

Genesis 37

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Introduction

About the Author

So I know we don't usually have time for reintroductions and this much time into it, I guess we don't really need it, but this is just common courtesy for my book; or in case we need a reminder.

This is going to be written very informally because your boy doesn't do it like that and it's probably more entertaining for the both of us to write/read.

So the point of this book is for you to really get to know what goes on in my head: past, present and future. I know it may be extremely difficult for anyone to believe someone can predict their future behaviours, thoughts and moods, but where I am in life will heavily reflect in this book. I will talk about my life, and things that lead me to where I am in life, things that defined some of my past behaviours, and shed a light and provide some insight as to why I am the way I am; and maybe you'd be able to put you in my shoes in order to understand why I am the way I am, and why I treat people the way I do. Another reason I wanted to write this for you, is to show you the power that one person can have on your life; specifically your presence in my life and how it impacted me.

Prelude

This section will be more about me before Mir times. Prior to all the bluemist drama, or habibiz tings, before I actually knew you existed. This was me probably at my most stable time in my life, holding down the most things for myself, my family, and other people that probably should be taking that much of my life. I was working full time at IBM, part time (but realistically fulltime) at Bluemist and full time in school. I worked not only to pay for all my expenses, school and car, it was also because my mom wasn't working, I was helping my sister go to med school, and my younger sister to not have to stress about things.

The mental and physical toll that all that took on me was immeasurable and in retrospect, I should not have taken on that much. Even before that, I was on the same routine since my injury for a while, let's say 2 years. Looking back on myself, that is most likely why I was the way I am when we met; I had no time for self-reflection, to think about my personal growth or how to be the best version of myself.

Being in that harmful loop got me through tough times, but at the same time didn't help me improve as much as I should have. That loop took away from me my social life, and my sleep cycle. But it helped me learn to go through hardships of life and that's okay, I guess.

We never really talked about this in depth, so I'll do it here so we don't have to. My previous relationship was a little toxic. Actually I'll take it back a bit further and start the actual chapter.

Maged's Dreams

These stories will seem like they were recent, but that's because I'm reiterating what I told you in person a few times. That story is where I believe it made me the person I was during the time that followed, it defined a part of me. It made me realize how easy it was for people to forget about each other. The period that followed was my injury and my recovery which I'll make new subheadings for. The time in school was probably not the best time for me to go through all that and I felt like I lost the kid part in me, I was constantly thinking about others, and how to deal with upcoming situations, which to me were mostly negative. You can probably see where this is going.

Injury

If you were to ask me what the biggest life defining moment is, I'd have to tell you this story. The moment I was crossing the street, got hit by a car, got up and called my own ambulance. Then I called my parents to tell them I was hit by a car, and my dad asks "is the car okay?". From that you can infer how my relationship with my parents was, especially after the toxic relationship I had just gotten out of. I was on painkillers on my wheelchair for a few months, with the same routine: stay in bed on drugs until my younger sister comes home from high school at 3, she helps me get food, then I do my schoolwork in my room (still high af).

I couldn't sleep, couldn't go out. I had to leave people behind and vice versa. The main reason was because there was a private investigator always on my case so I couldn't do much. Slowly it started getting better as I was healing and I started doing more things like the old Maged did. I still felt broken somehow, but I had to push through to get through where I was in life at that moment.

Recovery

The process of recovery was probably one of the most painful processes I've ever been through. I spent 75% of my time alone, and even though I was seeing someone at that time, I was still in solitude. I felt alone, even when there were people around. I started taking note of that, and when it happened, I'd try to find reasons to justify feeling that way. I spent my time working out, playing video games, programming, or at school. I had to cut off many friends after I realized that people don't make an effort, especially when you're injured and not fully in the picture. The recovery process was long and boring, it involved painkillers, anti-depressants, and sleeping pills, and I'm not too sure if I want to get into this at the moment, but maybe later in the future. Just know that this took me to hell and back, to help me become the person I am today. I spent hours researching things about psychology to both understand people, and myself. I programmed in every possible language to expand my career options in my downtown to learn what I like and what I don't. It was a journey of not only getting better physically, but mentally as well.

So before this accident, I had been recovering from a 2 year relationship as well. Which would have been irrelevant. Except that was the time in which I had experienced the first time someone had been unfaithful to me, and I had only found out after I started getting better. This information would have been left out, if it hadn't developed into one of my biggest negatives, which I believe you've helped me with time and time again. After I found out about that, I felt broken, I felt like I wasn't good enough, like I didn't deserve some people, like I had done something wrong. But the problem wasn't really with me, it was with the people that did it to

me. They were the problem, they were the source of toxicity. I was good enough, I was better than good enough. They just couldn't see it.

Maged Sold by His Brothers

What came next is also a big factor in my life and how I started building relationships. During the time I was in the wheelchair, up to the point of recovery, and after that, I had learned so much about the people I was around, the respect they had for me, or lack thereof. People I used to call my friends stopped asking about how I was, what I was up to or even speaking to me. I had picked up on their energy and started to reciprocate, I started giving people the same energy I received. That's how I've learned to become over the last few years. My best friends had 'outgrown' me in a sense. I had been left behind 2 years in school, everyone had graduated and continued with their groups that had been around them while I was busy in my own world of recovery. I had a few good ones stick around, hopefully forever, but the rest of the people, I've learned to not acknowledge.

You have probably seen it in action at some point while interacting with me, most noticeable in the very beginning, while we were both at habibiz, I just didn't care for people who were temporary, I don't pay attention to people who not show me the kind of love or respect that I deserve. Through that experience, I've started dropping people who do not contribute to my life in a positive way, people who just take and take and keep on taking, without every contributing back into my life. Energy vampires, and although we make excuses for such friends, they very much exist, and it takes a lot of heart to really see that its happening in your life. This was happening to me, I'm not sure if its because I'm willing to help any person that is in need, or if its because I trust too easily, but it kept happening and repeating until I got good at catching it. This left me with the small circle of friends I have today. Those people are truly the people I can count on without failure, and the people that I admire for sticking by me through these times.

Quick intermission

There is so much to write about, but while I sit and write this book , I try to keep it simple and not go all over the place in every chapter. My brain is trying to both think of what to say and how to say it, and also about the future chapters and how to structure this... but since its extremely informal, I don't want you suffering between my scattered train of thought.

Maged and Time

The time period between recovery and now is about two years and a bit. Throughout that period, I've had a few accidents that were lethal and I could have almost died in all of them. One, mentioned earlier on is when I got hit by a car. Since then, there's been a quote in the back of my mind that keeps me going when I encounter tough luck: "You never know what worse luck your bad luck saved you from." Two, while trying to vacation in Egypt, my uncle accidentally hit a massive rock that caused the car to flip off-road a couple of times and I'm sure God was watching over us, because I only came out with a few stitches in my head and no one else was injured. Three, I was involved in a 6 car pileup on the highway, high speed traffic, and I

was not injured. Something was keeping me alive for a reason. After a long conversation with my mom about how I feel like I was supposed to have died in any of those, she told me that God wants me here for a reason, and that she prays for me every day in the morning and at night.

Since then, I've been under the impression that my mother's prayers were the only things keeping me safe from this world. One suicide attempt, three accidents, and the stress of not being able to finish school and I've had this shield protecting me throughout it all. Throughout all that, I had my phases, good and bad. I've gone through many ups and downs. I've had my fun with people and I started to think about the future. Getting my first job at the hospital, I was deathly bored at that position as Bobby and I were the only developers there and there wasn't enough work. So I'd just go to work, kill 8 hours then go back home and do nothing.

I made a life changing decision at the time, I started working at 3Kings. Throughout that I was in a good place in life. I had income, no school, worked with my best friends and people were flowing into my life at a crazy rate. From that point on, things started to really change and I don't know what I was expecting.

Maged and His Shishas

3Kings was where it all started. Where I've began to really open my eyes about people, think about social interactions, how people interacted with each other, and how people have the ability to come in and out of your life. That is where I started working so hard so that I could get to a good place where I would no longer worry about anything. I started learning more about myself. I started branching off into different hobbies, hanging out with many different people, started knowing what I like, what I don't like, who I want to be around and what kind of people I do not want to attract in my life.

I started knowing how my energy and my place in life can affect what kind of people gravitate towards me. I started learning about how I'm no one's saviour but my own. I started being selfish in life, I was strictly doing things that would bring me happiness. And it was just that, I was doing that at any cost. I had a flow, a routine. IBM, 3kings, and people. That was as simple as it was. But slowly, I started noticing that it was just the energy that people were gravitating towards. Every person that approached me to talk to me, it was only because I was 'intriguing', because I was different. I felt like people didn't see me for who I really am and only because I looked different, had different interactions with people, and I was very hard to get to.

I'm speaking about myself in such a manner where I knew who I was. Or so I thought. But throughout that time I didn't know I was carrying so many issues in the back of my head, and such a lifestyle only kept me busy enough to not have to deal with them. I had seen enough of this culture. So much infidelity, people throwing each other under the bus, groups falling apart because of petty drama, normal life things that have become more apparent than I thought they were. The girl I was seeing at the time cheated on me, but this time I knew that it

wasn't because of me. People with boyfriends would try to talk to me, which I obviously shut down because wtf?

The Developer and the Shishamaker

I've had so many accomplishments throughout my life, but I keep striving for more, I keep putting so many things on my plate, more than I can chew. That hit me while I was struggling to go to work on time at IBM, while maintaining my work at habibiz. I started branching off into two different people. I started learning how to manage hardships in life. I started supporting my family more, taking care of myself in the process. I gave my dad my old car, and got a new one. I started helping my sister with her med school funds. My younger sister and I became closer as I started opening up to my family about my life.

People didn't judge me, they just accepted me for who I am. And that made me wonder: what is it about me that makes people gravitate and show love, even though I've become so selfish throughout the years. People didn't notice this internal selfishness, but I have. I was still the same kind, humorous person. Just more secluded in life and did what was best for me.

I felt like I had two different personalities, not in a disorder kind of way, but in a way where I felt like I was living two separate lives. In the morning I'm the plain old Maged the developer, and at night time, I was ovohenny making shishas and interacting with all sorts of people from all walks of life. I've been doing that for 3 years and I've been enjoying it. I've been carrying myself in a way where I don't let people at my night job get close enough to me. I didn't want to be approached anymore. I stopped enjoying the attention, and the fun I once had was now a burden.

That's why when we met, I seemed annoyed and uninterested in conversation, I always walked around with a resting bitch face and I never cared to entertain people's conversation. The people I loved and cared for however, I went above and beyond to make sure that they were continuously happy and they weren't missing anything in my life. I am an amazing friend, if given the opportunity. I believe I told you that when we first met.

My life was extremely weird, what software developer mops floors and makes shishas? I felt like I needed to do it however, as I still had troubles in my life that I have not yet dealt with.

Maged's Demons

I've started to come close to where we are now. This is in the last two years of my life. This is where my demons were extremely strong. Strong enough to make me cry at times. Strong enough for me to talk to my mom and sisters for guidance. Strong enough to make me want to fight back and lose. These demons started being persistent. They only showed up when I was at my weakest when I left my night job to focus on myself and school.

These demons varied from insecurities such as not feeling good enough for work or for people, to crazy depression that made me not want to get up and do anything. I knew there was stuff going on in my head that needed to get dealt with. But I never knew how to battle such difficult thoughts. I didn't know why they were happening, what the motivation behind them was or how to deal with them.

This was me. From juggling my full time job, with school, with another job that required as much time as both school and my full time job, I was burning out. I was tired, my energy was drained and I felt like I couldn't do it anymore. I had no mental cushion to lean back on after a long day, I had no one who cared about me like I cared about everyone in my life, but what I couldn't see is that this was all self-inflicted. I had imposed such expectations on myself and people. I would always take so many burdens off other people's shoulders and onto mine, until I collapsed. But that was just me. I found it hard to find that people cared without expecting anything in return. I found it hard to believe that some of my close friends and family wanted to help me in the same way, because no one really puts in the effort to get to help in such way. That was because of the recurring pattern that almost every single person that got to know the real me has inflicted pain on me and betrayed me. There are a few exceptions of course, but I'm generally speaking. I keep those people in a close place in my heart.

I started to become more of a solo rider, I didn't need people to go about my day, no need for any romantic interest, and I just did my own thing at any given moment. In a sense, I tried building my world in the most optimal way that would allow me the best chance at fighting these demons. However there was one fight I could never beat. My insecurities with relationships. The culture that I had placed myself in for the last couple of years, and the experiences that have come my way have made that monster too strong to fight, to the point where I was no longer interested in anything. I didn't want to let anyone close enough to me to hold that sort of power over me. Knowing that if it happens once more, I would probably lose faith in people.

I know my insecurity isn't your battle. I know that I should have complete faith and trust in you. And I do. But I ask that you try to put yourself in my shoes, and realize that if you love someone, a little help won't hurt. Going the extra mile to tell me who, or where or anything helps. Being in the dark is something that I don't really know how to be okay with, especially when I think about how close we are.

Currently, I think I'm in a much better place in my life, the things above are not relevant anymore. I know my worth, and I know who values me in their life and who doesn't. I know how to enjoy my life, alone or not. I know I'm good enough and I know people are lucky to be able to have me, and I know I'm lucky to have the people that I have in my life.

Intermission

I actually teared up a lot while writing this and I had to remove so many things that just existed in here for no reason other than to just vent and get them out of me once and for all. Thank you for all your help baby girl. I love you.

Maged Goes To Bluemist

This is when I started getting better in school and life and thought I could do this whole routine a second time. And I did. And I'm really glad I did, because this chapter and the ones that come next would not have been possible if I hadn't heard about Bluemist and asked them for a job. I won't spend long on this page because you were there for a lot of it. But there are still a few important things to notice. At both Habibiz and Bluemist, I don't think I have shown slight interest in someone, as much as I have with you. The reason I got so attached to Bluemist wasn't because it was close to home, or because I liked the people working there; it was because I met you there, and we spent many of our first moments together there.

As we know what happens next, a shitshow ensues, and I was forced to leave and go back to my old home, Habibiz.

Interlude

I should probably mention by now, this has nothing to do really with the story of Joseph. I asked you what your favourite story was to try to make this in a similar fashion and relate to it in some way. In this case, all I could do was name the book after it (pretty cool name ngl) and try to name the chapters similarly while sticking to my theme.

The Second Journey to Habibiz

Coming back to Habibiz, I was excited to revisit all my old friends and customers that I used to see on a daily basis. You could see how happy I was when I first returned. I saw people that I had flings with, people that I like, people that I dislike. But at the end of the day, it finally felt like home again; but a bit busier.

Seeing all these faces come and go really didn't have the same effect on me as it did before. When I see attractive girls, or see Latif try to talk to them, or he tells me that they like me, I have a different reaction than I used to. Now, I don't even consider that an option, I started to look at everyone so differently its crazy. The guys in the back don't even believe how much I've changed when I tell them I got a girl and that I'm not interested in fucking around anymore. You've impacted me that much.

Every time I see people, I think about you. Every time I see a girl or someone tries to make a move, I think about you. I don't even look at people the same no more. Now they're just people...no longer prospects, or someone I'd sleep with, or any of those things. I was all about you.

A Silver Cup in a Sack

In the story of Joseph, this story of the silver cup was a test he gave to his brothers in order to check if they were still the same old people, or reformed and more honest beings. I can relate that to how we both started talking. In the beginning, we weren't really that comfortable, and I guess in some ways you're not fully there yet, but we're making progress both ways, from my end and yours.

I'm a challenging person to work with sometimes, and I understand. And in this relationship that we have, there have been so many tests thrown at you and I, where I could relate it to the story of the cup. The format is as follows. 1- person is not the greatest. 2- other person tests them. 3- person has changed and the test is passed.

Towards the beginning of us seeing each other, I had a few qualities that were suboptimal. We'd have a fight, and we would come back stronger than ever and fix up. This happened a few times. With me texting too much, me acting like your boyfriend when we weren't there yet, being on different pages, and most notably: my insecurity with you seeing other people.

I know that this is an uphill battle, and you don't think one can just get rid of such baggage so quickly. But I think your mistaken. I know you also believe that this baggage is mine alone and you shouldn't have to deal with it, but you're also wrong; partially. Baggage that follows from previous relations sucks. I agree. But at some point, if you really do care for a person as much as you say you do, you would be willing to contribute however big or small to put the other person's mind at ease.

I have been changing for the better, slowly passing those tests. However, I feel like more recently, you haven't been passing mine... I feel like something is going on, and I'm not too sure what that thing is, but its pushing me away. Slowly. I've adapted the mindset that no one is worth crying over, and I've cried twice over you. That's two more times than I've ever shed tears on a person.

I've started to notice patterns about you slowly taking advantage of how I've completely fallen for you and that I'd change in any aspect you would like me to change, and I do it willingly because I love you. But that's not the only reason. It also helps me become a better person in general, not that there was something wrong with me before, but because I genuinely feel better.

Miriam Makes Herself Known

This chapter, I'm going to be extremely blunt and honest about what's been going on recently in my head, not because I want to cause damage or hurt anyone, but because I sincerely care and want us to go the whole way. The reason I'm writing this is because I want you to know how strong my feelings are for you, and how bad I want to fix things and make us

stronger. I want you and only you, Miriam, and I hope you can understand that I don't ever want you to slip away. I don't want to lose you, I don't want you to lose me.

I met you in a time of my life where I really wasn't looking for anything. Seeing you, meeting you, and talking to you completely changed that. Before you, I really didn't care. Before you, I was just getting through life. Before you, it was just a plain old routine with no meaning. Before you, I was something else.

When you came into my life, I can't stress this enough, I did a complete 180. I transformed as a person. I was genuinely happy when you were around. Even when you weren't, just seeing a snap from you, a song recommendation, or just hearing your voice cured any stress/anxiety/depression I was going through at that moment. But I still wasn't ready. And I agree with that. It took me a while to see it. But better late than never. My 'quirks' weren't really that quirky to you, and a handful of things were due for a change. And I wholeheartedly changed, because it made me happy to make you happy. Now, I feel like a better person, because I never really had this much drive to work on myself as I do now. My negative habits, self-destructive tendencies, bad thoughts.. you helped me slowly flush all of that away. You were my motivation to get stronger for the battle I could never win, until now.

You were the only person that was able to get this close to me, this fast. You made me fall in love with you before we ever actually touched. I didn't even care about that. I waited. That to me was out of my own character, but that's how much I liked you. You .. you made me smile when I was having a bad day, only with two words "haii u", is the morning text id get to clear my head. You were on my mind constantly, when I online shop, I open the women's section to see if I'm able to find something you'd like. When I go to a new restaurant or see it online, I think about taking you there and if you'd enjoy it. Whenever I even do the most simple task like smoke a shisha, I think about you trying it and liking it.

But as it was a common theme in my life, all good things come to an end, because apparently I jumped too far ahead, got too into it too quick and we were no longer on the same page. In my head, I thought you were mine. I thought that was it. But I was wrong. I stepped back quite a bit to match your level, but it wasn't the most fun thing to do. I tried to be a bit more distant, off your ass. Trying to not ask for your time. Or who you were with. I fucked up with Rushali, so I distanced myself from everyone. I started to pretend I was okay with it. Until I became okay with it.

Following from the previous chapter, you've made it clear about what it is that you want, and I've understood for the most part what I have to do. You claim I was not ready, but I think I'm ready to show you I am ☺. My biggest concern however, was that you were blaming me not being ready instead of you not being ready either. I know you enjoy your independence, I know you left your last boyfriend because you just stopped feeling him. I also know that you're busy with work and family, and now school. Yet, I've still continued to improve and not make you feel suffocated, or that this relationship was stressful/overwhelming.

Miriam Goes to Egypt

I will use this title as a metaphor that you going to Egypt, is like you coming to me, and what would come with it. You came to me with concerns, and I returned to you with fixes and love. You were the one person I ever thought this highly of. Big mistake, as I said earlier, its easy for me to remove a person from my life if I had to, and I also mentioned that people would take advantage of me for who I am and how much of myself I'm willing to give to a person.

You came to me, and I let you in. When we first met and talked. I thought you were almost perfect. But as time went on, I realized that you had a few flaws, but those flaws actually made you perfect. The way you get a bit defensive and angry, it so cute. I love that about you. Our dynamic is one that I want to perfect. We go well together, we just have to understand that we're always on the same team. I am behind you 200% of the way. Never less than that.

One mistake I've now realized, as I pull myself away slowly, is that I have given you my all. Whenever you wanted something, I'd go at it wholeheartedly. Whether it was something about me that I had to work on, or if it was a piece of clothing or food you want. I realized that giving a person this much power was a mistake, especially one that wanted me to go back a few pages and chill. But I believe in you, I have faith. I want you to be the one. Thing is. There are so many positive traits about you that make you almost perfect. Areas of improvement, we all have those. I don't want to write this and seem like I'm coming at you, or attacking your person, because you're great, but at the same time in the same way you've had feedback for me about myself, I feel like I can help you improve, give you feedback, given of course you want me to remain in your life and you're willing to put in that effort.

You've come to a man that wanted to give no part of him to anyone, and you left with 200% of me. I still don't know what it was you wanted from me when you approached me, but I don't question a good thing. All I know is that you have me in the palm of your hands.

Maged and Miriam

When you came into my life, I tried to rush things. I tried to make you mine almost instantly. But you told me it wasn't the time. Good call. I was blinded. I didn't realize that we both needed to adapt to one another, let alone work on ourselves and prepare for a relationship. I'm still unsure if that's what you have planned for me, but this chapter is written to serve as sort of an ultimatum.

I sat in the park with Kyle the other day, chatting about life, and how the both of us had accomplished so much that we no longer have things to strive for in life. I told him that he was wrong.. and that although I have a house, a car, a degree, and a good job, I'm missing someone to share all that with. I have you, but do I really? We got into the topic and he told me he sees the spark in my eyes whenever I'm around you, or even speak about you. And he asked me a

question I haven't even thought about.. he asked me if I thought you were the one. Now, I don't want the both of us to speak about this because we're young and we have a lot of time before that. But I explained to him that you could be. I explained to him how I wanted you to be the one.

I told him that if I were to pick anyone I've dated, I'd pick you hands down. I explained to him the love I have for you. And I explained to him the impact you have had on my life. How I just clean when I feel my room is dirty, about how I've grown as a person thanks to you. About how I could literally spend my time with no one else but you and I wouldn't have an issue with it. He could see my eyes glow as I spoke about you. He seemed so happy for me. I wish you could hear our conversation again. He ended the conversation with "I really hope she's the one then".

We talked about this for an hour or so, before I got motivated to write about it and left home to think. I started thinking about how sometimes I feel really shitty when things happen, or about how I'm the one with the 'issues'. I was thinking about how you interact with other people vs interacting with me. I started seeing things that I didn't necessarily want to believe. When I look at you in amazement, to admire how pretty you look; you think I'm about to talk shit. I started thinking about how in the beginning, you used to snap me, you even tried to be sexy and send me a video once. But now I'm lucky if I get to see you. I started noticing little patterns and changes that have happened over the past. But things like that aren't necessarily your fault. I could have pushed you away to that extent, but I have worked my ass off to win you back. I have stopped sharing weird thoughts, stopped having random conversations or changing topics through text. I calmed down with all the things that annoyed you. Because I wanted to. Because I wanted to see you happy. I wanted you to see how much I'm willing to go before you noticed I was ready.

The issue is, as I was doing that, I realized that the little things like you thinking I have bad intent whenever I say something, or whenever I look at you that its going to be a negative comment, things like that are on you. I can't not stare at you, I can't change the way you think about my words, even when I don't mess up. But you can. And I've come to realize my own self-worth, about how I shouldn't just want to throw myself to you. About how you should want to give me all of you the same way I do. I get it, it's hard. But it's been over half a year, we've been getting to know each other, adapt to each other.

So I put my thinking hat on, and I started listing things that upset me when it came to us. What more can I do to make you happy? What more can you do to make me happy? I don't think I've asked such things of you, except of course that one time. But after you took my feedback into consideration and progress was made, it seemed to have reverted back to the way it was before. We don't facetime no more, the calls only go up to 10 minutes because I feel like I'm bothering you, because you seem so busy when we text, that I feel like a call takes away from whatever you're doing.

So I have a few things to ask you before we go on, and if they seem a bit much, maybe, just maybe, you're not the one for me. I want you to be more understanding of me when I talk,

when I speak, I feel like you think I'm going to say something offensive, or meaningless. I get making plans with friends and going out with them. But why can't we go out for dinner and a movie? Why is it that we seem to have nothing to do together, but you have lots to do with your friends? Why is it that I know nothing about your week? I didn't even know you had Thursdays off. Yet when you did, you didn't really want to spend it with me. Shit like that hurts. I know we spend quite some time on occasion. But a lot of the other time it seems like you really don't want to spend your free time with me and I'm not sure if it's just me or not.

I miss you a lot man. I know you're the type of person who's not very emotional, communicative, and I know you get suffocated really quickly. But I've learned to accept a lot of things about life. And I've accepted you the way you are. But some things you are able to change if you really wanted to. If you really cared enough. And recently, I've been having doubts because I feel like you're making me push myself away. I want you to want me the same way. Or else things can't work out. Trust me. I see the effort you put in on days to come see me. I don't know if that's the extent of it. But I don't know what else to ask of you. Maybe this is an in person conversation when we are able to agree our direction in life.

So I've cleared my head. Cleared my baggage. You've given me incredible strength to battle and win the fight against my demons. You make my life a million times better by just existing, imagine what I could do for you.

The chapters about you and I are the longest because it's what matters most to me right now. I'm financially stable, I have a good job and my future looks bright. All I'm worried about in my life is someone to enjoy my life with me. And I think I want you to be that person. I want you to want to be that person as well.

I went from feeling like I was a burden
To I don't give a fuck if you don't like my person
Never catch me begging for attention
Only focused on the people in my section
I appreciate the blessings
Had too many devils in this life
I revel in this life, I don't settle for this life
I done kept riding with a broken pedal for this life
If you still here, I'm happy that He kept you in my life
On the real, I don't want you here if you don't really wanna chill
If you ain't for the better of the squad you can bail
Spit your ass out like it's Jonah and the whale
If I say I love you then that's where it ends
You don't gotta have a title just to be my friend
You can have it all, I won't ask you for a damn thing

Welcome to my table, it don't matter what you can't bring
But I met some good people so I keep the friendship