

January 9, 2015

Hello you, you fiery red head with your pink tinted sunglasses in gold frames. The way you walk around the store like you're not lost, like you own this Home Depot. I love how you pick up color swatches at random and yet they always seem to compliment that pale complexion of yours. Oh, and how that teal hoodie falls off your shoulder just so, mmm. You are a goddess unfit for this world, but you would fit perfectly with me.

January 10, 2015

Desdemona. My sweet, fiery Desdemona. I heard from Jess in the breakroom that your name is Desdemona Ray from Tennessee. I hope to meet you soon Desdemona Ray from Tennessee. In the meantime I will learn what I can about you on my own.

January 12, 2015

Your apartment is big for someone who is a struggling artist. I saw through your window that you are a sculptor, nice. I enjoyed watching you work yesterday in your sweat-stained overalls, welders mask, and your hair up in a messy bun which you rock.

January 15, 2015

I have changed my work route to go by your apartment every morning. Just to see your face makes my day a little brighter. However, your boyfriend—if he even deserves that title—sucks. I don't blame you though, you can't see how he controls you with his actions, holding you back from your truest potential. But I can see it, and I don't like it. I don't like his hands on my Desdemona.

January 19, 2015

You seem offlly unconcerned that that “boyfriend” of yours (Ian was it?) has just up and “left” you. I’m glad, he was taking up too much of your time, time you should be spending with me.

January 20, 2015

Hi Desdemona, I’m glad we finally got to meet. I was the guy who helped you pick out metal rods for your upcoming art piece. You seem much freer and more confident in yourself since Ian left. Now if I could only get that self-absorbed friend of your out of the picture.

January 21, 2015

You forgot to close your curtains tonight as you undressed for all the world to see. For me to see. Why would you let yourself be put on display like that? You should not let others see you this way, only me. I can just imagine your supple skin under my touch as I lay you back on that raggedy rhubarb couch of yours. Your skin tastes like metal and sweat, I enjoy it.

January 24, 2015

Sarah has got to go. I’m sorry, I know you will miss her presences in your life, but she is toxic and no good for you. Just like how Ian was no god for you, but I’m good for you. We have grown closer and you seem to be spending a little more time than usually at Home Depot. If I could just remove Sarah from the picture then you will finally be able to realize your full true self, and I will fall in love with you all over again.

January 30, 2015

It was a horrible tragedy the way that Sarah was found dead in her own home, but it was just another case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time when her house was broken into and robbed. I will be the shoulder you can lean onto for comfort through this trying time, and maybe soon I will become a more important part of your life.

February 14, 2015

Today is a big day for us Desdemona. Today is the first holiday we will be spending together as an official couple and I couldn't be happier. It is fun to snoop around your place as you watch me, instead of me sneaking around while you're not home. It feels right this way. We feel right.

March 5, 2015

Damn it Desdemona, why did you have to go snooping too? We were on the right track; we were getting into a comfortable rhythm in our relationship but then you had to go screw it up by looking around for Ian and becoming your own detective in Sarah's death. I love you still even as you are rotting in the ground beneath my feet as I shed tears for what could have been an epic love story.