

Letter to Someone Fanciful - E. ALEXANDER

I thought it was ridiculous having a crush on you. Like a silly girl looking for trouble, but I felt something different. Quite quickly I called it infatuation. Starting a cycle again I thought. Another person, unrealistically attainable, only to do what with... but with those brown eyes I was met with a feeling that was not lustful. Sultry attitudes would serve no meaning, and I soon felt something unfamiliar.

In your laugh I found comfort, I found the most interesting conversations with you, and soon I would find myself anxiously awaiting for your arrival. Each night I would write in my journal. I told myself to be realistic, it was not "realistic" that you would find me so catching you would leave the person you love now. Desperate like a spinster in the making, I write about asking you out on a date, feeling embarrassed that I would ever feel such a thing.

I hid my writings in my desk, jammed in a drawer that I just prefer not to open, you'd say I'm ignoring it, and late at night when I'm wired on caffeine writing my thoughts down, I'd agree with you, and we can talk about it instead of going to bed.

But late at night, I thought about what it would be like to bring you coffee in the morning. I found it silly I might sing a little to you, or that maybe you would show me how you make your songs. I had a guitar that I would never make use of, and found the thought of you making use of it... ridiculous. I told myself I could not make the move. Immoral, I told myself. Wrong.

So in vain effort to preserve my morality I told you, I think you're very neat, I like your coat dawg. I said I should make that known so we could be real with each other, but right there I believed you were within my grasp. That feeling of someone who could make you feel loved. I don't know... you make me think about my breath, whether it's steady. At times I wonder if I have permission to lock my eyes with yours. It felt frivolous to ask if it was reciprocated. I had already decided you would clearly say no.

Yet I still thought I felt the pull, I would find you peaking a glance, or sparing a second to think of my various utterances. I thought I felt it when you played me your music, or when you asked me a question. Sometimes when we chat in passing. Were you calling for me to give you a small moment of my time, a moment alone? With bells and chimes ringing in my head I had a possibly foolish idea that it was substantial.

I thought about what it would be like to be around in your life, and have you in mine. I thought about a single bed apartment with decent kitchen space. I wondered if you would appreciate my cooking or if you would bust out the Gordon Ramsey impression and get all Top Chef on my ass. I have to laugh at how you exhilarate me, entertaining the idea of living a life together. I find joy that if given the chance, I could be the one to see that smile so often.

But today, I write a page about how I think I could grow to love you, but I keep it a page long, because to this day I'm still embarrassed about it.