

Although these thoughts were unprovoked, and appeared as result of a mixture of a random Brazilian Novela and me being at peak ovulation, they are maliciously consuming my inner peace.

I want my future husband to seek me with purpose, yet love me suddenly. Yes you pray for me and seek me, but it took a random moment of being too relaxed for me to look at you, you look at me and you begin to question yourself.

The very habit you had embroidered into your lips as you spoke psalms would rival the words of Solomon when you approach God about the way you feel about me.

I'm not seeking you out, but I'm paying attention. I want to be able to notice the shift in the way you act towards me, either going from certain, organized and high in derision to intentional, sporadic and submissive or its inverse. The eyes don't glow in lust, but they are captivated by longing. You never used to daydream, but now you can't help but to learn how to.

I can imagine us both playing the waiting game, until you realize the game won't start until someone presses play. And that one day my eyes looked a little different to you, is the day you insert one coin to the game of love and I can witness you crumble to the denial of falling in love with someone, let alone me.