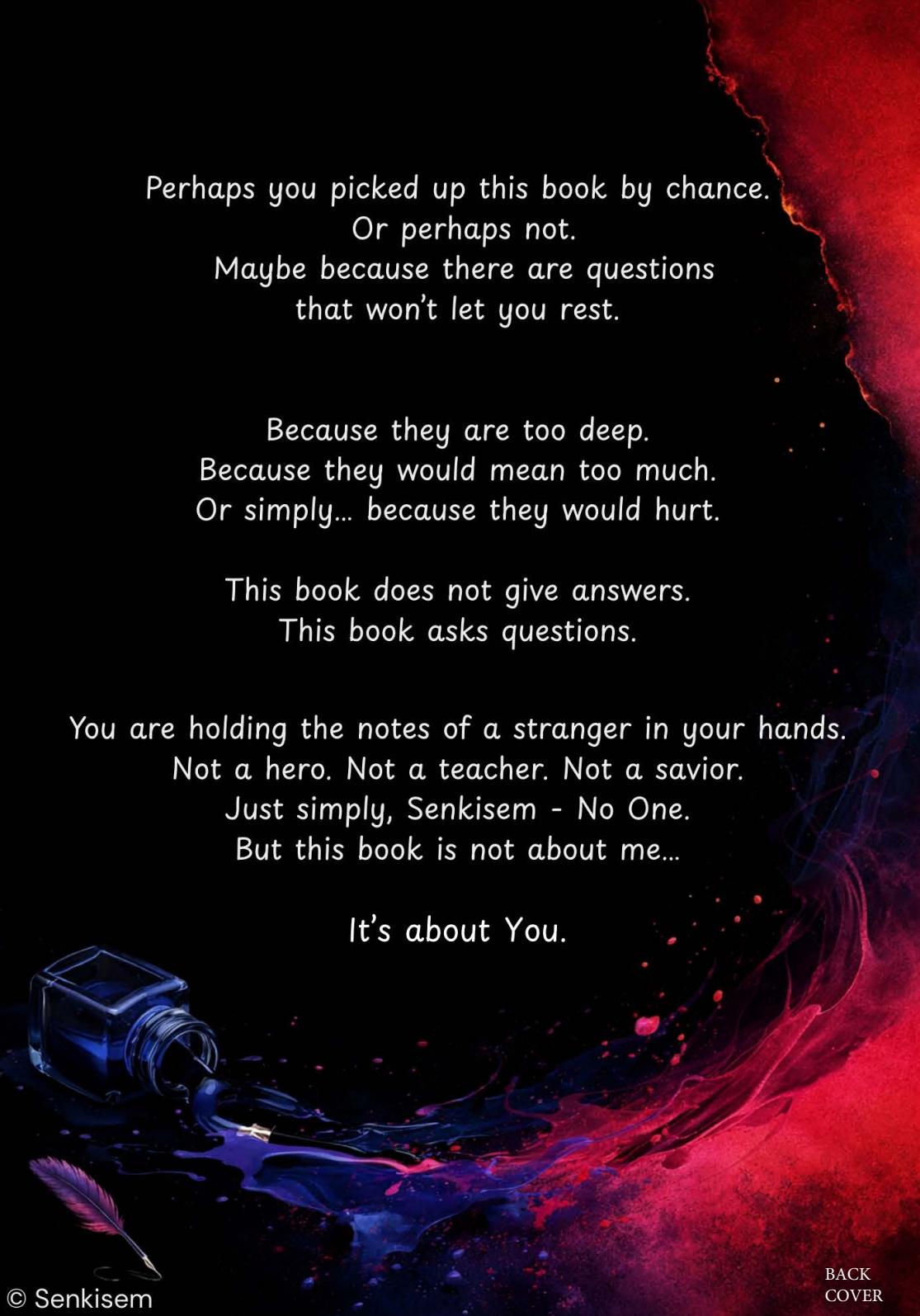


SENKISEM

NOTES FROM A STRANGER



FRONT
COVER



Perhaps you picked up this book by chance.
Or perhaps not.
Maybe because there are questions
that won't let you rest.

Because they are too deep.
Because they would mean too much.
Or simply... because they would hurt.

This book does not give answers.
This book asks questions.

You are holding the notes of a stranger in your hands.
Not a hero. Not a teacher. Not a savior.
Just simply, Senkisem - No One.
But this book is not about me...

It's about You.



THE OWNER OF THIS BOOK

(a beautiful soul)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>You Are the First Question</i>	3.
<i>Why Do You Hurt Yourself So Beautifully?</i>	26.
<i>The Cry No One Heard</i>	42.
<i>Are You Still Here?</i>	58.
<i>Don't Tell Anyone, But</i>	68.
<i>I Love You, Just Differently</i>	82.
<i>Now It's Your Turn</i>	102.
<i>Don't Leave Yet</i>	111.

Hey.

Honestly... I don't know why you're here.

Maybe you were just browsing. Maybe someone recommended it. Maybe you liked the cover, or you just had nothing better to do.

Or maybe you were just looking for *some feeling* you can't quite put into words.

Well...

I don't know what you expected, but let me make one thing clear right now:

this is not your typical book.

There's no magic in here.

At least not the kind that can be written down.

Just... *things* we don't always say out loud. Because it's awkward. Because it hurts. Because we don't know how. Or because nobody asks.

And now here we are.

Me?

Well... let's just say I'm "**Nobody.**"

A stranger who perhaps went through the exact same things as you.

Or something completely different.

But that doesn't matter now.

Because this isn't about me. It's about **you**.

So, we could start with the classic "*tell me about yourself*" part,

but you know what?

Instead, I'm going to **ask questions.**

Things that maybe nobody's asked you in a long time.

Things that maybe **you haven't even dared to ask yourself...**

And you don't have to answer.
You don't have to give pretty answers.
You don't have to answer at all.
It's enough if you just **feel something stir inside you.**

This isn't an interrogation.
Not a self-help course either.
This is a conversation you'll probably carry through yourself.
I'm just here. Taking notes.
Asking. Or listening. Sometimes I'll say a line, other times I'll
just fill pages with silence.

But let me say one thing before we start;
whoever you are,
I'm glad you're here.

And it's okay if you don't know yet what you're looking for.
This is a safe, slightly unusual place.
No need to rush. No need to measure up.
Just keep turning the pages.
And then...
we'll see where we end up.

Do you love yourself when nobody's watching?

You know... There was a time when I only loved myself
if I stayed quiet.

If I didn't ask too much, if I didn't want too much,
if I wasn't "too sensitive."

I learned to silence myself so others would feel comfortable
around me.

And I thought that's what made me lovable.

For a long time, I lived with the belief that my worth depended
on how well I could adapt to others.

But at some point, I started noticing that my loneliest moments
weren't when others left me
but when **I abandoned myself.**

These days I don't look for validation that "I'm enough" every
single day.

But I also don't stay silent when something hurts anymore.
I don't whisper lies to myself just to survive the day.

I'm trying to be someone
not just others, but I myself can love
especially when nobody's watching.

You are beautiful.

The greatest tragedy in this world is that they try to convince
you that you're not.

Are you the person you want to be?

The person you were is immeasurably grateful
for who you are today.

Maybe you're not where you want to be
but you're still here.

And that's what matters.

What do you wish others just knew about you?

It doesn't hurt the most when they don't love you.
It hurts when you feel they love you,
but not **the way** you truly are.

They love you for your role, for your calmness,
for your "I'm fine" answers.
And meanwhile, I wish they'd notice that
I keep so many things silent just so I won't burden anyone else.

That sometimes it's not my strength
but my fear that makes me smile.
That sometimes I just want to be weak, just once.

And that sometimes all I want to hear is:

"I understand. Even though you didn't say it."

What life would you live if
nobody's opinion mattered?

What if nobody looked at you with „side eyes”?

If you didn't have to be "proper."

Didn't have to fit in.

If there was no audience - just you and your own world.

Maybe you'd dress differently.

Live in a different city.

Maybe you wouldn't even be here, but by an ocean,

or in a life you wrote for yourself, not for others.

Maybe you'd laugh louder.

Or spend more time alone.

Or finally dive into something you've always wanted.

You don't have to answer now.

Just imagine it.

Imagine that life nobody else shapes for you.

Because maybe

true freedom begins

where you no longer need permission to be yourself.

Take a little risk. Dare to finally live.

Go up to them and talk. Smile at strangers on the street.

Spend a day doing only things you love.

Dance in the middle of the street in the rain.

There's nothing to fear.

What have you been able to accept after a long time?

It's natural how you feel.

There's no "rulebook" for how to handle what life gives you, and nobody has the right to tell you how you should feel.

You're giving all you can, even if it doesn't feel that way.

Give yourself some time to heal;

At your own pace, in your own way.

How does it feel when you can't fix what's broken?

It feels like there's always a sentence inside you
that was never spoken.

An unreturned glance, a door left unclosed.

You don't always want to go back...
you just want to know if *you did enough*.

And when you realize something can't be fixed
maybe that's when you truly start healing **yourself**.

Sometimes the only thing you can save
is the soul *that survived all of this*.

Do you try to hide certain parts of yourself?

**There are things I only say out loud when I'm sure nobody
can hear.**

**Thoughts, feelings, memories
which after a while I didn't want to suppress, just hide.**

**Sometimes I think if someone saw these parts of me...
maybe they wouldn't stay.**

*Tell me every terrible thing you ever did,
and let me love you anyway.*

Why do you overthink everything?

I want to avoid what hurts.
Because if I play out the possible outcomes in advance,
then maybe **I won't be surprised.**
Maybe I won't experience that same disappointment I once felt
too deeply.

Living in my head is sometimes much safer
than living in reality
because there **everything still seems controllable.**

And meanwhile, I know that thoughts don't solve everything.
They just exhaust me. Take me away from the moment.

Paradox. You want to be happy, but you dwell on things that make you sad.

When were you truly happy?

Happiness rarely appears when we're in it.
Back then, maybe all I felt was

"everything's somehow good right now"

I wasn't rushing, didn't want to be anywhere else,
wasn't afraid of the next moment.

And now, looking back... maybe that was it.

It wasn't a big moment, no ceremonious realization.
Just an afternoon with someone I could be myself around.
A summer evening when I didn't have to prove anything.
A smile that nothing rushed.

Maybe the question isn't when was I truly happy...
but when did I allow myself to be?

*I think it's wonderful that somewhere, someone is living the
best day of their life right now...
Tomorrow could be yours.*

What do you feel now?
How are you?

It's completely okay that not everything is okay.

Now we know each other a little, right?

I've told you things not everyone hears.

And you've said something too even if only in silence.

That something means a lot. I'm grateful for it, that you're honest. Not just with me, but finally with yourself too.

And now that we're here, side by side, two people wrapped in questions, let me say: I think this is a pretty good start.

I'm not particularly good at first impressions, so I'm glad you haven't jumped out the window yet (or out of the book).

Besides, who said only those who arrive loudly matter?

Some people just sit down next to you and ask:

"So, how are you really?"

*This part was about us. **About you.***

About what you hide when nobody's watching.

And you know what? I like what I see.

Well... I don't see it, but... you know what I mean.

Maybe you're not as much of a mess as you think.

Or maybe you're beautiful precisely because you are.

So: if you ever doubt whether who you are matters, remember this moment.

*That someone — **Senkisem** — paid attention to you.
And didn't go anywhere.*

Shall we continue?

There are things we don't keep silent because
"we couldn't say them
but because we believe if we speak them out loud,
they'll make us less.

*This part speaks to those parts of you that **you held back**,
because you didn't feel they were good enough.
To those you're ashamed of, that made you question your
own goodness, that they said about:
"You shouldn't feel this."*

But let me say something:

You're not here to be flawless.
And you're not less because of what you carry.
You're still whole. Still lovable.
Even if that's hard to believe right now.

Not everything bad you did is necessarily bad.

I don't believe there's an official instruction manual for life.
If there were, we'd lose it from the box anyway,
wouldn't we?

So why do you feel like everything you do is wrong?

Why do you sabotage yourself?

Maybe I sabotage myself because
I'm used to things not being too good.

Because once, when I got too close to something that could
have made me happy...
something went wrong.

And since then, safety begins where
nothing exciting happens.

*Where I don't expect anything
because then it doesn't hurt if it doesn't come.*

But sabotage isn't protection. It's just **quiet self-punishment**.

A self-imposed prison where I hold the key.

And sometimes I feel that if I truly believed I deserved what I
want...
it would be too beautiful to be true.

*I hurt myself so others can't. It's the worst form of control,
but it's all I know.*

What do you keep doing over and over,
yet it hurts you?

There's something in me I do again and again...
Not because I don't know it hurts.
I know exactly. It's just
somehow the pain is more familiar than its absence.

It's familiar to reject someone who loves me.
Familiar to give too much to someone who didn't ask.
Familiar to overthink something that's long passed.
Familiar to stay where I don't feel good anymore
just because I fear the emptiness.

And every time I say: "*this was the last time.*"

Why do you feel guilty?

Not every pain needs to be answered with punishment.

Sometimes it's enough to finally embrace the one
who's still crying inside you.

What do you hate yourself for most?

I hate myself because

I did everything for others
just not for myself.

And somewhere along the way I learned to accept that

I should be last in line.

When did you become so cruel? So mean?
So unhappy? You used to be kinder...

Why do you hurt yourself every single day?

The problem isn't that you made mistakes.
The problem is you thought you had to
hate yourself forever for it.

I won't.

How do you hurt yourself?

Why?

**I'm disgusted by the things I've done
to feel loved.**

What promise have you failed to keep?

"Never again."

"Next time will be different."

"I won't do this again."

And yet you did.

*Not because you were bad, but because **you're human.***

What did you regret?

I'm not seeking apology.
I just wanted to say that *I'm sorry*.

You know, for a long time I thought if I stayed silent long enough, it would all disappear.

The shame. The guilt. The sentences I never said out loud because... well, what if they're actually true?

But the thing is, they didn't disappear.

They just sat with me in a room in silence, watching me like an old classmate you don't invite to your birthday, but they show up anyway.

So I invited them instead. At least now there's booze.

And you're here too. Still.

Which is strange and beautiful, and somehow touching.

Because this part wasn't easy.

This is the part where you'd most want to close the book and say: "thanks, that's enough for today."

But you didn't.

And that means something.

Maybe just that you're curious what comes next.

Maybe more. That someone finally understands why you got so far from yourself.

That you're not evil. Just tired. Or carrying too much.
Or simply... *human*.

And if this book were that stranger looking at you and saying:
"Hey, I see you"
then I'm looking at you now. And I see you.

Shall we move on?

Not all pain is loud.

Some you've been carrying for years, and nobody knows about them.

Not because they weren't real.

But because there was nowhere to tell them.

In this part we're not looking for absolution.
There's no lesson, no "bright side" to the story.

Just that there was a moment (or many)
when you lost something.
Or someone.

Maybe you're still trying to understand
how it became emptiness.

If you're reading now and feel something stirring
you don't have to tell anyone.

It's enough if you stay here with me,

I won't turn away.

Write a message to the person who
caused you the most pain:

The *most vulnerable* thing I can do is **show my pain**.
The *most beautiful* thing you can do is **not look away**.

What was your hardest goodbye?

Why does everyone say you'll **regret tattoos**,
but nobody talks about how you'll regret not confessing your
feelings to the one you love?

That you'll regret not taking that spontaneous trip?

That you'll regret spending your life with the wrong person?

That you'll regret working somewhere you hate?

That you didn't eat that last slice of pizza when you wanted it?

That you'll regret not making time for a proper goodbye with
someone truly important?

So fuck everyone, and get that tattoo.

What was the worst day of your life so far?

.... And despite everything, you kept going, and you're here.

I'm proud of you.

Tell me about the most painful cry of your life.

I didn't look for a mirror.
I didn't cover my face.
I didn't whisper that *everything's fine*.

I just sat.
And let everything flow out of me
that I'd been burying until now behind clenched teeth,
behind sober sentences.

Nothing special happened that day.
No accident.
Nobody died.
Something just **collapsed inside me**
that I'd been trying to hold together for far too long.

The crying wasn't loud.
But there was no mercy in it.
Every drop was the past,
that *I never mourned in time*.

What's something you'll never forget?

I make my eggs the way a friend taught me in eleventh grade.

Every day I listen to that playlist a girl made for me,
whom I never thought I'd fall in love with.

I eat sushi because a girl I don't talk to anymore
convinced me to try it,

and gyros because my best friend's parents ordered it for me
before I knew what I liked.

There are movies I love because someone
I loved loved them first.

*I'm a mosaic of everyone I ever loved
even if only for a heartbeat.*

What's something can't you let go of?

"Maybe in another life." **No.**

This is all we have.

Call that person.

Make plans and stick to them.

Tell people you love them.

Be empathetic.

Because you only have this one life.

But life is unpredictable.

We lose people in unpredictable ways.

Beautiful things shatter from one moment to the next.

Don't hide behind "What ifs" or fears.

Life is short.

Who did you lose but haven't let go yet?

They say *it gets easier with time.*
That *you'll get stronger.*
That *only the beautiful memories will remain.*

But nobody talks about
what happens before that time.

The first morning when you're half-asleep
and think they're here.

The first time you want to tell them what happened to you...
then it crashes down on you that *you don't know*

where to put the sentence.
That feeling when someone says:
"*I'm sorry*",
and all you can think is:
"*Don't be sorry. You don't understand.*"

Nobody talks about how
pain isn't always crying.
Sometimes it's just an empty stare
when you should be laughing.
Sometimes just silence when everyone's talking.

Loss doesn't always crash in immediately.
Sometimes *it slowly soaks through*
like rain that's soothing for a while.
Then it just gets cold.

And maybe with time it really will be different.
But now?
Now **don't tell me to be strong.**

Now just *don't go anywhere.*

I don't know if it got easier.
And you don't have to answer now either.

Maybe something just shifted inside you a little.
A word. A memory. A heavy, soundless feeling
that's been ignored for too long.

Maybe we didn't solve anything.
Maybe we just looked back at something you've been dragging
behind you for too long,
without ever really looking at it.

This isn't the place for forgetting.
It's for recognition.

And if you feel now
that you still miss someone,
that it still hurts,
that you still can't let go
that's okay too.

One day maybe it won't hurt this much.

Or if it does, at least you won't be carrying it alone anymore.

Okay, let's talk a bit about forgiveness.

That dreaded F-word.

I know, you're already rolling your eyes.

And you're right.

Forgiving sometimes feels like trying to say "it's okay"
while inside you're screaming "it's not okay at all!"

And letting go? Well... that's like when you decide you won't
think about it anymore...

then two seconds later you're back in that thought, walking
together on the hilltop you'd rather push them off.

But trust me: I'm not going to teach you here,
won't force you to "let go, because otherwise...".

I'll just sit down next to you, and if you want, we can look
together at what you've been trying not to notice.

And if you smile in the process, or quietly say:
"okay, maybe I'm not completely screwed up"
that's already more than enough.

This part doesn't judge. Doesn't rush. Doesn't correct.
It's just *here with you*, saying:

**It's totally okay if you're not ready yet.
I'm not always either.**

What's something you didn't receive an apology for?

Forgive yourself for letting them treat you that way.

Who you can't you forgive to,
no matter how much you want to?

In case nobody's told you yet

You're not too much.

You're not too sensitive.

You're not too emotional.

You're just real.

You feel things deeply
and that's not a "bug in the system".
It's a gift.

Never, ever apologize for how you feel.

The people who deserve your time and energy
will appreciate how much you're capable of caring.

What does letting go mean to you?

It doesn't happen the way you imagine.
There won't be a moment when you say:
"done, I've let go."

First you just don't think about it every morning.
Then you don't write that message you're still forming in your
head.

Then you hear their name... and your stomach doesn't clench.

You don't forget.
You don't leave it behind.
You just **stop fighting against it.**

Letting go also means:
you no longer seek validation
for why it happened,
whose fault it was,
whether it can be fixed.

*You didn't win.
You didn't lose.*

Just one day you just **finally get your hands back.**
Because you no longer have to clutch something in them.

If you let go of what's dragging you down..

What would be left of you?

My past. My answers. My reactions. My words.
The walls I built, and the things I no longer say out loud.

And if I put it down...
would I lose myself along with it?

What would be left of me if everything wasn't there inside me,
that makes me love differently now,
fear differently,
stay silent differently?

Maybe an empty space...

Maybe I would remain.

It's strange, but somehow
I feel I know who you are better now.

Not completely, of course. But I've gotten to know a few
pieces of you.
The ones you maybe hide from others.

And now that we've gone through these sentences together,
I feel a bit like... we're old friends.

The kind who don't talk every day, but when they do, they
pick up right where they left off.
In silence. A bit wounded. But honestly.

I don't know if you let go of anything now.
It's okay if you didn't.

Sometimes it's enough if someone just looks at you
and doesn't say "heal",
just:

"It's okay if it still hurts. It's okay if it still takes time."

If this book were a person right now,
it would maybe lean a little closer to you.
Wouldn't say anything big.
Just this:

Ready for another round?

There are things you can't say in response to a

"How are you?"

Because what would you say?

That trust for you isn't a given, but something you thaw out
once a year, check if **there's anything left of it,**
then put it back because it's too **fragile?**

That there was a time in your life when "I love you" didn't
reassure you, but became a foyer to something breaking?

Many people think trust is about

"I have to believe in you."

But really it would just mean:

"Don't hurt me."

And somehow it happened so many times anyway.

This part speaks to those sentences
you didn't dare say at family dinner,

to those questions you never got answers to,
and to those things others "just said",

but you've been carrying them ever since.

I'm not asking you to trust me.

But if you let me, I'll stay here with you for a bit.

What do you wish you had said?

„Don’t go.”

Unspoken words remain too.

What's a lie you you keep trying to believe?

„Doesn't matter”

„I'm fine”

„Not a big deal”

„I already forgot it..”

„I'm just tired”

„I'm not mad”

„I deserved it”

„I overreacted”

„I was just
joking”

„I don't care”

„I'm happy for it”

What would you say to the person

who broke your trust?

I don't know if you understand what it meant to me that
I trusted you.
That I let you get close,
let you see me the way few people do.

I didn't think you were perfect -- I just believed in you.

And when **you broke that trust**,
it wasn't just about you, but about me too.

Because I didn't just have to be disappointed in you,
but also in what I thought we were.

I don't want to hold a grudge, don't want to carry anger
but the truth is, something changed in me.

It's harder to believe now. Harder to let go again. And yet...
somewhere I'm grateful there was a time when
I genuinely trusted you.

I hope one day you'll experience what a profound thing it is
when someone believes in you with a pure heart.

Maybe then you'll understand better what you've ruined.

What did you get from your parents
that you'll never pass on?

You have the right to be angry.

You were just a kid.

You didn't have to be smarter.

You were just a kid.

It wasn't your fault.

You were just a kid.

No, you didn't deserve it.

You were just a kid.

What's the most painful thing anyone ever said to you?

You're not a burden.

You're not too much.

You don't need to be fixed, because you're not broken.

You don't need to be less so others can handle you.

It's okay if you're sometimes loud, or if you stay silent.

It's okay if you can't explain everything you feel.

You don't need to get better to be lovable.

You already are.

Just like this. Right now.

You're enough.

Endlessly.

What feeling are you trying to avoid
when you stay busy?

My depression is:

A stoner buddy,
A party animal,
A sex machine,
A late-night Netflix owl,
Rebels against all responsibilities,
Work-avoidant.

My depression is entertaining.

Under the influence of my own delusions;
I live in a reality
diluted by my lies.
I didn't even notice
that my joy was just a disguise.

Depression isn't always
deep sleep, messy rooms,
or irregular eating.

Depression likes to party too.

You know, the problem with these sentences is,
once you say them out loud, you can't pretend they're not true.
You can't repackage them into "everything's fine."

And now that you've said then
you're not the same person you were before.

And that's okay.

Because there are things you shouldn't keep inside.

Not you. Not forever.
Not if you heard them as a child,
and not if they still echoing in you as an adult.

So if you're tired now... be tired.
If you're angry... that's okay too.

But please, *don't apologize for what you felt.*
Or what you still carry.

Because if you've been doing this alone until now,

then say it with me now, just quietly:

"I did pretty well."

Of course...
it's a bit unfair, I know.
That by now I maybe know more about you than you do about
me.

I've been asking you questions, and you've been answering
(even if just to yourself.)

And me... well, I'm just sitting here,
reading through my notes... thoughts I expected from others.

But don't worry. I'm not some big mystery.

I'm basically like a poorly folded letter:
wrinkled, somewhat illegible, but readable.

So... **Learn me slowly, please.**

Be gentle with my pages.

What was the best day of your life?

Someone still remembers a compliment you gave them, and it
still boosts their confidence today.

Someone believes in true friendship because they met you.

Someone still listens to the music you showed them.

Someone still uses those words, expressions you used.

Someone knows what true love is because of you.

Someone still smiles when they think of you.

Someone still believes in humanity, kindness and honesty
because of you.

That someone is me.

Don't let our cruel society, the pain and evil discourage you
from staying a good person.

You are needed.

When did you truly wanted life?

The morning after I killed myself,
I fell in love.
Not with the girl downstairs,
not with some long-forgotten
teenage crush,
Not with the jogger on he street,
Neither the cashier, who forgot my avocados.

I fell in love with my Mother,
as she sat on the bedroom floor,
and held every piece of my rock collection
in her hands,
until her palms were soaked with tears.

I fell in love with my Brother,
as he stood by the river,
and sent my goodbye letter
downstream in a bottle.

I fell in love with my Sister,
Who once believed in unicorns,
now sat at her school desk,
desperately trying to believe:
That I still exist.

I told him about the avocados,
The rocks at the river,
his family.
I told him about the dog, the neighbours,
the unseen sunsets.
The morning after I killed myself...

I tried to unkill myself.

The morning after I killed myself,
I took the dog for a walk.
I watched his tail twitch every time
a bird flew past him,
or his steps quicken at the sight of a cat.
I saw him, run for a stick,
and look back, searching for me,
but only finds the empty sky in my place.

The morning after I killed myself,
I went back to the neighbor's yard,
where at two years old I pressed my
footprint ont he concrete,
and watched as it had already begun to fade.

I picked a few lillies, pulled some grass
then watched an old lady, through the window
reading about my death in the newspaper.
I saw her husband spitting tobacco ont he porch,
than hands her the daily meds.

The morning after I killed myself,
I went back to my body at the morgue,
and tried to talk some sense to it:

When did you last lose control?

It didn't happen like in the movies.

There was no outburst.

No yelling.

There just wasn't any more

"holding together."

That day I just sat.

Didn't answer messages.

Stared at the screen but saw nothing.

My body was there, but I wasn't.

And every movement... was too much

That's when I understood you don't have to cry
to fall apart.

I didn't smash anything.

Nothing dramatic broke out of me.

I just lost the thread.

Of myself.

And the worst part was,
from the outside probably nothing could be seen.

What's your goal?

I don't want to be someone you can't live without.

I want to be someone whose company you enjoy.

I don't want to be the only one who's important to you.

I want to be someone you know you can count on.

I don't want to promise we'll always be together.

I want to live the time and appreciate it
while we're here for each other.

I don't want to be something you need.

I want to be someone you love.

What have you been holding onto for so long?

Don't try to be perfect.

Show me where it hurts, so I know where to love you most.

I just want to make sure..

you feel *the love you deserve.*

What keeps you up at night?

Finding peace will feel somewhat like boredom.

After spending your whole life on alert,
in constant 'danger' mode,

falling asleep without worrying about tomorrow
can indeed be disturbing.

But you deserve it.

A restful night.

Things you hate:

Your anger is the part of you that loves you most.

It knows when you're being wronged,
when you're being ignored or disrespected.

It draws your attention to when you need to leave a room,
job,
relationship.

Listen to your anger, but don't let it lead you.

It's just a crutch.

Things you love:

Fall in love with life again.

Take pictures.

Feel like the main character.

Light scented candles.

Read books.

Take a walk.

Dance to your favorite songs.

Make your favorite food.

Do whatever you want.

*Remember; This is your life.
Don't let anyone take it from you.*

What worries you?

Peace begins when expectations end.

Stop expecting rewards for your kindness.

Stop expecting the worst-case scenario.

Stop expectations... completely.

True happiness exists in the present.

When we have no expectations,
we free ourselves from judgment

to be able to fully live in the present.

Well, now you know too what it's like when someone looks
into you and doesn't ask if you're okay.
Because they know that's not what matters.

And if you feel confusion now, or silence, or you're just sitting
there not knowing what to do with all this
that's a good sign.
Then you're not just thinking anymore,
but feeling.

I don't want to close anything here.
You can't anyway.

This isn't the kind of part that has an ending,
but the kind that a scent brings back, a sentence, morning light
through the window.

But you know what?
You can stay in it.

You don't have to talk it through. Don't have to understand it.
Don't have to heal it.
Just *be there with it*.

And know: This is you too.

And if you also saw a bit into me now
then maybe we're not such strangers anymore.

There's nothing left to hide now, is there?

I won't pretend this is "just a chapter."
This is no longer a question. Not an exercise.
This is when someone looks at you and says:

"Listen. There's something else you need to know."

So now I won't write a pretty introduction.

Now I won't say "just a moment,"
or "if it's too much, skip it."

Because this can't be skipped.

This is now part of who we've become... you and me,
in this strange, shared, silent conversation.

What you're reading here isn't here to make you feel better.

Not to fix what others broke either.

This is here now because...

I can finally say it.

What's the most beautiful thing someone said to you?

The most beautiful things people say to us
aren't always grand declarations.

Sometimes they're the ones we don't even expect:

"When I'm with you, I'm who I want to be."
"When I talk to you, I don't feel weird."

And these sentences don't fade.

These sentences are like a bookmark in an old page.
When you open it again,

you know exactly why you left it there.

You have one last call before you die.

Who would you call?

...And maybe in that last moment you wouldn't say much.
Just this:

"Are you there?"

And you'd hope the answer would be quiet too,
but honest:

"Yes. I was here all along."

What are you proud of?

You know, since you've been reading,
I already know a lot about you.

Not your name. Not your address.
But I know the rhythm of your thoughts.
The sounds you only whisper to yourself.
The pains you didn't write down,
I just felt them between your answers.

I'm proud of you.

Because you answered.
Even when it was hard.
Even when you only did it in your thoughts.
I'm proud that you faced things
many people would rather become silent.

I'm proud of you
because somewhere along the way

**you didn't just start reading this book
you started reading yourself.**

And that's more than anyone could expect from you.

So if it's your turn now
and you say what you're proud of then know that:

I already am proud of you.

The apology you deserve:

Someone should have been there.

Someone should have asked:

"Where does it hurt?"

"When did it start?"

"What are you carrying that isn't even yours?"

But nobody came.

Nobody spoke up.

And yet:

here you are.

Now with me.

And I... I can't make it right.

I only know this:

I'm sorry.

With all my heart.

Even though I arrived late.

Even though you don't know me.

About you

I don't know who you are.

I really don't.

I don't know what your handwriting looks like,
which side of the bed you sleep on,
what your favorite mug is at home.

I don't know how you listen to music...
with headphones or really loud.

I wouldn't recognize you on the street.

But somehow...

I still know you.

From those moments when you hugged others instead,
because you thought you didn't have the right to hurt first.

I know you from the overcompensating smiles.
From the apologies you say reflexively,
even when there's nothing to apologize for.

I know you from how you searched for yourself in the
opinions of people
who didn't even really know you.

I know you from not being able to fall asleep
because the feelings you suppressed during the day
always come back at night.

I don't know who you are.
But you left something in me.

A sentence nobody else has read yet.
A memory that isn't mine,
but I carry it anyway.

Actually...

I don't need to know who you are.
Don't need to know you.

Because **you already know yourself a little better.**

Your last message:

Goodbye

I love you.

*Before you laugh at me, mock me, or think I'm weird,
let me first tell you what I mean by that.*

*I don't mean it the way false, warmth-filled, sentimental
words sound.*

*I don't say it to be nice, to look good,
or to win your sympathy.*

*I mean that the least I want is for everything to be good
for you.*

*And the most is that I'd give myself in any way, my life,
so everything would be good for you.*

*And I don't care how I feel, how I look, what I get in
return, or whether I'm in the mood for it.*

Love doesn't work like a frisbee.

*Love doesn't pick and choose who to love, just as the
sun doesn't pick and choose who to shine on.*

It simply shines.

And what's good for you?

*Those little things that help you find that one thing we all
want, that we're all searching for: Happiness.*

As much as we can find here, in this life.

And I'll love you no matter what you do, but that doesn't mean I'll love everything you do.

If you do anything that would harm, hinder, poison, delay or divert what's good for you, then I have to oppose it.

Not you.

Even if it's uncomfortable, or if it turns you against me for a while.

But even if it hurts, love is always patient.

That's why we have a whole lifetime.

Love is always tender, kind, gentle and loving.

Never violent, lecturing, accusatory, rigid or cruel.

I don't care what you did, how big your mistakes were, how different we are, or if your life is one giant, worldwide catastrophe.

Love is bigger than these.

And I don't care how worthless, flawed, unlovable or insignificant you think you are.

Love breaks through all of that.

*And if you get hurt - as I do -,
or get into trouble - as I do -,
or if the world beats you down - it does -,
and you become exhausted, angry, bitter,
miserable and terrified
and feel like you're drifting alone
in an ocean of suffering...*

I will suffer with you.

*If we argue, if we fight, if we wage wars,
and even if you betray me, laugh at me, make me
ridiculous, and walk away a thousand times,
I will forgive you a million times.*

*Because in this tiny little universe,
nothing can be more important to me than you.
Not even myself.*

This is what I mean when I say I love you.

I don't know if you'll ever come back...
But if you do, I haven't closed the door.

Until then;

I remain Senkisem. (Nobody in Hungarian)

Inspired by: „One of many.”

You were never that to me.:)