

Devotion

By Allan Leverone

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My Dearest Valentine,

I have known since the very moment I first laid eyes on you that we were meant to be together. I don't feel it is an exaggeration to say that our chance meeting those few weeks ago has become the highlight of my existence. Perhaps it has even begun to define my existence. I think about you all day every day and then, when I finally manage to fall asleep, I dream tortured dreams of you at night.

To think that our destinies were entirely dependent upon the vagaries of chance, my love! It brings me to my knees when I realize that had I been just a few seconds later entering the doorway of that quaint little coffee shop I would have missed you entirely as you were exiting. Knowing you as I do now, my darling, I tremble at the mere thought of the treasures I would have missed out on had the fates not thrown us together that afternoon - your shining blue eyes, your full, trembling lips, your lithe and sensuous body.

Every great couple faces challenges to their destiny, my sweet Valentine, obstacles to be overcome, and of course we are no exception. Do not fret over this, my darling! I have come to accept and forgive your initial concern regarding my advances; your reluctance to commit yourself fully to our burgeoning relationship. In fact your shy hesitation served only to fuel my desire even more than I had ever dreamed possible!

Others less intuitive than I claimed they saw terror in your eyes when you looked at me, but I knew better. The poets say the eyes are the windows to the soul, do they are not, my love? As such, I alone knew the truth, because I alone could see into your soul. I

alone am your soul-mate! I alone could see that the emotion those other unfeeling fools mistook as terror was in fact respect and admiration, and—dare I say it?—Love!

The blessed knowledge that I have succeeded in winning the heart of the most beautiful and desirable woman in the world is the one thing that will sustain me, my dearest love, during those seemingly unbearable and interminable hours when we must of necessity be apart. Because even though destiny threw us into each others arms and showed the world we were meant to spend eternity together, I cannot hold you close to me every moment of every day.

But now we will never truly be apart, will we my darling? For I stole your heart, didn't I? Despite the cruel and misguided efforts of all those ordinary people to whom romance and true love mean nothing, the people who were determined to keep us apart (As if that were even possible!), I was able to take your heart, wasn't I?

You knew all along that your heart would one day be mine, didn't you my love? I offer this solemn promise: that I will hold it close to my own, darling, forever. I will treat it with the utmost reverence. I pray that though you now sleep the eternal sleep, somehow you are aware of the enormity of my regret that I must utilize an ordinary glass jar as the receptacle for such a divine organ; such a perfect example of our lasting commitment to one another.

If nothing else, though, we may now rejoice in the knowledge that your heart will be near me always and forever. And that is what we both wanted, isn't it my darling Valentine?

Yours in Eternity,

Your Loving Valentine