

I miss you
I miss the way you put your hair up like mouse ears
I miss the glitter that sparkles against your skin
I miss the taste of your lips when you wear that watermelon lip gloss
I miss seeing you in the room you grew up in
I miss your tummy
I miss your curves
I miss the star tattoo in your bikini line
I miss your hugs
I miss your smile
I miss seeing you Christmas 1975
I miss your boots
I miss your thongs
I miss your leopard-print hot pants pajamas
I miss your style
I miss your energy
I miss the beads of water on your skin after a shower
I miss kissing your inner thigh
I miss nibbling on your ear
I miss kissing your arse
I miss holding you in my arms
I miss your shyness
I miss your boldness
I miss the way you say 'Dammit'
I miss your passion
I miss your strength
I miss the way you taste after a workout
I miss your mind
I miss your soul
I miss the good vibes you give
I miss that sexy come-hither baby doll voice
I miss holding your hand
I miss your obsessions over the X-Files and Peta Wilson
I miss your individuality
I miss the anticipation of seeing you
I miss the butterflies
I miss walking next to you with my thumb in your back pocket
I miss your touch
I miss pineapple-orange-banana malibu rums with you
I miss your cards
I miss your letters
I miss the articles and assorted knowledge you'd send
I miss your warmth
I miss your tenderness
I miss your exhale after a stretch
I miss your candy-apple red toenails
I miss lighting your cigarette
I miss sprawling out on the floor and talking till the sun rises
I miss the intensity in your green-gold eyes
I miss loving you by candlelight
I miss your glow
I miss waking up next to you
I miss watching you sleep
I miss lying next to you
I miss feeling you dream
I miss the way you held me before I got on that plane to leave New York
I miss the connection we once had
I miss my baby

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