

Diary excerpts

December-January 2010/2011

The fear of forgetting is terrible. I miss you incredibly.
Sometimes I lie awake at night and try to remember what your skin felt like to sleep next to.
What your face felt like to kiss.

I am forgetting what you look like.

I feel like you have died. But it's this horrible hopeful death where occasionally we communicate and you come back to life.

What will it be like to never see each other again? Never kiss, hug, sit in each other's cars, sleep together, eat together, brush our teeth together?

I can't bear the thought of this but it's happening.

I'm petrified of losing you but that is exactly what's happening.

I am forgetting what you look like.

