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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.
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.

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.

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.

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 muster the strength anymore. I can't penetrate you, force you to feel warm or kind towards me. In the end what does it really matter if I smile back? You get what you want and I pretend that I'm making you happy.

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Just this closeness will have to do for right now. You're not coming, and I'm increasingly concerned about you and your lack of communication, someone will be ready to embrace me and reciprocate the intimacy affecting you mentally. I'm sorry about the last time we met because I feel like maybe I wasn't present enough and may not have provided the right environment to say what I wanted to say. New things I feel sad about and being in a difficult position right now but perhaps dealing with it by vulnerable and using up all your kindness 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.



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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 popcorn with me, what's mine is yours.

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



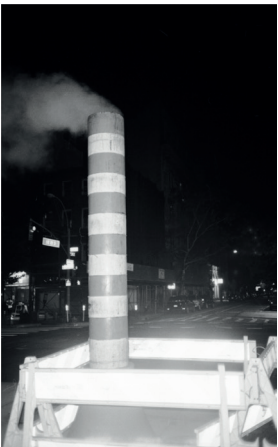
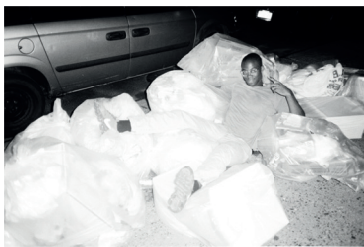
Two's company and three really is a crowd. I feel out of place, I feel like I'm encroaching and that he would prefer for me not to be here. The more sad I look the more she will notice and the whole thing will be ruined. I'm now a third wheel and I don't want to be here anymore. I feel like he is frustrated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

but it doesn't matter because you e to have a good time. Then I think have stayed at home, but I'm still up for lost time and I don't know ch longer these opportunities will y way.

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 sip a cocktail. We stash our coats behind the table, there is no bottle service here. I think of 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 wasting your time. I'm living in the past and I want it to be our future. I want you to be the 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.



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 next?' I'm trying to savor it, to collapse and and a moment where I feel like I can't let go and remains a sticky, shiny layer that coats the base. All you are not there, never here where I really need that's left for me is the aroma and a feeling of what was you.

Who 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 help but doubt when I try to recover something more tangible. What does your face look like? Those eyes that stare at me holding on to all hope, eagerly to persuade me to follow you. It's not a smile anymore I don't know if you ever showed me your teeth, in 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.



I spot you from afar and it takes me back a few years. Here I am again, watching you enjoy yourself with someone else whilst I fixate on whether or not you've seen me. I've been processing your absence and what it meant to me. 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. I can't way to much for someone who says tells themselves that they don't. I had to stop myself from saying hello because I don't know where we would go from there. I'm happy for you, I'm happy enough just seeing your face.

I think I got caught up with the idea of trying to experience something that I felt was lacking in my life. The result was that I was constantly trying to give my feelings away

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