I’m in love with an angel. And not the kind with wings and a halo.

A human with a heart bigger than a football field.

An angel with talent that knows no bounds, who doesn’t conform to societal norms, because those are for suckers.

Who believes in aliens and cryptids… Conspiracy theories? My angel knows them all, and will tell you just how misguided your truths are.

I’m in love with an angel who is gorgeous and sexy, and has a body that’ll make you weep… And funnily enough, it’s made up almost entirely of sugar.

I’m in love with an angel who uses Twizzlers as straws and gives gummy bears names.

Oh, hello, Bob. Nice to eat you today.

I’m in love with an angel who never stopped believing in me… Even after every bad thing I ever did to him. An angel I used to say hurtful things to, but who still spoke words of encouragement to me when I needed it… Who was there for me when no one else was. An angel who told me it’s not over until it’s over. Because it’s not. I promise, it’s not.

My angel was the last person I thought I could love…

But I came back to him, over and over, because my heart wanted him when I didn’t understand why. And now I do understand it. It’s as clear as the crystalline grayish blue in his eyes.

My angel saved me. He rescued me from hiding. He held me when I needed him, and he loved me when I didn’t.

He’s selfless, real… just a brilliant, beautiful fucking weirdo.

I’m in love with an angel… And his name is Avi.