

Dear

I don't know when this will end, but I think that it must be soon. You see I cannot keep not knowing you. I see only your surface not your daily life. So many tears; I am so sad, to know you so little.

But even if you were to choose--and it would have to be your choice--to know me better, then I still cannot promise that I would love you. I do not know you. But I am sure that I might, if I did know you, love you.

So this then is going to end soon. The situation is impossible. It is terrible. But I want you to know that I am so grateful to have met you. In ways that are not so easy to define but that I feel strongly, you have changed my life. Our conversations had so much caring. This is what it is, I think: you have so much caring, but you never have felt you had to tell me that you loved me. Thank you for that.

I will not say goodbye, though we will say goodbye soon. When that happens and you are no longer in my life, I will be glad to have this memory. I am so happy for this time we have had together.