

My Forever Love

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Every year around the holidays, I find myself thinking about her, I miss her. I never thought that I could love anybody more than I love myself until the day she walked out of my life. It was five years ago, Christmas Eve. We were sitting around the fire, drinking champagne, and wrapping last minute gifts. I looked at her with so much love in my eyes, thinking that this will be the perfect time. I smiled at her as I took her by the hands and pulled her to her feet. Wrapping my arms around her, our bodies began to sway. We danced to I'm dreaming of a white Christmas and I could have sworn that I saw snowflakes dancing in the sparkles of her gray eyes.

"I love you Maranda, you know that?" I questioned as I planted a sensual lingering kiss on her soft lips.

She smiled, "I love you too, Darren." She laid her head on my shoulder as she began humming the lyrics to the song.

Her words were like music to my ears. It was that moment, I knew that I have made the best decision of my life. I pulled Miranda's arms from around my neck, and in one swift motion, I got down on one knee.

"Darren, what are you doing?" she asked as panic mixed with fear grew on her face, and as I pulled the small box containing the ring out of my pocket, Miranda's eyes started to tear up.

"Miranda, my love, these last two years has been the most amazing years of my life, and I owe it all to you. You brought me so much joy, and showed me how to truly love someone."

Miranda placed her hand up to my mouth to stop me from speaking, "Darren," she called in a low voice, but I couldn't let her interrupt. I had to get it out.

I never loved a woman the way that I loved Miranda, and for the first time in my life, I wanted to share the rest of my life with someone. With my heart beating through my chest, I removed Miranda's hand from my lips, kissing it as I held it tightly,

“You have been a blessing to me Miranda. You’ve changed my life in ways that you couldn’t begin to understand, and I would be honored if you let me spend the rest of my life showing you how much I appreciate you. I love you Miranda, will you marry me?”

With tears in her eyes, Miranda looked me in my eyes, “Darren, I’m sorry, but I can’t marry you.” She said before storming away. I grabbed her arm to stop her. I needed to know why, just moments ago we were sharing a loving moment, confessing our feelings, and now she’s acting in a way that had me confused.

“Miranda, talk to me. Why? Don’t you love me?” My voice was slightly above a whisper when I spoke.

The pain in my heart was evident in my voice, and I could tell by the somber look on Miranda’s face, that she was hurting too.

“Baby, please, say something. Tell me why?” I pleaded hoping that Miranda was just one of those women who thought that the love we shared was too good to be true, and something would eventually go wrong.

I just wanted her to know that my love was the real thing, and that I was willing to prove that to her every day for as long as I lived.

Shaking her head, Miranda pulled away from me, and continued up the steps, and started placing her belongings in her overnight bag.

As she was placing the last of her items in her bag, I grabbed her by the wrist. I couldn’t let her go without her explaining to me why, why she couldn’t marry me.

“Miranda, please baby, I need to know.” I said in a hushed tone,

Miranda looked at me with pity in her eyes, she took in a deep breath, then let it out,

“I can’t marry you because I’m already married.” She replied breaking my heart even more.

How could this be? We’ve been together for 2 years, and never once did she give me the idea that she could be married.

Looking at her in disbelief, and confusion written all over my face, I simply asked her how, how could she do this to me?

“My husband goes in and out of the country on business. He’s usually gone for weeks at a time, sometimes months, but I am very much in love with him, and for that reason, I have to end this with you.” Her tone was cold, and unlike the sweet, and pleasant woman that I’ve grown to love. I was at a loss for words, and it seemed as if she had nothing else to say.

Miranda picked up her bag, and kissed me on the cheek, “Good bye, Darren, I really do care for you, despite what you may think at this moment.”

With no other words being spoken, Miranda walked out of my house, and out of my life for good.

As I placed my last-minute gifts on the counter to purchase, Miranda once again crossed my mind as she does every Christmas Eve, every year, but instead of feeling the pain of that night, I felt the joy that she brought me, and it makes getting through the day easier. My forever is what I call her because somehow, someway, I feel as if the two of us would cross paths again, and the love we shared will still exist, and will be stronger than ever. As I was walking to the car, a couple passed by me, and when the woman looked back, and we locked eyes. I knew from that moment on what I was feeling was true, my forever eyes held the same look of love as my own.

**The End**