

Separation occurs naturally.

I can't replace you, not that I'd want to. Don't get me wrong I miss you and I hope that you are missing me too. I can't help but hope that I've had enough of an impact on you that you would think about me on some level. I don't mean to inflate any sense of my self, I'm just hoping that you have enough humanness to care about someone other than yourself and that maybe those feelings of care could be directed at me? Of course I think about you, who you are now, who you used to be and all the gaps that I've missed in-between. I worry about you and I don't know if you really understand that when I worry its always in your best interest. I want nothing but to see you grow into the person that I'd imagined but that person does not belong to me. There are no shortcuts to intimacy and even though I feel like we've known each other for a long time I know that there is no replacement for history and all that it brings to a relationship. As quickly as I can connect with you I can't help feeling that there is something missing because of it. There are so many moments that linger between us, chances that we are both hesitant to take. You push my buttons and I'm not really sure whether you really mean to. Everything moves so fast and then grinds to a slow pace when I have to stop and think hard about if you take what I say the right way. I'm always fumbling for answers to questions I'm not quite sure how to ask, feeling the bittersweet joy of the anecdotes that I get to hear for the first time never knowing if I'm allowed to ask for more.

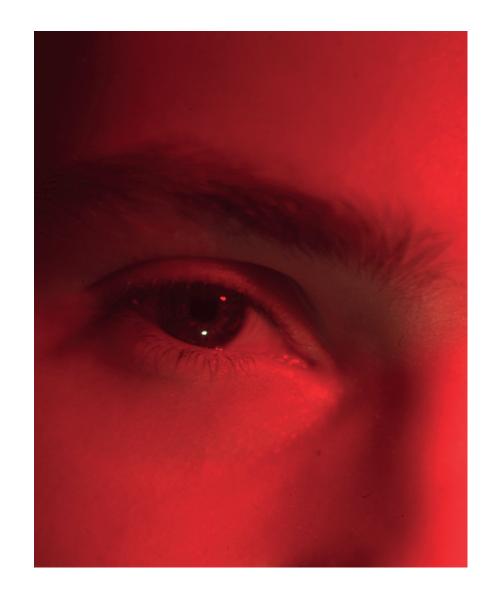
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Spiral Spiral Spiral Spiral

I wonder if you think about me as much as I think about you? I wonder what you're thinking about when you're not. I would do anything for you and I'm sorry that I can't articulate that right now. I want to be close to you and maybe in time I will. I find myself once again staring at the back of a stranger's head when I could be safe at home in my bed. I am searching for you and I know there must be some part of you that loves knowing that I'm looking for you. What did I really think was going to happen coming all this way?

We make eye contact so sharp it cuts straight into my chest. It makes me feel like I'm the only person that ever mattered. It's just me and you, the ball is in your court.

Slow and steady wins the race but I don't feel like I'm winning anything. Time passes and I'm left with this sense of urgency caused by all the dreams that fell by the wayside. One day feeds into the next and I don't know where to begin. I've been waiting for a long time for something to happen, some thing that will spin me around and point me in the right direction. The older I get the less I seem to care and sometimes its a good thing, but I can't help feeling like I'm feeling less.



I don't know whether I'd rather have half of something or nothing at all? To have something and begin to resent it for what it is not? I have put myself in this situation and I need to own up to it, I wanted more and I let myself think that that was what I was getting. I wish it had been different and that it wasn't only me feeling like this the whole time. I'm trying to appreciate what's in front of me but I realise that I've made it out to be much more than it really is.

I'm dealing with this new equilibrium of how things really are and I'm not upset. I knew reality would catch up with me eventually and I'd be put back in my place. At least I know that you're out there and you are fine and I wouldn't ask for anything else

I've been feeling your absence and even though I

of time for myself I know that we

hem differently. I hoped that seeing you again n me and I would feel better, everything. but I know it wasn't really othing has changed but I'm expecting that you'll hear me out.

I've been overinvested in this relationship hoping that it would turn into what I wanted it to be. All I get are little pieces of you and I held on to them for a long time until I began to realise that it wasn't

He is sitting opposite me just one seat to be didn't match left. He looks tired, his eves are shot with a

Hearing you speak is sometimes jarring but I'm g that you share with me. I want to change your mi you make it so hard and in the end I don't know i enough anymore. I've given you a mental distanc trying to decide if this really is the last time we'll I never thought that I would look at you like this, we are.

I'm facing the truth of things, that I can't mould relationships I have to fill the gaps, that maybe th enough time to wait for everything to become low relationships are more natural than others and so people will give you parts of themselves. I've resig myself to the fact that I don't have what I want as that has allowed me to be more relaxed, not tryin things that don't exist. I think I was trying to live expectation I thought you had but I realised that need me and it took me a while to understand that need you either.

You don't smile at me but I don't think that's some we do with each other. You don't seem like your u self, or its been so long I'm remembering you as someone else. The person in front of me feels diff all the energy is gone and I can't help but feel sad you. I find it difficult to hear you monlogue about need for change. In my head I'm trying to figure of how you got here and also seriously considering if will be the last time I see you (it is not). I don't this ever saw you the same after that.

I've lost that feeling of being warm, the effect has worn off even though not much time has passed. I don't feel like I need another person to hold me together, I'm more aware of the fact I've been craving your attention for so long.

I'm sitting right beside you and that's what matters to me. It doesn't seem to fulfil me like it used to, it doesn't seem to comfort me knowing that this is the best I'm going to get right now.

I'm thinking about a night months ago when you asked me a question and I should have said yes, and how things might be different but that's in the past. I wish you would ask me again even though there's no reason you would.

Once again I'm sat here not ready to risk what I have for fear of having less than nothing.

This absence has stirred something in me but I feel like it has had the opposite impact on you. I started thinking that somehow I knew you and that when we saw each other we would finally be at this imagined place where I could be vulnerable with you. Instead I'm looking beyond you as you speak about things that I was never a part of. I want to be present but all I can think about is the future. All I can think about is how long this will last and if I will ever find peace. I want to know what you are thinking, who and how you love and if you will ever love me.

You can tell so mutilgabetifed perison bows rest on his lap and his by the company thandsem ket in The divide between his legs, finsee relationships that the sole of the sol years and the dynamics the hope the weary than anxious. interact with othe Hoesphecks fate and from the side of Rightyes, wak need a lot of love and attention Im continuously allowing a single ing. To see the familiarity in white the person to have complete control they talk and even metric in sprie for the the wind operson. they talk and even new to have to make all tapped out with nowhere to goworld when I do?

I don't like your friends and I know that's my problem but there is just something about you liking them that irks me. Like what does that say about me? It's much more difficult to abandon a relationship when you have nothing else. Even now I seem to be falling into the

My problem is that ration transmithetate to somebody that I really prettiment OF and y been an and that non of the relationships I wave accesteinesponit where I feel's have red enough to ask for height wawt to need that the being aburden

than someone esle is ignorantly going about their life. I m not feel sad about it really in a position to do anything

about it. How do you tell someone that you really love ther

unhappy with (not than the set of the all sthe set of the all sthe set of the because I have nobody else. for me).

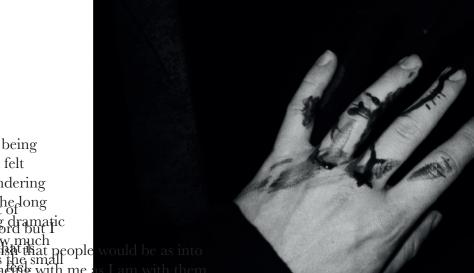
I'm trying to decide if this really is the last time. Do you love me? If you did then maybe you still do. The thought of asking you that question tells me everything I need to know.

You've changed and I can feel it, but somehow we are repeating ourselves. I care way too much for someone who says tells themselves that they don't. I'm overthinking things and it's making me impulsive. You are getting the better of me and you know it.

I think it's too late now, I don't think you really understand what I'm trying to tell you. I never thought that I would look at you like this, but here we are. I realised that I wasn't as necessary as I wanted to be, you didn't need me, and it took me a while to understand that I didn't need you either.

When I think of the future I find it difficult to imagine a place for you in it. I don't know if it's wishful thinking or desperation that is holding us together but things can't continue as they are. I know that I can't be the person I wanted to be for you and there's no space left for any compromise.

I'm still recoiling from being vulnerable with you. It felt unnatural and I'm wondering if this will hurt me in the long run? Without sounding dramatic alienation as a word but I I want you to know how much don't know that that that people would be as into trust I place in you. It's the small specifically howahering with me as Lam with them things that sometimes mean the Disconnected but the area to not think so much



world to me. world to me. voyeur, watching active felf anyway. interactions taking defines I m just looking for that around me but converting of energy, in a way it being involved myss if here entire of the there is there is the there is the there is the there is the there is t You make me feel human. It's nothing special said really annoys me. Well you do but just the way you farely got the closudo that have all data to be type know It makes me think of howhong lifet roal a five doubt and data to be anywhere class of a few five state of the me to go. if that is something I should really hope for anymore.

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Holloightanow. There will be an bener coming increasingly concerned about ysonaecheownlasekreadommunication, most particularly how this might be affrating averbeen follying for. I'm sorry about the last time we met because I feel like maybe I wasn't present enough and may not have provided'tybkevsiththereinvident to say unhanty furtable lach do I say. Neverthielgssolfeeldarstaboluthbeingu I'm scaled of being

Just this closeness will have to do

While I'm sat here the only thing on my mind is your face. There is something about the way you stare directly into my eyes that makes me

nervous. The way your eyebrows fein surprise

that makes it hard for me to believe that you

have any genuine expressions. I simply can't

you, force you to feel warm or kind towards

me. In the end what does it really matter if

pretend that I'm making you happy.

muster the strength anymore. I can't penetrate

but perhaps dealing with it by

all your kindness most appropriate way to handle the situation when you have people that are willing to support you. I want you to remember that I'm here if you need me and I'll try and help in any way I can.



I pick up a slice of pie and I eat it while walking I walk a long way home in the middle of the night letting the alcohol run out of my system I love my bed so much more for all the trouble it takes to get there



Two's company and three really is a crowd. I feel out of place, I feel like I'm encroaching and that he would prefer for me not to be here. The more sad I look the more she will notice and the whole thing will be ruined. I'm now a third wheel and I don't want to be here anymore. I feel like he is frustrated with me and I'm not enjoying myself but I know it's a combination of things.

Trying to repeat things never works and now the evening feels stale and lacking the promise which it had the first time around. The dynamics have changed and its hard for me not to notice. I need some attention, which nobody here is going to give me.

Sometimes you're at the club with the wrong out it doesn't matter because you to have a good time. Then I think have stayed at home, but I'm still p for lost time and I don't know h longer these opportunities will.







I'm tired and I don't know how to tell you that I need some time alone without hurting your feelings. I think you are trying to repay a debt you think you owe me but I'm more than content with just seeing your face. Later I might want more but right now you've given me just about all I can handle.

I'm looking you in the eyes, a gesture I seldom give to anybody I know. I'm trying to share with you and communicate something extremely important. I think you are listening, you look like you are about to cry. Then you smile and I know you've had enough. Maybe today is not the day for something like this but there is never a right time. You remind me so much of myself that I don't know how to act.

I want to love you but part of me feels like I'm forcing you to be here, that we are only together because we both don't know the right words to express how we're feeling.

> Sweet like mango nectar I lick my lips, feeling the taste eventually land on my tongue. Then I stare at the last few drops at the bottom of the cup forming a small pool of yellow liquid.

> What's as tinles whing tanavaly we Exhaps drapd and compension what it deplessing against it deies and remainse astickorshinevlayne that heat a see all that's left for me is the aroma and a feeling of what

> www.ho is still sleeping at 2 o'clock in the afternoon?

Tell me that you hate my guts and let me rest. Did I invent you? I can't remember if you exist or if you were just a figment of my imagination, wishful thinking to fill a void I thought I had. Parts of you are so vivid in my mind, being there beside me. I can't hep not a bail when a source the ball of the bar of the ball of th something afraid af grover softing des cloth the place

I spot you from afar and it takes me back a

few years. Here I am again, watching you



Sitting in that dark room I wished that we were alone. Your eyes are focused on the screen as I glance over hoping to catch your eye. The light skims your face and I identify all the features I know so well.

You fidget in your chair, adjusting your shoulders to sink into the seat. You plant your feet slowly edging them closer to mine. Our feet touch and I cannot tell if you mean it or not. I wish that you would read my mind and take my hand, share my popcornwith me, what's mine is yours.

Tonight all of my attention is on you. I'm watching you all glassy eyed, breathing heavy, balancing against a wall. You are slouching in the most uncomfortable position trying to support yourself, yet you are eager, always ready to take the next step. There is so much potential in those eyes, so much potential in this night and I'm just waiting to see where it will take me.

I'm standing on this half-empty dancefloor, not as drunk as I should be. My armpits are sweaty. There is so much space yet I can't hear myself think. Our song comes on and I'm remembering the way your body moves in sync with mine. I buy you a beer whilst I coming up for air, and we do.

You make me feel nervous, I'm constantly second-guessing myself. I'm trying to get on your good side but nothing that I do ever seems like enough. I feel like I owe you. It's ridiculous but I can't help feeling like I'm same person I met all those months ago and for you to look at me the same way you did back then. I feel like I have nothing to offer you anymore.



e evestharstare at olding Ringe Sause all gerthere jessuale here at a bet that nvinored don't knowsif you ever showed teeth the end I guess I'm just to scared to take the risk and ask for more for fear of having to start all over again.

enjoy yourself with someone else whilst I fixate on whether or not you've seen me. I've been sip a cocktail. We stash our coats behind the table, there is no bottle service here. I think of I think I got caughe by uppene? Wou tig then have be coming up for air and we do question tells me everything I need to know. I idea of trying to carxway penicil for sime metwho says tells themselves that they don't. had to stop myself from saying hello because something that I don' know where we would go from there. seeing your face. wasting your time. I'm living in the past and I lacking in my life. The result was that I was constantly traina to aire mu feeling array

My cheeks feel warm and there is this funny feeling in my stomach, in the middle, just below my ribcage where it is all soft. I feel foolish and I hope that never changes. It's like I've never spoken to a living person before and you have a way with words that melts me to the core. I have forgotten how good this feels. Thinking about how much I've missed is bringing tears to my eyes. I'm grateful for moments like these that come with full intensity and suddenly disperse into nothingness. When you are willing to share with me and I feel a part of something much bigger than myself. I'm trying to hold on for as long as I can, to keep this tension that brings me joy. Ready for words to spill that cannot be taken back. I'm ready for more just before we leave. I'm thinking about the endless trains into the night and the way your eyes gleam with the intoxicated glow of artificial underground light.

The way your mouth moves slow and the silence that I wish you would let me keep. I know that there are more tomorrows and more embraces that mark the end of us for a while. I leave with hope in my head and the constant loop of words whose meaning slowly becomes despair



I'm ready to jump in the pool fully clothed I want to be intoxicated by the sun on my skin Sand in my feet that will ruin my shoes forever I want to see the sun rise whilst in your company I want to feel the cold burn my cheeks I want to see your breath in the air as you whisper sweet nothings to me

The bitterness on my tongue from my third negroni, stomach empty, ready to take on the world The mouth feel of sugar lining my teeth, surely a cavity after tonight. The darkness that sharpens all my senses and puts me on tender edge

Lying with my stomach on the ground I want to feel alone in myself Turning my face towards the sky I want to feel the hard ground beneath my head

In the water prepared to be carried away, My body as light as anything else To swim to the horizon until I can't see land anymore