

Loving you...

Loving you is vulnerability and trust.  
It's finally having someone who just sees *me*.  
Feeling understood for the first time in my life,  
A deep sigh of relief.

It's having you cheer me on before a competition,  
And my first instinct being to tell you that I won,  
Before telling anyone else.  
It's having me urge you to practice before an audition,  
And me being the first (and only) person you told when you found out you didn't get it.

Loving you is the mutual understanding that win or lose,  
Part or no part,  
We are proud of each other.

Loving you is smiling whenever anyone says your name,  
Still feeling the butterflies and giggleness of teenage love,  
But loving you is not puppy love.

Loving you is heartache.  
Because we can't be a normal high school couple.  
We can't see each other.  
Not really.  
So loving you is a physical pain in my chest,  
Because it's not our fault,  
And because it's so out of our control.

But loving you is hope.  
Because there is a future waiting for us where we can see each other as much as we want.  
Where instead of saying "I need a hug"  
We'll just be together,  
And I can hold you,  
And you can hold me,  
As long as we need to.

Loving you,  
Is not being worried about a future where we fall out of love,  
Or where we grow to hate each other,  
Or have some terribly messy break up.  
I'm not worried about that.  
Because I know you,  
And you know me,

And we're two gay poets who start hard conversations by sending each other poetry,  
We're pretty fucking great.

But loving you is not being so naive to think that that is impossible.  
Because yeah we are teenagers.  
So loving you is knowing how badly us not being together would hurt,  
And not caring.  
Because it would all be worth it.

Loving you is how I want to spend my teenage years,  
And I'll never regret anything we've said and done.

But loving you is being worried about running out of time.  
Because let's face it:  
You are living with something that makes it a very real possibility that at any moment,  
You could die,  
And I'd be left alone.  
And it tears me apart to think about that,  
But it could happen,  
So I have to think about it...

Loving you is always a little bit tragic.

But the safety I feel in your arms,  
The way nothing weighs as heavy on me when we're together,  
And time seems to slow,  
The way there's this deep sense of peace and belonging,  
And I feel the most like me when I'm with you,  
Just everything I feel because of you...

Loving you makes it all worth it.

"It's better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all"

Yes.

—Moss