

· **Title: My love was you now it's me**

**By AMVP**

I guess first love experiences are always different because no soul is ever the same. Whatever form of language your definition of love may speak, every first love is a first love because it's the first experience you've ever had with love. It was a reflection of how you saw love at the time. So this love you shared with this person grew with you. Every act of anyone else's love will not be a reminder of them but a melancholy feeling that they were there first, you thought it would only be them to ever touch you or feel you. But there you are doing life without them and they're nothing but a distant thought.

You built a house with your first love with the blocks you had at the time. Every Wall is the Trust you've built, every fight, every quarrel and you still stayed together made the walls move from between. The stability as the floors get lighter and lighter when you no longer think of words to speak to your partner cause they'll be at your service by a tone in your voice. The lights a symbol of your love, not used as a beacon of light but the light that adds warmth to the home. The Door that started it all, the first door both of you never had to knock or feel anxious of what awaits on the other side. Your first love is the first home you've owned without having to pay for anything back, there was no mortgage or rent to pay but you possessed something far greater than the happiness money could give you.

The hardest part of having a first love is to keep them as your first. Meaning there will be others after them, but they will be alive in your memory, they'll be there when you're sad and you look back at the comfort of your memories. They will be there when you accomplish your goals, goals that were just dreams when you were together. Little things like their favourite show or their family members will taunt you, reminding you that you no longer have access to them. The hard thing about it all is not biting the temptation of the comfort embedded in your system of the thought of them. Remember that they are merely just a person no matter how whole they make you seem. As time goes by as you build your own life, the sooner the house burns down and you get to build a home once more.

One with the foundation you've built in you to not lose yourself when you lost the building blocks that kept you afloat, forcing you to stand on your own. In this home you're in charge of where and what goes. In this home you get to open the door with the ease of knowing that you won't lose anything when they walk out the door.

In this home is where you learned that your first love was not your home, but just a stop on the road for you to really find what you were searching for and that is the lesson of letting go. So I will stay here, polishing my furniture and tending to my home until I am ready once again to leave my fortress so the wanting of you doesn't go rogue, I will wait till my home is unshakable till I step out the door.

