

Confession Of Mine

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My confession.

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Sometimes I wonder. Am I just being desperate? Do I just long for love? Or to not be alone? Do I wish to secure a future? Or a simple present? So many different feelings but which one is the true one? Maybe this letter is more a way for me to sort out my own feelings than to actually confess to you but I will write what I feel I should. That means everything.

Do I want to spend time with you? Yes, I do. There are times I yearn to speak with you, imagine you. I imagine myself talking to you, playing games with you, doing normal things a couple would do. Pretentious it is, but my mind plays destiny and takes over a future. Am I selfish? In wanting to robe you for myself? Yes. I am. I'm selfish. I want you. Maybe it's more of an obsession, or some sick adoration. I sincerely hope not. I want the best, not only for me, but for you.

I get...Scared. Scared one day you'll find a boyfriend and our time together won't be the same. Will it end? Probably not. But over time, will I fade into the shadows of your mind? Your time, all but occupied. And then there's me. Sitting there. Thinking of what could have been? Did I try hard enough? Was it my fault? Of course, no can be applied to every question and it probably will. But my heart continues to shake in fear. A constant struggle of happiness and fear.

I may seem like I don't mean it. You may not believe me. In it's own right, that's understandable. People throw the word love around like it's some simple word. Love holds a certain weight. The weight of a persons emotions. The weight of a persons self. I'm not saying it just because I'm halfassing my feelings. I mean it. I truly do love you. Your flaws that sometimes bother me, your happiness that sets my heart aflutter, your sadness that peers it's way to my eyes and ears. Everything you are. Everything you will be. Everything. I love you with my entirety. But am I true with these words?

If I love you so much why would I date other girls? If I love you so much why would I disappear and stop typing to you? I'm not sure myself. It even makes me feel like a liar. And these very thoughts probably surface in your head. I'm not unfaithful. I don't cheat. But...If nothing can begin, then I'm just an empty stone. I like to believe I will always love you, no, that's not right. I WILL always love you. That, is true. Even if I end up dating some other girl, there is not a time where my heart doesn't sometimes wonder how you're doing or what you're doing.

You're so kind to me. Nice to me. You listen to me. I've noticed, I'm a sucker for girls that honestly listen to me whole heartedly. So far, there's only been two girls who can do that. My ex-girlfriend who is gone from my overall mind and...You. You are the one who always listens. Even if it's painful for you to listen to me. You still read. You still listen. You don't tell me to stop. You shoulder your own pain to listen to a fool like

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me talk. It truly touches my heart and is a strong reason why I love you. Recently, I've made you cry because you were shouldering such a pain by yourself and not telling me to the end. It hurts me, to know I made you cry. Why do I type such manic things? Is it to get your attention? To make you feel for me? That might be true. And if it is, I'm a sick person as it is. But I do feel horrible when I find out I made you cry. I made that mistake with my ex. Hearing her cry, hurt my heart. The whimpering and sniffing still echoes in my mind and then I replace it with you. The thought of you doing such actions burns into my heart and mind. Yet...You still listen. Still try to cheer me up. It's an action I can never forget. You're so charming and kind. So gentle and soft. You negate any compliments you receive. In a way, you're your own messiah. Or, maybe you're my messiah.

You're shy, timid, scared, afraid. But I won't dare hate those sides of you. I once tried to change someone, thinking it was better for them. But then I realized that was a horrible decision to make. I don't dare make it again, I adore these parts of you. While sometimes, they hold you back from truly opening up to me, my patience has kept me strong and my heart stronger. I say I'm there for you but I end up finding myself looking for you than you do for me.

You seem to think you bother me. But you don't. Whenever you say hello to me I rush over to my computer. It fills my heart with joy. Whenever you kiss me, I'm more happy than surprised. You fill me with a hidden happiness I wish I could live up to. I wish I could do the same for you. Replicate the same emotions. But I'm weak.

I sometimes imagine how things can be if we're truly together but then I realize the cruel hard truth. It's not easy. I make myself excuses to think we could meet one day but the fact of the reality is the chance...Is low. I wish it were higher...I really, really do. I wish I can hold you, hug you, touch you, hold your hand. You're one of the few girls where perverted ideas are last and just simple touching hands comes first. My wishes far outweigh my reality. It pushes down on me like a heavy burden. I just want to touch you I say to myself. I just want to see you I say to myself. I just want to hear your voice I say to myself. Is it really what I want? Yes. It is.

The sad part of this, is I can type this all I want but the next year, who knows, I might be in another relationship and then what does this make this letter? Does it make it false? No. I don't want to believe so. I don't. I believe everything I write here to be my truth. And no matter what other girl may temporarily ease her way into my life, I will always ALWAYS remember you and ALWAYS think about you. Maybe, having some other girl is just a substitute as I yearn for you, wait for you. Wait for a possibility to be with you. Or even just to simply see you. It may not be fair to the other girl, but you will always have a strong spot in my heart. It will never go away. You are branded on my heart. Forever. In a sentence I used to use long ago. I will love you, forever and always.

I love you. I love you so. I hold you dear. I treasure you. You're a girl I truly want and truly love. But if I pain you, if my emotions aren't reached. Will I split us apart when I send this letter? It...Scares me. It hurts me. Even now as I type my heart is aching, but I type on. I type and type and type. I. Love. You. I love you so

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much...If it were possible for me, I would have driven myself to meet you long ago. If only you were in the east coast at all! I would drive there! New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Connecticut! I don't care, I would have forced myself to drive there! But...You're so far. Yet my heart aches so strong as if you're right next door. Right there. So close, if I were to touch my screen it'd be as if our fingertips are touching.

I really hope with this letter you begin to understand my feelings. Even if you don't 100%, even if you don't understand immediately. I hope it opens the door for you to begin understanding why I love you so much. The heart that pounds for you. Will you try to understand it's speech? Will you cast aside your doubts and truly understand how I feel?

I may be pushing you into a corner. I know you've told me before you only love me as a friend. It hurt. It pained me. But I couldn't say anything. I could only put up a front of claiming to get you to fall for me. It hurt. It hurt. It almost brought me to tears. But I know you told me your honest feelings and I have to respect them. I know that but...But! I can't! I'm selfish! So I will try to get you! I hope I'm not forcing you into anything you don't want. I know our life as it is, is really happy already. I'm selfish, I want more. I know this...I know this!! I just...I can't help myself. My heart aches, it bleeds in it's own pool waiting for a response. But...Even if you say you love me back one day. What am I to do?

We're so far. So distant. With my ex girlfriend it was somewhat ok because she live din New York but you...You're in Alabama and I'm in New Jersey. Even if our feelings connect will it be for naught?! IS IT FOR NOTHING!? I don't believe I'm wasting my time. I'm thinking so much about wanting you, that I forget about the reality. I forget about how far we are. How far we're apart we're from actually connecting. No matter how close our hearts would be connected, how would we overcome distance? How do we remain sane, not being able to physically be together as one? It hurts in every possible way but I like to remain hopeful. Hopeful, one day, you'll come to love me so much you'll not want to love anyone else. Love me so much you'll stay faithful to me and we could be one. Maybe that's why I want you so badly now...I'm trying to force you into a future I want. It's mean...I know...But, if our hearts are connected is it really wrong?

I love you so much. I love you so dearly. I love every part of you. You say you're not cute but in my eyes you are the cutest girl. I'm not saying that to flatter you, I'm not saying that to myself as a guy. I mean it as someone who loves every bit of you.

You say you can't do anything yet you've already done so much more than I have. You've secured my heart. My love. My feelings. I wish I could do the same. I wish I could make you understand! I wish you'll cast aside your doubts when you talk to me.

I want you to open up to me. Trust me. I want you to tell me sadness, your anger, your happiness, your feelings. All of them. The good and the bad I want to know them all. I want to help you as much as you have

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me, but it's not only that, no, I want you to open up to me so we can be closer. It might be tough, I'm still a stranger. But...It's my feelings. I want us to share our feelings, a stronger bond. Our bond is already strong I want to solidify it, set it in stone.

There are times, well, a lot of times. When I'm jealous of things you have. I may have more materials but you have a lot of personality inside of you that makes me wish I could have that. I'm jealous other people who I don't know are talking to you. Maybe it's not jealousy, maybe it's worry. Worry someone else will have your feelings before mine. I'm worried about being selfish in the end. It's a bad trait but it's mine nonetheless. And if it helps me keep loving you, I can't dare sacrifice it.

So much to say, yet, I draw blanks at the end of this. You might find something to rebut me, something I may have missed to cover. But please, I just ask one thing. Please cast away the doubts about yourself, cast away reality and read my letter with pure feelings. With honest thoughts. And more importantly, stay happy and stay the way you are even after knowing the deepest part of emotions. Please, oh please, read this with your purest emotions in tact.

I love you, I can't say it enough. I know the more I say, the more you probably disbelieve it but don't. Please don't. I love you so dearly. I want you to know why. And I hope this letter helps you answer those long awaited questions. I want you to understand. One last question you might have left is how I love you.

At first, when I met you on Hatena, I was young and dumb. I just wanted to get girls to feel for me. To get them to like me. Yet let it go nowhere. A sickening person I was and still am. But when I saw your drawings and when we started talking all the time. It was so fun. Reading what you typed, seeing what you drew. You even inspired me to draw more. You inspired my heart. Even though I was still dating Maricel then and then we split and then I dated someone else then I split with her and I reunited with you up till now. My heart ever grew passionately for you.

It grew and grew and grew. Maybe I never made it really clear. I know we â datedâ at one time. But even when I look back, I feel I might have been using you to get over my ex at that time. I'm sorry for that. I've always felt that. I felt it was better to free you at that time but...I always wonder to myself, would it have been better if we stayed together? Would you be mine...If I didn't cut you lose like that? My tears swell up as I type this because I know, I had you. You were mine and I was yours. And I cut the rope! I cut our ties! And here I am now begging to have you back? I'm despicable beyond measure yet..I can't help who I love and that person is you. These tears, wouldn't shed for just anyone. They shed for myself, knowing I may have made a mistake in my past. A mistake I can't over look. One I can't forget. One I may never. Should I have let you go then? Was it the right decision?

I'll never know what could have been and only regret what it may have been. But that's the past and this is now. Truth is, my whole truth, my honest truth, my real truth, I love you and a part of me is scared because of

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this love. A love that might be unrequited. A love that might not bear fruit. A love that might be lost in the shadows. But nonetheless...I type to you now. How I feel. Why I feel it. What I felt. And how I want things to be. I love you Kate. I love you. I can't stop loving you and I probably never will. You may fade from my memory temporarily in the future but I will always remember you. I'll make sure of it. No matter how strong I am to keep us together and our bonds, if time or destiny breaks us apart...It will hurt me. I will be sad. But I don't want you to be. I want you to be happy with your future. I want you to be happy with whatever decision you made or make.

I love you. I can't say it enough and yet, I can't say it with the strongest of my feelings yet. I don't want to forget you so I won't. I don't want to stop loving you so I won't. I don't want our ties to end so I won't end them. I won't let you go from my life. I want you. You may not need me, or want me. But I shall always, for all my years of life, remember you. Remember how you acted. Remember how you felt. Remember how you typed. Remember how you looked. Remember how you sounded. I shall remember all of you. Forever and always to come. You'll be not only in my mind but my heart. Kate. I love you.

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