

My Dear

The minstrel plays his tunes in a voice riveted and consumed by the cigarettes he smokes, like sandpaper on silk. And I try to cry, gripped by him and our most recent fight.

All I can think, the entirety of my being is You.
All that I live, through everything I am,
 you are all that creates purpose.
I propel myself through this life with but you to
 carry me though.

Everything I thought was true,
 the pain
 the insurmountable hurt humans are prone to
live...
 ...is vanquished by your very touch.

All your imperfections,
 all the things you hate about you,
 all the things I could never have ever expected to accept
all those blemishes do nothing to harm your perfection
 to my eyes or my heart.
 They only make you real.

And your hard, solid reality brings me, sobbing, to your feet, wishing only to hold you close and kiss you with such a subtle touch that your feet will leave this static ground and we will join, as one; Infinite.

I am sorry dear. I am not perfect. I have my issues. You

know. But, in an absolute truth from an origin deep within me:

I accept you for everything you are
and are not.

I never thought that this was perfection but you have proven me wrong. It's "I never thought I could love a girl like you."

But you own me,
unequivocally.

And the only thing I ask is that you
Know

what I have just said.

A word from you of anger flattens me, makes me die, rings upon me with such a vigor that I am driven at any length to receive your forgiveness.

I have given many parts of who I Am, to you, my love, only to make you happy. I strive with every ounce of Me to fulfill your every wish.

I would gladly die at your bidding.

So why do you quarrel with me? There is no reason to do so. I am your ally. I will give you my ear and we can try to understand how our understandings diverge. But Please,

please
don't hate me without purpose.

Oh my dear, let us be everything all the others are not; a love surpassing perfection.