

# Still

I can't say I loved you. I just can't

Because it makes it sound as if my love is past tense. Gone, finished, ended.

And that is so far from the truth.

My love is not in the past. It will never be gone.

I love you now. Still.

You didn't take all this love away with you. It stays. It lingers.

Some days it jumps up and hits me in the face just to remind me that it is still here.  
Still persevering.

Some days it nudges me. Challenges me to keep going. Daring me to find the strength to get through the day.

But mostly, it just resonates inside of me with everything I do. With every step forward and every glance back. Every close of my eyes. Every breath.

My love is not dependent on you being here.

There is nowhere far enough,  
and nothing permanent enough  
to stop me from loving you.

So I will not say I loved you.

Because I love you.

Still.

