

10/16/04 08:05 - ID#21864

The Shoebox Theory

The theory is that it is possible for males and females of any sexual orientation to admit to romantic feelings and still have a friendship after the confession with an understanding of why both parties are interested in the friendship. (Their motivation to stay in the relationship already in motion.) As long as both parties are honest, truthful and continue the lines of communication the friendship can be saved from the development of romantic feelings of either party.

The Story:

There were once a couple of good friends. One male and one female who shared their poetry and a great deal of their emotions. Poetry was their connection. Life happens. They became closer and shared more and the events that had spawned the poetry were shared. Time moves quickly. Then some strange events happened. The female discovered through this sharing that her friend was in love with another girl. Our female was delightedly happy and decided to do something about it. Being a typically over protective friend to her male friend she, decided that the plan was to get to know this girl, whom she was acquainted with and see if she was WORTHY of her poet friend. She deemed they were. In the process of getting them together an oops happened!

She discovered unbeknownst to her that she was developing feelings for her friend and before she completed the ties between the other two she decided to tell her poet friend her feelings at one of their hangouts and spill her guts. She did. He told her he never felt that way for her, they were just good friends. She conceded this was true. He was concerned are we still going to be able to be friends? She closed her eyes and imagined all the feelings that were at the smallest beginnings and put them in suspended animation in the shoebox of her mind and put the shoebox in the proverbial closet of her mind. She then looked at her friend and said, "no this will not affect our friendship and it will continue as it was before this conversation took place."

For the most part this was true. They continued to talk, share poetry and dreams. She finally got the girl of his dreams to admit to her feelings for her poet friend and the poetess was left with great poetry to write.

THE REST OF THE STORY:

The poetess began working on her own things, due to the fact; her two friends were spending more of their time together and not as a group. People drifted apart. The poetess continued periodically to stay in touch, but as time wore on and more and more promised visits and the get together's were broken. She decided to let them go. One night many years and months later the phone rang and her poet friend was on the other end asking to hang out for coffee and some poetry. The poetess was renewed with hope that the friendship hadn't died and accepted the invitation. The poetess met the poet at one of their old time hang out spots and had coffee. They caught up on the details. Friendly flirtations flipped.

The poet informed the poetess that he had not stopped thinking about the what if, of the two of them. (Editor's note: Poet and the girl of his dreams are now engaged and live in their own house, found out through the grapevine.) Poetess was slightly confused. Did girl of his dreams leave him? No, she is out of town visiting the family. Poetess continues the state of confusion. What do you mean us? He then in great detail spoke about their meeting where poetess took all confessed emotions (at least the romantic ones) and placed into the shoebox in the proverbial closet encounter, at the hang out place they never visited again.

Poetess took a deep breath and said you'd better explain yourself and in greater detail. He then flattered her about her beauty and how he missed their conversations, but most of all wondered what sex between them would be like. Poetess flattered, pissed off and really hurt from the gapping wound left from the unwanted removal of the

shoebox remarked plainly that the friendship changing had not been her issue. As too her beauty, why can't some untaken straight man with

AUTHOR INFO

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one  
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with myself, uh-oh  
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Lucky In Dresses
- Yup
- 2018
- Summer Cereal  
(random post) (show more) (reload)

CHATTER

joe 10/08 12:15 hello!  
theecarey 05/23 09:37 Hey ya'll :)  
paul 11/26 01:49 do you have a link for one  
that doesn't work?  
paul 11/26 01:49 They appear to work for me  
in firefox if you click and "activate the flash  
plugin"  
tinyplynly 08/07 09:04 e:paul, do you know how  
to access the videos I have uploaded here.

NEW SITE WIDE COMMENTS

joe said to mike  
New years resolution to top  
(e:strip)?...  
twisted said to twisted  
Oh yeah, that works! I'll update my  
inlinks tomorrow. Thanks!...  
paul said to twisted  
Oh wow, long time no see - we should  
catch up. This site needs some  
serious updating. I think the ...  
mike said to mike  
Well really I did not bury the hatched  
in my mind I guess because now 5  
years later, I just saw him ...

ethics tell her that. Then said the sex would be emotionless and mechanical, simply because the emotions you have asked me to retrieve have not been nurtured, and have been placed in a spot of respect for their friendship. All of their friendships he, the poet, she, the poetess and the girl of his dreams. The sacrifice that was made was of ones feelings for the greater good of all involved, now you are asking me to enter into a relationship that I wanted 8 years ago, without the right to call you my own. How well do you know me? What would the girl of his dreams say? He did not know because she does not know the conversation was taking place. The poetess asked, "what do you think she would say, considering she has a great many issues with competition, many insecurities and a desire for your undying love. True, it might be unrealistic of me to judge, but unless girl of your dreams is in love with me, then you might have much bigger problems. I am unsure I am qualified to deal with those issues and not sure I care to enter into this bargain since I gain nothing once again."

The poet friend quickly recovered with something witty and was careful to leave sleeping dogs lie with small talk, promises of getting together to keep their friendship alive and them leaving.

UPDATE to theory:

Poetess has continued to live life to the fullest. She has shared the theory of being able to put romantic emotions successfully away in the proverbial closet. Friendship will come an go depending on the individuals and the basis and motivation of the friendship.

The Singer (new to our cast) heard poetess's theory and says it is bunk. Singer believes that there is no such thing as sex not getting in the way of a friendship between a female and male friendship. Singer stays the no she is not interested in all the men she is friends with, but you never know how they feel about you. Poetess defends theory by stating that it is possible for either the female or male who has the romantic feelings to put it to the side for the good of the friendship. Singer says that if they don't end up in bed then fine, but usually there is no friendship. Both get into detail life experiences and dating issues and relationship issues and haggles an end to the discussion, the ability to agree to disagree.

New Story (abridged) (for all those who have heard it too many times)"

New friendship, 10 years and running. Distance. Life happens. Keeping in touch. Poetess finds herself in a similar situation, but this time is unaware of the emotions. Decides to confess. (Confession is good for the soul. Beware the listener!) Boy confesses many things too, but had no idea the poetess felt that way about him. Boy also confesses he is in a new relationship and doesn't know what to do. They continue long conversations. Boy goes on vacation. Boy calls more frequently with more questions about everything and the kitchen sink. Friendship continues. Boy knows poetess is interested in another party. Boy is still dating new girl. Poetess goes on vacation. When she returns to discover that 6 months have passed a no word from Boy.

Singer, on trip with band and poetess to visit Boy before the vacation goes badly. Singer gets involved. Singer has very different perspective than poetess. Poetess argues, feels hurt, and moves on.

Ending pending"

Meditation:

Poetess lets go and lets live. Hurt, yes. New theory developing: never introduce your best friends to each other if they don't know each other already. Poetess gracefully bows out. Part of her believes in the Boy and knows someday he will call to talk. Poetess and Singer still friends? Poetess forgives herself for loving Boy, and poet. Ponders that the issue isn't the theory that has faults but the other women involved who don't believe in themselves.

Problem with theory is the humans involved and no control group. Boy also knows about the poet. Shoebox theory evolution. No one wants to be in the proverbial shoebox.

Moral to the story:

In friendship we are so much more, but are we friends with ourselves first?



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10/16/04 07:52 - ID#21863

### *I lost again, my friend Shakespeare.*

It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. I lost again, my friend Shakespeare.

I seem to be a risk taker. Ripley's give me a bumper sticker! Drum roll please. So much for women's intuition. It is so amazing what a man in love with you can do for your sense of self-image! I did not mean to do it. An old friend came back to visit. I noticed some feelings, I didn't understand and for six months I didn't get it. He came back and then when he left I cried until my heart sank.

I made one of the hardest decisions on my life: to tell one of my best friends that I had more than friendship feelings for him. I felt I had betrayed our friendship. Somehow I knew that things would always be different. So I took a leap of faith. I told him straight out how I felt. I asked what he felt. I told him the straight out truth.

It's been 5 months and no answer. I won't get into the mixed messages and half-truths of this sorted mess. I won't get into the I'm being punished with a deadly silence that shatters my soul. No, I've called with big news, little news, just to see how you are doing news, to the complete cold shoulder. If I knew this man at all, I would say safely that he is avoiding me because like all best friends I know way too much.

Just be real with me. That is what all my male friends tell me and when I take their advice and just tell the man how I feel I get SILENCE. I'm starting to think Machiavelli had something. Girls have always told me that I am all wrong. Men don't really want anything they ask for, they can't handle it. I should play the game. But see then it isn't about two people anymore it is about power. That is a dangerous bedside tool. I'll stick to straight up TRUTH.

I honestly don't really think I have answers. I have to come to know that I didn't really know my best friend at all. I wasn't the most important person in his life. Or maybe I killed it. Either way, I deserve to know something. Not silence, from 4 to 5 calls a week and our weekly Saturday evening call. Boy was I gullible. Therefore if I lost something so precious it will hurt, and Sweet Jesus, it does! But I'm not really sure what I lost, because my best friend would never have done this to me. Et tu Brute! Or maybe he's just spineless and better to know now than wait another ten years to discover it. Or was it just something I wanted to hear. Why couldn't you just tell me the truth? Yes. No. It's complicated. Anything besides this infernal silence. So, my friend, enjoy the silence!

So what moral do I have for you? Well just another Shakespearean quote "To thine own self be true." In the end, I can look myself in the mirror and have no regrets. I was honest. Spilled my guts. Told the truth. And took a risk not too many people think I am sane for, of course I never said I was sane, just myself. I got to know my real best friend; I just forgot to look in the mirror.

Love is out there! Somewhere! and too the lucky few who have the courage to go where most never dare to tread, may happiness find you every chance you get to find it!



Permalink: [I\\_lost\\_again\\_my\\_friend\\_Shakespeare\\_.html](#)

Words: 628

Location: Buffalo, NY

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09/13/04 11:36 - ID#21862

Category: vignette

### *Mandan Memory*

Somedays I wonder how this world works, you can be in the middle of a crisis and then it's over, kinda like a hurricane, one minute life is normal (whatever that means) and then BAM (kick it up a notch) and then back to normal life, except it's not all the same as it was before, something is

different. Maybe it's me, or no maybe its you. Hell maybe it is us both.

SIGH " A Mandan elder told me, when you don't know what to do pray, not so much like a WWJD, but when there is nothing left to be done, do the one thing you can control yourself and give yourself to a higher power." Before I left this wise and weather faced man I had asked him is there something you would do now with all your knowledge that you didn't when you were my age. His eyes twinkled in the evening light as the air dropped degrees cooling the earth and the meal I just served. He rocked in his chair, looked at me and motioned for a light for his pipe. He smoked it and I sat there waiting for the answer and I began to discover something, it is good to take your time with things. I began to feel just his presence, the aromatic scent from the pipe, the night descending on the prairie, I was homesick and thinking of all that the people I missed meant to me. He cleared his throat and I had forgotten that he was even there or what I had asked him. He looked at me and said "Yes?" I was slightly puzzled coming back to the moment we shared and then it struck me like lightning the question I had already asked him, the words evaporated long ago, but he looked at me and said " When I was young and foolish, I wish I would have known the power of prayer, the way I do now. SO when life pulls you this way and that, pray. PRAY!" He took a long drag on his pipe. "If you never remember me, remember my words to you, child, Pray!"



**Permalink:** Mandan\_Memory.html

**Words:** 361

**Location:** Buffalo, NY



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**08/16/04 04:13 - ID#21861**

### *NonMatriculated Status*

I just recently got accepted to a college I had gone to twice before, both for a Bachelor's and a Master's degree. I have decided to return to finish my requirements so that i may qualify under the regulations of NY State for Certification. It has been a technologically challenging day with some interesting results. I am officially registered and enrolled in classes which took me all day to do! Well, know i know and knowing is half the battle!

I just signed up for health insurance because the schools is more than i can afford. I get my packet this week. I have an appointment for the end of the month and get that ball rolling.

I am in the process of writing a grant proposal for finacial aid so that i can pay for this wonderful opportunity to return to school for the pursuit of continuing my higher education. But for that information has changed and I'll have to come down to the office and start all over again. There is a new application process. \*sigh\*

I am in the process of Filling out the FAFSA forms online! Getting a PIN. Everything is computer oriented! It is helpful when you are doing things down to the wire. It is still stressful, maybe it is because you have to be even more organized than was previously expected.

Of course you get one thing completed and two more things get added to the list from the last phone call. I have to call my banks and make sure my loans stay in deferment so that i do not default. I know there are so many Buffalonians that do this with me, but it never stops the fact that it has to be done and if you don't you screw up your credit for a long long long time!

My list just keeps getting longer and longer... does this mean I am accomplishing anything or just trying to catch my non-existant tail in time!



**Permalink:** NonMatriculated\_Status.html

**Words:** 333

**Location:** Buffalo, NY



### *New Friend shows his true colors...*

I recently met a very cool person that I thought I was going to enjoy getting to know when I had gone camping...

The night I had first gotten home a message blinked on my answering machine (41 messages later - yes I told everyone I was going camping and they still called - your guess is as good as mine) Message number 42 "Hey, just wanted to check and see if you made it home ok, give me a call when you get in just to keep in touch..." I was quite touched and genuinely impressed. Returned his call and we talked about coming home and getting resettled from camping.

A couple days later there was a message "Hey - it's me, call me... Talk to you later..." I got in around 11pm and called... it was a good conversation. We talked about our days, talked about how camping was for us both, shared stories and strange adventures we had had during vacation separately. I was getting sleepy and I had to go to sleep.

Three or four days later there was another message "Hey, just checking to see how you are doing? Give me a buzz when you can..." I called him back a couple of days later because work has been getting really busy... I, then for Pollyannaic reasons, spent the next three hours of one of the shitty days of my life on the phone with someone that was rude, pushy, argumentative, crude, opinionated without cause, assuming things about me without confirmation or asking me any questions, arrogant, I know what's best for you, then out of the blue "Hey I'm going to take a risk - you wanna go out, date or something?" I was shocked and had no idea this was coming, took a deep breath and opted for the TRUTH "Here's the whole truth, I have to work on my financial stability because I am going to be ending my job in a couple of weeks. I need to focus all my attention on the rest of my work load and finding a job. I really need to put my personal, social and romantic life on hold right now... I do not know how to answer you... My answer is I don't know." I did not really know him that well, we met three weeks ago... what the hell do I know about him. I am not attracted to him immediately. When we first met in person there was something a click, an understanding, a connection, but I have no idea what it was... "He was like ok. I can deal with that you didn't shoot me down... but you didn't say yes either" By the end of the phone call he had told me that we were going to have sex, what he was going to do to me (I was like are you finished? Do I need to let you go and take care of yourself, because I am not interested in this line of conversation, nor do I want to be present.) He then switched the subject but must have gone astray with his thoughts and ended up ejaculating anyways...

I really just got to the point where I am like - DUDE! If this is some kind of test you just put me through - he's like yeah it was and you passed. Well what he did not understand is how it was making me feel and that it was killing any chances of us ever getting together... He didn't want to get off the phone and he was falling asleep so the conversation was ending anyways... I was so freaked out I couldn't sleep right away... I finally convinced myself I deal with it in the morning... I had nightmares all night... Woke up with this huge gigantic headache that quickly moved into a migraine... I was so angry by the time I actually had the chance to sit down and figure out what was bugging me...

Every little while I was remembering things he said for instance "You will call me tomorrow." I replied "No, I am not." He's like "We shall see..." I replied "Don't hold your breath, I've got work to do and need to get it done not spending my only time to relax being tested." I kept thinking about how I answered and kept coming up with wittier nasty remarks...

Then it hit me, I really don't like him. Not at all

. I then wrote a journal entry of pro's and con's as to if I should even consider dating him... I came up with 2 positives and 50+ negatives.

I am truly agonized though... what is the real him? Is it worth my time to figure it out? Should I call a friend in common and ask a few non revealing questions? Should I call friend in common and just plain tell friend in common everything and ask for advice?

I then asked my gut. My gut yelled NO! I'm like no what? NO he is not for you. Now I know.

Then I went through the what ifs and was mad at myself for not knowing when he first asked... Well, now i have the answer to his question. He said at the end of the conversation that he still wanted to be friends, even after I told him i did not appreciate talking about subjects i told him i wanted to not talk about and wasted 3 hours having conversation about nothing that interested me...

Next conundrum: What do I do with what i know? Do I tell him and give him a chance to discuss his actions to see if there is a friendship to salvage? Run and never look back. Wait until he calls. Do a Scarlet O'Hara and worry about it another day? Or just let it go as it is?



**Permalink:** [New\\_Friend\\_shows\\_his\\_true\\_colors\\_.html](#)

**Words:** 980

**Location:** Buffalo, NY



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**08/03/04 03:53 - ID#21859**

### *Employment Blues*

When I was a little girl, I was told I could do anything I wanted to do; only my imagination was the only thing to keep me from making those dreams come true.

Now I am an adult, for all intents and purposes, with an education and no career. I ask myself pretty regularly what I missed in my education as to why I am not fiscally successful. Am I too honest for my own good? If I withhold information on my employment applications, I could lose my employment via not telling the whole truth. Yet if I tell the whole truth I can go to 50+ interviews and politely be smiled at and thanked for my time, but we are sorry to inform you that you are over qualified for the position available at this time. What am I doing wrong?

My family keeps telling me everything is political. It is about who you know? Not what you know? Then what is stopping my previous drug dealing ideal minded students from actually doing whatever it is they think is right? So if I believe this then right and wrong is dependant on lineage and not ethics. My friends keep telling me that the system is skewed... I put too much of myself in my work. That my best for someone else does not serve my best interest in obtaining and maintaining gainful employment worthy of my education.

It is true I have some choices, but I keep asking why is it more difficult for some and less difficult for others. Astrologically speaking I would think I was born at the wrong time or place. Philosophically I might think that it is paying off a previous karmic debt, or maybe balancing the universal energies our society deems unimportant, natural law.

- SIGH\* I am still faced with the welfare line... I do not care how optimistic one is if you have been in this line at least once you have an understanding of human depravity and hopelessness! Then on the other hand I could go back to school, something I know and do well at. Which could feed the possibility of a new career with just a few missing pieces of my education and be in line for a teaching career...

I do love the subject I'd want to share with future students. Some evil bastard once told me those that can't make it in their chosen field teaches. So somewhere in my mind I feel I am selling out. Being a starving artist is a place I have been before, as noble as it is, it too is an urban myth-nomer. If the IRS can tax the chosen profession I want to have then, it is a full time career. Unfortunately I am missing many things in my education because I do not know how to be what I want to be when I grow up!?

I suppose it does not really matter what I choose because life will continue on, the sun will rise and shine (or hide behind rain clouds), but it will be there nonetheless... And this too shall pass. I guess it is the journey that matters the most, but would a little financial success hurt the Grande schema?

I am so tired of working for people who use me and my work ethic to the betterment of themselves. I obviously have missed out on how to be greedy or something that I seem to not know what it is. One of my bosses very confidently told me that I know everything I need to be successful. Except when I asked my boss, then how come I am not? It isn't for a lack of trying. My boss said do not worry I know what it is you know and you will be successful. OK. Besides that this boss used me mercilessly for their own

needs at cheap labor almost free labor, I still think this WILL BE is not helping me in the PRESENT, where I currently live.  
Success is a state of mind. I am successful and talented in many ways. I just seem to have some difficulty with employment. Is it a fear? What is the fear? What social conditioning did I buy into that keeps holding me back? Do I sabotage myself? What is so daunting about getting a new job? What is so frightening about a new career?

Maybe it is just CHANGE. Spare change. Hmmm.changes. Why do we call extra coinage, spare change? Why are most human beings afraid of change? The unknown. Wouldn't that be preferable to what we do know?



**Permalink:** Employment\_Blues.html

**Words:** 775

**Location:** Buffalo, NY



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**07/27/04 12:23 - ID#21858**

### *Something I learned on vacation...*

Pretty girls (socially acceptable pretty girls) are very insecure people. Plain girls (The rest of the known population which comes to about 90%) are not, because we do not rely on our looks to attract other human beings to us in our lives. This was an unusual discovery for me, because when you have all the pretty girls coming to you asking you for advice and suggestions, because of your personality and tendency not to judge them on their looks. You have to say to yourself - self, what does this mean?

Being the kind of person I am, I begin by asking myself if I was insecure and about what? After getting the answers, I started thinking about BEAUTY... what a concept. If it is truly in the eye of the beholder (which it really is) then why is there only one standard of beauty for all women. Some of us through genetics are automatically shoved out of the running on logistics: Height, weight, size, hair color, eye color, breast size, shoe size, bone structure... (I just had a very sick thought: if women were socially conditioned like men to think there genital size mattered - we'd be screwed there too! Because like men we come in all different shapes and sizes) Just like our genitals our bodies are all different. We all bleed red. We all feel the hurt of not fitting in, or being accepted by our peers, or do not like being judged by the body covering the spirit that dwells inside.

The socially acceptable beautiful women are not always very happy. Generalization though it maybe I had many come up to me to talk to me about their problems... when we got right down to it, they did not love themselves. This is an awfully high price to be socially acceptably beautiful. I rather like being plain, gives me more time to focus on being real... instead of creating an illusion to live up to which you know will fade with time and age!



**Permalink:** Something\_I\_learned\_on\_vacation\_.html

**Words:** 338

**Location:** Buffalo, NY



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**07/10/04 01:17 - ID#21857**

### *Well, I have arrived...*

- Sigh\* I have become addicted to this television show called MONK the neurotic, defective detective... anywho, I have been trying to tape the damn thing and usually it is on twice in a row an hour apart from the Premiere episode and thanks to the Olympics it is not on this Friday night... I then get stuck on this crazy schedule for tomorrow because I am going out of town and have a shit load of things to get done... I just love my family.



- SIGH\* Now that I am done ranting and raving... I couple of friends have introduced me to this absolutely fabulous website! I have enjoyed reading many of the entries and have had a good many laughs and it seemed an evil secret not to join in on the fun.

What is on my mind? Way to much to type, being that I speak faster, way faster than I type! So I will take it from the top and see when my fingers are tired or the stress of my trip sets in... VACATION....hmmmm, an oasis, a dreamy state of mind, begging me to come... this little voice has been whispering deep inside my mind that I must consider going camping. For a city girl I have learned to enjoy getting away from the concrete jungle and appreciating nature at it's finest without phones, computers, cells, doorbells (actually I don't have a doorbell, more later on that subject) - Just getting away from the stress of my daily life, family, work, projects, people, friends... all the things I will enjoy and love returning to after I have reacquainted myself with myself.

Hello, I am a workaholic! Is there a support group for people like me? My mind never shuts off, it is amazing that I ever sleep (well, that is up for grabs, for those that do know me... know that I am a Night Owl and an Early Morning person, you know that silence before the deafening din of all the work-a-day world wakes and after the party people have settled in for a nice piece of something on the side.

Thank you for just being there, shit, I feel like Dougie Houser checking in with my sanity! Maybe this will get me back in the journaling groove! Thanks guys! Keep it Simple! One thing at a time!

Oh and my all time favorite: "The definition of insanity is repeating the same behavior over and over again, expecting different results!"



**Permalink:** [Well\\_I\\_have\\_arrived\\_.html](#)

**Words:** 416

**Location:** Buffalo, NY



<-- Earlier Entries