

You told me you loved me then.
I opened your note, reading the words you crafted with my eyes in mind.
“Have you ever looked into someone’s eyes and seen love?”
You said you could never love like this.
That you expected to forever embrace the emptiness you felt so deeply.
But then, you said, I stopped the world’s spin.
You looked at me, tears in your eyes, claiming to have felt an inexpressible joy.
The kind that holds time like a puppet and makes you dance.
You told me you loved me then.
I believed you.
And I know you wanted to, too.

I could read your mind in the days we were together.
I knew what to say to make you smile.
I learned how to act, how to dress to keep you content.
I could even make you laugh.
But I could never see your heart.
Your intentions.
Your truth.
Your will.
Until I did.

You said that I owed you, that I wasn’t what you’d wanted.
My body was your violent tool, only given sight when necessary.
My mind was a threat, somehow the wedge between love and hate.
My heart was lost, shrouded in darkness but blinded by the slivers of light.
I knew who I was before you.
But I lost sense of it all in your eyes.
Your grip strangled me day after day, year after year.
I often left with tears streaming, clothing torn, stricken with an angered fear.
I was both numb and in agony.
But still, I stayed.
Because I loved.
I served a purpose to you, and that was enough.

You told me you loved me then.
And now, even when I know you didn’t really,
I know you wanted to.
Maybe I’ll hold onto that.
Maybe this time it will be different.