Jessie and I are taking a break again. She doesn’t understand my hurt.

I tell use to tell her I love her all the time. Then she started to complain that I wasn’t being sincere. I didn’t mean, according to her. So I cut back, I tried to show her I love her. I say sweet things to her, I am kind to her, I take her out to dinner. I support her, I remind her of all the ways she is wonderful. I honor her by focusing on higher value things like integrity in a woman and intelligence when I meet new girls or go out on dates. I tell them that I am friends with my ex and that I do love her as a friend, and hope that they will stick around anyways. I go on dates but I commit to my friendship with Jessie. She is the most important woman in my life. No matter how I show my affection for her, she complains about it. I flirt with her and let her know that I am still attracted to her on so many levels. But she always finds a way to complain. So I cut back again, I cut back on flirting, I don’t pinch her butt or kiss her cheek, I don’t make it as obvious that she is still the most important woman in my life. I try to stop fighting with her, I think through my feelings more and what I want for us, and I try to explain that to her. Any other woman in my life is completely aware that I still love her. Amy is in this for the long haul. I don’t know if she is ok with just being friends forever, but she knows that I am impulsive, she knows that Jessie is a big part of my life. And she is still here for me. So I ride it out. I am kind and affectionate to Jessie as much as I can be but she still feels terrible about it. I can see that, so I back off more. We talk a little bit less, I try to get out with friends and meet new people, and I flirt a little bit. I look around for someone who might be real with me, and that hurts Jessie too. I even spent $200 on a Lightning in a Bottle ticket for her, I never expect her to pay me back. She gets drunk and I want to have a three-way, but I can tell it would hurt her, so I shut that down, right quick. She is proud of me, again, showing her that I respect her and bringing out the best in both of us. We both have integrity. My love for her isn’t motivated by sexuality at this point.

I make the mistake of flirting with her, and she inevitable finds a way to make it awful. So what is left? I can’t buy her nice things and spontaneously indulge in materialistic things with her, she just feels bad about it. I can’t buy her a ticket to spend a weekend with her, because she feels bad about, no matter how much I express that I am having a good time. Lightning in a Bottle was one of the best things I’ve done in my entire life, and it probably wouldn’t have happened if it wasn’t for her. I can’t flirt with her because she feels bad about it. I certainly can’t have sex with her, even though her being with two guys at once is totally hot, because she will just feel bad about it. I spend so much free time talking to her instead of making new friends, and she feels bad about that too. I can’t support her because she thinks I am full of shit. I can’t compliment her because she thinks I am full of shit and that I am focusing all my attention on her instead of some other girl.

I am so bad at this, we were rafting and somehow it came up that the goodness of beer that a girl gets “depends on how hot she is”. I said that to a really hot girl and exchanged with her for a good beer. What a stupid comment/conversation, that David totally set up. I was drunk and then I was embarrassed. I’ve been focused on Jessie for so long; I don’t even know what it means to flirt with a girl.

So we are down to not being able to show my affection for Jessie, because it makes her feel bad. But being hopelessly in love with her, which isn’t hard. If she talks to a guy in a bar for 5 minutes he professes his undying love for her. I have talked to her almost every day for the last year but when I show my affection for her she feels bad about it. I have two options, stop showing affection for her or just stop loving her. For me, the two go hand in hand, so I really have 1 option which is eliminate both. And in order for me to stop loving her, I have to remove her from my life; she is just too darn lovable to have it any other way.

I stand by what I said, she is enough for me. I could spend the rest of my life with her and be the mostly completely happy man in the world. I honestly believe that I am not enough for her. If I was, why wouldn’t she leave Mike for me? She told him that he is not the man she wants to spend the rest of her life with, but now I might be? So why isn’t she with me? Why waste your time with someone you don’t have that bond with? I would never let her hurt Mike like that. And if she did, I would tell her to grow up on her own before we could ever be together again. She tells me I am full of shit all the time. I finally believed her. I don’t want to spend the rest of my life fighting this uphill battle. I don’t want her to feel bad for every gesture of kindness I show her. I don’t want her to leave Mike to be with me. I don’t want her to give up on her dreams of traveling Europe because of my agenda. I don’t want her to settle for someone who is perfectly happy to camp next to a car, rather than backpack 100 miles in the wilderness to truly detach them-selves from the world.

My self esteem is broken, just like hers. She has rubbed off on me that much. I have already told Amy that I can’t see us together. Amy told me I am the best guy she will ever have a chance with, and that just makes me sad. Her bar is not set high. The guys she dated were probably incredibly typical, whereas I constantly strive to be atypical. I want to have to leap over the bar, not merely step over it. I want to be the most amazing guy someone has ever met because they know from lots of deep experience. The girl has never had sex for gods-sake, what if I can’t get her off? What if it’s totally easy to get her off and I never get a challenge?

I want a challenge in many other ways too; I believe I can rise to face it. Amy said I haven’t found my limit. Astute observation, I want to push myself to the extreme, and Jessie has certainly pushed me to the extreme of my emotional ability. I don’t even know if the things I say are sincere or just instinctual bullshit from too much practice. I know that I don’t like Kim. I didn’t like dating her. I think I deserve better. I know that Amy sometimes does dumb things, and I don’t really understand where her head is at sometimes. I also know that she is a perfectly fine woman, one of the finest I have ever met. So I am caught somewhere between waiting for Jessie to grow up, or just manning up and taking control of Amy, and holding out until the last minute before my body starts to go downhill and seeking out a genetically superior mate to breed with and gifting the world with a better offspring than myself. The latter being a combination of philanthropy and the obvious selfish desires to reproduce.

So here I am. I work really hard. I drink or smoke pot, whatever the drug of the week is. I am lonely.

Honestly I spend too much thinking about people and not enough time thinking about changing the world. Fuck all.