



JWR
4.14

Love

...ish

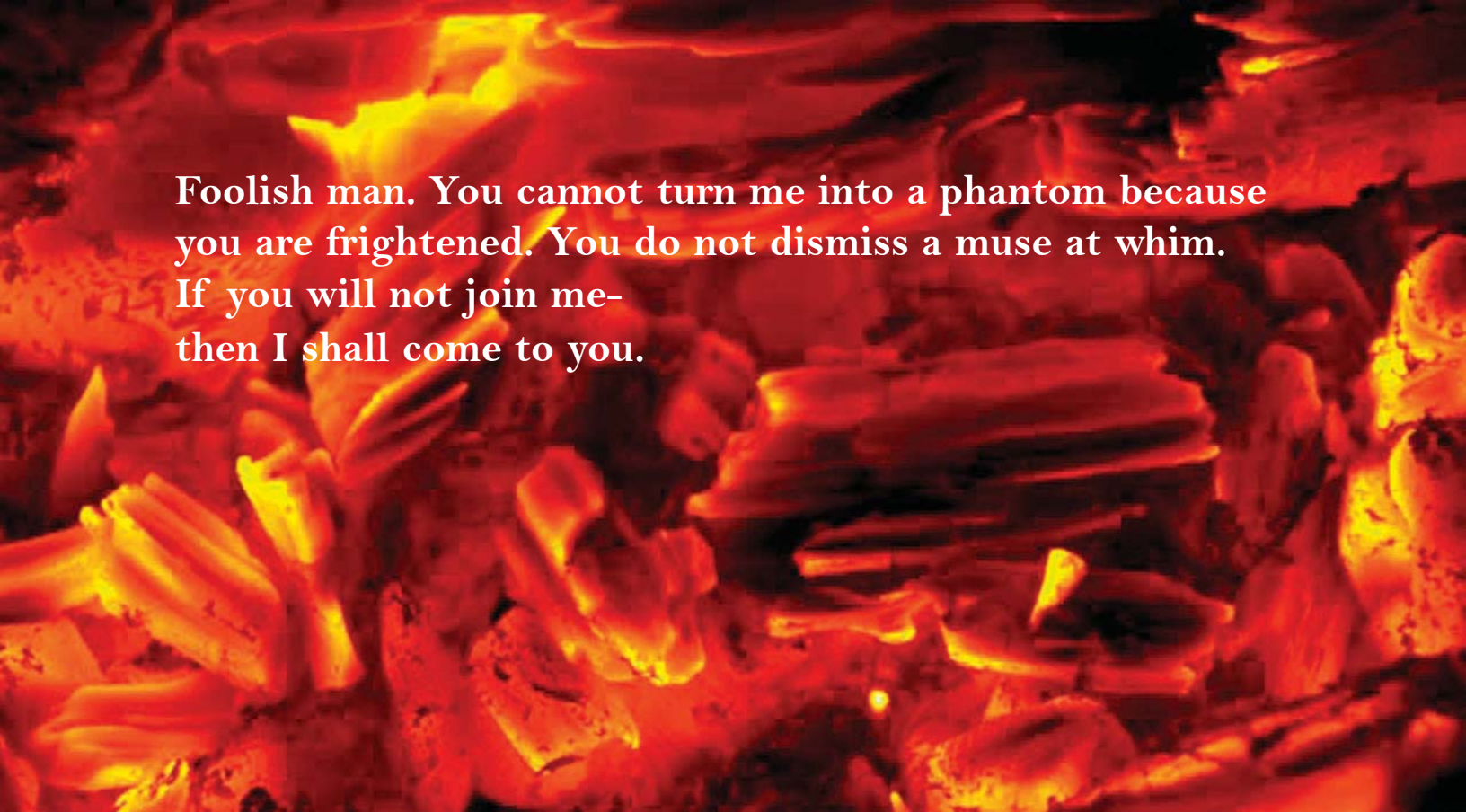
I erased you
From my every waking memory
I replaced you
With a vision that you
Won't see



*There's
nothing
like
heartache.*

Don't you remember
you told me you loved
me, baby?

You said you'd be
coming back this way
again, baby.



**Foolish man. You cannot turn me into a phantom because
you are frightened. You do not dismiss a muse at whim.
If you will not join me-
then I shall come to you.**

The look in your eyes didn't make me feel embarrassed, it just made me feel cared for. I can't believe that you haven't been snatched up by some woman. Well, I am overjoyed that you weren't because I get to have you. I am no longer worth calling.

I feel like I've been in love before, but what we have is so much more than anything

I've felt with anyone else. I feel like begging. I feel like groveling. I feel like praying to

God to make ~~me~~ call me, but only ~~you~~ can make that happen. So thank you for making me feel good about myself and, uh, just know that... I want you to feel good about yourself when you think of me. You still make me feel great, and that makes me feel sad. Does this make sense to you? I still love you

You feel miserable in your stomach and in your soul because the person you love isn't talking to you and they're the only one that can make it go away.

But I probably shouldn't say that because what if you never loved me?

I wanted to say something cool like "You complete me" which... you do, but that's kind of trite. I need it to work more than you do. I just simply need you.

Thinking I'm not her love anymore. Thinking she no longer wants anything to do with umm.. hi- I just wanna apologize for everything from back in the day. I was a selfish, insecure, hateful, little biotch. I'm thinking she's sick of me. Thinking I don't matter to her. Thinking there's some-

one else she's met or knew before. I figured there would be no way you'd pick up the phone, and no way I'd be able to leave a message like this, and probably no way you'd

listen to it. My heart is gone and I want to do nothing. I want to die in selfish ways. I want Any girl is beautiful and the fact that you find me beautiful makes my heart sing. sympathy but I don't want to talk about it.

I'm a fool and maybe I have ruined a lot of really awesome friendships. And I am truly sorry.

I was always afraid of being alone, now I'm just afraid of being without you.

I'm giving you an easy out, one that I would take if I were you. I am a bit of a mess.

If I had the choice, I would not have fallen for you. But I didn't have that choice. But just tell me I'm being stupid and that you love me. Why won't you do that?

It's not the person who when I kiss her, I almost literally melt, because we kiss so well together, like two puzzle pieces. When's the last time it's been that long?

But this is all taking place in my head and I need to hear from you. warm and excited and calm and at home.

Don't bother with the apology that is too late. I'm sorry, too. Don't bother with the no-hard-feelings tilt of your head and the half-smile you use to demonstrate sympathy that maybe was once attractive, once upon a time in a land far away. There are hard feelings. I reach out for an explanation and you ignore me. It makes me crazy, makes me stay awake running things through my memory, insignificant things blown out of proportion, significant things ignored. You call at the wrong times and say the wrong things. You say nothing. The things we said that we meant. One of us stopped believing those things first. How far have you gone? How much further than me have you been able to run, from me? I've broken my leg and can't move. You all bleed together into a single form of painful memories and sadness. Pleasant memories are stained into unrecognizable ink blots that sear words into my mind like fear, anguish, alone, empty, nothing, never, pitiful. What did you put in my drink? I thought this would be cathartic, instead I walk around more unhappy than I have been in a long time. What were you looking for? What could you have possibly gained by that? Thanks for bringing me up to date. What was the point? Do you think I want to know if you're happy now? You turned your back on me and now that you're finally in a place where things are good for you, you have a good job or you found Jesus or you found the person I wasn't, so now, only now, you want to make nice. Do you want forgiveness? You want to show me how you've grown? You want to be the bigger person? It comes off as selfish. Nothing's changed; you're the same. I would have done anything. I would have died and I would have killed. No more. I don't think of you. I don't dream of you. Except when I think and dream of you. I still live there. Pieces of me scattered through time dropped like breadcrumbs, a path cut through a dense, dark forest that leads back to a black hole from which not even smiles can escape. How could you come up to me at the bar like we were old friends who simply hadn't seen each other for a while? Did you want me to smile back, talk about things? I walked away, the night ruined. The year ruined. I hope you felt a hundredth of the confusion I live with. You called to see how I was. What was there to say? I picked up your call. I hope you felt a thousandth of the loneliness I felt. There was nothing to say. I lied. I didn't want to stay friends. For a long time I thought of you when I saw her. You looked a little bit alike, you had some of the same quirks, the same color skin. I wondered if it felt the same, the softness and smoothness. Maybe. The similarities slowly went away and she stopped reminding me of you. I was eventually able to talk to her without looking away. I hope you feel a millionth of the envy I felt. One day I saw a girl that looked exactly like you, but she had glasses, and I couldn't breathe, had to look at her from the corner of my eye. Time has solved that. Has it? Maybe I still walk around and do a double take when I see the shoulder-length blond hair I remember. In the stands at a graduation I saw your short, dark, highlighted hair, but she didn't move like you. Disappointment and relief. You would never come find me. In my head. I met a stripper who moved like you. I can't stand the sea, the sun or the sand. Here I am and there you are, or rather here you are, there I am. I beg my god to speak and tear me apart. We know each others' secrets. All of them? Not quite, I held back and so did you. I know you did. We opened our souls and that brought us together, then I got scared and shut down. The foundation crumbled and I didn't get out in time. "How's your life?" What kind of a question is that to ask? It's shit. It's absolute shit. Are you going to do something to help? Then why would you even ask? You apologized. It doesn't matter, I'm not that kind of person. You just walked away. Probably the best decision. I knew it wouldn't last, but I let myself believe it could. If it doesn't work, ignore it until it breaks. I wanted to hurt you as badly as you hurt me. I came to understand it would never work since you stopped caring about me. Only heartache hurts that much. But I still want to hurt you. I realize that's no way to be, no way to live, but I can't help myself. Remember in the car? I sang. You told me to shut up. I told you I kissed her and you never forgave me. You answered the phone and hung up. You introduced me to him. You said there was someone else. I kissed you because you looked up at me, eyes begging me to do it, and then you ignored it. You cheated on me. I cheated on you. I can't even look at your picture anymore. I can't bring myself to get rid of it. We sat on the rocks, your cold hands inside my shirt, a chilled wind biting at us and the waves told me it was over. My hands are bigger than yours. I use them to grab, hold and manipulate things. Once upon a time the only thing that felt right in my hands were yours, and once upon a time you would place your hands in mine. We'd sit until I couldn't feel where my hands ended and yours began. The leaves are gone, the air is cold and soon the snow will bury everything. I need to go outside. I need to see my breath. I don't know another way to make sure I'm still alive. How do you do it? How am I supposed to get through another cold, harsh winter without