

Love Note

My Dearest Love: ♡

2-2-2021

I miss you always my sweet heart. I dream about a fire in an old woodburning cook stove in the kitchen of an old flat-board house. I can smell chocolate chip cookies baking in the oven. It is early morning and dark outside. The power is off and there are flickering shadows on all four walls from the flames of a flickering candle and an old kerosine lamp, they are the shadows of old lovers, we can make out one another wrinkles. I can still make out the happiness in your eyes as our shadows continue dancing across the walls in the flickering fire light. Did we just get up or have we been holding this dream together forever. I can hear the happiness in your voice holding a conversation from years passed.

Remember the rain blowing in through a broken window listening to the thunder while watching the flashing of the lightning across the river. The one blanket wrapped around the two of us is all we ever needed with the fire in our bodies and the heat from the stove and all I want to know this morning my love is do your lips still taste like chocolate chip cookies?

♡
I'll Always Love You
Forever & Ever
Your Steve