

Letter - January 6, 2003

My Lady,

6 Jan 2003

It's chilly here this morning but I'm still warmed by the after glow of last week. I spend a lot of time just sitting and smiling. Perhaps there is some justification for saying that I'm tired (it may be mid-March before I catch up on my sleep), but I believe the real reason is I'm happy and content. You just affect me that way.

I would like to say that I sit and think, but for the most part I just sit - letting images of you drift across my mind - you in the flight suit - you in the red dress - you in the tight jeans and LSU jersey - you in the Victoria's Secret thing - and just you. If those are memories, I want more.

Some might consider it kinky, but I'm a morning man. Not that I jump and rush around doing things - no, I like my mornings slow. I love to drink my coffee, read my paper, and occasionally look in on you sleeping. Maybe it's some "protector" instinct, or maybe it's something else, but when I see you laying there, on your side, one leg straight the other drawn up, the sheet pulled up to you chin, your hair all astray, and that calm, relaxed, serene, satisfied look on you face, I feel good - I feel like a success. If that's kinky, then I'm kinky.

However kinky comes in many forms. I do it because you seem to like it, and because I want to spoil you - but when you ask me to sit on the toilet to warm the seat for you - that's kinky.

When you arrived, I didn't see you walk into the bar - I knew you had walked into the bar. I knew not because of ESP or some mental link, but because every man there looked past me with a "God, please let me be the one" plea in his eye. And the girls, in their revealing little dresses and colorful underwear, trying to "out Barbie" each other, were easy to read too - they were outclassed and each immediately knew it. I didn't turn because I knew it was you, and because I was enjoying the affect. Only you could wear a military flight suit all day and still stop a hundred conversations simply by walking through the door. You are amazing - where did you get that thing anyway? Where ever it was owes you big time, I think you sold a dozen of them with that one entrance.

The football game was a surprise to me. I knew that LSU was playing in the Cotton Bowl and I knew that the Cotton Bowl was played in Dallas on New Year's Day - but I just

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wasn't connecting the dots, I was coming to see you. Being in the stadium yelling and cheering was fun. I know that I can be obstinate about choosing my own road, and I frequently take "the one less traveled by", but right now I can also see the value of just going along with the crowd, it allows me to turn more of my attention to you.

Now it's time - time to start a brand new work year. While I don't know down which roads I will travel, I am determined to travel far. Far enough to see you again and again and again and again I am already looking forward to our next rendezvous - and definitely thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne