Dear Diary,

I’m not going to lie, I’ve been all up in my feels today.

I can’t shake this feeling..

I’m in love with Sam.

I tried to avoid this feeling for so long, and it doesn’t make any sense… but I can’t avoid it anymore.

It’s officially made it into my subconscious. I had a dream last night where he and I kissed and it was so sweet. He held the door open for me after and we looked at each other like we knew that we had been waiting for a long time for that, and that the wait was worth it.

I’ve been daydreaming about he and I together all day.

He told me this morning that he spent the night at the girl’s place that he is seeing right now. For the first time since I’ve been friends with him, hearing him talk about her made me feel pain for a split second.

It wasn’t long lasting, because I’m not a jealous person, so it wasn’t like things I’ve felt in the past when I’ve been dating someone or in love with someone. It was different.

It’s a strange time right now.

I know that Sam cares for me deeply, and I know that I mean a TON to him. But I’m pretty positive that I am basically a sister to him. Someone who is his best friend, and never anything past a platonic relationship.

It’s hard to think about that… because I *felt* that way, but ever since camping… I don’t think I still feel that way.

I crave his calls. I crave his presence. I crave his touch…

It’s **weird**. Because part of me does still think of him as a platonic best friend… so my mind feels fucking confused and conflicted.

I know that it is for the best for he and I to stay friends. I don’t plan on telling anyone about my feelings. But, it worries me that it’s in my subconscious now, because non-sober Jess is very bad at keeping subconscious things inside.

Either way, I will do whatever I possibly can to make sure he doesn’t know how I feel about him.

I have a feeling that a big part of why I’m feeling this way is just because I’m lonely right now. I feel like I’m surrounded by people, and that I’m starting to find friends here… but I’m still *lonely*.

For once I have the ability to finally spend all of my free time on work and side projects because I have so few social obligations and no romantic obligations… but this free time comes with the caveat of occasional lonely days.

Today is one of those.

I would love to have someone to cuddle on a cold, snowy day. Today is the first snow day of the year. I would love to curl up in someone’s arms and watch a movie and feel so comfortable around them and love them so much that I could just squeeze them tight and never want to let go.

It took about three years, but I feel like my body and mind are ready to be in a relationship again.

The problem is… I don’t want to be in a relationship.

I **LOVE** being independent and single. I love being able to be wholeheartedly me and not have to think about anyone else. I don’t want to be in a relationship.

And yet… here I am, spending my time in my data mining class daydreaming about Sam holding me in his arms and caring about me.

**WHAT IS HAPPENING.**

Are my hormones just going crazy right now? Is it because I haven’t slept with anyone in 3 months? Or because I’ve only kissed those danish guys in the last 3 months? Do I just need to sleep with someone and get it out of my system so that I can think with a clearer head and realize that I was just horny and not actually in love with Sam? Or is there actually something bigger at play here??

I don’t know the answers to these questions.

The problem is, once I open the dating apps or once I open myself up to the possibility of hooking up with someone - I then I have to go through ALL the work and time and effort it takes to get to that point. Then, I’ll have other people that I’ll probably connect with during that process who will make it so the process continues and never ends…

Ugh.

What do I do?

It also doesn’t help that my birthday is on Sunday and I am going to be spending the whole day alone since everyone that I know here is busy or out of town or doesn’t want to do something like Ecstatic dance.

I should really just stop trying to celebrate my birthday, it doesn’t really make much sense as a holiday anyway.

That sounds really pessimistic, but I don’t think it has to be. It’s like the idea of not buying gifts for christmas. I think some things are a bit unnecessary and end up becoming more commercialized or less meaningful when they are forced. Not all birthdays need to be celebrated.

I think I will try to go to this ecstatic dance event though, but I’ll be going alone. And maybe that’s what’s best for me right now. To tap back into that part of myself that I love, the part of me that has no fear and feels full confidence, even without others to fall back on. I think that would be a great way to ring in my new year of 23.

Basically today has just been a lot of emotions and procrastination and weird feelings coming and going.

Maybe I don’t need to make sense of any of it.

Maybe I should just observe it, feel it, and then let it go.

Also, since this is an entry of confessions, I guess I might as well type other non-sexy things that have been going on:

I feel awful the morning after I smoke weed almost always, and I feel great the morning after I stay sober almost always. Yet, I think I’ve been smoking to deal with loneliness.

I still binge on a semi-regular basis. Tracking my calories has been making that much less than it was before, and I actually feel really good knowing what nutrients are going in my body. It also makes me INCREDIBLY aware of my binging / restricting cycles when they are visualized on a chart right in front of my eyes.

I haven’t been picking at my face pretty much at all which is awesome! But my acne hasn’t been getting much better, even with mom’s cream. It’s weird because I feel like my acne might be at the worst it’s been in some places on my face… but I’m not sure how to fix it. Acne is one of the things that makes me feel the least confident about myself. If it doesn’t get better in the next month, I’m going to go see a dermatologist.

Overall my self-image has been pretty good, but it is off and on depending on if I binge, smoke, or treat myself well in general.

I’d like to work on that a bit and promote more body positivity regardless of my actions. Or maybe align my actions in a way that makes me more positive and loving of myself.

I feel like I have to hide that I am smoking from my roommates because I know that Julie hates weed. I don’t think they know that I smoke at all really… and I smoke almost every night.

I’ve stopped using vape pens because I’m scared about all of the health problems that are surfacing from them. But, now that I am smoking real weed again, it’s getting so much harder to hide it from my roommates. It makes me feel weird and unnecessarily secretive.

Sometimes things aren’t great. They don’t always have to be. In order to feel great, I have to have something not-so-great to compare the great things to.

I do think it’s important for me to not hide from bad things in my life.

I’m really grateful for core power yoga. But, I definitely go to yoga to make sure I don’t gain weight. I am not going for a spiritual outlet anymore. I think I need to find my spiritual outlet somewhere here in Boulder or else I will start to feel a hole in my needs.

This has kind of just turned into a long rant of sorts without any real direction, but it’s good to get all this stuff down and out of my head.

I’ve got to be real.

Real, raw, and authentically me:

~ Jess

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