



# The Space Between Us

By: Zion Fulton

My name is Zion, and this is me telling the truth with nothing hidden. No excuses, no blaming anything else just accountability. I loved you, Lamar, in a way that felt real to me every second. But love isn't just how you feel—it's how you treat someone. And I didn't treat you the way someone as special as you deserved.

When I met you, everything about you stood out. Not just how you looked though you're genuinely beautiful but how you carried yourself, how you spoke, how you made people feel. You had this calm strength, like even when things weren't perfect, you still held yourself together in a way I admired from the start.

We started as friends, and even then you were different. Talking to you wasn't just something to pass time it felt meaningful. You listened, you understood, and you made me feel seen in a way I didn't even realize I needed. That's where everything started for me.

I fell for you fast. Not because I wasn't thinking, but because everything about you made sense to me. Your personality, your voice, your kindness, your strength you weren't just someone I liked, you were someone I saw a future with.

When I told you how I felt and you thought I was joking, I got upset. But looking back, that wasn't fair to you. You didn't do anything wrong you just didn't know how serious I was. I should've been clearer, calmer, and more understanding instead of letting my emotions take over.

You had just gotten out of something that hurt you, and instead of being patient with you, I made things harder. You needed time, and I gave you pressure. That's on me. Someone as genuine as you deserved understanding, not confusion.

I didn't tell you I was bipolar, but that doesn't excuse anything I did. All it means is I had emotions I didn't know how to manage but it was still my responsibility to manage them. And instead, I let those emotions affect how I treated you.

When we stopped talking, I missed you more than I can explain. But even then, I didn't fully accept that my actions caused that distance. You didn't leave because you didn't care you stepped back because things became overwhelming. And I understand that now.

When you came back on your birthday and still gave me the chance to talk, that showed me the kind of person you are. You have a good heart, a forgiving heart, and a strong heart. Not everyone would've done that, but you did.

When we got together on June 17th, it felt right. Being with you felt natural, like that's how things were supposed to be. And it wasn't just about having you it was about who you are. You're thoughtful, you're strong, you're beautiful inside and out, and you carry yourself in a way that deserves real respect.

You trusted me with your story your past,  
your struggles, everything that shaped you.  
And hearing you talk about it only made me  
respect you more. You didn't let anything  
break you. You grew from it, and that strength  
is something I admire deeply.

Even the little things about you meant everything to me. Your favorite color being purple, your love for lotus flowers, the way you talked about your culture and your food those weren't just details, they were parts of you. And every part of you felt important to me.

You're the type of person who can bring peace into someone's life without even trying. Your presence alone made things feel lighter. And I should've protected that peace instead of bringing stress into your life.

When my moods started shifting and we argued, you handled it better than I did. You took space when you needed it, you didn't react just to react you thought things through. That shows maturity, and I didn't match that at the time.

November was hard for me, but I let my problems affect you. Instead of protecting you from what I was going through, I made you deal with it too. And that's not what you deserved. You deserved someone who could still treat you right even when life wasn't going right.

What happened in December with Rose was my fault, completely. There's no explanation that makes it okay. You didn't deserve that, not even a little bit. You gave me your trust, and I broke it.

And instead of telling you the truth right away,  
I hid it. That made it worse. You deserved  
honesty from the beginning, especially  
because of the kind of person you are loyal,  
real, and genuine.

January with Velvet was another mistake on my part. Even if I didn't fully understand it at first, I still crossed boundaries I shouldn't have. And again, that's on me. You deserved consistency, and I didn't give you that.

When everything came out and you left, I understand why. You were protecting your peace, and honestly, you had every right to. You gave me chances, and I didn't handle them the way I should have.

Getting someone else involved was another mistake. I let outside influence affect something that should've stayed between us. And because of that, I said things to you that weren't even true, things that hurt you more than anything.

Saying you didn't care was wrong. You did care. You showed it in your patience, your effort, and the chances you gave me. I just didn't appreciate it the way I should have at the time.

When you blocked me and walked away, that wasn't you being cold that was you choosing yourself. And honestly, that just shows your strength even more. You know your worth, and you didn't let someone keep hurting you.

Since then, I've been working on myself for real. I got help, I cut off bad influences, and I started taking accountability for everything I did. Not halfway completely. Because I needed to change, not just say I would.

I've let go of habits that were holding me back, and I've been focusing on becoming someone who can actually give you the kind of love you deserve. Not just emotionally, but mentally and consistently.

I'm 18 now, and I understand things differently. I understand what it means to respect someone, to be honest, to be stable, and to actually protect someone's heart instead of putting it at risk.

You were never the problem. Not your timing,  
not your reactions, not your feelings. You  
handled things better than I did, and that's the  
truth. You deserved better, and I didn't give  
you that at the time.

I still love you, and I still see you the same way I did at the beginning beautiful, strong, genuine, and rare. You're not replaceable, and you never were.

If I ever get another chance, it won't be the same. There won't be secrets, there won't be confusion, and there won't be the same mistakes. I would give you honesty, stability, and the kind of love that actually feels safe.

But more than anything, I want you to feel appreciated. Because you are. You're the kind of person people don't come across often, and anyone who has you in their life is lucky.

And if I ever get the chance to be that person again, I wouldn't just love you I'd make sure you feel it every single day, the right way this time.