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Never

Never have I loved or been loved.

Never have I felt the endless passion of a womans open heart.

The constant pain and pleasure that she would bring.

Knowing that her love is as great as my own.

To be one of two.

Two as one.

Never have I felt the joy of a stolen glance.

Or the emptiness of her absence.

Love has never felt the beating of my heart.

To feel so joyous.

To feel so low.

Naked. Exposed. Breathless.

Untill now.

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