It doesn't seem all that smart to fall in love, and when it ends convince yourself that it will only ever go that far. "It didn't mean anything," and "It just didn't work out" are things people would say if they didn't really love the person they were with. If you honestly loved the person that you were with you would be ready to try again; to open up again. Everyone goes through rough spots.

Darling, who was it that loved you when no one else would?

Darling, who was there for you when you wanted to end your life?

I know now that there's him.. and him.. and him.. but what happened to us, did you.. did you really love me?

I know it might seem brim now, but honey I can bring back the light that I had given you. I can love you like I did before, and only now can we realize that our separation was a lesson, a mere rough spot for us, maybe we needed to relax and now that we've done so we can be together again.

I know you're scared. I know that having be in my arms again feels a little peculiar. But maybe it actually was meant to be; no one can know for sure.

I still love you. I think I always will. I understand if you say no, but I don't think anyone has made you happier than I did. That's an issue.

Look at you. Look at your body. Your smile. Your eyes. Your laughs. The way you talk. The way you are. The way everything about you is imperfectly so, that it fits together in the way that I can just adore.

I love you.

I don't know if you love me. But if you do, I'm waiting for you, my beautiful little princess. To come back and take the throne with me; and such so we can set each other free and be happy once again.

It seems like it should be that way. It really should.