

# Pull of the Moon

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Bonus Excerpt

Sabina's Journal

August 12, 2015

I'm tired of dreaming of you.

It's been this way for fourteen years. The dreams are wonderful and vivid, almost lifelike. Sometimes you show up quietly, like a whisper from the past. Other times, it's like my heart still remembers the shape of you. But when I awake with a gaping hole in my heart, it's like you left me all over again. Every dream is full of love, hope, and the belief that we can overcome anything together. Each dream is filled with you reciprocating my feelings with passion. Yet again, I awake without a word from you, without even the slightest knowledge that you ever think of me at all. It's not fair and it hurts more with each flutter of my eyelids. Knowing we are meant to be together but unable to make it so.

You didn't reject me, I know that. You were doing what you believed to be right for your child. Being brokenhearted knowing you were simply doing what's right is a special kind of pain.

I need to let you go. To let go of the idea I had for our lives.

Do I mourn and long for the love I believe we shared or do I long for the youth, hope, freedom, and reckless love that our time together represented?

There are many things I never got to say. Things I carried with me for far too long. I wanted more time. I wanted more clarity. I wanted a goodbye that didn't leave a hollow ache.

I may take my last breath never knowing the answer, and I have to accept that fact.

One thing I know for certain, I'll never look back and regret a single moment spent with you or anything we shared. Our love was messy and tender and unpredictable, but it was ours and it was real.