

A Letter

My Dearest Love,

I know you've been cheating again. I can feel it deep within my gut, a wrenching pain that makes my stomach turn and my bowels roil. I thought for sure we would make this time, that at your age, you were finally committed and ready to stay.

Do you not remember all the times I was there for you, helping you recover? The weddings and parties where I gently persuaded you to stop after two drinks. The mornings I coaxed you to eat breakfast instead of grabbing a couple of donuts and drinking a pot of coffee. How I nudged you, day after day to walk, even just a little, so you would become more robust? My patient encouragement is the reason you are energetic enough to now walk for miles.

As always, you will miss waking in the early morning, rejuvenated and eager to start the day. You know that, eventually, without me, your energy wanes, your sunny outlook clouds over, and your wit fades. Your sharp mind invariably dulls, and your natural glow pales. Still, you answer the Siren's call.

You need me, can't live life fully without me. You know this, and yet you always forsake me. You inescapably succumb to your weakness, the forbidden. You're addicted to the one thing I can never give you, love – instant gratification.

You crave the taste of sweet honey on your lips, long for the saucy heat of a hot tamale, dream of a little French coquette. You yearn for an exotic beauty, skin the color of mocha, and a kiss of chantilly cream. How can I compete with the lure of tender, creamy thighs, or a fresh tart's cherry? And I could never match the red-hot passion of a sultry Cajun dish or the sensuality of a succulent young lamb. All such cheap empty little nothings without substance.

They fulfill your salacious fantasies with their erotic pleasures then leave you in the dark abyss of self-loathing and despair. I, on the other hand, feed your self-confidence and sharpen your sensibilities, enabling you to soar to new heights and shine like the star that you are.

I'm the steady one, dependable, in it for the long haul. There's nothing sexy about me, but what I lack in excitement, I make up for in dedication and love. My sole purpose for being is you! Nurturing you, helping you be the best you can be. I applaud your every success, share your joy when you reach a goal, encourage you when you want to give up, and yes, forgive you when you stray. Why? Because you always come to your senses and realize I'm what's best for you, what you need.

Go! Satisfy your needs if you must, as you always do. I will be here patiently waiting for your inevitable return, as I always do. But please don't stay away too long this time, my love, you're not getting any younger, and I can only do so much.

Forever Yours,

Healthee Dieta Eatwright