Jessie really pisses me off. She took my throw away remark about tits and waist size and made it personal and about US. First off, not everything is about US, and just because I make observations doesn’t mean I don’t love her.

I realize she only rejected me like a normal girl would. This is not usual for her, but it s definitely the expected response, and should be the response all the time. I guess I won’t tell her I love her anymore, because even though I can’t love her romantically, she doesn’t believe me. My words are not valuable. They hold no water. Or air. I guess I don’t really know what love is. I have a deep emotional connection with her, but she doesn’t feel the same, and she certainly would tell me that it is not love.

I really feel like just finding all new friends and starting over somewhere else. I hate everyone right now. Its either find new friends or sit in front of a computer the rest of my life and not speak to anyone. I want to start doing more fun things by myself. Maybe I will indulge one day and go pay for parking in Sedona. That would be great. Unless I got lost and my car got locked in the parking lot. I should ride my bike somewhere far, and then not tell anyone about it. Or just start doing a bunch of stuff and not tell anyone. Maybe start riding towards the grand canyon and not tell anyone.

I want to detach myself from the world. Maybe I am too needy. I expect everyone to want to hang out, but I am always full of the same shit. I have really fallen.

Now that I am done with school I should explore as many new things as possible in my free time. I should allocate a certain amount of time every day to do something new. Tomorrow I am going to allocate 2 hours to riding over to New Frontiers.

Jessie doesn’t deserve me anymore. She’s so hard on me for no good reason. Even Kelsey said it.

She IMed me tonight and told me to tell Joe to stop texting Teresa because it is hurting her. She just went to Phoenix while Joe was there, this makes me suspicious. I am disappointed in Kelsey because that is absolutely not my place. Neither of them have ever fucking talked about their relationship to me, I am not going to tell them what to do. This means Kelsey is either mis-informed or incredibly naive. I will give her the benefit of the doubt, but that is one strike.

I felt like shit the whole day. I wanted to curl up and die. But I was stuck in a car with Mike Fournier. I don’t think the day could possibly have been more awesome, considering the mood I was in. He paid for everything because I am a cheap developer. I figure I get what I deserve. If he thinks my work is worth more than he would pay me more. I apply this to everything I do.

I hate people. There was this girl that we were looking at, at the bar earlier, she had a nice ass, but I had no desire to speak to her.

I hope someday I meet someone that understands the pain I am in. I sounds emo, but what I actually mean is, I hope someone understands my pain because they care about me and I express myself to them. I hope someday I can meet someone who has also been hurt by love, who had a colorful childhood and parents who fight. Jessie has never been dumped, and she has never had an ex boyfriend go out with her best friend. I know it’s not a big deal. And I am totally over that, they are going to do what they want and I am going to hook up with a total cutie with no expectations for a relationship and everything is going to be fine. Especially if I don’t tell her about it.

I can’t think of anything more horrible to say to someone then “you don’t love me” after they say it. Is it the context that gives the words meaning? Is it the lighting? Is it the actions leading up to the words being said. If someone does something you love, does that make it appropriate to say? I am not going to say it anymore.

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and surrender my body to the flames, but have not love, I gain nothing. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when perfection comes, the imperfect disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me. Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known. And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love. (1 Corinthians 13:1-13)

If that is what love is as written in the most popular book ever, then that is what I will follow.

I am afraid to stop loving Jessie. How do you get something like that back if the opportunity arises? And how could she possibly believe me if I am or am not in love with her at the time?

I am still trying to accept being alone the rest of my life. It’s hard. But I think I am getting better.

I think the not sleeping with someone on the first date is good advice. I think this method works but I don’t like it. If I don’t sleep with someone, or maybe we are too nervous to sleep with each other. For example, maybe Jessie just wasn’t ready to have sex the first time we hung out, maybe it was still too new for her. This makes me think that the only reason she called me back was because she was infatuated with me. She was curious. It wasn’t because she liked me at all. She wanted a sexual experience, and not sleeping with me the first night only made our subsequent talks more “interesting” to her. She did the same thing to me that she hates when I do to women. The only reason she called me for a second date is because she wanted something physical, and she didn’t get it the first night.

What a lovely thought. My entire last year was a complete lie.

My book talks about being with someone who speaks to *me*. As in, I don’t have to hide who I am around them, on any level. I don’t do that with Jessie. But maybe I should. I am not sure if this means she and I are soul mates, or if I am a huge fool. There is nothing in between.

I keep thinking about being alone and turning away from all my friends. I wonder if someday I will have to guts to actually do it. A lot of other people have, why don’t I? We all wonder why Eddie doesn’t hang out as much anymore, I am sure people will wonder why I don’t. I guess he is wrapped up in his depression induced by Stephanie. I won’t be wrapped up in anyone, so my reasons will be more personal.