

Dear Love,

I constantly am thinking about you. Lately, I was fascinated by some issues. I was making an effort to find an answer.

Why do I often think that you are following me? I don't know. When I receive a call from you, I find myself very much thrilled as I crave to hear your voice always. In the darkest of nights, I want to speak to you. When the rain pours outside, I yearn for a passionate hug and a sweet kiss from you.

When I listen to a sweet melody, my mind dances with you. Every time I find you downhearted, I share the dreariness. When I didn't receive a response for my messages sent to you, I feel brokenhearted.

I can endure physical strain, but I can't hold up to the mental torture when I miss you. I don't have the slightest idea what is wrong with me. I just know one thing...I love you so much.

Yours forever,  
Ann