**DEFINITION OF LOVE**

I'm pretty sure I have never loved anyone the way I love him. Even though he sees everyone but me, I see no one but him. When I see or hear or just think of his name, my stomach hurts. I get butterflies every time I'm with him. I shouldn't think that he is perfect, when he is not. I shouldn't look at him as if I'm looking at the most beautiful person in the world. I shouldn't text him. I shouldn't think of him every second of my day. I shouldn't let him fill my heart. I shouldn't fall in love with him. But I did and there is nothing I can actually do about it. Yes, I keep myself busy with things to do, but every time I pause I still think of him. It's horrible. I can't do anything, I'm not strong enough. When I'm not with him, my life is just not how it should be. When he is around, everything is just so perfect, pretty, comfortable... Some people say that love is chemistry. That I don't actually love him, but this is just a process running in my head because of puberty. That's not true. I love him like I have never loved anyone before. I feel like my liver, kidneys or my stomach or maybe my heart is missing, when he is not around. I'm just not me, when I'm not with him. I can't be okay, even if I want to be. I wish everything was easier. But it is not. I'm here and he is there. There is a big difference between what I mean to him and what he means to me. We have nothing in common - just the same sky, the same moon and the same stars watching us.

And sometimes, when I try not to think about him I feel as if I lost or forgot something. But in the next moment, there it is. There is my love for him. It's like that: I gave him my heart, I gave him everything I have and everything I am, and if this is not enough, than I'm not enough. Sad, but true. He made me feel so special and in the next time not good enough. Because of him I stopped believing in love, boys, happiness... And the worst thing? I stopped believing in myself. He doesn't deserve my love, my time and my heart, but I just don't know how to deal with all this. I don't want to let go. There is some difference between saying goodbye and letting go. Goodbye means: »I will see you again, when I'm ready to hold your hand and when you're ready to hold mine«. But letting go means: »I will miss your hand. I realized it's not mine to hold and I will never hold it again«. Right now I just want to escape, I want to go somewhere far, far away, have fun, be with some guy, have a beautiful summer romance... just keep trying to forget him. His voice, his smile, his eyes and all the beautiful moments with him. He always finds a way to break my heart, but my heart always finds a way to forgive him. Why? Because even if I try to convince myself and everyone else around me that I don't care anymore, I do. I guess it's just easier. If you're strong enough to say goodbye, life will reward you with a new hello. But saying goodbye is the worst thing to say and the hardest thing to do. Because goodbye means going away, and yes, going away means forgetting.

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