

# Dear my love, Chloe Chittenden

Dear my love,

Over the last few days, while you were away in Wellington, I have been thinking about us a lot. I thought about how much I missed you, how much I missed your face, your touch, your warmth, your smell. Everything. I couldn't wait for you to get back. Then I got the text. Your flight had landed. I was filled with excitement and hope that you might be able to come see me that night. Even if it was just for an hour or two. I cherish every moment with you and it never feels like enough.

Then you tell me that you can't come. Your mum said no. you're tired. My brain screams through every thought, vein, nerve and organ that you don't want to see me. You're lying to me. You know I'm unwell, and so you give me reasonable explanations to stop you from hurting me. I'm still hurt. I can't help it and I wish with every inch of my being that I could.

I cry myself to sleep. Wishing you were awake and by my side to comfort me. Opposing thoughts of hatred and love. I hate that you're away from me. I love when you're with me.

I hate myself. I love you. It is a constant struggle. A never ending battle.

Today, the day I'm meant to see you. The day you said I'd see you. Changed.

It changed because you want to get an excellence endorsement. I want you to too. But because of the possibility of an excellence endorsement, I don't get to see you. I hate that.

Postponed visits. Saturday. The day I'll see you next. I love seeing you. But it is not guaranteed.

Waiting for the next excuse. What will it be? I needed to pick up an extra shift? Or a simple “I don’t want to see you”. I wish I knew. The endless possibilities. Anxiety of being left alone. Of being away from you. Claws at my throat. I’m struggling to breathe. Drowning in my own self pity and disregard.

I would hate to think of you hurting me. So I hurt myself. I love it. Endorphins released. High on adrenaline. I’m on top of the world. I don’t need you anymore. I don’t deserve you. Or do I not deserve myself? Am I happy? Life’s a joyride! They say. Except mines, a rollercoaster of unknown and catastrophes. Two sides. Which one is right? Am I where I’m meant to be? I’m a good person. I’m toxic. I’ll never know. I’m trying. Not hard enough. Chloe. You’re still young. You will learn. Learn from who? The people who left me to fend for myself? The society who shoved me into a porn category? There to please men. I am surrounded by reminders of that day. School. Him. touched without consent.

Blamed. You are a slut. Kill yourself. We hate you. Everything is a constant reminder. Triggered without awareness. Wake up. Realise where you are. Realise who you are. You don’t know who you are. You never will. People change? The past doesn’t. You deserved it. You don’t know how lucky you are.

Dear my love, I’m lucky to have you. Your presence vacuums away the anxieties and traumatic past.

I love you. I love your smile. I love your laugh. I love how you make me laugh. I love how I feel like I know who I am when I’m with you. You’re the person I’d look for in any crowd. I love you.