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Letter to him

I need you to hear the things that I have to say and I really need you to know what kind of person that I am. Maybe then you'd understand the exact signification to what you did.

I am a person who many people would rate as naive. I expect the good in people and frankly this has mostly turned out to be a disadvantage. I've been let down a lot but still I admire the ones who open up to people and get the world back. I will get there someday I hope. I still have some of that, but hope isn't something that has given me many perks either. Because you see; when you get let down you loose the faith you carry inside of you and you are left with an empty shell.

What you did to me hurt. Not in the way where I miss your body against mine (even though I do). Not in the way where I ache just to hear your voice (even though I do). The fact that the last thing I'll remember you with is a kiss goodbye doesn't even hurt that bad. Kiss me a million times just to walk away and I wouldn't care. But the moment you said you liked me you had gone too far. You didn't have too. You did not have to fool me just to make me like you back. It hurt to hear you call me beautiful and then later realise I'd never hear it again. It hurt to reread your texts and at the same time understand that the things you made me believe meant nothing to you.

You did not hurt me by making me miss you. You hurt me by once more prove that I was stupid enough to trust someone I only imagined myself to know. When I kissed you I told you I couldn't breathe. I am telling you once again; I cannot breathe when I think of what you did and I want to sink trough the ground.

Despite this I can't blame you for any of it. I should have seen it coming. But I hope you understand that I am a good person and I did not ask for your lies. I asked for nothing but your touch and it was your decision to make me feel like I was given more. So don't you dare laugh as you think of me. Because your lies were words coming out of your goddamn mouth and I will not take the blame for believing in humanity.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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