

Fin

Journals: November 2001-
March 2002

Pilgrim

End

November 20, 2001

Today's the anniversary of that first day we spent talking in the library. I went over to his house and hid little notes all over his room (they said all the reasons why I love him on them.) He worked tonight, but came over at around 10. He found some of the notes. I think he enjoys my utter nuttiness. I'm really happy that things seem to be working out. Hopefully things will get easier.

November 25, 2001

Ward's mom was in Hamilton this weekend, so I stayed over on Friday and Saturday nights. We had a fun weekend! It was the school dance on Friday night, but I ended up going over to Dave's afterwards, and then to Ward's. And then on Saturday I went and hung out with Lin - we watched movies and just hung out, but I wanted to see Ward, so I went back to his place around 11. I fell asleep on the couch. Oh well.

November 28, 2001

We went to Fairview to do some Christmas shopping for his family

this afternoon. It was fun - he tried to influence my taste in music, and then made fun of me when I got my no-whip, soy, decaf white moccachino at Starbucks. We then had an argument about which of us is more pretentious, which ended in our calling Khaleed for the final answer. He is. (ha ha!) I also decided that today would be "no physical contact day" because our relationship has become far too physically based. So after a little while back at his house, I left him, well...somewhat displeased.

December 4, 2001

Oh god. Ward thinks that his brother stole \$500 US from their mom, and Jordan swore to me that he didn't and I just don't know who to believe. I also told Ward a little about what happened in Montreal that he didn't know about and he totally flipped out on me. I just don't respect the way he deals with these things. He has such a horrible temper, and then when I don't back him up when he does something that I believe is totally irrational, he gets mad at me. I just don't see how that's fair. I don't have the time for this. Honestly.

December 8, 2001

We had somewhat of a shouting session the other night, and kind of managed to sort things out. He doesn't particularly like the side of himself that does mean and spiteful things either.

"How do you think it feels when the one person he has who should be backing me up, is the person who makes me feel the worst?"

He has a point. We're just going to put those problems aside and try to get things back to how they were before. If that's possible.

December 12, 2001

What an incredibly horrible day. Probably the worst day I've had in months. Just delightful.

Ward is still "insecure about the fact that his girlfriend went off and fucked some guy in Ireland." Because I'm so proud of that. Why don't you just announce it to the whole world? Oh I forgot. There aren't very many people you didn't already tell.

Babe - I love you dearly, but please, cut me some slack. I am

trying so hard. I understand that it's difficult for you to cope with "my cheating on you," but do you honestly think that I feel good about it? Do you think that it was one of my prouder moments? Because believe me, it wasn't.

And you know, if I had the chance to do it over again, I still don't know if I would. I got to live for those two months in Ireland. I actually saw life for what it can be outside of my protected little world.

I just don't know.

January 4, 2002

It's the new year.

Now is the time when one is supposed to look back over the last one and say if it was good. I don't have a clue what to say.

I'm still with Ward. We celebrated our one-year anniversary, although technically it didn't happen. He gave me a really beautiful white-gold necklace (with a diamond in it), and I gave him something equally thoughtful.

I suppose I'm happy with the state of my life right now. I'm very busy, but still content. I definitely have bad days when I feel as though everything is just too

much, but it passes. Everything's okay.

I spent New Year's Eve with Ward, and although I missed the countdown I did have a very good night. I think things between us are good at the moment. I really do love him and we have a great time together. But I do wonder what is going to happen when I leave for school. I don't know how I will feel at the time when I have to go, so it's really difficult to figure out what to do between now and then.

January 6, 2002

My relationship with Ward is becoming rather strange. I feel as though he needs me so much that he has to remind me how much he loves me on a daily basis, while I'm becoming restless and doubtful of how I feel about him. I wouldn't break up with him, but I feel as though we've come to a standstill and I really want to go somewhere.

I don't even really care where we go; I just don't want to settle into a routine again. I need to go somewhere.

January 30, 2002

There are far too many unexpected turns in my life. Ward came over tonight, telling me that on the one hand he loves me, and that he will be there for me if I need him, no matter what, but on the other hand, he needs some space and can we leave things for a few weeks and see how it goes? I know exactly how it'll go. It'll be absolutely horrendous for me. I'm an emotional wreck and he'll be fine and happy. He'll be relieved that he talked to me about our not necessarily being together, and I'll just feel terrible because it's clear that my boyfriend prefers for us not to be together.

January 31, 2002

I hate this. I'm in this place in my life where I have no power over what is happening to me. I try to have an effect on myself - my decisions, but somehow there's just nothing that I can do to change the way things seem to be going. I have a boyfriend right now who loves me and who I love dearly, but at the same time we both know that our relationship has to end sooner or later and because of this, we've

started talking about what we're doing now. He just got turntables - "an expensive hobby" or something that he actually wants to do with his life. He loves it so much - he's trying so hard and having so much fun with them, but I really feel as though I'm being ousted by them. He enjoys his time with his music more than his time with me, which is extraordinarily difficult for me to handle. I just don't feel like I'm having all that much fun right now and it's damn hard. He talked about being best friends - and the fact that neither of us ever want this to get to the stage where it's just "fucking" because that's just stupid. It's a waste of two good people's time and energy. We're both intelligent enough people to see that so we'll obviously stop it from happening before it does, but at the same time, I don't want it to end for us just because it has to at some stage. I love him too much and need him too much - I really feel as though I'm losing him and it's becoming such a strain on me. I just don't know if it's something that I want to think about, something that I want to have to handle.

I do know that I've been thinking about this way too much.

Maybe taking a little break will be really good for us. Maybe everything will become that much more intense after we've spent some time apart, and everything will go back to being absolutely amazing. But then again, maybe he'll be so happy having all of his time to himself that he'll decide that our relationship is just taking up too much of his time and that it needs to be over.

We can't just end it like this because where he never thought that he'd be able to be friends with me after we broke up before, I don't know how I'll be able to deal with it now. I feel as though I need him so much. The thing is, the thought of his helping me move up to university and talking to one another on the phone all the time, and his meeting my new boyfriends and giving his approval to me is something which I really do want to happen - it would be absolutely amazing as far as I'm concerned. But that's what I expect to happen anyhow - that's after our spending the next 6 months together. That's actually together and then my going away to university after our having been together for almost 2 years. The thing is - I feel so dependant upon him. And it sucks.

February 4, 2002

It's February and for the past few weeks I've felt as though my life has been crumbling around me. My relationship with Ward is terribly strange at the moment. I really love him very much and I know that he loves me a lot too, but there's something really strained about our relationship. We're sort of on a break from one another, but what that means, I'm not sure because we still talk every day and have seen more of one another than usual. I'm not sure if being with him makes me happy any more or not.

I almost feel as though if we break up and decide to just be friends, I really won't like him as a person any more because the only side of him I really like is the part of him I only really get to see when the two of us are alone together. I like the way he makes me feel about myself, but at the moment he hasn't been making me feel that way at all. I don't feel like he really loves me or feels lucky to be with me any more.

February 14, 2002

Valentine's Day. I forced him to spend it with me. We did have a rather good night. I cooked him dinner and then we sat and listened to music and just spent time together. We haven't done that in so long. It's really difficult for me to convince him to spend time with just me. I hate making a fuss, but if I don't, nothing seems to happen. I don't know where we are in our relationship. He spends so much time at Adam's that I only really see him about once a week, if I make the effort. I don't know. I love him so much, but things are just becoming so strange.

Pilgrim

He walks on crowded sidewalks
Past wind-burned cheeks
And cracking hands
To the opening of the deep
Dingy bowels of urban lands.

The rush continues past him
And he in a whirl of thought
Climbs aboard the heaving vessel
His attention barely caught
And continues toward home.

The ritualistic pilgrimage
Of running nylons
And collared shirts
Flows through the tunnels of the earth
And with a chiming sound alerts
But never waits for a soul.

His destination nears
Past the salt-crusted shoes
And the afternoon grime.
Three locks unlock the lock
Of the door into the silence.
Of the door into her mind.

March 1, 2002

I kind of exploded tonight. I didn't want to do to Adam's. Could he not take a few hours out of his life, and spend them with me? So he came over, and we talked. We talked, and I began to cry and tell him how I feel. That I feel all alone, and that I don't know what to do. I don't feel as though I connect with anyone else, and I try so hard to be with him, but he's just not around for me. He said that he needs his space at the moment, but he's always there if I need him, which should be enough, but I don't know if it is. I need him right now more than I have in so long, and he just isn't around. I don't know what to do.

March 12, 2002

I'm in Spain. Khaleed and I are having an amazing time, much of which has been spent in cafés talking. Getting away has been really good for me. It's allowed me to gain perspective on my life - to figure out how I really feel and what I really want.

I realised that my relationship with Ward has really been over for months now, and that neither of us

are really willing to end it. "Put it out of its misery" in Khaleed's words. I don't want to break up with Ward, but I don't think that there's anything else that I can possibly do. I should do it now before I begin to hate him. Hopefully then we can save our friendship at least. I really do want so much to be his friend.

March 22, 2002

I did it. We broke up. And now I feel as though an incredible weight has been lifted off of me. I think it was a relief for him too. Our relationship had reached a point where it wasn't going to get any better, but it probably wouldn't get any worse either. I still love him. I told him that. And he said that he still loves me too.

We are going to try to be friends. I told him that I'm going to call him and make sure that he's not ruining his life, and he said that he promised me that he'd take me to my prom, and he won't back down on that now. I don't think I'll ever really stop loving him. My first love.

No matter how much I tried to tell myself that it was the best thing, when I saw him, and looked him in the eyes, I almost couldn't end it. I love his eyes. The way he looked at me and made me feel as though I were the only significant person in the whole universe. But it hasn't been that way for a while now. We've changed. Both of us on our own have become different people, and there's no way that we could still be happy together.

It feels strange. I haven't felt like this in so long. I'm emotionally detached. I'm very happy. Things are easier somehow. I don't have to worry about someone else any more. He's no longer my responsibility.

I haven't cried. My friends are all so surprised. People's reactions throw me off. Some seem so surprised. Others say, "Oh, you broke up again?", as though they don't believe that Ward and I are capable of staying apart for long. "How many times is that now? Three?"

I suppose it is. Our relationship turned into the high school relationship you see in really bad teen movies. We were "that couple." Ugh.

So now I wonder. What am I going to do now? I feel as though there are so many possibilities, but I have no idea what they actually are. But I'm happy. No more worries. I'm smiling.

End

Looking into his eyes,
I feel the love I always have.
We will go on into eternity.
No action can change a thing.

A smile and a soft kiss.

A hug and a good-bye.

One last glance,
And we go on our own ways.

Apart.
Together.