

Reconsider

Journals: October-November 2001

Geranium

Acid

Letters: November 2001

October 19, 2001

Khaleed and I sat and talked last night about what the hell we're going to be doing with our lives in ten years' time. The only thing that I am certain of is the fact that we will be in touch.

Will I find love again? Certainly, I must. When will I find love again? And who will it be with? I have to resolve so many things right now. Noel can't be any part of my life any longer. And Ward. Ward who I still love. Ward who really does matter to me. Ward who I think about more than anyone else in the whole world. But I know that I can't go back to him. Not any time soon, at least. Ward is a full-time commitment. He is a full-time job. He makes my life better, but harder at the same time. And I just can't afford to lose any time right now.

Khaleed told me that Ward would probably take me back if I told him that I regret what I did this summer. But I don't know if I can believe that.

I have to let go of Ward. I have to accept the fact that I will always love him, but I can't necessarily have him. He'll always be able to make me feel that way.

October 24, 2001

I was told to go to my "happy place": a place where I feel comfortable, a place where I feel happy. I could take with me whomever I wanted. So why did I take Ward?

How exactly does one get over love? How do I get past it? I think of all of my happiest moments in the recent past, and he's a part of them. All of them. And it frustrates me.

I still love him so much. It's only been a month since we broke up. For the second time that is. And since then I have thought about him so much. It's driving me absolutely nuts.

As ridiculously hard as it is to admit, I was emotionally dependant upon him. I was dependant on him for my happiness, and I don't know how easy it is to get that feeling back.

I hardly ever think about the fact that he may not want me any more. I think he does, but that may only be because I want to be able to imagine that there's still something there. I'd like to know what he would do if I called him up and asked him to try again. I wonder if he would even hear me out, or if he would just hang up the phone on me. I wonder if he would say, "Yes, I want you back," or if he would just say "no."

"No, I'm not willing to risk it again. You tore me apart at the seams, and now that I've managed to pull myself back together, you come back to do it again? No..."

I just want to be in love as deeply as I was before. Maybe there are things that I hate about him, but I do love him anyhow.

"I still love you. And I really do hope that you still love me."

Geranium

An obedient child will say her prayers
She'll wash her face and brush her teeth
And freshly scrubbed she'll into bed
Checking first for monsters underneath.

*Her scent lingers faintly,
A crushed geranium on the floor.
A littered trail of evidence
Leads through and out the open door.*

Her dreams are filled with happy thoughts
Of handsome princes, palace balls.
The nightmares interweave themselves
Come morning time these she recalls.

*A shoe lies useless on the stair
Its partner long forgotten
Advertisements on the walls.
A lunch lies stale and rotten.*

She knows her two-times tables
And can spell dic-tion-ary
But at lunch she sits alone
Alone beneath the Ilex tree.

*Stifled gasps in mildewed halls
Turned backs and watchful eyes
A crumpled flower now revealed
Heart-wrenching muted cries.*

Upon the clang of the final bell
She scampers to the gate,
And for her mother's motorcar
She quietly sits in wait.

*The biting chill of October air
Stops her at the door
And calmly recomposing herself
She walks back to her floor.*

One by one the girls all leave
Their satchels safely stowed
But all alone she still there sits
Her eyes fixed on the road.

*The room now tidied, table set
Open windows let in air
The empty setting next to hers
The man who isn't there.*

November 1, 2001

I can't function. I can't think. My brain is crying, but I don't know what to do. There is nothing that can help it, nothing that can heal it.

The smell of autumn reminds me of him. The feeling I get when I walk into a room from the cold. How can everything, all of a sudden, revolve around one person? A single individual.

Although the sun has hours before it returns, the sky is glowing red from the city lights. The air is freezing, but I don't really notice it. Or I do, but I don't care. My mind is occupied by thoughts that make no sense. My body is warm and tired from physical activity. My heart aches because of the confusion you are causing me to endure. Neither of us knows anything about what is happening to us, and yet we both believe that we know the outcome. You can predict it, but you know you will be wrong. I refuse to even guess, because I have the tendency to be right.

It is so cold that the pavement sparkles. It has to be cold and dry for the road to shine. The last time I saw it like this I was with you. I mentioned how beautiful it looked and you only shrugged it off. You have no eye for beauty although you claim to. You never did appreciate the simple beauties in

life - everything for you needs to be extravagant. In order to be worth more you need to see a flourish. I need to see necessity. I love to see the marriage of simple design with necessity. You look for the extra unnecessary mile that has been run. I won't run that mile. I am as I am and if you can't accept it, then you can look someplace else.

My eyes water from the cold and I feel as though my tears are freezing as they run down my cheeks. The words you left me with play over again and again in my mind, and I have no idea how to process them.

November 2, 2001

I want to cry. I feel so absolutely useless, totally insignificant. The more I do, the less fulfilled I feel. So what's the point in doing anything?

I want to be in love again. I want so badly to feel the way I did when I was with Ward, although I know that I can't go back to feeling that way with him again. It's just impossible. I know that the reason I want to be back with him is because he's the only person I've ever felt that way about, and I know that I can find it again. Somehow, I can find it again with someone else. And it

can be even better. We can be even more compatible.

Should I call him? Should I call and tell him that I'm sorry and that I really do regret what I did? Can everything become good again between us? Is it possible? If I were to call him and tell him that I'm sorry, could we become friends? Is that possible at all?

It's amazing what I miss about him. That's how I know that I felt so strongly about him. That what we had was so real. I miss him because of the way he made me feel. I miss the time we spent just lying in one another's arms. I don't miss the "sex". I don't care about that stuff. I miss the way he made me feel. So much. That feeling that I was the only relevant person in the entire universe, and that no matter what, we'd always be together and feel that way. Well - we were wrong.

I never said forever. I never said that we would be together no matter what. I never allowed myself to plan into the future. I didn't want that. It wasn't the right thing to do.

Can I allow myself to go back to him? I still disagree with so many of the things he does. I refuse to get drawn back into that. I will not get pulled back into the haze of smoke and underachievement that I was heading toward.

How can I love someone so much, and yet have absolutely no idea if our love is right, if it is fair to either of us?

I feel as though I have been cut off. I've lost what I had for so long. But I don't necessarily want it back, although I do acknowledge that it was something that I really did enjoy.

If I were to go back to Ward, would I spend time with his friends again? Would I want to?

I just don't understand... am I happier with him or on my own? What am I supposed to do?

November 4, 2001

Acid

Your tears are acid
Burning through my skin.
I fade beneath your fingertips.
Your presence drains me of myself.

My skin feels cold and hard,
Bruised by your endless grief.
You hurt me without a word -
Shake me and throw me in a sea of pain.

Your tears are acid
Burning through my skin.
Your hollow stares cut through me.
I suffer anguish at your sight
But I die without you.

I talked to Ward tonight. We were at Kati's house and I just needed to put everything I was feeling out in the open. I still love him, and now he knows that. I also know that he still loves me. I just screwed up so badly. I put this big ugly thing in the middle of our relationship, and neither of us know what to do with it.

But I do know that I love him enough that if he is willing to try again, I would do it in a second. I do love him that much. More than I can really say..

November 6, 2001

Oh the saga that is my life. I saw Ward last night. It seems that his greatest fear is sacrificing his dignity, which is all that he feels he has left. He said that he would call me. I suppose I can't ask anything more of him than that.

November 7, 2001

Ward came to school today. He actually came and found me. I don't know if we're going to get back together but we're certainly going to try to work things out. He doesn't know if he can handle

the fact that I was with another guy, but he's going to see if it's something that he can deal with. It really is up to him. I got butterflies in my stomach just talking to him again. And then he called me from work too. It's getting a lot easier to talk to him again. We were just joking around and chatting about nothing. I really hope that this works.

November 7, 2001

Dear Ward,

I am writing this letter because we both know that I can express myself better in writing than I could ever dream to in conversation.

I know that you will never be able to understand why I did what I did this summer. But neither do I. I don't know why I did it. I've read through my diary to try to figure out what could have possibly motivated me to act so idiotically, and honestly, I don't know.

I can't actually bear to read it anymore. So much of what I wrote is just so stupid and short sighted that I'm ashamed to believe that I even thought it. This summer is the only time of my life in which I truly regret everything

that happened. Even the way I acted when I came home was just deplorable. I'm ashamed of myself, and it doesn't surprise me at all that you reacted the way you did.

But I know that whenever we are together it is clear that our lives are just better that way. Human existence is such a self-driven force, but when you are with someone you love, it means so much more. I've tried very hard to be happy on my own, but there's something that just stops me from being entirely content with my life. For the first time ever, I just stopped caring. I stopped caring about all of the meaningless activities I fill my life with, and just took time to think. And all that thinking did, was made me realise how much I need you. Yes, I actually need you.

From being one of the most independent people I know, I have actually allowed myself to accept the fact that I need someone. But I don't need you just in order to function and get through the day. I need you because you are the only person in my life who I have ever had total faith in. I know that you felt the same way about me, and I understand that you no longer do. But somehow I want you to be able to trust me again.

November 9, 2001

I feel as though I'm entirely alone. It's a feeling that I hadn't felt in so long. It's one of the only things that I am really scared of. You managed to find me last winter, and I was so lost. I've begun to feel that way again. My life just makes so much more sense when we're together.

I know that us being together again would be really difficult, but I want to make the effort. Having you in my life makes me feel secure. It also makes me feel as though I am the only significant person in the whole universe, and I know that I make you feel the same way. The feeling I get when I look into your eyes is honestly the best thing I have ever felt. That's what I miss the most. Just being with you.

Reading this may very well not change anything that you're thinking about me at the moment, but I just need for you to know what I am feeling.

I love you.

I went to a gay bar with Raymond tonight. Much fun - although it is rather strange going out to a club full of guys when none of them are looking at you (or any other girl for that matter). And then on my way home Ward called me, so I went over there. I didn't leave until about 6am. I'd have to say that other than the times I've slept over, it's the latest I've stayed. I'm happy. We talked and had a good time together and I just didn't want to leave. He made me stay. I think we're back together.

November 13, 2001

We're officially back together. We kind of jumped right back into things, but it's all good. I'm so happy. We've been talking every night - oh! And dad said that I can take the car to Montreal on Thursday, so Ward's going to come up too. (Yay!) I'm really glad that we're doing this. It's such a relief, I was so unhappy for a while, and now everything seems to be falling back into place.

November 18, 2001

Well, the whole Montreal thing didn't exactly work out so well. I hardly saw Ward at all the whole weekend. And when

we were supposed to spend time together, it got screwed up, and it was kind of my fault. So he got upset.

November 18, 2001

Babe,

This weekend did end up being what both of us guessed it would be. It was really difficult for us to coordinate ourselves, and I really do hope that you had a great time doing whatever you ended up doing. It makes me sad that we didn't manage to see each other last night, but I suppose that there was nothing we could do about it.

I have been thinking a lot about us and what we're doing and how everything is working. I guess it comes down to the fact that there are lots of things that we're going to have to talk about and figure out, things are going to have to change a little and we're going to have to work through this, but no matter what, I want to. I love you. And really, to me, that's what matters. (I don't mean to sound cheesy.)

However, this weekend has also made me realise some of the things that we need to figure out.

As difficult as it may be, I just enjoy you more on your own. I don't have anything against your friends, but the way we interact when it's only the two of us is just so much better. It's the same way when you're with my friends: you just feel somewhat out of place.

I love you so much and I want this to work so badly. I truly think it can, as long as we talk to one another.

I love you.