

Abby,

At this point, this is all getting to be a little ridiculous. We talked for half a week, and I have been waiting, holding onto something for the better part of a month. I still like you. I still want you. But I need to get over this, especially if you can't talk to me. I don't want to be a dick about this, and I do still want to leave the door open for you if you decide to message me in however long, but I have to save myself at some point. I can't keep drowning myself in you without asking to surface first.

We had a ridiculous date, I think we were probably both too drunk for our own good. Like I def should not have been driving around, but whatever it was a lot of fun. We talked a lot, and I really enjoyed getting to know you. Our conversations about how neither of us can do hookups haunts me. 4 hours after it we were already laying bare in the middle of the woods (fucking raw)?

Even with our own warnings, it ended just like all your stories, since the fuck up and subsequent getting blocked, I got attached, I got abandoned, I got hurt, and frankly, I'm not ready to let you be another ghost yet. I'm burning at both ends, not knowing how you feel about any of this, and I think that's what's really eating me up the most. I can't just sit here waiting in silence for a message that you might never send. Our night and short romance were already magical, mystifying, and chaotic, it was only sort of that fairytale type of romance, so I know that there will likely be no storybook ending with me holding you into the sunset. But that also means that I don't have to be some kind of hero and let my last message stand alone.

I'm over being upset at you for blocking me, I understand that I deserved it, and from now on I will respect your silence. I've already said sorry a lot, so I won't burden you with it again. And like, I don't *want* this to be a final goodbye, because obviously I am still down atrocious over you. However, with a month of abstinence, I need to move on. For as much as I *would* like it, I can't write romantic letters and love songs to the void for the rest of my life. I can't do it alone.

I would still love to hear from you even in a year, I still will. I felt something real with you, something I don't want to let die. I still think that you felt something that night too; that maybe you still feel a sliver of warmth from the ashes of that night, that maybe if we gave *us* another chance our embers could end up as a happy fire that we can share together.

I'm shooting my final shot, not out of desperation for what could have been, but because; the haze of a passing storm sits above the trees like the smoke as it arose from your lips, the wind whispers through the leaves like your heavenly gasp, and the bug bites that I have endured mar my skin in a way not entirely dissimilar from the love bite that you sucked my soul through. Your singing made the music sound so much better. I needed to let you know that I am alive, and so are my feelings for you. I really hope you decide to reach out.

Yours regardless,

Ben