

But

I mean less than nothing to her.

But at least she doesn't hate me.

I'll never stroke her smooth soft skin.

But I can try to touch her soul.

I'll never see her naked.

But I can use my imagination.

She won't be my eternal desire.

But I'll always think of her longingly.

My heart doesn't overflow with love for her.

But it beats faster whenever I think of her.

She doesn't fill the hole left by Julia.

But she enthralls me to fill it myself.

When she's gone, I'll never see her again.

But her image is immortalized in my mind.