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## Sad love letters straight from your heart

'I don't have any words for you, my dearest... You're mine, I'm yours - Letter 1 Sunday. I have no words for you, my dearest, - I will never have - You are mine, I am yours. Now, here's one sign of what I said: that I have to love more than at first... a small sign, and to look closely, or it escapes me, but then the increase shows may be few, so very little now ... At first I just thought he was happy in you, - in my happiness: now the most I think of you in the dark hours that must come - I will age with you, and die with you - if I can look into the night I see the light with me: and certainly with the fact that the provision of comfort should turn with fresh joy and a renewed sense of security to the sunny middle of the day - I'm in full sun now, - and then, everything seems to be taken care of - is it too homely an illustration when I say that the day's visit is not exceeded by uncertainty regarding the return of thro' wild landscape at dusk? - Now Keats talks about Beauty - it must die - and Joy, whose hand is sometimes on the lips, bidding farewell. And who talked about - looking into your eyes and asking: And how long will you love us? - There is a beauty that will not die, a joy that offers no farewell, the dearest eyes that will love you forever! And I -- I love you longer than I can -- Well, dear -- and if I can't anymore -- won't you blame me? - you will do only as always, kindly and kindly, - barely more: I do not pretend that I have decided to put my imagination to such an experiment, and consider how it is to happen, and what measures should be taken in an emergency - because in the universality of my sympathies I am certainly a number very much alive one with my own heart and soul, and can not entertain myself with such a spectacle as their alleged extinction or paralysis - there is no doubt that I should be the object for the deepest commiseration of you, or any other happiness of the human being: - and I hope that because such calamity does not interfere with me as the thing that prayed against, it is no less properly implicit with all other visits from which no humanity can be completely liberated -- just as the Gods ask us to continue the daily bread - battle, murder and sudden death lie beyond doubt - I repeat, and perhaps in that, just to give one more example of the immediate transformation of this indignation we bestow in another case, into a wonderful indulgence when it becomes our own, ... that I only think about the possibility for me to recognize me, with regret and fear ... no anger at all, - and the inaccuracies of revenge, for what? -- observe, I am talking only about possible cases, sudden impotence of the mind, - it is possible - there are other ways to change, stop love &amp;c, which is safest not to think or believe And now, love, the precious heart of my heart, my own, only Ba - not anymore - see what I am, what God in his constant mercy usually confers on those who have, as I have, received so much already, - many, past expressions! It is, but ... if you will please - in the worst case, prevent one or two years, for my sake; for you will be just as sure of me one day as I can now be on my own -- and why not now be sure? Look, love - the year is gone - we were in one relationship when you wrote at the end of the letter Don't say I don't tire you (in writing) - I'm sure you did - the year he escaped - Did you tire me then? Now tell me what they say; for my good, sweet, let a few years pass, - we are married - and my hands are around you, and my face touches you, and I ask you: You were not to me, in that dark beginning of 1846, joy for all joy, life added and transform mine, good I choose from all possible gifts of God on this earth, for which I seem that lived, - which accepts, I thankfully step aside and let the rest get what they can, - which, it is very likely, weighs more - why would my eye be bad, because God is good, - why should I resent that, giving them, I believe, infinitely less, gives them content in the lower good and faith in its value -- I should have liked to make another concession that illusion, as I believe it, for their good -- but I can't underestimate my own treasure, and so the disappearing only tribute to mere gratitude that is in my power to pay. - Listen to it said now a few years ago, and believe in it now, for then, the most expensive! January 11, 1846 Robert Browning's Elizabeth Barrett Browning Leading Victorian writer Elizabeth Barrett Browning is known for her enduring love for Robert Browning (immortalized in their letters to herself) as she is for her lyrical romantic poetry. After his mother's death in 1828, Barrett Browning moved with his father from the family estate in Herefordshire, first to Devon and then to London. There, her cousin, John Kenyon, introduced her to many of the day's leading writers, including Coleridge, Wordsworth and Tennyson. For her mid-teens, Barrett Browning suffered from a mysterious illness that resulted in severe headaches and limited mobility, but she directed all her energy by writing extraordinarily beautiful poems for which she became famous. In 1844, Barrett Brownings' collection poems brought her public recognition and also to the announcement of Robert Browning, the young poet who began matching with her. The couple eventually met in 1845 and their myths began to get serious, even though it was done secretly. The couple had a profound influence on writing to each other and their love for each other is revealed in beautiful letters they exchanged with each other, even after their They honeymooned in Paris and then made their home in Italy, where they lived until the death of Barrett Browning on 29 June 1861. She died in her husband's arms. See 'Browning Letters', a digital collection, a collaboration between Baylor University and Wellesley College 'Darling, please don't leave me anymore' -- Letter No 2 I don't know how to tell you how much I miss you. I love you until my heart breaks. All I love, everything I want, all I need is you - forever. I want to be where you are and be exactly what you want me to be. I know its lousy of me to be so late so often, and I promise to try a million times harder, I promise. I want you to one day be proud of me as a person and as my wife and as your wife and as the mother of your other children. (at least two! I decided.) I miss you so much when you don't like me and you hold me and lubricate me to sleep every night. I want to be with you, and I feel so sad tonight. Honey, please don't leave me anymore. Love, Marilyn List 1954 Marilyn Monroe Joe DiMaggio In 1954, Hollywood star Marilyn Monroe and baseball legend Joe DiMaggio married; it was a second marriage for both of them. Nine months later, they divorced. Although many of their friends thought the relationship doomed from the start, Monroe and DiMaggio had a real affection for each other. In fact, after Monroe's divorce and playwright Arthur Miller, in 1961, DiMaggio returned to Monroe's life and even proposed to her again. He did everything he could to protect her from people he thought were harmful, but it was too late for Monroe. Just 18 months after her marriage to Miller ended, Monroe was dead. DiMaggio never married again. This 1954 letter, shows Monroe's affection for DiMaggio and also hints at some tension in the marriage as she apologizes for being always late - something she was famous for. 'How lucky I am to share my life with you the greatest woman I have ever met' - Letter No 3 Happy Birthday Princess, from getting older and getting used to each other. We think the same way. We read each other's minds. We know what others want without asking questions. Sometimes we get a little irritated. Maybe sometimes they take each other for granted. But once in a while, like today, I meditate on it and realize how lucky I am to share my life with the greatest woman I've ever met. You're still fascinating me and inspiring me. You're influencing me for the better. You are the object of my desire, of #1 reason for my existence. I love you so much. Happy Birthday Princess. John July 11th, 2003 Noon I love June Carter, I have. Yes. s I love June Carter, which I do. And she loves me. But now he's an angel, and I'm not. Now he's an angel, and I'm not. The first letter written to mark the 65th second after the death of June Carter Cash Johnny Cash to June Carter Cash it's cheating a little bit, but it's my list and Johnny Cash's letters to his beloved June Carter Cash are just lovely. The love story of two very influential musicians was immortalized by words, song and film. They met in March 1968 and married nearly 13 years later after a tumultuous, troubled but passionate relationship. Both letters from Johnny really sum up how he felt for his wife and partner for so many years and I included a second letter because it deserves to be recorded and shows that love, true love, does not end in death. 'You're My Life - My Life' - Letter no. 4 Dearest Angel Girl!... I suppose most of us are lonely in this big world, but we have to fall in love tremendously to find out. Medicine is the discovery of our need for society -- I mean society in a very strange sense we understand because we happen to get to know each other -- you and I. The pleasures of the human experience are emptied away without society -- now that I knew it; without it, joy is as inconceivable as sadness. You're my life- my life. Never think your hope is close to what you are to me. Beautiful, expensive little child - hurry up the sun! Shorten the days until we meet. I love you, that's all there is to it. Your boy, Orson Leaves, 1943 Orson Welles on Rita Hayworth Can anyone forget that the classic image of platinum-haired immaculate Rita Hayworth stretched out on a yacht in The Lady of Shanghai or in a room mirrors the scene at the end when Hayworth and Orson Welles avoid each other, trying to avoid being killed. In real life, their relationship burned bright. Very talented couple Hayworth, one of the most beautiful women in the world, and Welles, an immensely talented actor and director, married on July 7. Their relationship lasted four years, during which Welles wrote several love letters to his wife, including the one above, which was one of the sets, found hidden in a secret space in Hayworth's makeup case. They were auctioned at Christie's LA in 2001, where they sold for a staggering \$25,850. 'I can't believe I love you... If you do not believe my language, consult with my eyes -- Letter 5 to Mrs Arabelle Hunt Dear Lady -- Can't I believe I love you? You can't pretend to be so unfaithful. If you don't believe my language, check with my eyes, consult your own. You will find your magic; by mine, that I have a heart that they feel. Let's remember what happened last night. That was at least a lover's kiss. It's eagerness, it's wildness, it's warmth, expressed by God to his parent. Oh! It's sweetness, and this melting softness has expressed it more. With tremors in my limbs, and fevers in my soul, I needed it. Cramps, gasping, mumbling shew'd powerful disorders in me: a powerful disorder heightened by it, those precious lips shot through my heart, and thro'my bleeding vitals, delicious poison, and avoidable but still charming ruins. What can't a day produce? The night before I thought I was a happy man who did not want anything, and in the fairest expectation of happiness; approved by men of wit, and applauded by others. Please, not enchanted with my friends, my dearest friends at the time, sensible of every gentle pleaser and in their corners who have everyone. But love, almighty love, seems to take the moment to remove me into the wondrous distance of every object, but you alone. I stay in solitude in the middle of the crowds. Nothing, you can just hold my mind, and it can't just hold anything but you. It seems to have been transported to some foreign desert with you (oh, that I was really so translated!) where, abundantly supplied with everything in you, I could live in an age of uninterrupted ecstasy. Then a scene from the great world scene seems suddenly and sadly chang'd. unslovely objects are all around me, except for you; The magic of the whole world seem to be translated into you. So in this sad but oh, too pleased state! my soul can fix it on anything other than you; you are contemplating, admiring, adoring, not dependent on, believing in you alone. If you and hope to keep it going, you will attend to it with despair and endless suffering. William Congreve's Arabella Hunt playwright William Congreve met and fell in love with Arabella Hunt, a famous beauty, musician and favourite of Queen Mary. Although the pair have not been aware of the affair, this letter from Congreve is quite beautiful. He also wrote her an irregular ode: He sings to Mrs Arabella Hunt. An interesting fact about Arabella is that she was married briefly, in 1680, to James Howard, from whom she later received a cancellation on the grounds that 'he' was in fact cross-dressing 'she' called Amy Poulter. Arabella went on to claim that Poulter was hermaphrodite, although it was apparently later refuted when she declared anatomically female after being examined by five obstetricians. 'how much tenderness for you can escape in a sensual sigh' - Letter No. 6 I would like to have dinner with you today, after completing your essay -- that my eyes, and lips, I do not mean my voice, I could have told you that he raised you in my adest. What a cold word! I would say love if you promise not to dispute his decency when I want to express a growing affection, based on a more intimate acquaintance with heart and understanding. I'll cork up all my kindness -- but the subtle elusive essence can fly off in my walk -- you don't know how much tenderness for you can escape in a sensual sigh, the air should, as is often the case, give a pleasant movement to the feelings that have been clustering around my heart as I read this morning -- I remind you. Every now and then that writer loved me. Sensual is often an expressive meaning I do not now intend to give, I would describe one of those moments when the senses are precisely attuned to the ringing tenderness of the heart and by reason tempts you to live in the present moment, regardless of the past or future -- it is not ecstatic -- it is sublime peace. I felt it in my arms - silence! Let not let the light see, I wanted to say, hear - these confessions should only be uttered - you know where, when the curtains are up - and the whole world off - Ach me! I wish I could find you at home when I carry this letter, to put it in a box, so that I can kiss him in the heart so that I can be embalmed until I meet, closer. On October 4, 1796, Mary Wollstonecraft wrote to William Godwin Modern heroine Mary Wollstonecraft in the late 18th century. The Anglo-Irish feminist and writer was also the wife of the philosopher William Godwin. She met Godwin as she recovered from her romance with writer Gilbert Imlay, the father of her daughter Fanny and the man who abandoned her. Wollstonecraft then tried to drown in the Thames. Wollstonecraft and Godwin were close friends before embarking on a passionate affair in C1796. The couple married on May 29, but their happiness was supposed to be short-lived. Wollstonecraft died later that year, 10 days after giving birth to her daughter, Mary Godwin. Her daughter had eluded her mother in fame - certainly with a popular audience - as the author of Frankenstein and also a lover of the poet Shelley, with whom she fled. The above letter illustrates the depth of Wollstonecraft's feelings for her 'writer' and also refers to their sexual passion. 'I love you so much...' - Letter No. 7 Dear Miss Kaiser, I am 34 (almost) years old, single (again) and broke. She loved you so much, and I'd like to marry you very soon.\* I can't promise to support us very well. - But if given the chance I'll shure in hell to try --\* soon means very soon. What is the size of this finger? As soon as I get to that hospital, I'm going to write reams and kids. love xxxxxxxxxx Charlie Charles Eames' handwritten design ray modernist industrial designers and husband-and-wife team Charles and Ray Eames are probably one of the most influential couples in design today. The Eames chair, in various forms, is a popular classic. In 1941, Charles sent this charming handwritten love letter to Ray - who, of course, said yes. The rest, as they say, is history. See also: Charles and Ray Eames' Lounge Chair debut on Arlene Francis' 'Home', NBC, 1955 - in part of 'my immortal, my eternal love...' - Letter No. 8 To My dearest boy, This is to reassure you of my immortal, my eternal love for you. I'll be over tomorrow. If prison and dishonesty will be my destiny, I think my love for you and this idea, this even more divine belief that you love me in return will keep me in my misfortune and will keep me capable, I hope, of carrying my grief most patiently. Given hope, not rather the certainty of meeting you again in some world is the purpose and encouragement of my current life, oh! I have to continue to live in this world because of it!... On April 29, 1895, Oscar Wilde to Lord Alfred 'Bosie' Douglas Oscar Wilde met Lord Alfred Bosie Douglas in 1891, when the young man was 21. Wilde adored Bosie, who would become his literary muse and great love. Their affair was exciting, passionate and tumultuous. It was also illegal. While Wilde went on to produce some of his best work during that period, he also attracted the unwanted attention of Bosie's father, Marquess of Queensberry, who disagreed with his son's relationship with the Irish writer. Wilde actually sued the Marquess for libel, but as a result of information revealed about his private life, Wilde found himself prosecuted for committing gross indecency with members of his own sex. He was to suffer two very public and humiliating processes, and this letter was written in the depths of his desperation the night before his last trial, in which he was sentenced to two years of hard labor. After wilde's release, he left the country to live in Exile, France, where he died in 1900. 'There's nothing in the whole world I want, but you - and your dear love' - Letter No 9 Sweetheart, please, please don't be so depressed - We'll get married soon, and then these lonely nights will be over forever - and while we are, I'm loving, loving every little minute of the day and night - You may not understand, but sometimes when I miss you the most, it's the hardest to write - and you always know when I'm alone -- It just hurts it all -- and I can't tell you. If we were together, you'd feel how strong it is -- you're so nice when you're melancholy. Love your sad tenderness -- when I hurt you -- This is one of the reasons I could never regret our quarrels -- and they bothered you so much -- Those precious, precious little things when I have always tried so hard to kiss you and forget -- Scott -- there is nothing in the whole world I want but you -- and your dear love -- all material things are nothing. I'd just hate to live a dismayed, colorless existence - because you'd soon love me less - and less - and I'd do anything - anything - make your heart for your own - I don't want to live - I want to love first, and live by the way - Why not that I'm expecting -- I'll come to you, lover, when you're ready -- Never think of what you can't give me -- You trusted me with the dearest heart of all -- and it's so damn much more than anyone else in the whole world has ever had -- How can you think deliberately of living without me -- If you were to die -- O Darling -- Darling Scott -- It would be like going blind. I know I would too - I wouldn't make sense of life - just pretty - decorations. Don't you think I was made for you? I feel like you've ordered me - and I've been delivered to you - for wear - I want you to wear me like a watch - a charm or button hole bouquet - to the world. And then when we're alone, I want to help - to know that there's nothing you can do without me. Spring 1919 Zelda's F. Scott Fitzgerald love affair between Zelda Sayre and F. Scott Fitzgerald was recounted time and time again in words and on film. The Fitzgeralds' relationship symbolizes the Jazz Age for many people - glamour, parties, excesses. As a writer, Fitzgerald drew on their tumultuous relationship in his various novels and short stories. Fitzgerald first met Zelda at a ball in Montgomery in 1918. He was immediately smitten, although it is understood that Zelda had several men watching her. Their love affair unfolded in exchange for letters, many of which were published in books. Although Zelda rejected Fitzgerald's first proposal in 1919 - her parents disagreed with his humble status as an impoverished writer - she later said yes after Scribner agreed to release Fitzgerald's first book, This Side of Paradise. Zelda joined Fitzgerald in New York and married in April 1920. Alcoholism, mental illness, infidelity and bitter criticism, for many years carried out largely against the beautiful, luxurious background of southern France and Europe - caused great cracks in their relationship. And yet, as this letter from spring 1919 shows, Zelda does adore Fitzgerald. 'My body is just crazy with wanting you' - Letter No 10 Dearest I love you - I'm on your back - waiting to spread wide - waiting for you - die with the feeling of you - the pleasure of you - the sensuality of you touching the sensuality of me - ... Dearest -- my body is just crazy with wanting you -- if you don't want to come tomorrow -- I don't understand how I can wait for you -- I wonder if your body wants mine as mine wants you -- kisses -- heat -- wet -- all melting together -- being held so tight that it hurts -- strangle and fight. On May 16, 1922, Georgia O'Keeffe and Alfred Stieglitz exchanged more than 5,000 detail the misses of their lives and also the passionate nature of their affair. The aforementioned letter, written by O'Keeffe in York Beach, Maine, in 1922, illustrates this beautifully as O'Keeffe goes from writing about breakfast, her pastel and country to a vivid, sensual description of how her body craves his. I understand you, I kiss you, I caress you, a thousand of the most pleasant caress will take hold of me... - Letter No. 11 MY BELOVED ANGEL, I am almost mad at you, just as one may be angry: I cannot combine two thoughts that you will not include between them. I can't think of anything but you anymore. Despite myself, my imagination carries me to you. I understand you, I kiss you, I caress you, a thousand of the most mysterious caress will take hold of me. As for my heart, you will always be there - very much like that. I have a delicious feeling for you. But my God, what's going to happen to me if you deprive me of my reason? This is the monomania that scares me this morning. I got up every now and then to say to my er, 'Come on, I'm going there!' Then I'll sit down again and move on with my responsibilities. There's a terrible conflict. This isn't life. I've never been like this before. You've swallowed everything. I feel stupid and happy as soon as I think of you. I swirl round in a delicious dream in which at one point I live a thousand years. What a terrible situation! Overcome with love, feel love in every pore, live only for love, and see yourself consumed by sadness, and caught in thousands of spiders' fibers. O, my dear Eva, you didn't know. I picked up your card. It's in front of me, and I talked to you like you were here. I see you doing it yesterday, beautiful, amazingly beautiful. Yesterday, throughout the evening, I thought, 'She's mine!' Ah! Angels are not as happy in paradise as I was yesterday! On June 19, 1836, honoré de Balzac, Countess Eveline Hańska, the influential French writer Honoré de Balzac, is best known for La Comédie Humaine, his masterpiece of realism, which includes a series of interconnected novels, novels and short stories depicting Parisian and French provincial society during restoration and the July monarchy. Balzac began writing them in 1831 and continued to do so for the next 20 years. In 1833 Balzac began to correspond with the young Countess Ewelina Hańska. Although he married a much older Polish landowner at the time, Eva, as Balzac called her, fell in love with a struggling writer who once lived in garrete. Balzac and his Eva continued to write for another 17 years, and the above letter shows the power of Balzac's love for the Countess. When Eva's husband died, the couple were finally able to marry on 15 March 1850. Unfortunately, Balzac died just five months later, in August, that Victor Hugo delivered the eulogy to his great friend. Commenting on Balzac's influence, he said: 'From now on, men's eyes will turn towards the faces not of those who are rulers, but of those who are thinkers. I want to ching into you... make you feel the intense love of mine' -- Letter No. 12 Off you go again alone and its with a very heavy heart I am part of you. No more kisses and tender caress for ever so long -- I want to chest myself in myself, hold you firmly in your arms to feel my intense love. You are my life Sweetheart, and each department gives such endless heartache ... Goodbye my angel, the husband of my heart I envy my flowers that will accompany you. I press you firmly on my breast, kiss every sweet spot with tender love... God bless you and protect you, protect you from all the damage, safely and firmly guide you into the new year. Let it bring glory and some peace, and the reward for this whole war has cost you. I gently press my lips on you and try to forget everything, looking into your beautiful eyes -- I lay on your precious breasts, resting my tired head on it still. This morning I was trying to gain peace and strength for the department. Goodbye one, Lovebird, Sunshine, Huzy mine, Custom! 30 December 1915 Tsarnaev Alexander to Tsar Nicholas II. Today, perhaps most recalling the extremely brutal circumstances in which he and his family were imprisoned and later murdered after the Russian Revolution. An eruded, intelligent and articulate man, Nicholas was, none-the-less, sadly ill-equipped when he became tsar, aged 26, in 1894. The task ahead was daunting, uniting a large, conflicted country whose various nations were recovering from war, while at the same time trying to cope with the pressures of Russia, which is striving for both the old world and the new world. Shortly after his accession, however, Nicholas fulfilled his dream of marrying Princess Alix of Hessen (Queen Victoria's granddaughter). After turning into a Russian Orthodox faith, she became Alexandra Feodorovna. The Romans were unusual in that they enjoyed the most novel relationships, especially among their royalty colleagues, the 'love' marriage. In fact, they reportedly fell in love at their first meeting in 1884, at the wedding of Nicholas's uncle, Grand Duke Sergei, to Alix's sister Elizabeth. Nicholas later wrote in his diary: 'It is my dream one day to marry Alix H. I have loved her for a long time, but deeper and more emphatically since 1889, when she spent six weeks in St. Petersburg. I have long resisted the feeling that my dearest dream will come true. Before and after the wedding, Nicholas and Alexandra regularly corresponded. This letter, written in December 1915, shows the depth of Alexander and passion for her husband. The couple remained devoted to one another until their deaths, along with their children, at the hands of Bolshevik soldiers, in 1918. 'I'd rather die for wanting from you...' - Letter No 13 Wednesday To Morng. [Kentish Town, 1820] My dearest girl, I was on a walk this morning with a book in hand, but as usual I was occupied with nothing but you: I wish I could say in a pleasant way. I'm tormented day and night. They're talking about me going to Italy. 'Tis sure I'll never recover if I'm going to be separated from you for so long: but with all this devotion to you I can't convince myself to trust you.... You are for me an object intensely desirable - the air that I breathe in the room empty of you is unhealthy. I'm not the same for you - no - you can wait - you have a thousand activities - you can be happy without me. Every party, anything to fill the day was enough. How did you go through this month? Who are you going to talk to? All this may seem wild to me. You don't feel like me - you don't know what it's like to love - one day you can - your time won't come.... I cannot live without you, not only you, but chaste you; virtuous of you. The sun rises and sets, the day passes, and you follow the slope of your inclination to some extent -- you have no idea of the amount of lousy feeling that passes through me for the day -- Be serious! Love is not a game - and again do not write if you can do it with a crystal conscience. I'd rather die for wanting from you than - Sy forever J. Keats London, 1820 John Keats on Fanny Brawne nineteenth-century English romantic poet John Keats first met Fanny Brawne in November 1818 while she lived in Wentworth Place in London, home of her friend Charles Brown. The couple got close after Tom's death, Keats' beloved brother, in December, when Fanny showed support and a loving friend. So it was perhaps inevitable that a young man would fall in love with Fanny. In October 1919, the pair secretly got engaged. Both the Keats' own peers and Fanny's family disagreed with the relationship, the first over jealousy, the second because of Keats' dire financial situation. During this time, Keats wrote Fanny many letters that were published, in 1878, long after his death. In the winter of 1820, Keats was diagnosed with tuberculosis, a disease that killed his brother and mother. His health began to decline rapidly and he was advised to move to Italy, where the climate was considered better for his constitution. The above letter was written just before Keats left England and he expresses his dismay at the fact that they broke up from Fanny, accusing her of not demolishing her feelings and also not knowing what love is. The Italian climate didn't save John Keats' life, however: should not have recovered and died on 23 February 1821 at the age of 25. When Keats was buried, an unopened letter from Fanny was reportedly tangled with him. Their love story was made into an acclaimed film, Bright Star (2009), written and directed by the wonderful Jane Campion and starring Ben Whishaw as Keats and Abbie Cornish as Fanny. See also: 'Bright Star' John Keats, a poem he is believed to have written to Fanny 'At the beginning of turning the world, deceiving my feelings towards you...' - Letter No 14 to you; The way I thought it was wrong, because I didn't know it, that was right. Here's proof of my feelings. I hate me, love me forever: - Beautiful is the world, slow is one to take advantage of. Take up the world the other way around. And at the beginning of turning the earth, my feelings lie with you. You're ashamed of me. I love you. Charlie Parker to Chan Parker This undated letter was sent by legendary jazz saxophonist Charlie 'Bird' Parker to his common-law wife Chan Richardson (also known as Parker). She was born Beverly Dolores Berg, she didn't like the name, Chan changed it as soon as she did. By the time she met Parker, in 1945, Chan's unofficial title was 'Queen of 52nd Street', the place associated most with WTH jazz in the 1940s and 50s. Her exceptional beauty, wit and intelligence meant that 18-year-old Chan could have had her choice of men. In fact, when she met 23-year-old Parker, she was already married as well as a musician. Yet their friendship quickly developed into love. Chan and her young daughter moved in with Parker in 1950. Ebony featured the couple on the cover of The Magazine, a progressive act for the fact that they were an interracial couple at a time when society largely disagreed with the public expression of such love. Parker's own drug abuse and the very tragic death of Parker's three-year-old daughter Pree in 1954 put further pressure on their relationship and broke up. A year later, Parker was dead, but this rather beautiful letter shows the power of Parker's love for his Chan Chan later wrote a memoir about her relationship with a great musician. She described Parker's life as a joyous thing. He lived it to the fullest, he loved his kids, his music, his movies. Simple things. Bird liked simple things. He was the strongest man I've ever met in my life. 'What desires in tears for you - You - my life - my everything ...' - Letter No. 15 Good morning, on 7 July and my thoughts yearn for you, my immortal beloved, back and forth joyfully, then again sadly, waiting from fate to see if it will listen to us. I can only live with you or not at all. Yes, I've decided to wander around as long as I can fly into my arms and call myself quite at home with you, can send your soul soiled by you into the realm of ghosts -- I'm sorry, it has to be. You will get through this all the more than you know my loyalty to you; never another can own my heart, never - ever! Oh God, why does one have to go away from what man loves so much, and yet my life in W. as it is now, is a miserable life. Your love has made me the happiest and happiest at the same time. In my real age, I should need some continuity, the sameness of life - can it exist in our circumstances? Angel, I just heard that the post comes out every day -- and has to close accordingly, so you get an L. at once. Be calm - love me - today - yesterday. What he desires in tears for you - You - my life - my everything - farewell. Oh, keep loving me-- never doubt the most verful heart of your beloved L Ever thine. Sometimes mine. Always ours. On July 7, 1812, Ludwig van Beethoven found a handwritten love letter among his documents after the death of composer Ludwig van Beethoven. Addressed to the mysterious 'Immortal Beloved', it consisted of three parts (the above part is the third and last) and appears to have been written between 5 and 7 July 1812. Much has been speculated about the identity of Beethoven's rescue. For many people, the most likely candidate is austrian nobleman Antonio Bretano, the daughter of a diplomat. The composer also donated the Diabelli Variations Op. 120 antonie. 'I wish I could tell you about my love for you... but I can't' - Letter No. 16 My darling (mine still) My husband. I wish I could tell you about my love for you, about my fear, my joy, my pure animal's pleasure in you - (with you) - my jealousy, my pride, my anger at you, at times. Most of all my love for you, and whatever love you can down with me -- I wish I could write about it, but I can't. I can just 'cook and bubble' inside and hope you understand how I really feel. Anyway, I'm lust, my (still) wife. P.S. O'Love, never take each other for granted again! Pps. What to do with it -- 10 years! On March 15, 1974, on the occasion of elizabeth taylor's 10th anniversary with Richard Burton, the tragic love story of Hollywood stars and cultural icons Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton was immortalised in words, in film and most recently on television in the bbc's outstanding drama, Burton and Taylor (2013), starring Dominic West and Helena Bonham Carter. In about 1962, Taylor and Burton met on the film set of Cleopatra. Taylor was cast as the celebrated Egyptian ruler and Burton as her lover, Mark Antony. Both were married to other people at the time, but their attraction to each other proved too great to resist. Taylor later said of his first meeting: 'His hands were shaking and he had the worst hangover I've ever seen... And he was obviously scared of me. I just merried him, and that was the beginning of our affair. He's a very sexy man, kind of jungle essence can make sense.' The ensuing very public and very passionate affair between Taylor and Burton led to public outrage; it was even condemned by the Vatican, which declared that it threatens the moral health of society. The affair eventually led them to divorce their husbands and to their wedding in 1964. The letter, written in March 1974, was discovered inside a book that was left in a drawer under a bed in a Californian rental home the couple lived in while Burton was filming The Klansman. Just days later, however, Burton and Taylor split up, later divorcing, amid allegations of infidelity, abuse and alcoholism. A year later, they remarried, only to divorce again. Both Burton and Taylor have repeatedly stated that the other was the love of their lives. I woke up full of you...' - Sheet 17 I'm up full of you. Your image and the memory of yesterday's heady



pleasures did not let me rest on my senses. Sweet, incomparable josephine, what a special influence you have on my heart. Are you angry? Do I see you sad? Are you scared? My soul breaks with sadness, and there is no rest for my lover; but how much more when I give up this passion that has proven me and drink the burning flame from your lips and heart? Oh! This night showed me that your portrait isn't you! You leave at noon; I'll see you in three hours. Meanwhile, my sweet love, a thousand kisses; but they don't give me any because they burned my blood. B. December 1795 Napoleon Bonaparte josephine Love affair between Napoleon and Rose 'Joséphine' de Beauharnais (born Marie-Josèphe-Rose Tascher) was probably retoased as often as that of Lord Nelson and Emma Hamilton. Napoleon was the general general in the French army when he and Joséphine became lovers, in 1795. Until then, she was known as Rose, but Napoleon referred to her as his Joséphine. The couple married a year later, in March 1796, two months after Napoleon proposed. Napoleon had big plans for his future and for their marriage he gave Joséphine a medallion written in the words of fate. He wrote many love letters to Joséphine while he was campaigning in Italy. His love only began to wane when Joséphine found solace in the arms of another man and he himself embarked on a series of affairs. However, the letters stand the test of time. 'my heart and I surrender ourselves...' - Letter No 18 MY MISTRESS & FRIEND, 'my heart and I surrender ourselves...' - Letter no 18 MY MISTRESS & FRIEND, 'my heart and I surrender ourselves...' – Letter No 18 MY MISTRESS & FRIEND, 'we and I give up on you, I resort to you to hold us praised in your favor, and that the absence of your affection for us may not be diminished : because it was a great pity to increase our pain, the absence of which produces enough and more than I could ever think, reminds us of a point in astronomy that is this: the longer the days, the more distant the sun, and warmer; So it is with our love, because in absentia we kept our distance from each other, and yet retains its fervor, at least on my side; I hope that, like you, assures you that on my part the pain of absence is already too great for me; and when I think of the increase in what I am forced to suffer, it would be almost unbearable, but for the firm hope I have of your immutable affection for me: and to remind you of this sometimes, and to see that I cannot be present with you personally, now I will send you the closest thing I can do. and this, my picture set in a bracelet, with the whole device that you already know want yourself in place if you would please. This is from the hand of your faithful servant and friend, HR. c. August 1528 Henry VIII with his mistress Anne Boleyn The relationship of the English Tudor King, Henry VIII, with Anne Boleyn was analyzed, retoased and reinterpreted in history, literature, film, plays and even in music. The love affair that led to england's break from Rome, the divorce from Henry's first wife, Katherine from Aragon and the establishment of the Church of England, had a long-term impact on English society, culture and religion. After his bitter divorce from Katherine, Henry married Anne Boleyn, but their marriage was fatal to be an unhappy one - in whole, full of intrigue and recriminations - even though it produced one of the most famous queens in history, Elizabeth I. Unfortunately, the love that Henry declares so well in a series of letters written by Anne during their courtesy , ended – and ended badly – in the prison and execution of Anna. The above letter, written about August 1528, is my favorite of the many Henry wrote to Anne before their marriage: showing Henry at the height of his craze with the beautiful Anne. 'I never thought I could (or could) love it the way this one is...' - Letter No 19... For 16 nights I listened expectantly to open my door, for whispering 'Lushka' as you entered my room, and tonight I'm alone. What should I do? How can I sleep? ... I don't want to sleep, for fear of waking up, thinking close to my side, and stretching my hand with a clasper - emptiness! Mitya, do you remember this? All I know about love, I have learned about you, and I know everything lovers may know, because passionately loving being loved by the enjoyment of your wise body has shifted my senses to curiosity and your wise heart adorns itself for me. You didn't taught me how to love you, how to win you, how to suffer for you now, since when did you do it, as long as life lasts, my nerves, my senses, yours? I suffer for you now with the same skill of self-consuming ecstasy, whose excitement (May Death one day be thought to remove it) You have gathered in the very hands of love. ... I think you realize now that it can't go. that we must once and for all take our courage into both hands and go away together. What kind of life can we lead now? Syčo, the infamous and humiliating lie to the world, officially tied to someone who does not care, constantly with someone that itself represents outrage to me, is constantly watched and questioned, watched to see if the expected reaction does not happen, questioned to make sure that there is no one else! I, not caring damned for anyone, but you, completely lost, disappearingly incomplete, doomed to lead a vain, useless existence that no longer has the slightest attraction to me... Hilarious picture, isn't it? And you know how true it is. In any case, I beg you to let H.N. [Harold Nicolson, Vita's husband] go to death for fiction. It is the only thing that can save us, the only thing that will ensure peace for both of us. En attendant, I think 'there is a lot to say for being (temporarily) dead'. Mitya, what stabs me like a knife is to remember you here in this room and watch the last things that are packed to prepare me to leave with you, a fortnday ago. When I think about it and you're waiting for me on the stairs, I feel pretty weak from the pain of it all. Oh, my God, how exultant we were! And now, 'la vie est devenue cendre dans son fruit'. [Life now has ashes in fruit.] There's nothing to look forward to, nothing. I never thought I would (or could) love it the way this one is.... On July 22, 1910, Violet Trefusis and Vita Sackville-West had a love affair between writer Vita Sackville-West and Violet Trefusis. Violet leaves, so passionate, beautiful and raw, are often cited, especially in any good collection of letters. Vita's correspondence with Violet was burned by Violet's husband in a fit of rage and only Violet's letters remain to show how passionate and all-consuming their relationship was. Vita and Violet met when they were kids, and as they matured they made an attraction to themselves. Although both women were naturally attracted to their own gender, they were both married - Vita, in 1913, to Harold Nicolson, Violet less happily to Deny Trefusis in 1919. The Vity and Violet affair was at its peak between 1917 and 1920. This letter dates back to 1910. You won't believe how much you want me... Letter No. 20 you will not believe what desires for you has me. The main cause is my love; and then we grew to live apart. So it happens that I lie awake for much of the night, thinking of you; and that during the day, when the hours return, when I was wont to visit you, my feet me, as it is so really said, to your chamber, but not to find you there I go back, sick and sad in my heart, as an excluded lover. The only time that is free of these misery is when I was worn out in a bar, and in my suits Judge what my life must be when I find my peace in toil, my solace in patheticness and anxiety. Goodbye. Letter to Calpurnia, from Pliny the Younger (AD62?-cAD113), her husband of the letters, Harvard Classics Pliny the Younger was born cAD62 in what is modern-day Como, Italy. Nephew of Pliny the Elder, Pliny practiced law and came to be known for his abilities and honesty and at the age of 39, he reached the highest office of the state consul. In the meantime, he was also married twice and both of his wives died childless, a fact that saddened Pliny greatly. His marriage to 14-year-old Calpurnia did not surprise those who knew him. A young, boring woman was more likely to be able to give birth to children. Calpurnia was everything Pliny wanted in his wife, but their desire to have children was unfortunately not realized. However, Pliny's relationship with Calpurnia was deep and long-lasting and, as the letter above shows, separation from her was painful. Also interesting: Our Top 10 opening lines; Letters from the heart – our Top 20 love letters; I'm half agony ... Best Love Letter in Literature Warning: In no way have we intentionally infringed anyone's copyright by quoting text or providing photos/YouTube clips. If there is a problem, please contact us and we will credit/remove the text/image immediately. Our comments and selection is © Literary Shed, 2014. All the views expressed in it are our own. It can only be reproduced with our consent and full recognition. Please contact us if you wish. 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