

I sent the text because I had to.

I sent the text because you were on my mind like a song that was my favorite once upon a time.

I sent the text because the worst you could do was not respond and that would only make me spiral a tiny little bit and honestly that's pretty much the same as usual.

I sent the text on the off chance you would answer and say something cute like *ohmygosh peej! I've been thinking about you too*. Maybe with a picture of your cute fucking face or something.

I sent the text because I fell for you harder and faster than I've ever known and I banged my head when you pulled the rug out and I'm still pretty disoriented.

I sent the text because I already wrote the text and at that point what's the difference, ya know?

I sent the text because I wanted you to see it.

I sent the text because I wanted you to see me.

I sent the text because I wanted you to see that for some reason way beyond anyone's comprehension, I still think about you constantly, and I hope you're okay, and I miss kissing you, and I think there's still a shot and - breathe.

I sent the text because what harm can it really do at the end of the day?

I sent the text because I wanted to.

I sent the text because it felt like sending it was taking some control of my life for a moment like how I keep setting dates with some pretty girl and then canceling the day before and never talking to her again.

I sent the text because I feel powerless.

I sent the text because I wanted you to love me and for a moment it seemed like you maybe would.

I sent the text because I didn't know what else to do.

I sent the text because I had to.