

*To,*

I know you can never see this, but,

Every day without you feels like the lapse of the Coldest Winter, and by the end of it I am so numb, and so tired, and so shriveled from the day's harsh slaps. I'm starting to think that My World has always been like this (from the very beginning, really), but you were a warm bubble that temporarily protected me. I don't remember my life before, but I can imagine what it was like now, and I wish so desperately that I could live inside our lifetime together as if it were a film. Would you watch it, if it were one? I'm not sure if I could, actually.

In My Winter, the wind turns the pages of my life — and I, forced, press onwards. But it is unbearable when you watch the Sun go up, then go down, and it feels like you have only moved an inch. How am I not to be filled with agony when we used to travel centuries in a day's rotation?

I've learned that toothpaste lasts longer when only one person is using it. It lasts frustratingly long. But I cut the tube open to scrape every last bit out because this is the one we were using when you left. I brush my teeth with the lights off so that I don't have to see myself alone in the reflection. I wonder if you still have to brush your teeth.

It has been very hard to maintain this existence, but for you I would bear to live a lifetime made out of centimeters. I bleed water so that even on my worst nights I am reborn the next day; wounds dissolved, scars filled with clay, absolved of my sins — I am temporarily okay.

The reason I was inclined to write is because I had a dream about you last night. You were living in a world much like our own, but one that was inside the most breathtaking kaleidoscope, with walls made of the most ornate stained glass and the air iridescent and smelling of lemongrass. You looked so happy, perhaps because you were existing in a place that comes close to mirroring your own beauty. But an exact match of you will never be possible. I will always be searching for your beauty in My World, maybe in a field of flower bulbs or in trees with sprouting branches. I miss turning on your axis.

I love you, and I hope I will see you again one day — Perhaps sitting atop clouds.

Here's to Spring.

Always,