I TOOK YOUR WORDS AND RETURNED TO MY CAVE. BITTER AND DEPRESSED.

Now, I cannot stop dreaming of you. Why do you haunt me so? Can I not have some silence? Some pathetic little time to my terrible and empty self?

I confess now, like a long forgotten catholic crawling before the priest. I confess. It is you that I love, for now and always. Hunt me down and kill me if you need. I do not care. Destroy me. Drag me through the mud. Laugh at it in the possession of your friends. Mock me. Hate me. I deserve it. Just a madman that was never worthy of you.

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