

This is a tale of dissatisfaction, disappointment and despair.

I make it a point as a writer to draw my words directly from the heart, and I'm ashamed to say these are the only things I have to share with you.

I wish my heart were different, and that my life had worked out differently.

But it always felt like fate was ahead of me at every turn, and that maybe God had played one big joke on me, one I couldn't escape from, no matter what I tried.

I know by now I must already be making you feel sick, discouraged, maybe even pitiful. I promise you I don't want your pity. I only want to share with you the TRUTH. I don't even know you, Dear Reader, but I would never lie to you. You are free to scorn me. you are free to do whatever you like. These words will exist without you, Reader, unknown, maybe unborn Reader! Dear Reader, can I write you a poem? A love poem?

Because I do love you!

(If you are wondering when –
the story is going to start –
don't hold your breath – this is it)

So, a love poem.

Forced upon a pillow,
Teary eyed
Lonely, alone, alone and cold
My sad lonely Reader
I am a sad and lonely writer
Maybe we could exchange numbers? Go out for a drink sometime?
Nevermind...

My lonely Reader,
I really do love you
You're so cute!
Look at you, looking at this page,
reading the words I knew you'd read,
because I wrote them just for you.

You're special, Reader. Do you sense a hint of sarcasm in that? You think maybe I'm taking a shot? Nothing could be further from the truth. You really are special. Do you believe in magic?

Let me ask you Reader, DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?

That's what this all comes down to.

I'm not an animated flesh guy. I believe in spirit. You know what sounds cool? Knowledge of self. Incubating, inculcating knowledge of self.

I promise you Reader,
I am not a whore.

I am just a man in desperate needs. Cash rules everything around me, and everyday the world seems more bleak.

Have I sold my spirit? That's something I ask myself, not that I believe that I have, but I'd like to be sure.

Ok fine, I'll admit it. I've been a little slutty. But what can you expect in this day and age! Oh stop, now I want to cry. I really feel embarrassed, I really do.

I've thought about killing myself. Be honest, haven't you? Not in as a real thought, a real premeditated decision leading to a concrete and final SPLAT.

You haven't even considered the possibility? That fact that you could? Of course you have, lonely Reader, or else you wouldn't be reading this sad tale, you'd probably be out laughing and having fun with friends and loved ones.

Do those really exist? I've heard about them. I'm skeptical you see, a real skeptic, down to the bones. But I do believe in God. Although I suspect he may be an asshole (I'm sorry).

Let's get back on track.
This is a sad tale (I think)
A tale full of sadness and despair (maybe)
A tale reflected upon a mirror, and the mirror is face to face with my heart, I love you Reader (did I already tell you that?)
Don't let me get distracted now –
I was telling you about this tale, this sad tale. But, the truth is (I told you I wouldn't lie to you) the truth is I don't really know if the tale is really going to be sad or not because I haven't written it yet. In fact, I'm writing it right now.

What if my heart were to explore like a rainbow, gushing indigos and creamy tangerinie?
What if I was to find myself in a harem of big titted girls, and all their tits were aromatic and fresh, fresh like the spring, soft like a baby's marshmallow belly?

Tell me Reader, what sort of tale would we have then?

You see, my heart is a strange thing. You could call it oversensitive. And that's where the slutiness comes from. But enough with the smut (I've heard that's what sells) and onto the heart of the matter.

You see, I'm awfully (only recently) concerned with love. Romance and soft hues and delicate fingertips. These are the things I'd like to learn to enjoy.

Have you ever though about that? Liking to be learning to be enjoying something new? Not yet liking it, and not yet even knowing how to like it. What sorts of weird experiments we could conduct on the heart if only we had the care! ~~If only we could down our phones and actually lived!~~ (I'm sorry – I hate corniness)

Where was I at? I've already covered how much I love you, and how big of a whore I am, and then we talked about God and all that stuff for a bit...what else was there?

Oh yes, this sad tale. So sad, so dark, it really makes me want to sob in self-pity. Not your pity – no thank you, you can take that back.

I'm not unappreciative Reader, but I still need to maintain a modicum of self-respect.

Notice all these self-words
self-love, self-harm, self-annihilation, overcompassing the shelf life of your inner passions
burning little flames on little candles that melt ever so quickly into piles of goo.

Oh Reader, I love you!

Let's forget about me, let's talk about you! That's something I'd like to learn to do! Are you really sad and lonely Reader? :) I hope not. Just so you know, I'm here with you, and I care, I really do. But you've got to grow up. no one likes a whiner, don't you know?

That's right, chin-up! You've got this! Whatever that is.

So as you can see, I've left you on a positive note (check). Did you learn something new today? Good! (I've already taken that as a yes). Do you look forward to the next time we meet? I know I do (wink wink).

I don't want to overstay my welcome,
I just have one final thing to tell you.
And that is –

Oops! Ha-ha. Sorry. I actually have nothing left to say. Silly me.
Goodbye!