

Abby,

You made me promise not to ghost you after our date, and I did my best to follow that promise. Even though I took it too far, I would still appreciate it if you could do the same for me and at least read this letter.

At its time of making, I didn't really think that much about the promise, just a fun night with a cute girl that could maybe happen again. But to be honest, I left that night with so much more. Right now though, it feels like that promise only brought about the exact scenario you were trying to avoid. It all played out exactly like those stories that you told me in the car, although admittedly with a lot more drunk texting; go on a nice date, get attached, aforementioned drunk texting, and then end up hurt and alone. Except in our case, it was an amazing, magical date. I really don't want our night to end up as just another cool story I can tell the boys, nor as a memory to haunt me.

*I fucked up, I know that, but Jesus.
Can't a [fella] just do the best [he] can?
(I think this is funny enough to leave in)*

All the drunk texting, and all the spam that I sent was clearly not my finest work. But some time has passed, and I've still been thinking about you. I know this is all probably for nothing, just me idly fantasizing about you but let me be dramatic. Let me send one final shot to end it out with a bang. *You were not mine but for one night, is that not enough to last a lifetime. After all, that night with you, right as I was entrenched within the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer. I think it was the first time in my life that I felt that sort of beauty. The beauty of another person. Not just her face and body but her whole being.*

With that being said, all of this still feels really shitty. Especially that promise to not abandon you. Having a promise like that and then getting instantly cut out of your life because I was a drunken idiot sucks innumerable dick. *I admit I am a fool, but I am not a fool in the ordinary sense... I say let the world go to hell, but I should always have my tea. Except in this case, I would rather have you.*

I know that it isn't your responsibility to make me feel better, and I know that your silence is a choice, and it's your choice to make. But in the end that silence is what feels the worst right now. This is probably overly heavy-handed and harsh, but I want this final Hail Mary to end honestly about *everything*. I still care about you; my only hope is that you can still feel that. *I want to see you so badly. To sit beside you without saying anything, to listen to the silence with you, although I know that is left for only you to decide, I'll drown in you if you want me to.*

If I'm being honest, I would be happy to have nothing more than the opportunity to talk to you again *(even though that last poetic line really doesn't do a good job of exemplifying this.)* Whether or not that potential conversation leads to anything more isn't my focus right now. I just hope that we can talk.

I guess what I'm trying to say through all this flowery romanticism is that I still like you, and I still want to like you. Even though it would be so fun to pine and yearn for you *forever*, I can't do that to myself. But before I move on, I want to give it one last shot to reach you.

Even still, If this message's outcome is a rejection, a goodbye, more silence. I can handle that, because at this point, I can be happy knowing that I ended things with my voice being heard. *To love is to suffer and there can be no love otherwise.*

I know that this is probably a really fucking weird message to be receiving, flip flopping between wanting you and needing to move on. But I think that this is the most honest letter that I can write to you, and that's all I want it to be: honest. I don't want this to be an overbearing weight that forces you into responding.

I just wanted to let you know that I'm doing better, and I'd like to be doing better with you.

Anyways, if you ever want to talk, I really would love to hear from you again. No expectations, just hoping for your words again. I would say that I am waiting patiently for your response, but honestly, I can't do that to myself. *Instead of leaving you with that vibe killer, here's the exact opposite:*

*If you only get to know me, you will see how important I am. Look into my eyes. Kiss me, and you will see how important I am. **

Now go buy yourself a new strawberry vape. Don't let my poker winnings' sacrifice be in vain, *without supporting big tobacco!*

Cordially yours,

Ben

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*This is directly a misquote from The Unabridged Journals of Sylvia Plath, in the exact opposite of authorial intent. How fucked up.