Dear Diary,

I just said goodbye to Jesse.

We hugged for the last 2 and a half hours.

When he looked in my eyes one last time before going he said, ‘you’re wonderful.’

And then he said, “bye love.”

And gave me a kiss.

I feel *so* deeply for Jesse.

His story that he told me tonight broke my heart (abusive father, mother without money to get away from the abusive father, being put in a home for a while, staying with friends for years so his dad didn’t kill him, no one teaching him to even drink water as a kid).

His resilience is insane. I am so impressed with him.

But even though I love his beauty as a human and even though I have connected deeply and emotionally with him.

I know he is not my person.

He doesn’t make me a better person.

He does make me love myself and think of myself as beautiful often, which I am grateful for.

But he doesn’t help me be the person I want to be.

And I think the kind of person that I want to spend my time with and to surround myself with is a different kind of person. Not better nor worse, just different.

I hate breaking someone’s heart. I worked really hard to do it in the most intentional way possible. But fuck, it hurts everyone.

Eventually I’ll write an entry in here about Claudia’s visit and how Friday night spurred all of this into action and intensity and drama.

But for now, it is 11:30 pm and I need to go make some dinner and then get some rest.

It’s been a long, long day.

Thank you for the love and the lessons Jesse.

Love,

Jess

Age: 24