

Sometimes, while I lose myself looking at the ocean, I think about all the things that you lack in saying in your profile and that you'll only tell me. I would love to take you to the opera. In the great theatre of Liceo, and walk through the Ramblas, linked in arm, like the thousands of couples that stroll through the pretty streets. Afterwards, I would take you to dinner at a small and cozy restaurant that I know near the Cathedral. It is marvelous, walking through the gothic neighborhood and losing oneself in her streets to the sound of sad music of a Holland Saxophonist. You don't like it that he be from Holland? Then what do you think about a German? Neither? Well, then from Burgos, who plays best... Lets see if now this is going to come out sharp....As I was telling you, we would see "la Boheme, even though I warn you that I always loose a tear....Oh, am I a romantic? I imagine yes, but a real romantic...of those that would give their life for a noble cause, like for example to see you smile or blush when I surprise you with flowers purchased unexpectedly.

Sometimes I imagine that we are going dancing. Yes, I like to dance and I know that I don't do it very well. But when I dance with you, we look like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Have you seen some movie of them? I remember when I was small and on Saturdays during the afternoon, they would put on old movies in black and white at the time of the Sobremesa (time where people linger at the table). I believe that I saw them because there was no other thing, but you know what? I liked them.... We going out dancing in the early morning and we get lost in the Chinese neighborhood to look for a calm place where we can have a sandwich and a coffee. Don't get scared because you are with me and I will protect you. I know that you don't eat sandwiches because of that of the diet...but after so much dancing, believe me that your body will appreciate it.

But the best times that we have is when we run away from the city and we get lost through the highways of the towns without a specific route. I love to see how you lose your look (gaze) in the trees, as if you are looking for something, while you take my hand and you bring it up to your lips to leave on it the expected kiss. What happens is that these delicious getaways we can't do them as much as we would like because of my job and my hours (rounds). Furthermore, depending on the night that I have had, I'm not in the mood to do many things...But for that reason you are waiting for me at home, to listen to my sorrows. I tell you how just today a patient died on me, a young girl with a pretty smile like yours. For that reason also today I have thought about you, and I have decided to write you and explain this \_\_\_\_ of disorganized thoughts that I hope won't confuse you.

Sometimes I think a lot about love, your love. How do you love? I love with all that I have because if I don't, its not worth it, don't you think?

Sometimes, I imagine that You are going to answer this message and that we will meet at the Plaza Catalonia, in front of the corte Ingles (Store that sells everything), right at the exit of the subway, where so many couples meet for the first time. I am holding a white rose in \_\_\_\_\_ and you are wearing the green jacket that looks so good on you. I hug you, I smell your delicate and subtle perfume and we are dazed for an instant.

Sometimes I know you love me. Sometimes I know that I love you. Sometimes love shows itself so clearly to me in your smile that I would be capable of going out to steal the ambulance of the hospital, and to the rhythm of the sirens shout with all my lungs how much I love you. Sometimes when you look at me, I know that there is a great love for each of us waiting to be discovered.

Sometimes, simply there is great love.

Do you think you can answer me? A simple "vale" would make me eternally happy.

Sincerely yours.