

Love Letters

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THE REAL ME

I'm in war with my comrades
battling the other half of the world for attention,
donning society's uniform
and wearing the war paint
or is it camouflage?

Do I want to be seen by the enemy?
Is that what they are?
I think they're more like allies
but some do crossover

If I have to fight for love
shouldn't I be able to use my own ammunition?
see with my own vision,
if I can trust the right ally?
Uniforms wear out
the war paint disappears
flaws start to appear
and I stand out
all that's left is me
the real me.

The war is never really over
Across all nations
lasting generations

we all want to win
some of us do
and some of us don't
others eventually wave the white flag
others just give in.

If I have to fight for love
shouldn't I fight on my terms?
walk with what I learn,
and eventually end my own battle.

Uniforms wear out
the war paint disappears
flaws start to appear
and the glory of war stands out
all that's left is the real me.

THE VIRTUAL SCENE

I have my profile,
I have my page,
I'm making myself centre stage,
for all the worlds' men to see
what it will be like
to get to know me.

I can be anyone I want to be,
as I'm hiding behind a screen,
but I never lie,
what you see is what you get,
this is the real me.

I have my profile,
I have my page,
I have limits on the age,
of my ideal man,
you can try all that you can,
you can try like mad,
I'm not dating anyone older than my dad.

I have my profile,
I have my page,
I always like a kiss,
but I have my checklist,

if you don't meet it,
just admit defeat,
with grace,
don't try to invade my space.

I have my profile,
I have my page,
I have a photo,
to make myself centre stage,
I show myself,
like everyone else,
why don't you?
why are you hiding?
are you trying to hide the truth?

I have my profile,
I have my page,
I'm on here,
so I'm not centre stage
at pubs and clubs,
where I know,
I'll get felt up,
I'm on here,
to meet the right man,
not to go through the dating motions,
over and over again

I don't want to do this forever,

I want to find someone,

who wants to be with me,

and stay together,

happily ever after forever.

BEGINNINGS

It all started with a kiss,
which then lead to bliss,
to a love,
I never dreamed of.

We both felt nerves
when we set our eyes on each other
and from then on,
I was on loves' learning curve.
When we talked on the phone,
and I heard your voice,
I was more than happy
when I made my choice,
to have you as a part of my life.

When you kissed me (for the first time),
I was caught off guard,
I didn't know whether you liked me,
even though I liked you,
it was good to know you felt that way too.

When we lied side by side
and we became one,
it felt like we were the only two people in the world
we were in our own world

and nothing came between us.

When I met your family,
and they treated me like their own,
I never felt alone
and they made me feel welcome,
at home away from my home.

Even though it didn't work out,
and you're no longer around,
I'll always remember
that we once had bliss,
that started off
with just one kiss.

THE OTHER SHOE

After one long plight

My world is right

For once in so long

I feel there can be

no wrong.

Doubt's shadow lingers

and follows

reminding me

of the past's sorrows.

Messing with my head

mumbling loud thoughts unsaid

I'm afraid to set free

in case they spell my doom

Hovering in loom

I'm waiting for that other shoe to fall on me,

wondering what it might be

I wish I could foresee

if my world will crumble

when it drops.

Will it falling mean the end?

Will it make my heart bend?

Does being prepared

really make me stronger?

Or make the heartache last longer?

Hovering in loom

I'm waiting for that other shoe to fall on me,

wondering what it might be

I wish I could foresee

if my world will crumble...

RESIDUAL BEAUTY

Growing up I was like everyone else,
I looked like every other girl
but I was still myself
when I grew up
that all changed
being myself seems strange.

To be ideal
I have to cover up,
cover my skin
with foundations and shadows
and my body,
with figure-flattering clothes
to hide my flaws,
to hide the real me.

I can wear make-up for you,
if you want me too
I can try to look glamorous and stand out
but that's not what I'm about.

The make-up eventually wears off
It's only residual beauty
and it's only temporary,
at the end of the day
all you have is the real me.

I can dress girly for you
if you want me too
I can wear formal dress,
walk around in high heels,
hide shape wear to hide my curves,
but that isn't real,
I dress for comfort
I stand flat
and my body has a story to tell.
It's only residual beauty
and it's only hidden,
at the end of the day
all you have is the real me.

I can enhance my appeal
and wear lingerie for you,
if you want me too,
I can wear lace, satin
and be see-through,
so I can be sexy for you.

I can be anyone you want me to be,
but that's never going to be the real me,
It's all only temporary
that's the reality
of residual beauty.

BREATHING SPACE

The shoe has dropped
I'm lying here with you in shock
our tears are flowing
for our knowing
what we had doesn't exist anymore
and this makes our hearts sore.

I'm lying here with you for the last time
looking in your eyes
trying not to cry
hearing your voice
trying to forget the words we just said.
I'm breathing in your scent
and taking in the feeling of your hand
as you left.

Lying alone in my bed
back where I started
all the memories rushing to my head
I'm trying to deal
this doesn't feel real.
I'm not ready to call you my former
I wish I knew this was around the corner.

My heart is broken

so many words spoken

feelings not woken

not feeling welcome

I'm trying to handle this with grace,

I know I asked for breathing space

One day my heart will mend,

and some day I hope we can be friends

but for now,

I'll give us our breathing space.

HEARTBROKEN GIRL

When I'm single
I'm nothing but invisible,
I'm told to mingle,
so I can be seen
and swept off my feet.

When I'm swept away
And follow my heart
It seems to end up the same way,
I end up torn apart
wishing my love had the time of day for me
wishing it was meant to be,
not wanting to go back to the start

How long am I suppose to try,
How long do I have to cry,
How loud do I have to scream,
How many wounds must bleed
before you notice me?
This is who I am
I can only do what I can.

Why am I the one to love more,
when you end up walking out the door?
Why am I the first one to feel like,

when you don't even want me in your life?

You're getting over me fast,

before you're even a blast from my past.

Why am I the one to break?

And you only want me,

when it's too late?

I may not be a bombshell

but that doesn't mean I don't deserve,

to hear the words

that I'm the prettiest girl in the world,

how long do I have to be a heartbroken girl?

PLUS/MINUS

Nothing is perfect
but we hope for the best,
there are some things we want more
and some things we need less.

Love is no different--
there is so much we want
but it all comes at a cost.

Plus more time,
minus the lonely nights
and I wouldn't have felt alone.

Plus more freedom,
minus the schedule
and I wouldn't have felt so tight.

Plus more intimacy,
plus more nice words about my beauty,
minus the silence,
minus the words on my choices,
plus more affection,
for what I've been given
and I wouldn't have questioned
your attraction to me.

Plus the sound of three little words,

minus the wondering of whether I'll ever hear the sound
of if your feelings know no bounds,
plus an open door into your heart,
plus me feeling if I was a part of it.

Plus the good times,
minus the bad times,
plus quick healing,
of the revealing,
that our bond
is minus existence.

GETTING OVER IT/MOVING ON (I WILL BE OKAY)

We are no longer one,
everything with us is over and done,
I don't want this to be real,
but I know this is,
and so is everything I feel.

I kept myself busy to cope,
to keep my head above water
so I can maintain hope
that I can get over this,
I felt fine at first,
but then I burst,
with anger, resentment and pain,
from not feeling much gain,
it was driving me insane,
it made me drive you away.
I wasn't sure if I was going to be okay.

I don't want to feel this way,
I don't want to stay numb in shock,
I don't want to keep crying from all the sadness,
I don't want to yell because of the anger and pain,
I don't want to drive you away,
especially if you're going to be my friend one day,
I can't help how I feel but I know one day,

I will be okay.

There's a difference between moving on
and getting over someone,
especially when it comes to love,
I will move on from you and our bond,
but there will be some parts of you and our bond I'll never get over,
there's a difference between the two,
it's hard to get,
it's hard to find,
sometimes you never get it—
all I want is peace and closure,
I know one day I'll have peace of mind,
I know I will be okay.

I'M SORRY

Both our hearts have been broken,
from the many strong words that I've spoken,
I still want you to be friends with me
and I don't want you to leave,
but I know I have to set you free,
if it's all meant to be,
I now you will come back to me.

I didn't mean to make you feel this way,
with all the things that I'd say,
I just couldn't help how I feel,
because I didn't want this to be real,
I wish I could turn back the clock
and take everything back,
all I want to say,
is I'm sorry.

I hope one day we can be friends,
so I can have the chance to make amends,
I was angry and I was hurt
but I know that's no excuse
to dish out verbal abuse,
I wish I could turn back the clock,
and take everything back,
all I want to say,

is I'm sorry.

Please believe,

please don't leave,

please believe,

please don't walk away,

all I want to say,

is I'm sorry.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVE

You came into my life with a kiss,
you brought me back to life with the bliss,
that you helped me create.

You always heard my voice,
You always only had eyes for me,
You always held me close,
and you became the man I trusted the most.

You never lied,
or made me cry,
and when it was over,
we both cried.

You were the first man to provide me with stability,
and with whom I felt compatibility.

You made me feel special and held me up high,
you brought me back to life,
you provided my life with more,
than I could ever dream of
and for that and all,
all I have left to say is,
thank you for your love.