

# 11/7/22

This entry is not intended for any audience. It won't have a moral, a happy ending, nor aesthetic value. I want to create a snapshot of my feelings, now - but doesn't my presence, my moment hold an aesthetic value? You can be the judge.

We've been apart for almost as long as we were together. But truthfully, we should really start counting from when we cut contact. Truthfully again, I've stopped counting. I remember the date she blocked me and it's not too hard for me not to think about her intentions. That day was miserable. At the time - I need to add - at the time. I cried so much I couldn't eat my goddamn pizza. Man, I still remember how dry the pizza felt in my mouth when I was forcing it down, thinking, that I had to eat to stay healthy, that I didn't want to be in a depressive state so bad I couldn't eat.

But I was depressed. To complete the details of this story, I have to add that this was on independence day, my favorite holiday. Great, now I'll never forget the date of this day. I don't remember when, but I'm sure there were brief moments where I thought I'd never recover. I felt that the universe had finally decided to give me something special, and I messed up. And that special thing was taken away. Oddly, I didn't think it then, but I just had the thought, if the universe were to take away the special things, then we live in a cruel universe.

Somehow, I was in Missoula, Montana going through this ordeal far from everyone, all by myself. In my mind, I my connection with this place is special, to have gone through a special experience in a special place. The night I had to leave, I drove out to see the stars in my rented uhaul. It felt wrong to use this purpose built vehicle for a joyride. And I didn't go far - it was early, it was cold, it was quiet. For a moment, I truly felt alone, only to be disrupted by the thought of wolves. There weren't any wolves, but I didn't watch the stars for long.

Coming back to LA, where our story had unfolded was kind of painful. I knew that all of my favorite places would trigger me. On our anniversary, I revisited where we first met.

That was painful. But that's not where I was trying to go with the writing. For the most part, it wasn't that painful. But yeah, our supposed 1 year anniversary was painful. And I happened to be at the exact place where we had our first date. I don't know if I did it on purpose. I knew that I had to see the spot where our souls had connected. It's the top floor of the parking structure by the way, and I've taken girl(s) to that same spot. It was painful. But I saw it for myself, reminded myself that what I once loved was no longer there anymore.

Where I actually wanted to go with the writing - is that it wasn't that painful. So many of my favorite restaurants that we once went to, I would look at the table we once sit at. For a second I'd remember. What we did, what we talked, what the air was like that day we came. But then I'd sit down at another table and start eating my food. One night when I went to Halal guys, I realized, oh wow, I almost forgot, we had a big relationship break-up-get-back-together at this table right here. And I ate my food and didn't think about her much.

I just watched her music videos. I actually never watched them when I was with her because she didn't want me to, so I didn't. And she's actually pretty good. Maybe she will make it as an artist. But those thoughts are always accompanied by others: for what she did, and who she is, she doesn't deserve to be successful like that. She doesn't deserve to be happy for a long time. I'm fixated, and I wish that karma is real. On the other hand, I tell myself I genuinely wish she finds what she is looking for in Korea (the place she left me for). I shouldn't be the one holding her back.

But most days, I don't think of her at all. It's been so long that I've realized what I wish for her might not matter at all. I've realized a new strength in me, and if I were to write about it here it'd be all too cliché. But yeah, I've redirected the energy within me, and hopefully God sees that. God: can't you throw me a bone (not for relationships but for my research?), I need a win. Oh yeah, and for her - thank you. Actually, she still makes me sour, and what I really mean is to thank the circumstances.

So here's the real message for her - your silence keeps me warm.