

I love her. Even though I can't have her, I love her.

More than the others. More than anyone yet to come.

I can't help myself. Even after all the pain, the rejection, the hatred, I still love her.

Am I obsessed? No. I've been obsessed before and this is different.

Am I jealous? No. I don't want her if she not happy with me.

So what am I? Is it not right to love the unobtainable? To yearn for something so out of reach?

Why do I want to be the one to make her happy? Why do I need to be the cause of her smile? The only answer I have is I love her.

I don't want to. I don't mean to drive myself through This torment.

But the love is there and so is the pain. They have become one. She has forgotten me, but I can't forget her.

Because I love her. I always have and I always will.