



The Mercury
The Student Art &
Literary Magazine
of Gettysburg
College

Volume 2023

Article 10

May 2023

A Love Letter to the Soulmate I Haven't Met Yet

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Recommended Citation

Oglesby, Katelyn () "A Love Letter to the Soulmate I Haven't Met Yet," *The Mercury*. Year 2023, Article 10.
Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2023/iss1/10>

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A Love Letter to the Soulmate I Haven't Met Yet

Author Bio

Katie Oglesby '23 is an English with a writing concentration and political science double major from San Diego, California. She now lives in rural North Carolina. This year, she has served as Editor-in-Chief for The Gettysburgian. She is also a member of the Eisenhower Institute Fielding Fellows and secretary for the service fraternity Alpha Phi Omega. She can usually be found perusing books in the Musselman Library browsing room. She hopes someday to be a published fiction author.

A Love Letter to the Soulmate I Haven't Met

Yet

KATELYN OGLESBY

I miss you, the way your fingers
press into my pulse and hold me,
like I'm a flower whose petals
could tear off so you have to
cradle me in your hands.
I miss our silent conversations,
hand motions across a room
and we're outside without even
opening our mouths,
the way you know what I want,
what I need,
like I'm pressing morse code
into your skin,
but our hands aren't even touching.
I miss your skin against mine,
your heartbeat against my palm,
the rise and fall of your chest,
the way you look when you're sleeping,
shadows on white sheets,
the lids of your eyes when they're closed.
I miss the print of your shoes in the sand
on the beach by where I grew up
when I took you home to meet my friends.
I miss the shape of you in my passenger seat,
pointing out the trees on the country roads
to my parent's house and the glimmer
in your eyes when you see why I've
grown to love this place so much.
And I miss the smile lines on your cheeks,
the effortless way you laugh
like no one's ever made you cry.

I miss the way your arms fit around me,
like I was made for your body,
like my home is the skin beneath your collarbone,
the blood in your veins,
the way your lips press into my hairline.
I miss you, but I've never met you,
never touched you,
never heard you say a word.
Someday I will though, and all of this,
all of this will be worth it:
the missing, the wanting,
the longing, the yearning.
Someday, I'll learn what it feels like
to know you as much as I love you.