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A Love Letter

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“A LOVE LETTER”

by Danielle Procope

To You:

Ever since I've started this on and off relationship with you I've wanted to write a story. I've wanted to write a story that explains why I feel with my eyes now. And why I dwell on what my bare legs look like. And why I actually notice what underwear I put on everyday.

I've wanted to capture that. And explain it. I'm growing up. And yet, I'm growing down into this person I don't really like all the time. I guess I don't like how I am seeing myself through your eyes more than I am seeing me through my own. It's like my eyes have left my own body and are now projected right towards me. At me. I am objectifying my own damn self. I read about this in feminist theory once.

I don't like it. I want to see myself. Maybe that's why my best moments are when we have long moments of apartness and I gain back my true eyesight.

I should say goodbye. But we all know it's not that easy.

Not when you tell me that I will be nothing without you. I think that's emotionally manipulative. And I've never believed you. I've believed different lies. Like things won't be as good without you. Or that I will be a different person and I will like her less if I don't have you.

But I know that I could never be nothing.

Sometimes I feel like I'm nothing when I think about you and I think about how I accept shit from you. You know? I accept a lot of shit.

You are not good to me.

I know I should say goodbye. But we all know it's not that easy. Especially when you're the mirror I've been trained to look into in order to see my own reflection. I don't trust any other mirror. Not my heart. Not my own eyes.

I am sick. The kind of sick that nobody sees but is killing me anyway.

I don't really love you. I just say I do so I can justify keeping you around so I'm not so lonely.

Love,

Me