

I W R O T E

T H I S F O R

Y O U :

J U S T T H E

W O R D S .

CENTRAL AVENUE PUBLISHING EDITION

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This edition is published by arrangement with the author and photographer
contact at pleasefindthis@gmail.com

Central Avenue Publishing - www.centralavenuepublishing.com

First digital edition published by Central Avenue Publishing,
a division of Central Avenue Marketing Ltd.

I WROTE THIS FOR YOU: JUST THE WORDS

ISBN 978-1-77168-005-9

Published in Canada with international distribution.

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Dedication

Thank you.

Thank you for finding me.

Thank you for being here.

I've waited for you longer than the stars
have waited for the night.

Since time started ticking.

Without you reading them, these words mean nothing.

Thank you for giving them meaning.

There are many different ways to read this book.

You can read it from start to finish.

You can skip to a part of it that resonates
with where you are right now.

You can leave it next to your bed or in the bottom of a backpack and every now and
again, pull it out and randomly pick a page.

More often than not, I have found that the universe will help you pick the right
page.

You can circle something and hand it to someone else. This can be quite powerful
but in the end, remember: This is your book.

Read it how you want to.

I wrote this for you.

Thank you for reading it.

ON LOVE FOUND.



The Strangest Books

You've written my story backwards. You've taken my chapter out of your book.
Now I'm just a prologue. A dedication.

For you.

The First Sign Is Taking Strange Pictures

I have pretended to go mad in order to tell you the things I need to. I call it art.

Because art is the word we give to our feelings made public. And art doesn't worry anyone.

The Light Of Future Memories

You make me nostalgic for a love that hasn't even happened yet.

The Lipstick On The Window

The words "I love you" become nothing but noise. But that's why we kiss. To say with our lips what we couldn't before.

The Shape Of Air

You love the way air moves. And now I can no longer breathe.

The Day Tomorrow Came

I know you're busy doing all the things you always planned to do but remember, today is also the day that you kiss me.

The Loneliest Personal Ad

Introvert seeks someone you can't trust. Apply without.

The Seat Next To You

When I sit near you, my hands suddenly become alien things and I don't know where to put them or what they usually do, like this is the first time I've ever had hands and maybe they go in my pockets and maybe they don't.

The Shipwreck In My Head

Everything you do, you pay for. So if you're going to kiss me, you'd best be prepared to bleed.

The Amazing Something

The feeling you get when you think of something amazing then forget it and know that it felt amazing but you can't remember the details. Then, minutes later, you remember it again and you're so grateful because you nearly lost something amazing, forever. Except, this time, it's a person. Not an idea.

The Bleach

You are your hair and your eyes and your thoughts. You are what you look at and what you feel and what you do about it. The light from the sun is still a part of the sun. My thoughts of you are as real as any part of you.

The Missed Appointment

So yes, we could kiss. I could kiss you and you could kiss me. There's no science, plane ticket or clock stopping us. But if we kiss, it will end the world. And I've ended the world before. No one survived. Least of all me.

The Shape Falls At Your Feet

Maybe it's because you're one of those people who believes that sometimes, the most reckless thing you can do with your heart, is not being reckless with it.

The Clearly Labeled

I think you'll find you're mistaken. My name is clearly written across the front and I recognise the scratch down the side (that happened in high school). This is my heart.

You can't just come here, and take it.

The Send/Delete

I've written you a hundred messages that I'll never send.

The Blown Away

I am far more delicate than you can possibly imagine.
You need to move slowly.

The Train Of Lies

I say that I won't touch you.
But my fingers are liars.
I tell you how I won't hold you.
But my arms are going to hell.
I promise I won't kiss you.
But my lips break it.
I let you know that I won't love you.
But my heart has no conscience.

And no part of me will apologise.

The Drive Before Dawn

I read what you leave in public spaces. The songs you reference. The quotes you quote. I know it's about me. I can feel you thinking of me. I want to tell you that I know and admit that I feel the same. But I can't. Not yet.

The Listening

I want to listen to you. I want to open the door. I want you to tell me your story, in your words. The books don't do it justice.
I can't hear you unless you speak.

The Never Ending Search For Something Real

I spend most of my nights outside, looking for ways to make you smile.

The Corner Of Me & You

I don't know if you felt that or not.

But it felt like two people kissing after hours of thinking about it.

It felt like two people talking after nights of silence.

It felt like two people touching after weeks of being numb.

It felt like two people facing each other after months of looking away.

It felt like two people in love after years of being alone.

And it felt like two people meeting each other, after an entire lifetime of not meeting each other.

The Songs We Sing

Somewhere, someone knows the words to the songs you sing.

The Walking Away

There are days when I want to walk up to you and scream in your face
"No one else gets you like I do, now let's get the hell out of here."

The Lantern In The Lifeboat

I am nervous. I'm afraid. But I will stand here in the white hot heat of you. I will play Russian roulette with your playlists. I will tell jokes I'm not sure you'll find funny. I will hold on until there is no more reason to.
And in the end, I will break the stars and resurrect the sun.

The Far From Home

I would find you down the line with broken wings, pick you up, and swear that you would taste the sky again.

The New Colour

And their shape and their hair and their eyes and their smell and their voice. That suddenly, these things can exist and you're not quite sure how they existed without you knowing about them before.

The Closer

You lie in bed, staring at the ceiling and counting crows.

Someone.

Anyone.

But anyone could be someone if only you looked a little closer.

The Circle, Triangle, Square

If you've got the time, we can play a game. It's easy. We just see if I'm the same shape as the space you have inside you. If everything fits, we both win. If it doesn't, don't force it. That's how you get splinters in your heart.

The Excuse For Your Company

I was wondering if you had a second. To talk about anything at all.

The Point Of Contact

And then my soul saw you and it kind of went
"Oh there you are. I've been looking for you."

The Wet Hair And Eyes

You are a drop of perfect in an imperfect world.
And all I need, is a taste.

The Ghost Train

And if you can't say yes, answer anyway. Because I'd rather live with the answer than die with the question.

The Sleep

You dreamed me one night. Now I'm dreaming you back.

The Reminders In The Sky

You are the distance between the way things are and the way I want them to be.

The Shape Of It

They want me. I want you. And you want someone else.
But none of us want to turn around.

The Pattern Is A System Is A Maze

Of course it's complicated. If it wasn't, I probably wouldn't be interested in you.

The Reflection

You told me that there were two of me, in me. The me I pretended to be. And the real me.

You asked me to guess which one you loved more.

You kissed me before I could answer and in that moment, I knew.

The Way Saturn Turns

All I can do, if I feel this way, is trust that somewhere in the universe, there's a you that feels the same.

The Skyscrapers Meet By The Side Of The Road

We look at the people who tell the truth, who say real things in public, like they're confused. Crazy.

As if everything should be said safely or not at all and what you feel shouldn't be taken seriously.

Which is why it's not polite to say

"I'm going to kiss you now because I can't do anything else."

The Wasted Words

You will forgive me, I hope you don't mind me saying, I just wanted to add, if you've got time and I've said it before and I'll say it again, because you should know, before we go any further, we should put everything on the table because the reality is and the truth is and the fact of the matter is, I shouldn't interrupt but I was wondering and if you know, please tell me, how we manage to say so much, without saying anything at all.

The Building We Could Burn

I burnt my tongue on you. Now I've lost all sense of taste.
Or decency.

The Tallness Of Things

Falling buildings matter less than you noticing me. Because the world is big. And here, next to you, I am small.

The Place Before Now

My stranger on a train. I make up stories about you as we click-clack across the city, pulses of blood along veins of industry and commerce. One huge beating, pumping city and you and I are single celled. Red blood going in. Blue blood coming out at 5:30pm. How was your day? Do you enjoy what you do? Do you pretend to enjoy what you do? Who do you love? Do they kiss the sweat from your forehead? Do they whisper in your ear? How do you take your coffee?

This is my stop. I'll see you tomorrow.

The Tender Tinder Box

You've made the air flammable. These walls are just paper. And blood is gasoline. You shouldn't have come here, made of fireworks, if you didn't want me to play with fire. I need a light.

The Stars

I pass you every day. Our eyes meet every now and again and we nod our mutually agreeable greeting. Safely.

I'd rather sweep you off your feet. Say something. Anything. To you. Take you to the top of my building and show you the stars. Dance in the moonlight. A glass of wine.

Maybe tomorrow.

The Sparks In The Ceiling

The sky was made so clear that sometimes, at night, you can see the far blue edge of forever behind distant suns. Yet, nothing's that clear here, and I'm sitting right next to you.

The Moths Don't Die For Nothing

I'm sure people just kiss each other. I'm sure that sometimes you're talking and somehow two people move closer and closer to each other and then, they just kiss. I'm sure it happens all the time. But I'm also sure that a kiss is never just a kiss.

The Brace Position

I'll tell you the truth so close to your lips it'll taste like a lie. There's a tongue in my mouth. It matters. This fucking matters.

The only thing that works is the truth and you are the hardest truth to tell.

So kiss like you give a damn.

The Art Of Otherness

I could never tell you because then you'd hear nothing but words.
I had to wait until you could feel it yourself.

The Longest Distance

It would be easier if reaching out to you, didn't mean reaching in.

The Petals Fall Through Time

This time, the time machine took me back to the right place.

This time, I ran outside and nearly grabbed myself before I walked out that door to kiss you for the first time.

But this time, another me stopped me, before I could stop me, and said

"The only thing worse than missing someone, is wondering what there was to miss."

This time, I sat down with me, and we drank and we spoke about how different things could've been. For me. And for me.

Later, I still kissed you for the first time. This time.

The Feeling Of Someone Drawing You

And if you want to know the feeling I'm talking about, run your own fingers slowly through your hair, and pretend they're someone else's.

The Burning Compass

My atoms and chemicals could've been made anywhere in the universe, but they were made here, near you. Near yours.

The Rules Of Engagement

All persons entering a heart do so at their own risk. Management can and will be held responsible for any loss, love, theft, ambition or personal injury. Please take care of your belongings. Please take care of the way you look at me. No roller skating, kissing, smoking, fingers through hair, 3am phone calls, stained letters, littering, unfeeling feelings, a smell left on a pillow, doors slammed, lyrics whispered, or loitering. Thank you.

The Static

I know how you felt about me. I knew all along. You'd break up a little, become a little more static, whenever you spoke to me and you were always trying to figure out ways to be near me. It was obvious. I'm sorry I didn't return your feelings, I was an idiot and a fool. And it's got nothing to do with who you become, seriously, I'm really sorry. Please, give me a call sometime.

The Fragile Arc

It may have just been a moment to you, but it changed every single one that followed for me.

ON BEING IN LOVE.



The Carrington Event

Love proudly. Let it burn anything between you.

The Whisper Waits

I have met so many people in my life that have made me fall in love. But you, you are the first that has made me stay in love. And I will be with you forever.

The Purpose Of Love

When I don't know how I'm supposed to feel, you're the only person that can remind me.

The Voice In The Back Of My Heart

When you have nothing left to say to me, say it anyway.

The Forest Of Stars

There's no point in me saying I miss you
(I miss you).

The Remaining Me

Even after the entire world has taken me apart, there's still a part of me left for you.

The Desire To Live Underwater Forever

If I breathe you in and you breathe me out, I swear we can breathe forever. I swear I'll find summer in your winter and spring in your autumn and always, hands at the ends of your fingers, arms at the ends of your shoulders and I swear, when we run out of forever, when we run out of air, your name will be the last word that my lungs make air for.

The Books Never Written

Dragons, angels, gnomes, creatures beneath the earth that make words with hammers, a shooting star that shoots back, rain falling from the ground to the sky, bars that refuse to serve dwarfs or wanderers, a fountain that makes you young (and lonely) while those around you grow old, saplings that know everything, a sea made of tears from every lover who never loved, a silver boat with a sail made of pages from all the books that were never written.

All my dreams are beautiful. But none as beautiful as you. You are the reason I return here each morning.

The Last Land I Stood On

And my fingers are ships sailing on your skin, slowly drifting and hoping against hope that they fall off the edge of the earth.

And your heart is nothing but the gravity pulling me towards you.

The Time Keeps Twisting Me

The seconds take a part of me with them. Hopefully to you.

The Language Stripped Naked

And I'm sorry I ever learned any words that make you cry.

I'm still doing my best to learn the ones that make you smile.

The Forgotten Feeling

I know there was something before you.

I just can't remember what it was.

The Tick-Tock In Your Chest

I will hold you so tightly and carefully when I see you again.

Like crystal. Or an atom bomb.

The Zodiac Of One

When I look up at night, all the constellations look like you.

The Wishing Well In The Sky (Letters To Father Time)

All I ask is that you let me spend forever feeling this way, before you take me.

The Things Which Aren't Love

Your salary is not love and your word is not love. Your clothes are not love and holding hands is not love. Sex is not love and a kiss is not love. Long letters are not love and a text is not love. Flowers are not love and a box of chocolates is not love. Sunsets are not love and photographs are not love. The stars are not love and a beach under the moonlight is not love. The smell of someone else on your pillow is not love and the feeling of their skin touching your skin is not love. Heart-shaped candy is not love and an overseas holiday is not love. The truth is not love and winning an argument is not love. Warm coffee isn't love and cheap cards bought from stores are not love. Tears are not love and laughter is not love. A head on a shoulder is not love and messages written at the front of books given as gifts are not love. Apathy is not love and numbness is not love. A pain in your chest is not love and clenching your fist is not love. Rain is not love.

Only you. Only you, are love.

The Absence Of Oxygen

Forget the air. I'll breathe you instead.

The Last Place We Saw Them

Gasping for air and sanity. Moon and stars and clouds and night. Out of breath and breathless. Pillows and sheets and blankets and you. I will drown in this bed. They say it's just like going to sleep.

The Endless Punchline

Great, real, true love should feel like an inside joke that only you and them can laugh at. No matter what the world does to either of you.

The Waves Put You To Sleep

I love you like I love the sea. And I'm ok with drowning.

The Place Where I Wait

I'll see you at your funeral, if you'll see me at mine. I'll wait at the edges for your ghost to rise (until the end of time). We'll find someplace nice to haunt, an abandoned beach house filled with memories of summer sunburns. Children will giggle as we tickle their feet at night and they'll never know the bad dreams we fight. We'll make our own heaven. Walking in places we used to walk until death, dies.

The Heart Beats Per Minute

You are the best parts of all the songs I love.