

The Northern Lights

Last night I saw the Northern Lights. I walked to Söder and took some photos. I always pictured we'd see them for the first time together. If you had lived here with me you would've stood next to me when I took those photos. I think you should've moved here and not to Hawaii after you graduated – just like we initially planned and dreamed about. I think that was the foundational error in our relationship. The relationship was made too complicated with you moving so far away and having a 12h time difference. It might've been a sacrifice on your end to move here. It might not have been. We will never know. I don't think you ever seriously looked at opportunities here because you were too afraid of the unknown. I probably should've helped you more as well. All I know is that it would've saved us a million headaches and issues. It could've been the best thing to happen to you professionally and mentally – gaining experience in preparation for the dreams you had about your Masters or some FBI project. Because those were dreams you had that were more real than ever. I think it could've been perfect in preparations of chasing your dreams. And we would've at least stayed here until I was done with school so that we could move some place we want together. So that I could get the degree I wanted and so that I could afford to support you in whatever dreams you had. But the safer option was real estate job.

Chasing dreams is never 'safe'. But the rewards are immense and will make you feel so fulfilled and successful.

But yeah. Last night I saw the Northern Lights – something you and I dreamed about seeing together. But you were not with me.

It makes me quiet sad.

