

Title: From The Heart

Dear Tamaria,

Time changes a person's demeanor. Distance changes a person's feelings. Solitude changes a person's mindset.

Out-of-mind/Out-of-Sight is what comes to mind when I write this.

I Can tell you I love you a million times a day, but I've come to learn that words are only as good if the person saying them and the person receiving them are in arms reach of each other.

We Can't grasp what we can't touch... Time goes on whether I like it or not. And the more time I don't touch you, The further you drift away from me. I love you so much, sometimes I don't know how to put it into words.

The reason I was drawn to you when we met was I felt that you were stronger mentally than I was. I wanted you to guide me in places that I lack confidence. You taught me so many things that I didn't understand about myself. You opened me up in so many ways. A lot of things I don't share because I don't to say things that make me appear weak. I was never taught how to express my feelings. Right, Babigirl, I shut all the way down cause I don't know how to do anything else. I am not equipped to deal with not being listened to. I understand what I want with you. You are the only one who understands me. I applaud you on your growth as a woman, on your growth as a person. You gave me Quasia, my precious lil momma. I miss you so much. I wanna touch your soft skin. Hold you again while you sleep. Whisper in your ear how much I love you and what I want to do to you and with you.

I'm trying to be in myself and over time I try to find away to live, my own mind stands in the way. I Can't get help for prison depression, so I just do what real Niggas do: I Suffer Silently.

Until you, I'd never been hurt by a woman before. Mainly, because I had never cared enough to allow myself to be hurt. But then you came and made me care. I was crushed when you left. After being locked up for an extended period of time, life tends to lose its value. Prison has taught me a lot about the power of the mind.

I am grateful for you, and all women in general. You bring a dimension to life that I have discovered only after I got locked up. Women bring balance, beauty, sanity to life. You are the moon to my Earth, the mothers to my stars and the lifeline to my eternal being. When we connect, everything is better. I think about you all the time. About whole conversations I want to have with you. I hear your voice, the way it sounds, the way you answer me. In my dream, I take you out to dinner and movie. Then we'd go home, embrace, make love, then fall asleep and lie in each other's arms.

I never knew what love really meant until I met you. You found the positive in me, saw the potential in me. I would like to give you what you deserve, which is the best. The best of love, the best of life, the best of me.

Love you,
QuA