

how do you see me? how do you love me?

“How do you see me?” I once asked you over breakfast, the smell of black tea and the sight of freshly picked berries ingrained so strongly in my brain. You smiled when you say, “I see you with all the love in my heart”.

I see you. Everyday when I am awake, I see you. I hear you. Your voice is smooth and warm, like the blankets we share. I wonder, if you hear me. If you see me. If you love me all the same.

The days go by. The air feels hot, heavy. Perhaps it is work...Or is there tension between us? I don't ask, scared that if I do, you will not listen. Because if you do not listen, perhaps that will mean you do not see me. I smile and kiss you and hold you and love you. I pray that you feel the same. And that you see me. Can you still see me? Do you still see me with all the love in your heart?

My friends tell me what you're doing is wrong. How you love me is wrong. I don't understand. How can love be wrong? I'm told I should make you reap what you sow and to love you how you love me. But how *do* you love me? Has it changed? Do you no longer see me with the love you did before?

You aren't sleeping well. Or is it that you're sleeping too much? I can't remember. I *need* to remember. For remembering you, means that I hear and see you. And to love you I must hear and see you. You see me, don't you? Please, say that you do. I don't think I care any longer how it is you see me. I no longer wonder if you view me with all your love. I just need to be seen. Whether you love me or you hate me, you'll hold me or you'll kill me, I need you to see me...

We're in bed together. We are lying down and we are in love. At least, I think we are. I see you, I hear you and I feel you. For me that is love and by God do I love you. But the air, it feels...off.

Heavy. When did it feel this heavy? Has it always felt this heavy?

Your hands, they are rough. They feel heavy and rough against my skin.

My chest. It feels tight. Can you feel it? Do you hear my heart beating? When did it get so hard to breathe?

I can't...I can't see you anymore. Did you turn off the lights? It hurts, this feeling. My love for you is starting to hurt. I don't think...I don't think this is supposed to hurt...

I see you. I hear you. I love you and I forgive you. But, and forgive me again for asking,  
How do you see me?