

Dear Lâl:

This year has been slow so far. And that is okay. I have had the privilege of spending it with you. By my side. For this I am not just grateful but honored. I love you more than words can describe... still, I insist. Sometimes I write to you when I miss you. Other times when you weigh heavy on my mind. I write to you when I need you to know just how much I care about you. When I get lost in photographs of you. It's just a picture, it's not the real thing. It's better than no thing, though. When I cannot see you. When I cannot hold you. Feel you. Hold the back of your head as I kiss you. Slightly closing my palm to feel your dark brown hair; transmitting a thousand kisses per minute. And a thousand more after that. Lay close to you. Breathe the same air as you. There is no monotony about you. For you my heart forever blooms. Even mere visions. They are enough. To move me. In ways I never once thought possible. I have only nice things to say about you. You are perfect in every way possible. My critical judgements. Observations. They are nil. Compared to you. They mean nothing. They are the sum of my incapacity to appreciate your righteous sincerity. A sincerity I could never possess. One so lovely. Kind. Pure. True. Real. Honest. Heartwarming. Trustworthy. Amusing. Perplexing at times.

I am yours forever.

-Firp