

# A DYSLEXIC'S CONFESSION

by David Mills

My beloved Cidny.

I have always carved you. I tired to tell you many times before but it has been a trail for me.

I feel you run thorough my vines.

My Dog, you have no idea how I've left about you.

You are my file.

I knew from the moment I was you you were the bets girl I could find.

Despite listening to Kanye Wets, voting for Doug Frod and buying modern rat, I am so chum in love with you.

You dame me love you, by all the things you did.

By the way you eat a banana spilt, how you lovingly treat your scat, and the way you cut your team into tiny pieces.

I race for you throughly, form the bottom of my heart.

I will flow you anywhere.

Let's write the next gape of our file together.

Please, my read, vile with me forever.