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Past Literary Editor's Work: I am Lover

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I want to be present at your loneliest moment.

It is when your head is draped with sadness and despair that I will be the hand that rubs your back and soothes you.

That is me.

The giver. The light in the darkness. This is when I am my best at Love

When you desire it. Require it. When you are begging for it. Silently, with pleading eyes. When the Love you gave to others has been squandered and now you are all out. And in need of replenishing.

I know. I will love you.

Not because of who you are to me. But because of you. You who are sugar and light and sunlight and eyelashes and smooth hands.

And because of me. Me who is empty apart from you. Asking you to fill me with time and purpose.

I am codependent on your happiness. When I lick at your wounds, I lick at my own. I am all air and potential inside.

I am Lover. That is me.

It is a lonely job when I do not have you: The Loved.

And when you are well again you will be gone. You will forget me because once I pour my love into you I am skinny and then invisible.

But I will remain. Waiting patiently and solemnly for the next patient.