

Dear Darling,

In every aspect I have searched for meaning. Meaning for my journey, meaning for my pain, meaning for living. I've spent countless nights being tossed against currents, rolled...and pulled from thoughts so dauntingly dark that I have shuddered at the thought of tomorrow. When you spend hours on end wishing for more when you watch everything before you lose hope. Your smile becomes animated with the people around you. Motions become **an** interpreted dance that you play out just to get by. When you are left to your shadows you crumble into pieces that learn to piece together with each passing hour.

Hours, days, months, **years** mold together before your life has become such a fable that you, yourself are starting to feel played.

You.

In one breath taking moment you entered my life with a brief moment of friendly exchange. Your smile so brilliant that gods would envy you. Eyes as beautiful as the essence of winter...and in all you stole my heart little by little. Your gentle hands wrapping around me as you attempt to whisk me away for lunch. Your heart not truly relaying your feelings, but mine fluttering like a bird awaiting the sky. I knew where my heart wanted to be...where it belonged! My heart was yours, as just as much as my life. I would become the other half of yours that would shield you from any, and all harm that I could. You would become the backbone that I always needed. Giving me the strength to actually live on instead of wishing my life away. Your heart, was the missing piece to mine, and together they perfectly make...

You are my soulmate, as I am yours.

You my prince, my hero, my best friend.

You as my darling...make me whole.

I search no more because home is where the heart is, and when I am with you? I breathe easy for once. I can feel the sense of security that your love gives me, and for once I can REST. Restfully embraced by your loving arms, as your breath, soul, and mind intertwine with mine. I no longer automatically smile, but I smile at the thought of my future days with you. I smile at the thought that I no longer have to worry about being unwanted, or not good enough because even if I am my biggest critic you are my biggest fan, and you matter the most. You silence any demon that I have ever held since I was small, and feeble...and if any of the dare to rise again your voice shatters them into dust...dust thousands shatter. If there was ever a true hero to exist you would be mine, because you are oxygen for my once famished lungs.

I am search no more for meaning, because my meaning is to be your wife, your soulmate, your best friend, and your protector.

I am home.

Written By: Elizabeth Marie Stauffer