

i love you
i think i say it too many times
i think it becomes repetitive
and i think i overthink it

why am i saying this?
how many times have i said it?
when will you grow tired of me
and my endless confessions?

some carefully sewn into breathless kisses
carved into long embraces
and sculpted as interlocked hands

some messily scribbled on post-it notes
quickly thrown into rushed goodbyes
and brushed off as mundane glances

where would i ever find another phrase to say?
what would i do other than say it?
who could deal with me as well as you do?

questions and hesitations surround my mind
hammering on the door
begging for a reason

until i look at your face
the way your eyes crinkle when you smile
the way your cheeks rise when you laugh
and the way you

simply
just
exist

and i want to say it over and over again

i love you
i *love* you
i love *you*

there is a chance i say it too much
but what is there not to love?