

## Love letter by Ambre Pluta

### Love letter: before you knew

Do you know that my favorite name to say is yours?  
And that every time it appears on my phone  
I let out a breath  
As if I'm breathing for the first time that day

Do you know that when I say your name  
It stays on my tongue for hours after  
So sweet  
But just the right amount

I cried alone in my bed  
For lipstick on your cheek  
When I was the one to say  
That there wouldn't be an us

Because I do not deserve you  
It's too messy in my mind  
And my heart  
Keeps disagreeing with every thought

I know it's selfish in so many ways  
But I love you so much that every love song reminds me of you  
I know it's crazy because I have always been one to dismiss theories of epic love  
But now all my heart is spelling out to me, screaming at me, is that you could be the one

When I finally saw you again, I didn't tell you  
But I stared at you and listened to every single word you said  
Memorising every line on your face and every intonation  
While knowing perfectly that the memory of you could never be enough

### **Love letter: the taste of your lips**

I want to taste your lips  
In the ways I've been daydreaming about  
In my mind you are always still like a photograph  
Forever mid-laugh and twinkling eyes

I want to taste your lips  
To leave here with the memory of how it feels  
Etched in my mind like a tattoo I would never get rid of  
Right next to your name that plays on repeat

I want to taste your lips  
Just before getting on the train  
I know how selfish it is to wish so  
But I am terrified of us and what we could be

### **Love letter: if words be the food of our love**

You are the inspiration to my best creations  
Because your smile gives sense to the words in my mind  
And nowadays I can never seem to write  
If my thoughts aren't all consumed by you

Your letter seats on my nightstand  
Hidden away in the book you gave me  
I often re-read it just before going to sleep  
And soon I am sure I will know every word by heart

I miss you everyday a little bit more  
As the miles that keep us apart seem to weigh on my chest  
And make it harder to breath every passing day  
Any text you send me is the only thing allowing me to b.r.e.a.t.h.e

Silently I wonder if I'll run out of words one day  
To say to you everything I've been repeating in my head  
Before you turn and walk away from me  
Because without communication we are nothing

We were born with words written on keyboards  
Words sent from miles apart  
And in two years, the times I've been close enough that I could touch you  
Can be counted on one hand only

### **Love letter: numbered love**

This is the last day of the year twenty-twenty  
And I have spent only two of those three hundred sixty-five days with you  
When I wish I would have spent every single one just next to you

I've spent all night thinking  
And, with the clarity of mind  
That one can only achieve in the darkness of the night  
I've decided I'm going to tell you the truth

But I forgot  
That to get to the point  
When I will be able to tell you  
I need to wait hours, days and weeks

It seems never ending  
And I desperately hope  
That I won't lose the courage to do it  
When finally, we will be able to meet again

"The right person at the wrong time"  
I wish it was still a foreign concept to me  
But it feels like you're slipping far away

And I do not know how to catch you

It feels like you're disappearing

Behind this fog

Of distance and silence

Of words not said and love kept silent

I am not in your daily life

I never have been

But now, like never before, it feels lacking to me

It feels like I don't get to see that part of you

We have always been distanced by miles

Sometimes thousands

Sometimes hundreds

Sometimes just a couple

Just enough for me to miss you every single day but four in eight hundred forty-three

That means eight hundred thirty-nine days of missing you

Writing all of this seems to make it all so real

It seems to make us unreachable like never before

I have never believed in theories of epic love

But somehow, I have always believed in us

I don't ever feel hopeless loving you

Or maybe I do all the time

And this is just one of the many lies

I tell myself

I have written hundreds of words about you in this letter solely

And know that there are many lost poems about you hidden in my phone

And that there will be many more

Because still you are so far away from me

### **Love letter: a life of ink and no sound**

I don't talk to you everyday  
But I do write about you  
And it makes my heart ache just a little bit less  
Or just a little bit more

There is a strange loneliness  
In the way I've been loving you in silence  
Spelling out words on pages and pages  
Without ever uttering one of those words out loud

They lay there on paper, a life of ink and no sound  
I do not know how they feel on my tongue  
Because even when I'm alone  
I do not dare say them aloud

Love is always such an abstract concept  
What is love? How do you know you love someone?  
How do you know you're in love?  
Isn't love this one big question, that poets have been spilling ink about for centuries?

Isn't love the only thing worth writing about?  
I am riddled with questions  
And I know that keeping them silent won't bring me answers  
But maybe I'm not looking for answers

Maybe wondering in silent is a distracting game  
Maybe it's all a lie to keep myself from falling apart

### **Love letter: thoughts of you in August**

I found a note I wrote in August last year  
"I keep you in the special box in my heart, where I keep all my beautiful thoughts"

The day before that, I wrote in another note

“I don’t know if I will ever feel like I’m not in love with you anymore”

It could be about anyone, there is no name, no specification

But I know it’s about you, always you

Because every single love thought I have written down since I’ve known you

Has been about you

Reading again notes I’ve written

August seems to be filled by thoughts of you

“You have a way with words, writing me poems every time you talk to me,

rimes seem to flourish on your tongue”

I forgot about the time when I existed without you

When I didn’t know you

When you weren’t just a phone call away

When you weren’t the first thought on my mind everyday

When you weren’t half of me

When I hadn’t met you yet and you hadn’t met me

I was wondering this morning if this letter was finished

If I wasn’t going to find any more words to add to it

Well now I have the answer

I seem to never run out of words when it comes to talking about you

### **Love letter: the end of you and I**

We haven’t talked, really talked, in so long

But talking is our thing

There’s so much silence now that it’s drowning me

So, I wonder if this means that I shouldn’t give you this letter

What would you do with it

What good would it do for me to give it to you

When now I fear that our feelings don't mirror anymore  
When I would be left with a broken heart

I might take the words of this letter  
Turn them into something else  
Because I don't want them to stay hidden  
They would burden me too much

Thus, I'm going to let them live,  
But hidden away behind a story  
If you ever read it, I am certain that you will know  
That this is you, that this is us

I want to finish this letter now  
So that we're not left unfinished  
So that the next time I see you  
I won't count every second

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