



Dear, Gia.

You should know right away that I'm a prick and you won't ever see this love letter. I don't know why I'm even writing it, but I just saw you an hour ago and that always messes with the wiring in my head. You were coming out of your building carrying your usual travel mug of coffee and you were smiling to yourself in that way you do that I just know something made you happy even for a second, you didn't see me. I really wanted to cross the street and pick you up, take you somewhere nice so I could sit and listen to you talk. I'm no good with expressing words and feelings, but I always liked listening to you speak about your joys and passions.

And then I just got done on the phone to your brother and that jackass was talking about his plans for Valentine's Day for his old lady. He's such a sappy bastard, but you know what? I'm jealous. I'm jealous he gets to do that for the woman he loves.

I guess it got me to thinking *what if*. So here I am pouring my senseless feelings out on paper you'll never hold in your hands because I'm gonna take a match to it the minute I'm done.

There was no reason for me to ever believe I had a heart until I first saw you, little bit, and now it won't quit beating. You were all of seventeen, I should have been fucking shot for noticing you. All legs and owl shaped eyes and that smile of yours punched me so hard in the gut I don't think I've recovered yet.

I wanted to keep you.

I wanted to be good enough to have you say I was your man.

One day you're gonna have one lucky SOB who treats not only Valentines Day as something special to spoil you, but every damn day in between, because he knows how fortunate he is to be the only one who gets that smile, who gets to look at you and know he's the one making you happy. The moment he's in your orbit he'll know he's found his place and won't ever wanna leave.

I'm proud of the woman you are, Gia. And the one you've yet to become. The wife, the mom, the damn ruler of the world if that's your ambition, I know you'll get it. But more importantly; the whole of everything to someone else.

You are more than you think you are, and one day you're gonna make the earth quake under some lucky fucker's boots. I hope he'll love you half as much as I worship you.

If I were to send this, you'd know I was always a worthless coward where you are concerned. The man who's saved all your text messages from the first until the last. Each time I get a new phone I make Lawless transfer them over for me, so I can pretend I have a little part of you at least.

I can't have you, but I'm the man who loves you without measure, until I bleed out on the floor, I love you.

Be happy, my little bit of a thing.

Eat the chocolate today, I know you like it.

Constantly yours,

Hawk.