**do(ing) the right thing**

I met someone 2 months ago. Up until last week, I hadn’t told a soul about her, but she’s special. We met at Coachella. She’s from Atlanta, me from LA, and yet we lived our lives almost in parallel. Like an insatiable appetite the more I talked with her the more I wanted to get to know her. It was so easy, almost *too* easy. After we started talking there was no end in sight, so we kept at it talking day and often into the late night. Oh yeah except I forgot one thing – she has a boyfriend. Did I forget to mention that? Well yeah, that kinda throws everything out a sort huh? We never talked about it while we were messaging, I guess we both just didn’t want to face reality and keep the magic going. Once you say something out loud it becomes real. Once you say it out loud you can’t take it back, and we were happy in our safe, little space where it was just us two. We knew the consequences, we knew how it would look to the outside looking in, and yet something about it still felt so right? Our souls felt connected after knowing each other for only two short months. It didn’t (still doesn’t) make sense and is so stupid and yet that’s how we feel about each other.

It all culminated to New York, where we would see each other finally face to face. Both of us so anxious yet excited to see each other. Thoughts spiraled through our heads. “Maybe it’ll be more awkward in person”. “Maybe I’ll hate his friends and this weekend would be just the end of it”. “Maybe she’s not as amazing as I remember.” Nope. It was perfect. Felt like I’d known her my whole entire life. I couldn’t remember a time where I wasn’t talking to her, what it was like before we met because we had gone to an entirely different plane with one another. We danced some, we cuddled some, but we still never brought it up in person. Words were irrelevant and we both knew deep down how we felt. Friday night and Saturday morning were both such a dream. I wish we could teleport back to that time forever.

Back to reality, we finally talk after the perfect weekend. I expected a 15 min phone call but leads to a 3 hours conversation that wouldn’t end. We spent 3 hours frantically trying to recoup what we had been feeling for the past 2 months, remembering bit by bit as the other was talking and interrupting to say we had felt the same. It felt amazing and sad all at the same time because reality was it was still wrong. We both knew that, and yet neither of us wanted to hang up the phone because we knew what that would entail. This leads to us talking everyday on the phone, as if the flood gates had been lifted. Spending every ounce of free time on the phone just talking about anything and everything. And yet we still had to face reality that what we were doing was inherently wrong albeit feeling so right. We tried to ween off but like cigarettes it doesn’t work like that. Cold turkey was the only bet and we both knew it. Finally, Saturday night we had to cut it, and we both still could not get ourselves to hang up. But we had to. And now… well I have no idea to be honest. I guess we’ll have to see what happens. We both never promised each other anything because we didn’t know what was to come. I’m glad we did that.

Why does doing the right thing not always *feel* like it’s the right thing to do? Why is doing the right thing sometimes so hard… Fuck, this is hard.