

Sarah Gail

Love
Letters
I
Never
Sent





How can we control those we choose to love and those
who choose to love us?
I like to forget moments of loneliness;
when they come around,
I try to comfort myself as much as possible.

I am not odd
because I like to get turned on.
It is odd
That I fall so deeply
into the pit of my fantasies
my heartstrings get all tangled.

I like you. I like thinking about you. I like that I like thinking about you, hoping that you are thinking of me as well. Being who I am I worry that I will not be able to find a relationship where I can completely be myself. I hadn't realized that you already listened to my tape, meaning that you knew quite a bit about me and how I operate. When I saw you the night before you left town, I was so happy to see you, like I always am. After saying goodbye to you, I went back to the party and danced next to my friends, smiling to myself about the short yet wonderful interaction we had. Shortly thereafter, I felt drained because I felt that there was such an immense energy exchange between the two of us. I hadn't felt that way in a very long time.

I often wonder what you think of me, and why you are attracted to me. I think that you are stunning, warm, and

appreciate the strength that you exude. I want to know what you're all about, what you like, what you don't like. What is your favorite flower? What is your favorite time of the day? What are your pet peeves? If you had one super-power what would it be? What can I do for you to make your day better? I hope that we will be given the chance to get to know one another, and that over time we will grow to respect and understand one another more. Perhaps, the attraction can turn into love, but we'll deal with that road when we come across it. Right now, I just want you to know that I am into you and I think that you're great and I hope that you feel the same. I want to go somewhere beautiful with you so that the environment reflects your beauty.

But whatever, they're a crush. Ideally, I'd like for the crush phase to be indefinite, where they are continuously enamoured by my presence, where we continue to grow together, and learn more about each other. But at some point reality hits; like I'm not going to ask to kiss them ever again because I don't want to be embarrassed, or get my feelings hurt. They said they weren't confident enough to show me their work yet, I thought that was cute. Maybe they're the kind of person is who excited about a lot of things, and uses smiley faces in texts messages regularly.

I thought to myself the other day that I don't want to see them sad, and I wouldn't want our relationship to get in the way of the other potential relationships and connec-

tions they could make with my friends. I want so much, and the voice still echoes in my head to be patient. That love is on the horizon; just waiting for me to walk up onto that shore, grab its hand, and plunge into the unknown depths of the ocean. This time it has changed because I know that I am worthy of deep romantic love, but I cannot depend on another person to make me better, or to inspire me to be better. I have to be the best I can be for myself and for this world I love so much. Even only buying plant based foods for myself, while I sublet my friends' room, I have seen a dramatic change in my mood and energy levels. I have also started looking in the mirror at myself and telling myself positive and affirming things.

A new thing that has happened with this whole crush thing, is that I feel guilty in some way masterbating to the thought of them. Part of me doesn't want to imagine those things because it will lead to a lower level of disappointment when I am potentially rejected in the end. Another part of me is really thinking about consent, and the guys I don't want masterbating to the thought of me, and what if they don't want me touching myself while thinking about them?

I remember mama said
you can't hurry love.
No, you just have to wait.
Love don't come easy.
It's a game of give and take.

I'm just tired of putting myself out there
and withdrawing so far
that I lose a potential friendship.
I like them either way,
and I guess that's the problem.
I don't want to throw them away
like the garbage.
I want them to stay around,
and talk to me,
and listen to me,
and go places with me,
and be my friend.

Anyways, I want their love, but if they don't want to give it to me then that's fine too.

Maybe I'm just deluding myself; falling into a trap I've set for myself so many times before. Was it the fact that our first date happened on an eclipse and a full moon? Or simply based on the fact that I think that you're rad? Or the fact that I look forward to getting to know you and spending time with you? Am I deluding myself by thinking that we share a mutual attraction for one another, even though you've been more than willing to hang out with me? I think that I have been traumatized by the way I have been treated before. Though I like being direct in relationships, it is something I rarely find in others. Based on how I have been treated before, I expect for you to like one aspect of myself, but not the totality of my being. But you haven't done anything wrong, and I think that ultimately I want to



hear you say what makes you attracted to me and why you are attracted to me.

I hope that one day, we can develop a relationship where I will be able to share with you what I have written. A relationship where love letters flow like honey and I don't fear comparing your beauty to the splendor of nature. I hope that one day, I will be able to share the way I feel about you in a physical way.

Let me be clear, because there are so many different types of love. I want to ride your dick, with my hands placed in the middle of your chest. I want your dick to be the perfect size, where I can just sit on the dick and flex my pussy muscles and give both of us pleasure. I want to say "Oh, you." I want you to say "Oh, Sarah." I want to cuddle with you after sex. I want us to have great sex multiple times. I want you to tell me why you love me and how happy you are with me in your life. I want you to come with me to events and make me look good. I want you to kiss me tenderly and sweetly every time you see me. I want you to want to see me happy, just like I want to see you happy. And I realize that perhaps, unfortunately, maybe your idea of happiness does not include dicking me down, and that's cool too. I'm trying to prepare myself for that reality; though I don't want to think about it too much, because I feel that if I think about it too much I'll help make it happen.

I'm so naughty, do you like naughty girls? Will we ever get to the point where we will sneak away to fool around for a bit? Would you be into getting pegged? Do you like eating pussy, do you know how to suck on a nipple? Do you want me? I want you.

Such a simple question, that can crack the very foundation of a relationship if one is not careful. How long do I have to wait to get an answer I may not like? Will I cry again? I will inevitably love again, and therefore, I will be hurt again. I wanna fall in love again. I miss lying face to face in bed whispering our deepest desires to one another. I miss looking cute for somebody. I miss going places together and us both making each other look good. I never really exchanged love letters, but I so wanna. I want to be missed. I want the person who turns me on to be turned on by me.

I've been lonely the last couple days; waking up to empty bed with no one to tell me how important and beautiful I am except in my dreams. I haven't written you a letter yet because I don't know what to say. What to share. What to leave out. I would love to share with you the complexity of my soul, but it feels like these types of things are easier to share with friends. I wanna be your friend, but I also want to be more than that. I feel that perhaps I don't deserve your time and affection and shouldn't even bother asking for it. I just don't know. So far, I have written 874 words addressed to you and haven't sent you a single one. I'm not a player, I'm just really unsure of myself.

I don't even have paper to write you a letter.
All my art supplies are in a storage unit.
Do you like me less because I am poor
and choose to be?
Do you want me
wholely,
and completely?
Could we be that rare romantic relationship
so many fantasize about?
Or will we wash away like the tide?
I wanna know.
I wanna care.
I wanna show you
how much I care.
I wanna take you to my special secret places
so few have seen before.
I want to reveal that with which
most have been dying to know.
I wanna show you that sweet squishy part of me
where I love and give so freely.

I wish I had woken up in your arms, where you could hold me and I would feel comfortable enough to shed a tear. You say something like "Don't look at that screen, look at me." And your kiss makes me forget for a moment. I want a love that feeds my revolutionary soul. Where the act and the depth of our love making subverts the norm.

Somebody tell me, I don't have to watch the whole world burn without someone to hold my hand, and kiss me, and tell me I'm beautiful. If I'm gonna go out, I don't wanna go out like a bitch. I want to be having my pussy ate when it all goes down.

I just want someone to love me, and stand up for me, and attempt to protect me.

I ask myself if you have become the object of my affections, knowing good and well what the answer is. It's so easy to desire someone when the feelings are mutual. I keep wondering, to what extent do you like me, so that I may know how far I can let myself go. Tell me what you want from me, and I'll give it to you if I can. I think that I have been unable to share this private aspect of myself with someone for a while, and the anticipation of pleasure makes me hasty. Though I cannot deny that I have a sexual attraction towards you, the lack of physical interactions we have had, have made me question the place physical and sexual interactions have in a relationship. You're so beautiful, I don't want to look at you too long because I don't want you to feel that I am staring at you.

Let's just make out and see how it goes.

I say something like that
because I break all my rules,
and say fuck it,
and my pussy tells me



she can't wait any longer.

Either you say yes and you get turned out by my loving,
or you say no, and I smile, and nod, and hide my sadness
until I leave your presence.

Ugh, I hate it, but I love it. You're existence is so new to
me, there are so many possibilities to who you can be,
and of course I'm only gonna think the good things I
wanna think about you.

I want you right now. I don't want to wait. I just wanna be
myself and make you feel good, and let you know that you
are special to me. Walls are built, covered in ivy and flow-
ers. These walls have fallen down and been built back
again with the remnants of the ruins so many times. I try
to be transparent, but wonder if I am being transparent
enough? What am I supposed to do? Am I supposed to go
on a trip like that drag queen in West Hollywood told me
to do last night? I don't want just one lover either; I want
a few in rotation. I just want to get a long term lover right
now, who will always adore me.

Today we hung out for 8 hours. We went to a chill seclu-
ded beach in Malibu that I found on the internet. We sat
there, talking like we do. We went into the ocean. I play-
ed with your hair, and I took a bit of shrooms. A man in
a beach house saw us walking by and invited us up for
a joint. I asked you if you were down for adventure, and
you said yes. I just wanted you to touch me. I just wanted
to touch you.

Today was so great, looking at the beams of sunlight shine
through the clouds onto the water, energetic young men
playing 3 on 3 football on the shore, and you being there
with me. Happy and peaceful like me. The more time
I spend with you, the closer I feel to you, the more I want
you. When you were driving back to L.A. and you were
high and said that you had to pull the car over and take a
break because "I'm driving someone I care about," I could
have cried.

I could have saved the hair that came out when you used
my afro pick for a love spell. I could make you love me,
but it wouldn't be the same. It would backfire and blow
up in my face because you're not who I think you are, and
you're not gonna do what I want you to do.

You're just too sweet. Its torture wanting you while you
continue to intrigue me, and treat me so sweetly. But I'd
rather have you in some capacity than not at all.

Days pass

And you're still on my mind.

I told myself I wouldn't fall for this kind of shit again.

Yet, here I am

fantasizing about you

telling me that you want me too.

I think I'm about ready for love now.

That kind of love that takes time to even break the surfa-
ce of the soil.

The kind of love that needs to be kept quiet and nurtured.

I feel so dumb, because I have been played so many
times before.

But you haven't played me, you just haven't kissed me,
and I can't help but wonder if we will ever kiss.

And if I do everything in my power, will you even notice?

I can't control you,
and I don't want to.
But I want you to trust me,
and believe me
when I say that I want you,
and that I think
that we could be good for one another.

I will no longer deny the substantial sexual power that I
have been blessed with. I will keep my mouth shut in re-
gards to how I feel about you and all the love I can give
you. I do this because I do not want to enter into sexual
relationship with anybody who does not see and respect
me for who I am.

Tell me you think about me when you draw your bath and
meditate on ways to live a better life. Tell me that we kiss
in your dreams, our hearts unabashedly connected in a
special way.

Tell me, you fall asleep faster when you think of me.

Tell me you imagine the fantastic relationship
I see us having.

Tell me this is not in vain,
and you won't judge me
for things that are outside my range.

Tell me you want to press your lips against mine in the
sweetest way.
Tell me you won't go away.
Tell me you'll stay.

Tell me you want to get to know me.
Did you know
I want to know you too?
Tell me all the things
you want me to do.

Baybe, honestly
I've been thinking about you
every day
when I wake up in the morning
for the last two weeks.

I can't even own the crush
cause I don't know if its mutual.



If I make my interest in this mutual attraction apparent to
both of us,
I become vulnerable,
I lose my power,
I become susceptible to feels;
though I had them since the day we met.

I guess what I need is somebody who will trust me to love
them.

Somebody who will feel comfortable enough to expose
their true selves to me,
and doesn't expect anything in return;

though they know in loving me and supporting me
I am able to spread love throughout the world.

I want a lover who kisses me deeply and softly every time
I see them.

ESSENTIALLY:

Don't let this fantasy be just another dream
that never really existed.

At the bar there was a girl dancing by herself and a guy sitting
in the booth drinking to himself. I asked him why he wasn't
dancing, he said it was because the girl wouldn't dance
with him. He likes her and she doesn't like him like that. He
doesn't want to be friends, and that is where my conver-
sation with him ended. He can't help the way he feels, and

neither can she, and that is just the way it goes. I don't want
that sort of thing to occur between us, even though I know
I wouldn't let it happen, cause that guy said that he didn't
want to be friends with her, and I wanna be friends with you.

If I knew that I was going to die tomorrow, what would I
tell you? Would I tell you I love you; I'm not sure. It is true
that I have developed a sense of love for you, the kind you
have for friends that know you, respect you, and are fun
to be around. I was talking to some friends earlier today,
and I asked them how they keep themselves from getting
caught up, and they said space. So that's what I'm gonna
do, I'm gonna take some space, and take some time to let
us both live our lives. 5 days is enough right?

Please don't treat me like this
or make me feel this way
if you don't want me.

Me wanting you
is something you can't control
something I can't control.

I don't wanna get hurt again,
but I wanna love.

I want to be loved
by you.

And I'll tell the whole world
how I feel about you
except you.

Because I don't want to fuck this up.
You're like a ripe juicy piece of fruit

on a late summer's day.
Being with you makes me feel better.
Even if only our shoulders touch
while sitting in bed.

I can't help it.
I like the way you say my name,
and I like the way you look at me.

Today, when our bodies touched you did not shy away. Your thigh gently pressed against mine. You asked me to pick out your afro for you and texted me at 3 in the morning asking about the gig I was doing. I don't know what to do. I know how crazy I can fall for somebody who doesn't even want me in the end. I don't want to go through that ever again, but I also want that good love that takes time and dedication.

By now you should know that with me, your heart is in good hands. I like to return things better than when I find them. Please let me give you this love that you deserve (look at me begging).

This is all so new to me; hanging out, never kissing. Us getting to know one another, and becoming closer friends. I want to be friends with you, but I also want you to kiss me. I'll whisper the sweetest nothings into your ear if you'll love me. I'll help you thrive and have no fear if you let me. I want to know you until I die.

I feel like you're the tortoise and I'm the hare. When I am with you, I am reminded of how little patience I have. Though things are moving along, I know from here on out that I don't want to date anybody who isn't my friend beforehand. I want to be held close. My ear pressed up against your chest so I can hear your heartbeat. I can listen to your heart and find out how you feel. Do you know how hard it is for me to keep eye contact with you? If I look at you and you look at me, I forget what I'm talking about and can only think about kissing you, or stroking your face, or whatever. I don't want to have to practice self-control when you're around, I want all the good stuff, and I want it now. Do you want to pillow talk with me?

All I know now is that I'm waiting. Waiting to have my dreams crushed or to enter into a relationship I have only dreamed of for years. If you were to read all this shit, what would you think? You'd probably get freaked out and never talk to me again. But what's so wrong with writing down your thoughts, and what's so wrong with sharing them with the person they're about? I don't want to scare you away with the hard truth of my desires, but I also don't want to keep this to myself. I think that maybe one day I will show you some of this and maybe you won't freak out; cause maybe you're actually super cool.

I know that whatever happens, both of us will be better for it in the end. I may never be able to figure you out, or get exactly what I want from you; but I do know that whatever



happens, we will have fun along the way. At the end of the day, I am grateful for the way this relationship has taught me more about myself, and challenged me to be the person and the lover I strive to be.

I want people to feel comfortable around me.
Comfortable enough to let their guard down
and expose the delicacy of their being.
I want people to respect and love me for all that I am;
not just who they want me to be.
I want to share the beauty of the world with people.

So we're just gonna see where this goes.
I know we won't end up anywhere near where I expected,
but I want both of our hearts to be intact in the end.

I texted you about how I felt uncomfortable about sending you a letter because I felt that I had so much to say. I asked to speak to you on the phone. You never responded. And now you go into the file cabinet of crushes; those loves that never had the chance to exist. I believe that we had the chance to have depth and longevity. Fuck man, honestly, I was so ready to write such dynamic love letters. I wanted to make you feel as good as I imagined you wanted to make me feel. So many words seem wasted because of this fantasy I created and thrived off of. Who knows, maybe I'll be able to express myself to you without freaking you out.

I guess I thought that it would be different.
In the sense that I would not be sorely disappointed
due to the fact that you have a pussy.

What a world;
where a person fears expressing their desires,
because they are aware of the fact that doing so
is odd.

I wanna cry, but I can't.
Too fucked up by the fucked up shit that the world has
done to me.

I can admit that I regret not using a part of myself
I so rarely get to use (the romantic self).

Perhaps love is a selfish thing for me; when I want to write love letters, slather my hands in oil, and slide my hands across your body. So what if that is who I am, because I refuse to let my dreams die, and dream, and hope, and wish for a love that will accept and appreciate me for who the fuck I am.

I know that love makes me a better person. I fuck in the morning, and go about my day running errands and such. Things I do not usually do. I constantly attempt to make sure that I love myself, before I settle on the fact that a big thick dick attached to a person who loves and appreciates me is incomparable to my left index finger shaking vigorously against the left side of my clitoris.

Who do you get to tell how undesirable you feel?
Who will tell you why you haven't fucked since your
accident?
Who loves you
even when you love yourself?

Days pass and
begin to blend into one another.
Piling upon one another like a never ending
pile of files on a desk.
You feel that you will never reach the bottom of that pile.

I walk, I shit, I shower, I eat, I sleep, and I think of love.
I dream of all these people who don't even begin to
attempt to play me; people who are honest and upfront
with their opinions, ideals, and feelings.

I want what I'm willing to give. Which is too much.
They have said "does anybody in the audience believe in
love
at first sight?"
I seem to fall in love in the city
almost every day.
What does it mean when I feel a deep connection with
people
in such a short period of time?