When your feelings can’t be put into spoken words (audios, sigh!), you just feel like exploding. So, I’m going to type away…

It has been pointed out to me countless of occasions that I am way too guarded, that I have my walls set so high people just give up trying to get to know me. Which brings me to you. Lord knows how much of a struggle you have had to put up trying to figure me out. Just so you know your efforts haven’t gone unnoticed. I’m moved knowing you stuck around regardless. Lately though, stuff hasn’t been rosy between us. Time is such a weird illusion, huh? Losing touch with friends you thought they’d be at your wedding, losing touch with people you thought you’d see through the rest of the year is even weirder. Anyway …

A month ago, we’d be chatting all day, be it during CATs, classes, hanging out with friends etc. Over the past week, we don’t know how to even say hey.

Yes, I’ve been struggling with something personal, and you asked me to try and be open with you. I was hurting, I couldn’t speak out. I had no idea what I wanted, only that I wanted something, which is the worst kind of wanting. Somewhere along the lines of coming to terms with what you said, I realised you were so darn right. The high chances are we’d wreck each other so bad! It’ll have been bleeping disastrous. But should have the odds been against this, who knows? Until you’ve been single for so long, you never know if you’re choosing someone out of loneliness or because you really like them. I may not understand where you are coming from. I don’t know what you are used to, or whatever makes you insecurities surface every time we hang out. Don’t try and deny it, hehe. It’s so evident because every time we meet up in school, you are always looking over your shoulder. And when it’s just us two, you try to have this ‘poise’. Once you learn to embrace your flaws, no one will ever make you doubt a thing about yourself again. I needed that bout of grief to remind me that life’s short.

I’m a realist. I don’t believe in ‘that fantasy’. Maybe you are right, maybe you aren’t. You don’t just pick someone and cross your fingers it’ll work out. But sometimes when you meet someone, there’s a click. I believe in that click. You meet them by fate (or on a road, yes you) and there’s that instant connection, and the chemistry share is way above your head. You just talk and notice the way their lips curve when they smile or the look they have in their eyes when the gaze upon you and all at once you know you’re either lucky or screwed.

Why was I hurt? Definitely not because of your response! I got closure, big time. Not knowing where you stand in someone’s life is a slow emotional death. The longer you hold on, the more numb you become… So, don’t let that eat you up. It’s because I’ve been down that road before. I liked someone, she said that she might ‘damage’ me. Fast forward, we don’t speak anymore. It’s not that there’s bad blood, it’s because she and I lead very different kinds of lives. And if I’m being honest for a split second, I wouldn’t want that to happen between us. Can people still be friends? I dunno. I’m torn between telling you the truth and telling you what you want to hear. You said that we can still be friends, but I think that meant that we can be the kind of silent strangers that share silent memories and a passing smile once every while. I’ve sat through your stories of how you’ve fallen short with lots and lots of people. Please don’t wake up one morning and decide I’m not what you want around your life anymore. If it ever comes to that, let me know. The hardest kinds of goodbyes are the ones which were never said nor explained. Like you said, once you like someone, you never stop caring. You might cross paths and leave each other’s lives. You never get over it, but you get to where it doesn’t bother you so much.

Who is Mike Ondieki? Silent fella? Mr. Nice Guy? I continuously have the urge to delete every social network and enjoy the peace of being disconnected. Growing up, I was taught to always be nice to people at first, because you can always be mean later. But once you’ve been mean to someone, they won’t believe the nice anymore. So be nice, be nice until they’ve pushed you over your limits, until it’s time to stop being nice and destroy them. You pointed out that it’s really amazing if someone gives you space to be yourself, without the threat of them leaving. You were right. I wish you didn’t find my silence annoying. That not every space has to be filled with words. Essy, I’m good. A silent me doesn’t mean you and I have a bad thing going.

Your vibe is attractive. People point out that you are self-centred, stuck in your own world, but I like the fact that all you care about is yourself and your happiness. And your mantra: no regrets! I hope I don’t make it to your list of people you caught feelings for wishing you hadn’t.

Neither of us knows what the future holds, but maybe someday (maybe), we will all look back at this and laugh our asses off.

Hoping you are having a great weekend.