

## **Introduction**

When I think of the writing I've done for this class,

I think of the love letter.

I wanted to revisit it,

it's the only thing I keep coming back to.

When I start to write about my love,

the words start to pour and emotions bubble to the surface.

What I need is structure, a guide.

Your love language is words of affirmation.

That seems like a sign.

Love is a deep and complex idea.

Language is concrete.

It decodes, communicates, shares.

## **Chapter 1: Quality Time**

Time with you is so different.

It's different depending on where we are together, too. I keep wondering what time will feel like when we live together. Will it be the same? Or will it be more like how time feels when I go through a regular week, alone, now? Our time together feels specific to us. I can spend hours without looking at my phone. Why would I? I only look at my phone to check on you. Yet, I think this might be the one where our differences hurt us.

I wish we could be alone, together.

## **Chapter 2: Words of Affirmation**

I love you. I love you so much. I love you forever & always. Love you.

I say the words, but they don't feel as intense as they used to.

Do they have less value the more you say them? It's difficult to see how you appreciate my words when I give them to you.

But if I give them to you, do I even need to understand what you then do with them? I just want to give you love in the way

it means the most to you. I need you to see how deeply I feel.

### **Chapter 3: Acts of Service**

I think this might be missing.

It's another one of those things I think "when we live together, it will be different." That's my default thought for everything now. How can I do the things I want to do when our lives coexist so differently right now? Where is the line between meddling and acting of service?

I want to do this more. I want to care for you in this way. I think my own anxieties hold me back. I am scared to overstep. Can I overstep if I have a key to your house and we've been together for so long?

Maybe I'm projecting, because I feel so much control over each thing in my life.

## **Chapter 4: Recieving Gifts**

This is the first answer I remember getting. Before I had even met you. Does that mean it doesn't apply anymore? Are your love languages allowed to change? How often? I say that I must be pretty shallow if this is mine. But sometimes, it feels like the easy way out. I know it's not meant to be about money. But how do you overlook money when the gift is so expensive, you can't help but feel like it's trying to make up for lost love in another chapter? How do you not then feel guilty if I spend even a bit less on you?

## **Chapter 5: Physical Touch**

I never understood physical touch until you.

I don't like to touch anyone besides you. Hugging is awkward.

But with you, hugging isn't even enough. I need to hug

you tighter. When you aren't there, I feel your absence.

When you're here, I know when you'll reach for my hair.

I know when to hold you, and when you will hold me.

Sometimes it's not even about touch. It's about the physical

presence, just knowing that you are near me.

## **Conclusion**

I've asked a lot of questions.

More than I realized I had.

Just a reflection of this time of transition we are in.

To be answered again another day.

*I love you.*