

Dear,

When I write ~~this~~, I am not writing to you, but to myself. My intention is to speak to myself, but you will be the receiver of these words. Ultimately you will remain a silent one, and (pretend to) understand what I want to say. But know that this letter is what I want to be able to say to you, <sup>regardless of whether you understand or not</sup> And this letter will reach you, but what you read won't be the same as what I wrote. <sup>interesting point - opposite of what this paragraph says; heavier than when? but it's reaching you indirectly in the end; there's some irony there!</sup>

Today my head feels heavier. I haven't slept much, and I have been deteriorating since <sup>correct use of the word?</sup> early morning. I walked a lot, and I have been thinking about some of the things you said to me. I still can't really understand what you meant by shaping each other as true friends. ~~To be honest,~~ <sup>which?</sup> your categorizations of love and friendship confuse me. I think when I started that whole conversation I was talking more about intimacy, without designating myself as either a friend or ~~a~~ lover. Right now those definitions are of no interest to me. We were intimate, that is all I know, <sup>and that is all that matters.</sup>

You said you thought you needed to do some serious thinking and assess the situation at hand. This comes as a surprise to me, <sup>I don't understand what it is you need to assess</sup> I imagine you said it with a grave tone, but of course one never really knows on the internet. Your writing seemed ominous, like you were foreshadowing <sup>even</sup> more distance between us. Maybe I'm reading too much into it, but I can't help feeling <sup>that</sup> like this serious thinking will not result in ~~any more~~ intimacy. Or is this just my false prediction? If I predict falsely, will I have unwillingly foreshadowed a fall out? This would turn my false prediction into a true one. Do you see how I have to <sup>at least</sup> think twice about everything I say? It's a tricky one - your reaction in this correspondence will be partly determined by this very letter, but this letter is not finished or delivered yet, so I can only keep on predicting. These predictions in turn change the progression of this letter. It's a vicious circle.

cycle?

Some very interesting analysis here → back & forth...

Involuntarily?  
By chance?  
Poetic opportunity

While I was walking today I found myself on streets we walked together. I tried to get away and I walked faster and faster. In my mind I was trying to get away from you, or rather from your interpretation of me walking alone in the rain – I know you cringe at clichés. But running away from it seemed to make it into an even bigger cliché. <sup>fear</sup> To me you are always the judge, and I have always already committed a crime. I feel like I must be a fist clenching, I can't be a giving hand. I draw into myself and I shrink, almost to the point where I am paralyzed, and that's where I <sup>must</sup> stop. You can't imagine what erupts inside me.

New paragraph

Not sure about this metaphor

Getting into  
psychanalysis  
- do I want  
to go  
there?

I remembered something today: Once when I was younger my mother said to me that she was worried about how upset I got if I didn't get something I really wanted. She said it might make me a very unhappy person in the future. I am not a terribly unhappy person but it hurts that what happens between us is all up to you. I think <sup>that</sup> since I can't change it, I have to accept it. So I have made a few decisions of my own. I decided that you must decide to own your position of power, and I must submit to it. By forcing you to make this decision, I am letting you free to make your own decisions. From now on I will not contact you, or ask to see you. I will leave it completely up to you whether we should see each other. <sup>or not</sup> If we see each other, it will be solely upon your decision. I will not, however, expect <sup>that you will</sup> ~~you to~~ contact me. I will not wait for it. If and when it happens, I will know that you have decided fully on your own that you want to be around me.

Decisions for both parties?  
This sounds nice but seems illogical

In my vicinity

I hope we can speak again soon.

(hope / expect)  
to different things  
perhaps make the  
distinction clearer

Love,

Dear,

Do you remember when we were with ~~your~~ <sup>a</sup> friend <sup>of yours</sup> and she told me <sup>that</sup> she always sees you with a new person every time? I laughed, I thought "oh poor you." I didn't for a split second think that I was personally implied in that remark. And then she said, "That's not a bad thing, I'm just saying you never have trouble finding a date." Then I thought, "oh good for you." Again I didn't think I was just one of those dates. It's ~~funny~~ <sup>strange</sup> how we always seem to understand what we want to understand. That naive never seems to go away. warning?

"you" unclear

(willful naive?)

~~Because~~ Now I'm mad at myself for not having interpreted <sup>your friend's words</sup> those words as a warning. I really should have been wiser. This ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup> not happening to me for the first time, you'd think that I'd have learned my lesson by now. But if you want something ~~some~~ <sup>as much as</sup> I wanted you to love me, you can be blind to the <sup>most obvious things</sup> ~~happenings~~ around you. ~~The~~ you <sup>won't</sup> ~~don't~~ even know how blind you are, you just let yourself go, let yourself believe. You <sup>make yourself susceptible</sup> ~~open yourself up~~ to more and more injuries. It's such a vulnerable position to be in, but you follow your heart anyway, and hope for the best. (The best usually never happens.) Might be too pessimistic

I was determined <sup>expand upon this determination and willful belief</sup> to think that we could be whatever we wanted to be. We didn't have to constrain ourselves by defining what we were. ~~That way we'd both be okay with~~

Questions rhetorical? Something to consider

~~whatever was happening~~. Why wasn't it as simple as that? Why did I have to make you into what I made you into, and why did you have to rule me out so easily, as soon as I

failed to meet <sup>some</sup> all of your expectations? Wasn't it too soon to be making decisions? We <sup>is this an assumption? If not how can you be sure? Maybe argue what made you sure of this</sup> both enjoyed each other's company immensely, wasn't it possible to see what we would make of ourselves together? Why? Why am I having to read three books on one you

~~weekend so I can stop thinking about you?~~ And why can't I stop thinking about you? Glorification of self as intellectual that reads books to forget? Might come across as pretentious?

All of this makes me so angry. I suppose anyone in their right mind wouldn't give a flying

fuck but I'm so mad at you, even after all this time ~~we haven't been talking~~. I hate that

crude of not talking to each other / of not being in touch

crude again  
→ matches previous  
"fuck" but still  
seems contrived

you don't even feel the need to give any sort of explanation for your actions and then go around saying you're honest. For fuck's sake man, is it really that hard to be straight forward with what you think? If you don't want to talk to someone, why won't you just tell them instead of completely ignoring them for no apparent reason? and I know that I don't really know you at all, and I can see how you might think that this is completely blown out of proportion, but I just can't understand why someone would be so nice and lovely one day and say really nice things to you, and then the next day it's as if you're a

honest + vulnerable - qualifies to strive for

leper and they want nothing to do with you. I know that you've been having a rough time, and I know that none of these things are of any importance compared to the things that have happened to you, but it really isn't becoming of you to treat people like

might be unclear what I'm referring to exactly

this. I'm really not trying to make you feel bad, I don't think that's of any use to anyone after this point. But I just want to remind you that your actions have consequences. And in this case you just made somebody, who was already a misanthrope, lose some more of ~~his~~ <sup>their</sup> faith in the kindness of people. That's what makes me angrier than anything: You make me lose my hope not just in you, but in people in general. In my world people like you should not exist and no one should do to another what you did to me. too harsh?

unclear categorization

So much drama. Sometimes I really really want to be one of those people who don't give a shit. Those people who aren't fazed by the likes of you. But at least I know you're not one of those care free people either. At least I know that you're an intense and passionate person too. And I know you won't understand why I'm so disappointed, but you'll understand that unlikely things can hurt people like you and I.

This is so problematic what exactly do we have in common?

I hope you can sleep at night.

Contradiction ("I'm really not trying to make you feel bad")

Love,

Dear,

What ~~breaks my heart~~ <sup>frustrates me</sup> most is the <sup>discrepancy</sup> difference between what you said before and what you say now. I knew ~~there was something wrong~~ <sup>something wasn't quite right from the beginning</sup> in the beginning. It's not like I was talking to you for the first time, we had a bad history <sup>multiple beginnings</sup>. But you asked me to forgive you, and I did. I didn't listen to my instincts. I let you break my heart for the second time. <sup>not really instincts but lessons learned from experience</sup>

But why did you ask me to forgive you? Why couldn't you just leave things be? Why did you have to break my heart not only once, but twice? <sup>in the first place</sup> It fucked me up enough the first time, <sup>why did you do it again, and worse:</sup> but the second time was worse. I let myself <sup>believe in your honesty again</sup> believe in your honesty again. It was just wishful thinking. I liked you so much that I made myself believe I could trust you. <sup>trust</sup>

And since deep down <sup>never fully believed you</sup> I never fully believed you, I asked you specific questions. I asked you if you found me attractive, and you said "Isn't that obvious?" I said, "Yeah I guess it is, I'm just being insecure." But I wasn't just being insecure, I was <sup>being very reasonable</sup> listening to the voice of reason. It was shouting at me, loud and clear, but I <sup>chose not to hear it</sup> wouldn't have any of it. And then you tell me you don't want to be with me because you're not sexually attracted to me. Of course that wasn't quite so obvious. <sup>what are you thinking?</sup>

It wasn't quite so obvious when we couldn't <sup>even</sup> wait to get home to fuck. It wasn't quite so obvious when <sup>it was you that initiated it</sup> you initiated it. It wasn't quite so obvious when afterwards you said, "It's like you were the twin towers and I was an aeroplane." I am only realizing <sup>now</sup> what a fucked up metaphor that is <sup>now. Yeah, you were the aeroplane the crashed right through me, and made me collapse, on fire, in agony.</sup> And it wasn't quite so obvious when you told me it should be obvious that you're attracted to me. No, it wasn't obvious, it wasn't obvious at all. <sup>two dramatic, stupid metaphor anyway</sup> ("am i attractive" and "do you ~~love~~ find me attractive" are two different questions) <sup>interrrogated you</sup> Were you even going to tell me how you felt unless I <sup>insisted</sup> insisted? I told you I could never tell what you were thinking or feeling, and you said, "You can ask me." Of course <sup>your answer</sup> it

It's the fact that one has to ask in order to know that's really the problem.

wasn't obvious when I asked you if we were going to be distant. Of course I didn't believe you when you said, "I don't know, I'm just so tired is all." That wasn't all. You then said ~~so~~ many more hurtful things.

repetition of words that remain, perhaps to resolve what they might have meant

unimaginative describing self never matches perceived self

And then you act like you're the nicest person in the world and even have the audacity to say "I'm usually very courteous, in fact overly so." How courteous of you to play games like that with me. How courteous of you to make me feel like I'm being loved just for who I am. How courteous of you to be so intimate with me, only to leave me lonelier than ever a week later.

and whose fault is that?

The worst thing is that if you called me right now, and for the second time asked me if I would forgive you, I actually would. I wanted so bad to believe that we could be something That you could put aside all of your instabilities. That you could open

value

yourself up to me, that you wouldn't change so quickly, that you would reciprocate my love for you. But why do I even love you? I'm trying to explain everything <sup>within the limits of</sup> using reason but this very fundamental question <sup>seems</sup> is unanswerable. There is no <sup>discernable</sup> ~~reasonable~~ logic to it.

Why do I still want you so badly, even though I know quite well I can never trust you? Isn't that usually the case?

sounds too sexual

When I was a child I was a naive one who would take candy from strangers. I used to trust people very easily. I am still guilty of doing the same. I let my guard down way too easily, and I let complete strangers like you shatter me to pieces. But for me to ~~feel like I can~~ maintain the tiniest bit of dignity ~~I have to tell you that~~ I can't talk to you anymore. It's just going to be more and more awkward and painful. There is no point. Let bygones be bygones, and please don't hurt me anymore.

why guilty? is this breaking a law?

I hope you don't treat people the way you treated me, ever again.

Almost like this is in the past and I only wish this for others' sake, though that's hardly the case

Love,

Dear,

I think everything through but I can't think ~~very~~ <sup>enough</sup> quickly. It's hard to make sense of everything as a whole. There are individual disparate feelings I can trace back: ~~like~~ <sup>How</sup> I felt when I woke up next to you, or when you asked a genuinely interested question about ~~me~~ <sup>my personality</sup>, or when you showed kindness to a stranger. There you go - I just listed the first three things <sup>that come to mind</sup> ~~thought of~~, and you can see how fondly I ~~can~~ still think of you, at times. But ~~then~~ <sup>I also</sup> remember how I felt when you pushed me away.

Not all of this is deliberately hidden, some things are simply indecipherable that

But you see, for me there isn't just one you. All the little yous come together and make you you, <sup>(one could argue that I can't)</sup> but I don't know you. I only know what you let me see of you, but you won't let me see much. I am unable to find a common ground for <sup>the pieces that</sup> ~~pieces of you~~ <sup>constitute you</sup>. It's strange, for <sup>example,</sup> you to tell me ~~that~~ you are pure and innocent at heart. That doesn't mean much to me,

but it might mean that you have a certain <sup>repetition</sup> amount of guilt, feeling the need to reassert the "real" "pure" you. It doesn't amount to anything. I still see only what I see, <sup>not what you want me to see.</sup>

And these disparate feelings, <sup>that I have for you</sup> sometimes replace each other. When that happens, I feel frustrated, as if I don't know the right <sup>way</sup> ~~feeling~~ to feel. A general <sup>sensation</sup> ~~feeling~~ of distance ~~sometimes~~ overrides others. It's the silliest things sometimes. Like when we were on the bus together, and we were to get off at different stations. <sup>that trigger this</sup> ~~wasn't sure~~ <sup>one time</sup> so I asked you if you were getting off at the same stop as me. You said, "No, I'll keep going." Why did that make me feel sad? You weren't rejecting me or anything. I already knew we were going separate ways but still I was upset. <sup>in the strictest sense</sup> [Like one of us had to get off, and one of us had to keep going.] I know you hate cheap symbolism but I really don't think of these as symbols. They are residues. Residues of emotions seeping into each other.

This might be a good metaphor to expand upon

Sudden jump - Link the two paragraphs better

I've been smoking more cigarettes these days than I had been in a long time. You smoke so much, and I smoked more with you. Smoking is like yawning. When someone

lights a cigarette, you light one too. I haven't seen you in two weeks but I'm still smoking more. That's a bad thing that stayed behind from you, but it's a relatively minor <sup>physical</sup> harm.

What worries me more is what you did to my self esteem.

I have been feeling <sup>somewhat</sup> better, though. This morning I realized I hadn't thought of you at all for three hours. I consider that a grand achievement. As time goes by I feel more and more like this was just one of those things in life that <sup>leave a mark on</sup> ~~mark~~ you but you can't <sup>really</sup> explain. I wonder if I will ever know why things happened the way they did. I wonder if I will ever see you again. It's a warm but scary <sup>prospect</sup> ~~thought~~. Scary because I feel that I might forget <sup>that happened</sup> everything and trust you again.

I've always been fascinated by how people define themselves and tell each other about their habits and traits. For the longest time I felt like I was <sup>myself</sup> very opinionated about people in general, but I had no opinions about myself. It's funny because as I grow older I start to notice things about me, like how I react in certain situations. If you asked me whether I was a forgiving person three years ago, I wouldn't have been able to <sup>give an answer</sup> ~~answer~~ <sup>the question</sup>. Now I realize how forgiving I can be if I really care for someone. This isn't always a good thing. One has to be wary. <sup>But is this hypothetical? what evidence supports this?</sup>

I wanted to write you this letter to thank you, but the letter is not really addressed to you. It's addressed to <sup>one of many yous</sup> ~~expect of you~~ that I know would understand. I hope that <sup>you</sup> ~~she~~ will still feel the bond that was once between us. So thank you, because you have taught me lessons about life and <sup>about</sup> myself. I'm not thanking you for <sup>taking an active role in</sup> ~~acting~~ making it happen, I'm thanking you for unknowingly facilitating it. I truly do believe that you are a good person at heart, but I also feel that you are very damaged, very harmful, and very selfish.

I hope you make yourself the great person I think you could become.

What a kind + generous wish to end with!

Love,

Dear,

I'm still trying to make sense of the things you've done, and ~~feel like~~ <sup>on everything</sup> every day I get a new perspective. The meanings of your actions are constantly changing in my head. Just now I remembered you waking up in the morning and asking me to take a shower with you. I didn't, but I'm still wondering why you asked me. I couldn't tell if it was because you were ~~too shy to~~ <sup>do it after all</sup> ask to take a shower on your own in my house, when it was the ~~first~~ <sup>in the first place</sup> time you had slept here. Or was it because you really wanted to take a shower with me? It's strange to think that you would ask for something so intimate. I'm leaning towards the first possibility <sup>but there's no way I can be</sup> <sup>in light of all that happened afterwards</sup> but I'm not entirely sure.

I haven't seen you in a while so I feel like you're <sup>gradually</sup> getting less and less important for me. I have been very busy, so that has helped. But there are times when I <sup>I'm suddenly struck by intense sadness</sup> suddenly feel upset, and I wonder <sup>at that moment</sup> what you might be doing. Right now I <sup>have a hard time believing</sup> can't believe we even live in the same city. It's such a strange thought to think that I could hop on a bus and get off two blocks from your house, and ~~I could~~ knock on your door. Can you imagine the horror? I'm trying to externalize you to such a degree that I don't even think about our paths crossing, <sup>or distance myself from you</sup> though it's entirely possible. <sup>horror for who?</sup>

But that doesn't stop me from thinking that I could find you at my door every time I'm coming home. I know it's <sup>quite well that</sup> ~~practically~~ impossible but the thought <sup>does cross</sup> ~~always crosses~~ my mind. ~~Doesn't ponder over it~~ It only barely crosses my mind, and then I tell myself not to be ridiculous. But I wish I could find you waiting at my doorstep, telling me how much you've missed me, and that you've made a huge mistake. I would probably say, "Yes, <sup>you have,</sup> you've made a big mistake, but I'm so happy you realized it!" Note the yes. You thought it was funny that I always said yes instead of yeah. I thought you were somewhat charmed by it, but who knows...

Your place in my mind is constantly changing, but I feel that simultaneously I'm changing too. Remember when I told you I <sup>that</sup> never drink on my own at home? That's not the case anymore. In fact I've been drinking gin every night. I'm actually quite drunk right now. I spent a lot of drunken nights crying but I'm not crying anymore. That felt really good but it's over. ~~My eyes are producing no more tears and there are no words tightening~~

~~around my throat anymore.~~ I feel like I can say anything because now it doesn't matter whether I say it ~~to you~~ or not. You're gone. I now know that all of these words are <sup>especially whether I say it to you or not</sup> ~~written to myself~~ <sup>essentially</sup> Whether you see them or not doesn't make a difference.

I still have so many words, that's why I'm writing to you. I like that I've come to a point where it doesn't really matter if I write or not anymore, but it's still good to write. It helps me put things into perspective and it's a good way of concentrating my thoughts.

abrupt /

It's getting colder and colder every day. I was always in awe of you not feeling cold. You would stand around in a t-shirt even when it was freezing ~~and you were not frozen~~. I wonder if now that it's colder you're still the same. I thought we could <sup>spend</sup> ~~have~~ a winter together but now I know that winter will go by without us seeing each other.

writing about the act of writing seems crucial too all of this, why not push it further?

Hope you're not too cold. Too sentimental?

Love,

Dear,

how much of this is fiction?

First of all I want to make a confession

for writing  
to write

~~Firstly, I have a confession I want to make. This is my primary reason for writing this letter. I'm conflicted in what I feel so I hope I don't seem like I'm contradicting myself.~~

My feelings ~~right now~~ are hard to put into words, but I will try my best.

You told me I could use your computer if I wanted to before going in the shower

When I was over at your house this morning, I wanted to check my e-mail. ~~You were in the shower and I went on your computer.~~ When I typed the address your Gmail

in Gmail.com your email

how does that happen? lame explanation

automatically appeared. I did something I really shouldn't have done, but it kind of grew out of control by itself. I didn't intend to read your stuff but I saw my name in one of the

temptation

This is the problem with Gmail giving a preview of the first few words of e-mails

e-mails. It was from your roommate. I couldn't resist the ~~urge~~, I opened and read it.

discuss

Then I read what you had originally written. I know that what I'm about to ~~talk about~~

does not change what I did - I invaded your privacy and disrespected you. But in the end I'm glad I did, and I wish you were able to say things like that to my face.

~~Yeah now~~ It's not like I look in the mirror every day and think "Woah I'm hot." I am not a ~~hugely confident~~ <sup>More unfortunately in this case,</sup> ~~especially self-confident~~ person. ~~Silly for you~~, you already knew that about me. It's a

shame you couldn't tell me you didn't really find me sexually attractive. It would have been a hard one to ~~take~~ <sup>digest</sup> but it ~~makes a lot of things clearer now.~~ <sup>would have made a lot of things clearer earlier on</sup> Like the fact that we

haven't once had sex sober. And more often than not it lasts about 10 minutes at best.

And then you refer to past sexual experiences ~~that~~ <sup>which</sup> puzzle me, because I can't picture you as sexually active a person as that. And you can't get what you want or need from me. What a shame.

kind of a relationship

You have to realize that this is <sup>clearly</sup> unhealthy. I can see you're not happy with what I can offer you. Of course I knew all along that something was wrong, that something was missing. I wasn't blind to all of the little details, all of the vague words and gestures. ~~I~~

~~just really didn't think this was it.~~ I didn't realize there was something so fundamental ~~It just hadn't dawned on me that this was it~~

for you that couldn't be compensated. If we were to continue this way, sooner or later this would turn into a disaster. I think you have to realize that. Our relationship couldn't be structurally sound.

I'm not angry. I'm hurt, yes, but that's something I can get over in time. I still would have appreciated for you to face this fact or explain to me what was wrong with us. But what's done is done, I won't keep blaming you for it. But under these circumstances I can't see you anymore. I know myself pretty well and I know that I will feel awful around you. I feel like <sup>all of the</sup> that magic is gone now, I just can't be comfortable in my skin <sup>when</sup> I'm <sup>with</sup> around you.

I've learnt the hard way that it's good to go with your gut, to deal with things quickly without dragging them on and on. No good comes out of postponing something if you know you're <sup>going to</sup> ~~going to~~ have to do it eventually anyway. So I have made the decision to <sup>cease</sup> ~~cease~~ contact with you. Please respect what I ask of you and do not try to get in touch with me. I don't think there's anything that needs to be explained. <sup>Further</sup> Let's not have any awkward conversations or cliché discussions. You must know how much I dread those situations. Maybe one day when we have found different things to concern ourselves with, our paths will cross again and we will be good friends. <sup>So above it all?</sup> <sup>and not even bitter...</sup>

I hope you get everything you want and need.

Love,

Very important point stressed more often that needs to be

Dear,

By calling you "dear" I am already situating you in a certain position in relation to myself. You would never have defined yourself as my dear, but as soon as I call you dear

~~that~~ I'm making it clear that that's what I'd like to see you as. I hope this doesn't make you uncomfortable. <sup>I don't think being someone's dear should be something to avoid.</sup> Being someone's dear, I think, shouldn't be something to avoid. You slept in my arms, you looked into my eyes, and I thought you were a dear. Aw!

I'll admit that I suppose

It makes perfect sense that after our last conversation you wouldn't talk to me. I can see

your reasons and it's understandable. But part of me still wishes you would contact me, <sup>I can't confess</sup> I'm still waiting for it. I can't help but feel neglected, I don't understand if it's ~~easy~~ easy for you to stay away from me. I wish I could know if you miss me. I wish I could know what you feel for me other than pity. Pity is such a pitiful feeling.

I remember you <sup>telling me</sup> saying that everyone you sleep with <sup>ends up falling</sup> falls in love with you, and that <sup>is</sup> you find it difficult <sup>to</sup> not break people's hearts. <sup>at the time</sup> At the time I thought it was strange, <sup>I couldn't</sup> I couldn't

<sup>understand how many people could fall in love with you.</sup> I fell in love with you but I <sup>couldn't</sup> didn't see how other people could. You are very particular and <sup>I didn't think that</sup> the things I like about you are <sup>would be</sup> probably not qualities most people look for. I had felt quite special to be the

person to feel what I felt for you, I just thought you weren't someone a lot of people could appreciate. I was <sup>so</sup> delusional that I was thinking it <sup>to such an extent</sup> takes someone like me to like someone like you, and that <sup>that</sup> in itself should make me special for you. You have so many

flaws, but to me they were just lovely. I <sup>didn't</sup> understand how others could find those <sup>repetition!</sup> things lovely too. <sup>on top of that</sup> Maybe I still don't really understand, but <sup>lead to my confusion</sup> to add to my confusion, I

can't understand how I fell for those things myself either. Sometimes I suspect that if I got to spend more time with you, you would start to annoy me. ~~I'm not sure if I'm just~~

~~trying to make myself better, though~~ Perhaps assuming this is a way to make myself feel better about not having you.

Too many "sometimes" <sup>I think that</sup>  
~~Sometimes I wonder~~

I'm more emotional than most people. Emotion is such a subjective experience, ~~that~~ it's hard to detect what other people are feeling. Perhaps you will think that my responses are too extreme or ~~intense~~ <sup>amplified</sup>. I don't really understand what the norm is. Should I be repressing my feelings? Is it healthy to pretend I don't feel what I feel, or to dictate to myself what I should be feeling? I guess even asking questions like this is thinking way more than "normal people".

<sup>not a phrase that I would use, so maybe imply more strongly that this is what other people say.</sup>  
~~You may think this is too forward of me but I think being incredibly honest but that's a decision I have made consciously about my life.~~

Trying to understand other people's perspectives is hard enough ~~itself~~, maybe I <sup>more honest in my life.</sup> can at least make life easier both for myself and others by being transparent about what I think and feel. This will at times ~~necessarily~~ <sup>have to</sup> be confusing, I'll be giving different impressions, saying things that contradict each other. But <sup>this is only natural since</sup> I'm constantly trying to understand myself, and my position always seems to change. I'm wondering if my position for you also changes even though we don't talk anymore. But I don't even know <sup>then</sup> if you ever think about me. I might just be that one person you had fun with, <sup>already</sup> But at least we had fun, didn't we? ~~I think~~ know that you would look back on it all and remember what pleasant days those were.

I hope you think of me every once in a while.

Love,

Dear,

I can't always trust my own interpretations, so I ask others for opinions on what happened between us. But in the end I'm never satisfied with ~~any~~ <sup>anyone's</sup> opinions. Because what happened was only between the two of us and nobody else was there, so what my friends know of the story is essentially all filtered <sup>through</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>and then through their own</sup> me. Of course I can't decide if I'm <sup>experiences</sup> able to tell the story objectively. <sup>seems like</sup> An impossible task. So of course they will side with me. Of course they will think you're immature and irresponsible. <sup>as I do</sup> Of course they don't like to see their friend hurt.

And then there's ~~always~~ the shame of how much I ~~have~~ <sup>period of</sup> felt in such a short time. I am ashamed because I think people look down on quick emotional attachments. <sup>For most</sup> It doesn't sit well with reason. In the grand scheme of things, a few days ~~don't~~ <sup>shouldn't</sup> matter that much.

What is "it"? unclear sentence

It's supposed to be like a breeze, <sup>what?</sup> it's supposed to go away quickly and leave no trace. I don't understand why being emotional is something that has to be frowned upon. And I'm not saying that this is something I don't do, usually I find people who are too emotional and dramatic tedious. But then I'm suddenly hit by all of these emotions that I can't rationalize, and feel like I have to suppress them because it's immature <sup>or</sup> silly.

I don't understand and yet I do it myself - I guess it's taken as a sign of weakness

Then <sup>what?</sup> it doesn't seem so unlikely and I think, ~~you know what, maybe~~ <sup>"Then it doesn't seem so unlikely that such a rapid emotional attachment is a healthy human response"</sup> it's a healthy human response <sup>or something like that - reconstruct sentence for more clarity.</sup>

I can't rely on others to understand you. That's frustrating because now I can't rely on you for that either, you haven't left many open doors. You were insisting that it's my prerogative to walk through any open door I find, but I don't have many to choose from, and the ones that are open I'm too scared to approach.

Taken for granted that I can't rely on myself?

<sup>Find a better way to use the 'open door' metaphor</sup> I wish I could get a better sense of how you function ~~as a human~~ <sup>in your daily life</sup>. I wish I knew your ups and downs, how you spend your days, what goes on in your mind and what your worries

are. I feel like I'd <sup>just</sup> started doing that before you shut me out. And I was even ready to <sup>completely</sup> take care of you. That night when you were shitfaced and we couldn't find a cab, I walked you home in the cold at 3AM. I held your hand and I guided you, even though I was drunk too I didn't care because I had you to take care of. <sup>That's unexpected of me since</sup> ~~However~~ <sup>because I'm not</sup> a very nurturing person, I usually leave people to deal with their shit. You didn't ask me <sup>own</sup> <sup>might say that you</sup> for help, and I could have left you to sort yourself out. But with all my heart I <sup>actually</sup> wanted to make sure you were safe. I wasn't angry even though you were binge drinking (I usually find that plain stupid and prefer not to deal with people who drink until they black out). It was so cold, it took us an hour to get home, but even then I was still thinking, "I don't mind doing this again... I can take care of you if you want me to." But you <sup>didn't</sup> ~~don't~~ want me to.

I think I'm feeling better every day but the questions in my head aren't going away, I'm having to learn to live with them. My brother always used to tell me to leave the past in the past, but I've never quite mastered that. I can't really discern where the past ends <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ how the present relates to the past. I'm reliving the past inside me, <sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ it keeps changing all the time. The past perpetually changes according to the present, and the present never seems to stop. When is past past? Are we in the past? Because in the present I'm still thinking of you.

Is there a significance to this?

I hope we're not only in the past.

"I hope we're not of the past"

"I hope we <sup>or</sup> don't belong only to the past"

Love,

Dear,

A quality has significance only insofar as it translates into certain effects... "Actions speak louder than words"

It doesn't really mean ~~anything~~ <sup>much</sup> to me when you tell me you think I'm a great person. I'm sure if you try hard enough to see greatness in people, everyone's great in some way. Me being great in and of myself <sup>or even possible</sup> is not quite the point, I'd be more interested to know what that greatness does <sup>for/to</sup> you. Speaking about the relations between us is much more preferable than hearing all these <sup>empty qualifiers</sup> ~~vague words~~. They don't give me anything to hold on to, their meanings quickly escape from them and they become <sup>mere</sup> placeholders ~~more than anything~~. The word "great" could mean so many different things about <sup>a person</sup> ~~someone~~, and if you haven't established a level of communicability with <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ person ~~you're talking to~~ (as with our case), it fails to give a clear idea of what is actually being said. In that sense I suppose nothing is actually being said, though empty words are flying all over the place.

Is anything actually being said?

Similarly, I could write you a million letters but I still wouldn't be able to <sup>truly</sup> ~~express~~ how I feel. My voice in different letters would shift according to the specifics of the times at which the letters are written. Strangely enough, even though I don't see you or talk to you at all anymore, my perception of what happened between us seems to be changing all the time. My thoughts about you are changing, they slow down and then they speed up again. Some things float up to the surface at times and others sink to the bottom. What was once important now seems trivial, and the trivial resurfaces, seeming <sup>vital</sup> ~~crucial~~. All those places that I recall and the memories that grip me and pin me down are somewhat different from what they used to be. Does one need to be thinking so much to realize this? It happens whether you're aware of it or not, and I don't know if you think about me at all, but I must be changing for you too.

And the way it's being read/perceived would too

How did I assume  
I "knew" this? Wasn't  
the case after all...

Because of course the variables change, I know that there's someone else in your life now. I guess I shouldn't know this, but there you have it, that's what the age of internet <sup>is</sup> ~~does~~ <sup>on Facebook</sup>. I see way too many things that I'm not supposed to see, and I don't get to see what it is that I think I have a right to see. Of course the simple solution to that would be (and many have suggested this) to "delete" you. It'll probably ask me if I'm sure I want to do this. I think what it should be asking is: "Do you think this is for the better?", in which case I can simply click "Yes" or "No". When it asks me if I'm sure I want to remove you from my "friends", that's not so easy to answer. No, I'm not sure. I'm not really sure about anything actually. → Intertextuality

Obsession is a ~~bad~~ <sup>terrible</sup> thing. You fixate on something even though you're fully aware that you're not going to ~~be satisfied~~ <sup>get any satisfaction from it</sup>. It's completely fruitless and it drains you emotionally. It's possible to be motivated, to use your obsession in a creative manner, but it's still such a drag. And it's hard to decide when to stop. It's hard to realize that you even have the power to decide to make it stop. I don't know how I'm going to be able to stop thinking about you. ~~Maybe~~ I still don't want to let go. You gave me a taste of something I haven't had in years and it's so hard to accept that you won't give me more of it. — revisit the

There's nothing there. We look at the same thing but your interpretation of it is ~~so~~ <sup>where?</sup> <sup>very</sup> <sup>different</sup> from mine. Even though I don't know what it is I know this much. Maybe it's a good thing we're no longer ~~keeping~~ <sup>in touch</sup>. (or at least healthier)

I hope things are clearer for you than they are for me.

Love,

Dear,

Of all the things I heard you say, there are a few <sup>remarks</sup> words that stick to my mind and won't leave. ~~Because~~ they're sinister little things that won't reveal to me what they <sup>really</sup> are. One example I can think of is when at a party someone asked us whether we were a couple, and you replied by saying "Maybe ~~possibly~~". At the time I thought you meant that you predicted some time in the future we <sup>might</sup> ~~would~~ become a couple. Looking back on it, it seems more likely that you meant, "I have my doubts, but we'll see..." It's funny how words spoken can change their meaning for <sup>us</sup> ~~you~~ after a while. <sup>bitter use of "funny"</sup>

"Maybe" is a probability that could be 1% or 99% - subjective interpretation

I think I have finally accepted that we will never be "together" in the usual sense of the word. It seems like the two of us can never work <sup>this</sup> ~~it~~ out. We obviously have a very good time together, and when we take things lightly we really enjoy each other's company.

what is the "usual sense" of "together"?

is the extra step just an acknowledgment a word but not an action?

But neither of us are willing to take that extra step. We have too much we want to keep away from each other, I think. Too many stories we're not telling, too many people we're not introducing each other to, too many letters previously received hidden under the bed, too much baggage. I know and I respect that coming out of a four year relationship like you have can transform somebody's attitude <sup>towards others</sup> ~~to life~~. I think you need to enjoy what life has to give you, but at the same time I worry for you, because you are so confused. I've heard you say quite a few times how much you want to just be in a long term relationship with someone, have your own thing with them, your ways and mutual habits and such, but I don't think you're really willing to make that commitment. And frankly maybe you shouldn't be making that commitment before you can accept being alone. I have been alone for a long time, and I can tell you it sucks, but you make peace with it after a while and it stops being a huge lack. Maybe that's when you're finally ready to take that extra step. Maybe this sounds like a contradiction to you, but I think

is this a general reluctance or something that would change in time by itself?

Why does the writer bring this up? Is this a universal fact to be accepted or does it only apply to these two people?

subjective again; 2 months or 10 years?

as time goes by you will understand. I hope you don't think I sound didactic or condescending. I'm just telling you my take on things.

why? can we not understand each other if we are more than 'just friends'?

I'm thinking that maybe we should just try to be friends. Then we'll be able to understand each other better, get to know each other better. Without having to feel like this needs to lead to something. I would like it more than anything if we could spend time with each other without any idea of what might happen in the future. But realistically I don't think that seems possible right now. blame?

cliche

incomplete sentence

what's more important is how to do this

A good friend of mine always tells me when I ask for advice that I should try to get to the bottom of things to find out what it is I want from a situation, and then act accordingly.

is this not straight-forward?

does one find what one wants by thinking?

This could be a selfish thing to do but I think it's a very good <sup>at times</sup> ~~point~~ <sup>suggestion</sup> ~~idea~~. It's not just about relationships either, it's in all aspects of life. I think this is what I was trying to tell you when I said that you don't think things through. You don't wait until you find out what it is you want, you're impulsive. And you think that what you do one day won't have consequences the next day. But that's not the case, everything we do with each other accumulates <sup>and culminates in what we think of</sup> as a personal relationship, and that's how we perceive each other day to day. I don't think you quite understand this. It's irresponsible and maybe you don't realize but it's hurtful too. So I think you have to really ask yourself what it is you want and then come to me with an answer. Only then <sup>can</sup> ~~can~~ have something like a reassurance that you won't pull <sup>crude</sup> random shit on me again.

suggestion This is not only for

The writer seems to be trying to say "be patient through convoluted language"

is there a time limit for this?

This is why I have decided not to contact you until you're ready to tell me what you want from me. I'm not going to get in touch with you. I don't know how long it'll take for you to have a clear direction for yourself, but you know where to find me when you do.

I hope you can make me trust you again.

where did 'trust' come from all of a sudden? Too scattered

Love,

Dear,

I think I can safely say that after today I have no hope left about us anymore. Maybe this is ~~called~~ <sup>what they call</sup> acceptance. I'm accepting that I can't ever be what you're looking for. I think you have quite a specific group of people you like your partners to belong to <sup>and</sup> I don't fit that description. I wish there could be hope for us <sup>without me having to</sup> ~~but I don't know if I will~~ fit that description. I just think it's such a shame that you couldn't see what I saw. I really think you made an unfortunate decision. <sup>(for both of us)</sup> And this is not denial at all, I just truly believe we would have been a really good couple (of people). <sup>ambivalence?</sup> and also is all this meant to induce guilt?

I'm usually not one to hold on to a lot of objects. But there are a few things I keep, some objects that remind me of a particular event or emotion. I've kept two things from <sup>the times I spent with</sup> you, maybe an odd combination: a shiny black plastic spoon and a bent pair of 3D glasses. ~~But~~ I might as well throw them away. Sometimes I see them and they make me angry because they can't bring back good memories anymore. <sup>You've ruined all those memories</sup> ~~All those memories are ruined~~ and I'm not very happy to have them. <sup>to keep</sup> What formerly had cheered me now seems insignificant.

I also have one photo, which is the only photo of you that I took. <sup>myself</sup> We were walking around aimlessly deep in conversation and you found a large ice block on the road. I think it was part of a melting ice sculpture. You kicked it around for a bit, you seemed to be having a lot of fun. I wanted to remember you like that, I thought, so I quickly took my camera out of my pocket and shot one photo. We weren't intimate enough for me to take ~~photo after photo~~ <sup>more than one</sup>. I find taking photos of people really intimate <sup>for some reason.</sup> I don't know if you do too but I thought <sup>it might be</sup> ~~you might feel~~ awkward if I kept taking photos of you. Of course <sup>being</sup> quite careful with my behaviour, <sup>as usual</sup> trying not to discomfort you in any way, the photo I took was below the waist, focussing on the ice rather than you. I don't know

This is actually what you assumed it was

I hadn't even noticed it but you were noticing many things

why I'm so ethically <sup>sensitive</sup> aware with photos but I thought I had to send it to you later. I did, and you sent it back to me, <sup>with edits</sup> this time black and white and with more contrast. Cheap trick, but it usually works. <sup>you were entitled to seeing it so</sup> ~~This is exactly what was so~~

And I'm looking at the photo now, but it doesn't evoke any positive feelings. It seems distant. Because now I just feel like all the times you were sweet like that, you were faking it. The feelings that I had when I took that photo are completely gone, you've ruined them. That person couldn't have done what you did to me. I'm not saying you're inherently evil, I'm just saying that you must have been aware of what you could have done to me, but you weren't respectful enough to consider it. Totally selfish and immature. <sup>This is one ~~big~~ reason for my affection maybe?</sup>

exaggeration  
- n. of  
and "was fake"  
faking if you  
different things,  
one is more  
actively  
malevolent

Are there good people and bad people in the world? (Of course) I don't think so, but <sup>use</sup> ~~near~~ people <sup>others</sup> ~~people~~ those qualifiers about a lot. Are you a bad person? I don't think so. But you have done bad things to me. Remember in my angry letter to you months ago I'd written "If there is such a thing as karma, you have a lot of bad things coming your way." I always laugh when I remember that because it's a funny dramatic thing to say, but I think that's ~~what~~ how I'm feeling once again. Maybe what goes around comes around. <sup>consider the consequences</sup>

contradicts  
faking?

But part of me hopes you're safe from harm. <sup>why of course?</sup> → one step forward, one step back, so confused...

Love,

Dear,

I'm writing this letter <sup>because I want to</sup> so that I can be honest with you. There is this <sup>gap</sup> distance between us and I don't know if I can <sup>breach that gap</sup> change that anymore. I know that I can't change it by myself, <sup>all</sup> but you're not giving me much to work with. <sup>either</sup> You say very few things to me and then I have to think about them over and over. I can never really understand what you're thinking, and this enigma has become so tiring. I'm tired of waiting for you to call me. We haven't spoken in days and <sup>it makes me think</sup> I feel like you don't care. I'm tired of feeling like I'm the only interested party in this exchange. <sup>(or lack of)</sup> Why can't you <sup>just</sup> call me and ask me how I am? When we're together you <sup>seem to have</sup> act like you're having a wonderful time. But when you don't <sup>make an attempt to see me</sup> care about not seeing me for days after that, I feel neglected or <sup>easily</sup> dispensable.

I want to know where I stand. If this is just a fling for you, I think I <sup>have a right to</sup> should know. I think I <sup>have the right to know</sup> have the right to know. I don't want to invest any more emotions in this if nothing is going to come out of it. And I hate that you hold all the power in this. It infuriates me to feel so <sup>incapacitated</sup> ~~inadequate~~. I know that I want you, but I don't know if you want me. And you get to determine what happens, I can only passively accept your verdict. But when will this end? When will you tell me what we are to you? Do you even spend any time thinking about this? If you don't care then I can't make you care, but at least tell me so I can deal with it.

<sup>Do you think this is</sup> ~~is~~ this too forward of me? I expect you might feel threatened by these words. I know you don't like confrontation. I know you don't like <sup>being told what to do</sup> to feel like someone's forcing you to do things. <sup>even if you wanted to do it in the first place</sup> Even if you were going to do something, you hate being told to do it. I don't want to <sup>passive</sup> cause you discomfort but please consider how I might be feeling. I haven't experienced anything of this sort with anyone in years. I find it hard to communicate with people, and maybe this is a snobbish thing to say but I find most people boring and

Impossible to keep up because they accumulate without being resolved

Sounds too passive / pathetic

cold and calculating

tedious. And finally when I do get to be with someone whose company I enjoy so much, there is this ~~perpetual~~<sup>unending</sup> ambiguity. It really sucks and it's unfair to me. <sup>I think</sup>

But I know that I can't encapsulate you. You like your freedom too much. And ~~you insist~~<sup>I can't stop you from</sup> ~~on~~ feeling like I pose a threat to your freedom, ~~while I imagine us being~~<sup>though I imagine us</sup> free to do what we want together. We both feel it, I know ~~it~~<sup>is</sup> so I can't understand why ~~we~~<sup>you</sup> can't just let ~~our~~<sup>your</sup> guards down.

My dad always used to tell me to be more proactive, <sup>in life</sup> he wanted me to be a go-getter, I have been trying to do that all my life, but it's not really as simple as ~~deciding what you want and pursuing whatever you want~~<sup>deciding what you want and pursuing whatever you want it or how much you want it</sup> you want. Sometimes it just doesn't matter what you want, you can't have a say in the matter, and you have to admit defeat and move on. I think this is one of those situations. No matter what I do I ~~can't say~~<sup>can never</sup> the right thing to you, you always find a way to twist my words and be threatened by what I say. I'm tired of constantly having to watch what I'm saying to you. ~~Needs like whatever I do, I can never do right with you.~~

This is not a decision I have come to very easily, I have spent many sleepless nights, but I want to tell you that I think we shouldn't see each other, at least for a while. Maybe <sup>indefinite for how long?</sup> things will change in time, maybe ~~you~~<sup>we</sup> will change in time. I don't want this involvement if I don't know where I stand. You have to decide if you <sup>are ready to give more to me or want to invest more in me or</sup> not, and then you can come back to ~~me~~<sup>if you do</sup>. I won't be very surprised if I never hear you again, I ~~think~~<sup>fear</sup> it might have come to this. I know you think I'm just being dramatic, but if you want to be with me you'll have to deal with this drama. Running away from it will never fix us. So please only contact me once you have figured out what you want. <sup>it is that</sup> ~~you~~ know where to find me very well.

I hope you realize you shouldn't take me for granted. <sup>Threat?</sup>

Love,

Dear,

are aware of it

I am a little mad at you. I don't know if you realize this but your behaviour fluctuates a lot. It's like one day I'm talking to one <sup>person</sup> and the next to another one. I've come to the point where I'm ~~about to give up~~ <sup>wondering whether it's best to give up</sup> trying to understand what's going on in your head. I actually suspect that ~~nothing's going on in your head~~ <sup>you're not thinking about me and that</sup>, because you're repressing your feelings. <sup>on the other hand</sup> I seem to be doing the opposite, analyzing my every single emotion. I am spent.

might sound awful

It seems to me that

It's like sometimes you catch yourself in a state of intimacy that overwhelms you, and then you build more walls around yourself. Why can't I get to you? If we are to figure out what's happening between us I think we need to start ~~acting as a singular entity and~~ <sup>making</sup> ~~make~~ decisions together. But frankly I can't see that maturity in you. I wonder how long you think you can keep at this. I wonder if you ever think about that at all. I think about it all the time. I can't sleep at night.

Is it "I" that can't get to you or "you" that won't let me?

sounds more than "a little" mad

~~Maybe~~ <sup>most likely?</sup> you will think I'm just being dramatic. And maybe you're right to a certain extent: I am a dramatic person. I've tried to change it, I've spent years trying to overcome my sensitivity. But I can't. That's just who I am <sup>identity?</sup> I think too much and I feel too much. And maybe it's better to be with someone who can accept that instead of <sup>who is that?</sup>

resenting it. I'm so tired of thinking twice about everything I'm doing, judging myself to escape from your judgment. I wish I could <sup>do I have a clear sense of this "self"?</sup> be myself around you more easily. But you built this cliché-meter inside me. I mean so what if my feelings for you are cliché? ~~You should really be flattered!~~ "Cliché's are cliché for a reason" is also a cliché!

I think you need to realize that nothing we will ever do will be unique. Too many people will always have done the same things in the past. We will always end up resembling others. We are doomed to playing out our characters. All of these words have been spoken before, all these feelings have been felt, all these arguments have been had

destiny?  
have our characters been pre-written?

endless times by others. If you can finally accept that and stop trying to make everything  
so ~~damn~~ <sup>bloody</sup> eccentric maybe we could even find some joy in this, you know. <sup>condescending</sup>

But who is in  
a position to  
tell me that  
for certain?  
whose reason  
do I base  
my actions  
on?

I know you hate it when I speak to people about my relationship with you (if we can <sup>relationship?</sup>  
even call it a relationship, that is). But I need opinions. I need to know if I'm being <sup>what an unclear word</sup>  
unreasonable. I talked about this with a good friend of mine today. She suggested that I  
stop seeing you for a while. I think she <sup>might have</sup> ~~has~~ a point. I'm tired of trying to understand if  
you want to see me or not. I just want to be with someone who will make me feel  
comfortable around them, who won't make me always question what's going on in their  
head. So until you can be that person I think it's best if we take a break from all of this.  
Please respect my decision to not contact you. One day if you feel like you're in a place  
where you can talk to me clearly, then I'm sure we can have something amazing.

I hope you don't despise me for this.

How can I be sure when  
I don't know what you will be  
like then? We're always changing...

Love,

Dear,

Consider providing some context at first / Or keep it blunt?

I will give you reasons for my confusing behaviour

Since we are being frank... Here goes. I think I owe you this letter. I'm not sexually attracted to you. Who knows why? I don't know. You're ~~cute~~ <sup>charming</sup>, you have a nice body, you were good in bed. I can't explain why I feel the way I feel. I have been wanting to tell you this, but it's something you can't just outright say to someone you hardly know without hurting their feelings. ~~The thing is~~ <sup>must</sup> you ~~probably~~ know as well as I do that humans have very little control over who they are attracted to. It's instinctive, I can't force it and I can't fake it. I just don't feel it. Which is a shame, because you are nice to be around, really sweet, intelligent and attractive. And don't get me wrong, I did have a great time. ~~And I would love to be friends with you~~ <sup>And I would love to be friends with you</sup>. This is why I keep harping on the whole "I don't want a relationship" thing, because how do I explain what I feel without sounding <sup>insensitive</sup> ~~like a total ass~~? It's a very difficult explanation to give to someone, especially since I do actually like you and think you're great. I just don't want to do it with you.

It's not something you can say without hurting someone's feelings under any circumstance?

Words of consolation seem contrived

Why say "it" and not just say "sex"?

I hope you aren't upset by me. I know how shitty rejection feels. And I'm certainly not rejecting you. Being honest like ~~this~~ <sup>this</sup> isn't easy when you hardly know someone, I hope you understand what a difficult position I'm in. But ~~the thing is that~~ <sup>I assume</sup> I would like to get to know you better, though not in the way that you want to get to know me. Maybe in the past I would have gotten involved and just let it go on for a while. But I don't wanna be a jerk to people. I don't want anyone to think I'm selfish and fake. I've jumped into too many relationships without assessing whether it was something I really wanted or just a reaction to feeling lonely and horny. I want to do the right thing and be friends with you without any involvement that might complicate things in a way we can't handle. I'm sorry you can't have me. I don't understand how it all works. I think it's part chemical, part ~~animalistic~~ <sup>animalistic</sup>, and part conditioning. I mean, I can't make myself want to rip

Contradiction

saying this is already being a jerk?

immodest/inappropriate

where does one draw the line?

expand ... if it's conditioning then that implies it could be forced or altered?

repeating  
this argument  
too many times makes  
it less believable

your jeans off. I wish I could but that's just not how it works. Not that it's all about sex,  
but I do think that sex forms the basis of a lot of human relationships. <sup>you have said this yourself.</sup> We can be  
friends, but I just don't want to end up having sex and you getting hurt by me, because <sup>insensitive</sup>  
that's happened to me <sup>many times</sup> before as well. I know what a terrible thing it is and I think it  
would be unfair to you. You have been nothing but patient with me, nothing but honest  
and giving. <sup>perhaps it needs to be acknowledged that that's unavoidable</sup>

I don't want you to misinterpret me. I enjoyed having sex with you, it was fun. But the  
day after I realized that I should want to kiss you and have sex with you again, and I  
didn't want to because some essential chemistry was missing. I wanted to tell you but I  
could hardly have said something then. I had no way of telling how you would react or  
how you would take it. And I was too scared to be responsible for something I had no  
say in. I can't choose who I want to have sex with, that's something that naturally <sup>problematic concept</sup>  
happens by itself, but then you always have to deal with the consequences, and there  
are always strings attached. ~~I've come to a point in my life where I realize that~~ There is  
no free play, and it's a shame if someone ends up getting hurt when it could be  
prevented by a pre-emptive decision, like my decision to be honest with you and explain  
to you the reasons I have been distant to you lately.

I don't want there to be any awkwardness between us. We have control over our <sup>good argument, maybe introduce it earlier in the letter</sup>  
feelings so if we decide to not make it awkward I think we can do it. This doesn't have to  
be so grave. I believe that we can still have a great time together if we leave all of this  
behind and <sup>refrain from</sup> ~~not make the mistake of~~ having sex again. It will just complicate things and  
that's unnecessary. <sup>hurtful</sup>

I hope you agree with me.

Love,

argue this more  
clearly. we have  
control over our  
feelings but  
not desires?

Dear,

how does one do that passively?

When I ~~usually~~ try to change my perspective on things, sometimes my thoughts are quite ~~funny~~. To stop glorifying you in my head, I ~~come up with~~ <sup>try to find</sup> things I chose to overlook before. I consider them independently of how I felt for you at the time, and I use them as excuses to not like you.

Like the fact that you snore. Invariably. Every night I spent with you I ~~got~~ <sup>only managed to get</sup> very little sleep because of this. One time I even woke you up and you instantly apologized for <sup>your</sup> snoring, before I'd said anything. That's sweet, but really, I can't sleep when someone's fast asleep next to me, snoring. At the time I didn't mind at all, because I just liked having you next to me so much that I didn't care to sleep. But realistically that would have become a problem. <sup>in time</sup>

Don't need to stoop as low as this!

consolation/denial

There's also your family. I can't believe how many siblings you have and I also can't believe how close you are to all of your family. It's so much weirder because you have very few friends. I think that might be because of how close you are to your family. It's also strange how much you've stood up to your parents, how comfortably you fashion yourself around them even though you know they don't approve of many things about you. There are family dynamics I've never really known there, and they don't seem like things I might care a lot for.

This doesn't even make any sense - how can you reproach someone for something like this?

incredibly offensive

And then there's that one thing that is the most horrid about all that's happened: it's that I thought you needed to lose weight, but I would never make that a problem - <sup>whereas</sup> ~~instead~~ you told me you didn't fancy me physically. Do you think that I thought you had a perfect body? Not at all. I just didn't think that was of primary importance because I really liked being around you and I wanted to sleep with you too. I liked sleeping with you because I felt so much love, not because you were the ~~hottest~~ person in the world.

exaggeration... that's hardly the most horrid thing

the most attractive  
→ "hottest" is not consistent with the general language employed

Different outlooks / Clashing perspectives

Perhaps it's a good idea to reconsider crude outbursts of anger

But that's precisely what's said to be missing

That would be the mature thing to do!

And then of course it's so irritating to hear that you were having an amazing time with me but some essential physical chemistry was lacking. Chemistry my ass. The chemistry was there, it just wasn't the kind to fire your groins every ten minutes. I think your idea of love is more like a constant fuckfest. You're looking for a good sexual partner more than anything. I don't know, should I be respectful of your choice and say "fair enough"? I guess I can't expect everyone to have the same expectations as me from love.

This would be worth stressing if I pursue this "warning" attitude

You don't take good care of yourself. You work too much, ~~which is fine but~~ you're not good to yourself. You don't eat well, you drink and smoke too much, do too many drugs, wreck yourself in unpleasant ways. You're sloppy, and maybe you don't realize how quickly you will age after now. You should take better care of yourself in order to not become bitter and old before you need to.

in more depth things

I would have talked to you about all of these in time anyway, but there's no time anymore. I'm now throwing these words out into the world knowing that there's no way they could reach their destination, even if you were to read this letter. A letter never reaches its intended destination. We might as well be playing charades, effective communication for us is impossible regardless of whether we talk or not. But we won't talk, because every time I think of talking to you, all of my words tighten around my throat and I can't pluck up the courage.

→ Confusing reasons → we won't talk because I can't talk but because you don't want to talk to me; hard to accept the truth...

I hope that soon I won't care.

Love,

too general?

Dear,

having to use this limited pool of

I wish there was a way for us to communicate without ~~resorting to words~~. There are so many things I want to say to you but I don't ~~have the words for them~~. <sup>know the right words to express</sup> ~~My efforts seem silly~~ <sup>today</sup> ~~but I might abandon~~ <sup>do I know the right interpretations?</sup> ~~feelings into words~~. This is the fourth letter I'm starting to write but I might abandon

this one too. I go back and read what I've written but it just all seems wrong. I hope you don't ~~misinterpret my words~~, because I think we have suffered from a major <sup>Perhaps the same happens to you.</sup> ~~miscommunication~~. Sometimes I say or do things that I don't mean, and then I resent myself for it. I'm so scared of hurting you that I'm ~~almost incapable of speaking at all~~. <sup>discouraged from</sup>

I'm sorry for the things I've done. I ~~know very well~~ <sup>have a strong suspicion</sup> that ~~I've~~ <sup>I may have</sup> given you the wrong impression about myself. I was really ~~fascinated~~ <sup>thrilled</sup> by our instant connection and I honestly

vague; everything leads to "something"

thought it could lead <sup>to something</sup>. And the more time I spent with you the more I liked it. That is why I didn't want to ~~take a break~~ <sup>be away from you for a single day</sup> when we spent all of those first days together. ~~When you sent me home and insisted on not coming with me, I was~~ <sup>said you wouldn't come</sup>

frustrated. Because I know myself too well. If I'm left by myself to think I realize I've become too intimate and I ~~break out~~. <sup>panic</sup> ~~There is no rational explanation for this~~. I'm scared

is this a pattern?

of getting too attached to people. I've had my heart broken ~~so many~~ <sup>and</sup> before ~~that~~ I can't bear the thought of it happening again. When I sense the possibility of ~~that happening~~ <sup>ever</sup> I

run away. I shut myself off. <sup>involuntarily</sup> ~~I can't help it~~. So when we took a day off I went home and started ~~panicking~~ <sup>contemplating in panic</sup>. I'm talking physical panicking. You may not know this about me but I

have ~~a lot of anxiety~~ <sup>anxiety issues</sup>. I was shaking that night, terrified. I know it ~~doesn't~~ <sup>might not</sup> make sense. I'm not ~~trying to~~ <sup>telling you all this to try to</sup> justify anything, I know that what I'm doing <sup>must have been</sup> is disappointing. <sup>to you</sup> But please

understand that I ~~have to~~ <sup>have to</sup> do this for myself. If someone's going to get hurt at some point I think it's better to just get it over and done with.

willingly or unwillingly?

Unclear - why does someone have to get hurt?

I want you to be my friend but ~~at the same time~~ I know ~~how~~ difficult that might be. I won't pretend that there isn't a power imbalance here. I'm okay with seeing you with no expectations, and forgive me for saying so, but I don't think you are. Please don't think I'm reading too much into your words, but I sense that you have certain expectations of what this could turn into, and I might not be able to meet them. Actually I know for a fact that I won't. I'm not really in a place right now where I can have a relationship. I have too much to deal with in terms of what's been happening to me throughout the past year, and I also ~~work too much~~ <sup>have too much work-related things to deal with</sup>. I barely even have time to see anyone, really. We spent a lot of time together within a very short period of time so maybe it didn't seem that way to you. And maybe the reason I am so invested in my work in the first place is because I don't want to deal with any personal matters.

I have ~~something like~~ a superstition. I think November is ~~mostly~~ <sup>more often than not</sup> a bad month. I've had a lot of bad things happen to me ~~during~~ <sup>in</sup> Novembers, and I've seen ~~it~~ <sup>them</sup> happen to others around me too. We met towards the end of October so I guess I should have been more cautious. Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that meeting you was a bad thing at all. But I should have known from the beginning that this wouldn't work. I'm sorry if I've misled you.

I ~~don't think it's a good idea for us to keep seeing each other~~ <sup>think it's a good idea for us to not see each other anymore.</sup> I don't think we're a very good fit. You've only seen the surface of it, but trust me, you want someone with less problems than me, and maybe someone less anti-social too. I know you will respect my wish to not see you. I think this will make things easier for us both. Let's not complicate each other's lives any more than we already have.

I hope you know what a great person you are.

Love,

different expectations, but there are expectations in any case

is it just potentiality that is so crippling?

for whom?

and therefore no panic? where does the anxiety go?

"knowledge coming in too late - unconvincing"

unnecessary words imply that the writer is not convinced by their own argument in the first place

cliche

reads as a lousy excuse

personal revelation that seems redundant ... chicken or egg?

idiotic + trite

heart of the matter? is this the main reason? comes in so late that it's almost offensive

reinforcement

why end with this? is this a consolation of some sort?

Dear,

Bite the bullet!  
It's unavoidable

There are things I want to say to you but I don't know how to say them. I'm afraid you will misinterpret my words. Even though I have done many impure things, I ~~still insist~~ <sup>still</sup> that I am pure inside. Know that everything I say comes from a place of innocence.  
Hopefully, ~~Maybe~~ by writing this letter I can make things clearer, but our conversation on the internet seems to have made things so awkward that nothing I say will sound right. ~~+~~ <sup>just because you mean well it doesn't mean you're doing well</sup>  
~~hope you can understand that my intentions are good.~~

setting up a scenario where you cover your bases or find excuses for everything; just because you mean well it doesn't mean you're doing well

The truth of the matter... Honestly... These make everything sound dishonest and fake instead.

I had a long day at work today, ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> my mind was mostly preoccupied with guilt. I can't think of a better word to describe this feeling, ~~I never meant to sound vague, but I may have come off as evasive.~~ <sup>though it's not fully adequate either</sup> There is no easy way of saying the things I wanted to say, and I am afraid of hurting you. The truth of the matter is that though I really enjoy spending time with you, I'm not burning with desire <sup>for you</sup> to have you around. You have been nothing but terribly sweet, and I honestly think you deserve better <sup>than me</sup>. You have hinted a few times at liking me, but I can not give you what you want. <sup>unclear</sup> It's a shame but it is what it is. I feel strange writing this because I have to guess how you will feel and write accordingly. Censoring myself defeats the purpose of writing this letter, but writing openly can hurt you. <sup>(Sort of a situation where one can't do right no matter what!)</sup>

which is of course highly problematic since I may be guessing wrongly

This doesn't mean that what you said <sup>to me</sup> in our chat about a "power imbalance" really holds. We are not free agents in this, ~~You haven't chosen to desire me and I haven't chosen not to desire you.~~ Our animal instincts have guided us in this direction. I don't see how I could be more powerful, because rationally I know that by probability things could easily have been the other way around. We are not defined by what power we are given, but with what power we create for ourselves. One could argue that you are more

This is the poorest + most non-sensical argument. It needs to be supported with clearer insight if the intention is to sound convincing

unnecessary words imply that the writer is not convinced by their own argument in the first place

powerful in this, because you have to be the one who decides whether we will be friends or not. *According to what? How does this make sense? Gibberish*

*The postmodern condition*

I remembered something my mom told me when I was a child: That if I can get something easily I lose interest. She was worried that I would never know the happiness *in* of learning to love something and holding on to it. I am not incapable of love, but I condemn myself for not being able to love you. Talking about this makes me feel uneasy because love is such a cliché. You know I hate clichés. But saying that love is a cliché is probably just a bigger cliché! But anyway, I have made a decision, and you can take this for what you will. I decided that I have to reinforce your position of power in our friendship by letting you decide if we will keep seeing each other. I will not contact you and I will not expect you to contact me. And if you decide to see me I'll know that it's completely your decision.

*Too abrupt*

*pity?*

I hope we can be friends.

*cold*

Love,

*Isn't it unhealthy ~~where~~ if two people in such an exchange don't have equal say in decision making?*

Dear,

And much in the same way you don't know me either.

I'm writing this letter to you, but I have come to realize that I don't know you at all. I can tell you my thoughts but I can't imagine how you receive them, or what they make you think. I guess this is your <sup>strategy</sup> ~~thing~~, you just like to look enigmatic so things are easier for you to deal with. You don't give yourself away and then you think that gives you license to do incomprehensible things. It's <sup>very</sup> frustrating that one of the only things I'm sure about you is how vague and evasive you are. So I have no idea what your reaction to this letter <sup>might</sup> ~~will~~ be, but you don't really have to react <sup>anyway</sup>.

and have more room to be ambiguous

It's surprising that <sup>even though</sup> I have so much to say ~~but~~ <sup>still</sup> I'm at a loss for words. I am angry at you for not speaking to me, but what makes me angrier is how your behaviour completely disrupts my <sup>perception of</sup> ~~thoughts about~~ the world. I think that what you're doing to me is fundamentally wrong, and I don't think people should treat each other like this. It's unfair and disrespectful. You're so unpredictable, ~~but~~ I think I've come to a point where I always predict something going wrong, even when you're all nice.

What's worse is that we're both passive aggressive. That is why I'm finally writing this letter. One of us has to toughen up and deal with this mess, and that's very unlikely to be you. I am doing this for myself, obviously, but also for you. I think that soon you will think of me fondly and be grateful to me for ending this misery.

I'm not sure this is true; it seems more like a writing strategy. It would explain things more clearly although not necessarily the case in reality. How much does one stick to the truth?

I can see you rolling your eyes at words like "misery", and that only makes me angrier. You just love to act like you're so above all of these subhuman feelings. Those of us who will allow ourselves to feel all of this and be courageous enough to admit it are mere losers for you. Yes, you love to hear it in songs, watch it in movies, read it in books, but you can't stand it if it's happening to you directly. How unoriginal! I'm sorry to burst your bubble, but all of these feelings have been felt before by others endless times. So

But can I blame you? I'm rolling my eyes myself now

Where did this come from? This is a false accusation

and very condescending too

many times throughout history you can't even imagine. So maybe you should just accept that this is human nature, and stop acting like you're superior to those who verbalize their feelings.

a very problematic concept!

patronizing

But of course you're chameleon-like, you conceal yourself. Behind that veil of indifference there's an extremely sensitive person. That poor little thing has been subjected to "misery" before, hasn't it? I'm sure it was awful. I'm sure it was nothing you'd like ever to be repeated again. But dear, it's happened to all of us. We've all been hurt before. We've all experienced ~~that loss, that thing~~ that didn't turn us into stone, but made us less able to feel so much and so easily. You're not the only one who's had their heart broken. So be mindful of others. Always suppose that they have their own baggage, their own sordid history. Maybe then you'll be more considerate and take care to do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Of course you will again conjure up the same old excuses. You shouldn't be expected to make sense because so much has happened to you, right? You went through so much shit. ~~But did too.~~

I know that

condescending!

a loss

blah!

But do you consider that I did too?

I'm sorry if I sound ~~really~~ <sup>too</sup> angry. You must know that I'm angry because I care. Because I have felt for you things I ~~haven't~~ <sup>hadn't</sup> felt in a long time, and because I am not afraid to say I love you. But I don't think any good ~~will~~ <sup>can</sup> ever come out of this infatuation. It's only going to keep getting worse. You can only hurt me more and more, you can't do much else.

Why apologize though if my anger is justified.

You're choosing to cripple yourself and if that's what you choose to do in life, I can't stop you. You are an adult and you will make your own choices. <sup>I don't have any say in them.</sup> But I don't want ~~to have~~ <sup>those choices to effect me anymore</sup> anything to do with those choices anymore. I just can't bear to see you anymore. Please don't call me. Please don't cause me any more hurt than you already have.

I hope you have it in you to realize the consequences of your actions.

Love,

Dear,

I was out all night. It's 3 in the morning and I just came home. I have been drinking for hours but I'm not drunk. I kept repeating over and over in my head (what you said to me) <sup>vague</sup> and (what I said to you) <sup>vague</sup> Maybe you think I didn't choose my words carefully, but I did. Maybe you can't make sense of what I told you. But there is a reason <sup>behind</sup> for all the things I have said. I want to admit that not all of what I said was true. That's why it doesn't make sense. I can't say this to your face because I'm too scared of <sup>the consequences</sup> ~~the consequences~~ <sup>confrontation</sup>.

You kept insisting that I give you an explanation for the distance between us. You wanted me to explain things, but I <sup>don't really</sup> ~~didn't~~ have clear explanations. I'm not a particularly rational person. I go with what my gut tells me. I take one step at a time, I live for the <sup>cliché</sup> moment. All the time I spent with you, I really wanted to be there with you, I hope you realize that. I hope you don't think that <sup>our latest discussion</sup> ~~our latest discussion~~ takes away from what we had. What happened between us was genuine. I felt it, and I know you felt it too. <sup>All of this is vague / deictic</sup>

But then I had to quickly rationalize what was "wrong", what was "lacking" (your words). Why we couldn't quickly turn into what you wanted us to be. I know I must have disappointed you, but I <sup>you made me think I should instantly</sup> ~~had to~~ come up with a rational reason. I told you what I told you, but that <sup>became</sup> ~~instantly had to become~~ the main topic of conversation. That became a singular coherent whole that explained all of my <sup>ambiguities</sup> ~~shortcomings~~, when it <sup>I didn't mean</sup> ~~wasn't my intention~~ to make it so. Once I said it I couldn't control it anymore, it just grew and grew and grew to monstrous proportions. It became our myth, if you will. It became our paradigm. It <sup>(pretentious?)</sup> became the very basis of our interaction, but I hadn't intended for it to be that.

Perhaps you resent me thinking that I place too much importance on sex. That's probably not accurate. Of course sex is very important, and you did say that it "defines a relationship" yourself. But there is much more to it than that. It creates a space of

intimacy. ~~Maybe~~ it doesn't always have to, but in our case it certainly <sup>did</sup> ~~does~~. There are different kinds of sexual intercourses one can have. There is the kind that is completely animal-like, the kind where you're just trying to fulfill your bodily needs, not your emotional desires. And then there's the kind where you share a special moment in time. That's the kind where you look into your partner's eyes when you're fucking. That's when you take it slow and you smile. That's when everything dissolves into bodily pleasure and you become one. That's what we had with you. We didn't just fuck, we made love. It takes a lot for me to use that word, I hope you realize that.

The problem with this is that it assumes rough sex can't be intimate which is not necessarily true

is this binary necessary?

And of course I did the predictable thing and I <sup>panicked</sup> ~~freaked out~~. I realized I'd let my guard down. I was giving myself to you, I was becoming one with you. Do you know how scary that is? It makes me so vulnerable I can't stand it. I can't do this right now. I can't give myself to you. I can't be who you want me to be. I can't identify with you.

I know the excuse that I gave you was <sup>quite</sup> ~~a rather~~ pathetic <sup>one</sup>, and <sup>I understand if it has</sup> ~~it must have~~ confused you. But I thought it was only fair that I cleared <sup>things</sup> ~~that~~ up. I hope you don't judge me for <sup>with</sup> ~~insincerity?~~ this, but I'm scared. I'm not at a point in my life where I can allow you to become a part of me, because if I do that you will become a huge part. I know myself very well and I can tell you that with confidence. I am just not ready for this kind of commitment.

It hurts me to say this, and I know it hurts you too, but we <sup>I think that</sup> ~~can't~~ <sup>shouldn't</sup> see each other anymore. Perhaps one day in the future we will both feel we've grown and that we've moved on to a place where there are other possibilities. But right now I don't have the energy to deal with all of these emotions. I'd rather be sad for a short while than completely destroy myself yet again. <sup>Must everything always have a sad ending?</sup>

I hope what I'm saying makes sense to you.  
I hope you can relate to what I'm saying.

Love,

Dear,

It took me a while to decide to write this letter,

Deciding to write this letter took me a while, but I think I need to write it in order to let you know how I feel about our conversation on Monday. <sup>It's a difficult thing to do</sup> It's difficult because I have to weigh my words carefully and make sure you understand my feelings. But in the end I don't know whether that's possible or not, I can only do my best and hope that you can <sup>make sense of</sup> relate to what I'm saying.

<sup>You were in my dream last night</sup>

I had a dream last night and you were in it. I don't remember all of the details but it was a sex dream. It was <sup>pleasant</sup> ~~nice~~ because I could see <sup>really</sup> how much you wanted to do it, and you kept saying you wanted to fuck ~~me~~ like there was no tomorrow. Maybe my mind is trying to make up for what we can't have <sup>in real life</sup>. I know quite well that you never fantasize about me. I know that I'm not the object of your desire. This is a difficult position to be in. A precarious position – one's self worth is inextricably tied to how much one feels desired. When I was younger I had no idea how complicated this could be. Sex seemed much easier then, even though there was no sex being had. <sup>Isn't that the case with most things?</sup>

Can't "keep" saying that it's only sexy once

Very unhealthy way of existing

I don't want to put words into your mouth, but it seems that while I sit and write here on my own I will unavoidably do so. There are only so many words that you have spoken to me, and even those I only make sense of through my own experience. <sup>But I can't understand everything</sup> What I can't

make sense of is what drives me crazy. I said I would give you all the space you needed, and then you said "I don't know if it's about space..." And I kept silent, <sup>but I have been</sup> thinking about this for days. What on earth could you have meant by that? <sup>Perhaps</sup> I should have asked you then, but when you first spoke those words I thought I would understand it after a while. <sup>I didn't because</sup> I still don't. What is it that you need if it's not space? What sort of absence can I provide for you if it's not "space"? I have been thinking and

One thing that I am constantly thinking about is when...



thinking and thinking but I can't come to any conclusions. I wish you had said something about what you needed instead of what you didn't need.

It makes me uncomfortable / ashamed

General frustration where negatives are easier to attain than positives

Hate that at this age I can still get tangled up in clichés of love. Hate it even more

because I know how you feel about clichés (but then, who really likes them anyway?).

It's funny how we're all constantly bombarded with images and ideas of love, and yet when it happens it's slightly embarrassing. What a vulnerable position to be in. And one

can listen to a million love songs, watch films and read novels about it, but one can't speak to strangers of one's own love, because it makes one look silly. I know that in

Keep in mind that that may not be the case for everyone. By "one" I really mean "I"

friendship as a category doesn't convey the same thing to everyone

your eyes I am silly for saying that I love you. I don't know how this works with your concept of friendship. What kind of love are friends supposed to have for each other? Is

it only a certain kind of love that is permitted within these parameters, or can I love you endlessly? (making peace with vulnerability)

But I remember something someone once told me - they said when you feel love inside you, you should let it exist, let it roam freely, or you will be unhappy. I don't know if I'm

Lousy advice! mixed up emotions

unhappy but I do feel that I have to repress my love for you if I am to keep my dignity. The trouble is that I can't be around you and do this. I know this will make you feel

uncomfortable too. So I come to my point in writing this letter. I wanted to tell you that I think it's best if I never call you. I think the decision to see each other should be for you

Finally! that from now on

to make. I can't bear the responsibility of any discomfort, so if you decide to contact me and this discomfort arises, I will know that it's your making. Please forgive me when I

No need to apologize

say I don't expect you to keep in touch with me. I know that that is too much to ask for. I have made peace with it. (Confusing)

I hope one day we can just let ourselves be ourselves around each other.

Love,

point to think about: myself is many selves, one of which will be constituted by "you", but I think what this wished for is a level of comfort where one doesn't feel like one is performing / acting

Dear,

character building

I felt that I needed to write you a letter but I don't know if I'll send it or not. I'm probably overthinking, as I always do, but I want to tell you how I initially interpreted a few things you've said. Then I got more and more curious about your interpretations of my words, but I don't know if that really matters. I thought of calling you, but maybe in a letter I will be able to think <sup>at least</sup> twice about what I write, and be able to tell you my side.

your side / my side

I remember you saying that you're not normally as bashful as you would have seemed to me. ~~We were on the bus.~~ I think "cocky" was the word you used to describe your usual attitude. Maybe you thought that would surprise me, but I think I knew that about you anyway. <sup>but I kept it to myself</sup> But at that time I thought you were shy because you liked me a lot. <sup>and didn't know what to do</sup> That

was an unfortunate misinterpretation on my part. I now see that it was because you didn't know what to do with me, you hadn't categorized me in your mind yet. Then I got <sup>not a better interpretation; reward it. open to more misinterpretation</sup> off the bus, and the next time I saw you, you'd already designated a role for me, <sup>and you were no longer bashful.</sup>

But it gets worse. The time I saw you after that, we slept in the same bed but we didn't have sex. You'd specifically invited me to stay over at your house, but when it got late you still said "You can sleep here if you want to." I thought that was a given. Hearing that being reaffirmed seemed wrong. You quickly added, "But I don't know if I want to have sex." It was too late. <sup>in the night</sup> we were both visibly tired and sleepy, and were going to wake up very early the next morning. So I said "Oh no I know, it's way too late." And then I

devil in the details

"I don't know" = "I don't"

thought, you like me so much for who I am that sex isn't that urgent. That was my second misinterpretation. Now you tell me you don't want to have sex with me. <sup>at all</sup> I think I <sup>diversion</sup> prefer ~~like~~ that because at least I know that I'm not misinterpreting what you're saying. It's clear and sharp. And isn't it maybe a bit cocky too? I think so.

illogical

ineffective reference to a word used before; not cocky really

Please don't draw the conclusion that I think I have you figured out. On the contrary, I'm perplexed. I ~~think I haven't~~ <sup>don't think I've</sup> been able to categorize you in my mind as easily. <sup>as you have</sup> The whole <sup>categorized me.</sup> friendship vs. relationship thing that you kept going on about seems secondary to me. <sup>(which aren't necessarily agreed upon)</sup> Friendship and relationship both have their own rules. If I think of you as a friend, then I will have to organize my acts accordingly. There's the problem: I don't have a handbook on rules of friendship. Your idea of a "friend" could be very different from mine, so I have to constantly think about what you think friends do or don't do. Of course I have to think about my own understanding of friendship too, which I'm not sure about <sup>either.</sup> Don't you wish we had that handbook? <sup>in the first place</sup> <sup>But that'd make life terribly boring</sup>

The things that stay on your mind forever are so strange. I remember this one time when I had an argument with a teacher in high school, who told me there were only a certain number of types of people in the world, and anyone could <sup>be seen to</sup> fit into one of these categories. Supposedly I had to realize that before it was too late, or I would be very disappointed in people. I couldn't understand how anyone could think that way. I still think that I will never <sup>see people like that</sup> think that about people, but that's not to say I'm not disappointed. I'm very disappointed in you, actually. I'm disappointed that you can't take initiative and for <sup>is this not categorization?</sup> once know what you want, and ask for it too. For that reason <sup>anger? disappointment?</sup> (and this is why I'm writing this letter) I have decided not to contact you anymore. If you want to contact me, you're welcome to. But I won't call you or e-mail you or initiate a conversation with you. Those things are now for you to do, the ball's in your court.

I hope soon you will be ready to be more giving.

Love,

Dear,

perception - unsure

I feel a bit ~~awkward~~ <sup>uneasy</sup> about the way we ended our conversation yesterday. I felt you made it sound like our last conversation. You didn't explicitly say that but you talked as if we would never see each other again. I couldn't understand what you wanted, and I didn't really have the  ~~guts~~  <sup>courage</sup> to ask. I am still reluctant to call you, because I'm afraid of saying the wrong things. Letters are good for that, aren't they? <sup>In question form - as writer is not sure</sup>

talk of daily life - attempt to normalize conversation

Today I found out that my work is sending me to Paris next month for 3 weeks. I'm <sup>very excited</sup>  ~~excited~~ about that. There's a lot in my life right now that I'm happier about. Life is getting better. But I'm somewhat sullen because I don't know if I have made you feel <sup>badly</sup>  ~~bad~~ or if you're angry at me. <sup>tactical and insincere</sup> You are incredibly sweet and if I have disappointed you I'm sorry, it was never my intention. I just think that there are some fundamental

detaching life in general from love

differences in our priorities when it comes to <sup>in general</sup>  ~~human~~ relationships. I have told you this before, I'm a very sexual person. I probably think about sex more than most other <sup>one can't be sure as one doesn't know what goes through others' minds</sup> people. It's always been like this, <sup>since I was young</sup> I haven't been able to maintain a proper relationship with people who don't share my sex drive. If I <sup>don't</sup>  ~~can't~~ feel like I can get enough, I get angry <sup>unwillingly / unconsciously</sup>

but whose fault is that? these things are reciprocal and both parties should actively initiate this

at the other person, and it all goes downhill from there. If I'm involved with someone I should want to rip their jeans off all the time. And our <sup>safe word</sup> interaction hasn't quite been like that. I've had many great conversations with you but I haven't been able to satisfy my desire. I hope these aren't <sup>offensive</sup>  ~~horrible~~ things to say. I think it's only fair that you know this before things get to a place where we can't fix them anymore. <sup>styles of communication can not be altered once they are established??</sup>

Which is why I think <sup>cliche'</sup> we should be friends first and foremost. And of course if we ever do have sex, know that we can't be exclusive. I don't know if this troubles you, because I think you have some very clear definitions about what friends can or can't do. I <sup>assumptions</sup> personally think you should let go of these preconceptions. You should just allow us to

?  
making this a proposition rather than a statement would be more respectful

?  
judgment of assumptions that may not be valid in the first place

somewhat contradictory if one party wants one thing and the other another

condescending / patronizing

be whatever we want to be around each other. But I don't think you're there yet. I don't think that we will be able to ~~kill the fuck out~~ <sup>crude</sup> unless we take a break from each other. I don't want to give you a timeframe, because I'm not sure myself. What I do know is that this break is more for you to figure things out than it is for me. Take whatever time you need to be around me without thinking we should be in a relationship.

comes as a surprise; abrupt

evasive

One of the most valuable lessons I have ever learnt is that being direct makes life easier. ✓

I have heard this time and again and ~~think~~ only recently have I realized how true this is. ✓

Maybe I'm being too blunt or ~~outspoken~~ <sup>direct</sup> but I want to make things clear to you. ✓

respectable

Sometimes we say things and they don't sound like what we were trying to say. We

refrain from being straight-forward, and we speak in tongues. I am tired of all these metaphors and I'm tired of being evasive. I have spent too much time in my life doing

keep in mind that may result in incoherence too

that, now I just want to say whatever is in my head. This doesn't guarantee that the other person will get what I'm saying, but at least I'll have done my best to

communicate. I think I'm at a point in my life where I want to be completely transparent and honest to people. I wish everybody did that, <sup>well</sup> ~~communicating with~~ <sup>understanding</sup> people would be so much easier. So feel free to say whatever you want to say to me. <sup>before or after taking this proposed break?</sup>

gets repetitive

I don't suppose ~~that~~ we will see each other until I get back from Paris. Some time away will be good for me, I think. I think it'll be good for you, too. I want to tell you that I have

this trip what the break is all about?

decided I won't contact you. You can decide whether you want to be away from me altogether, or when you want to see me again without the <sup>???</sup> ~~worries~~ in your head. I'm

Doesn't make sense; the writer is the one proposing the break, not the receiver

leaving this up to you, because I don't think it's my place to ask you to keep seeing me, if it hurts you or makes you feel uncomfortable, which I can see it does.

I hope time will <sup>(hear)</sup> ~~us~~

vague... as what and to what end? doesn't match all the "should"s

Love,

only confronted at the very end. before this the writer wasn't so sure?

discrepancy between beginning + end at first it seemed to be the receiver that didn't want to communicate anymore, and the tables turn afterwards. subtle power game?

Dear,

I think I owe you a few explanations regarding our <sup>last</sup> conversation. I hope I haven't hurt you. When I open my mouth to speak, it seems only the wrong words ever come out. Before I say the things I say, I feel it's <sup>I've found the right way</sup> crucial for me to say them, but only after having spoken the words do I realize how they could be understood in so many different ways.

Maybe I'm just not very good with words. I feel like I can never get it right. So I wanted to clarify a few <sup>things</sup>, but I'm afraid some miscommunication might still occur. <sup>Inevitably → the speaker of the words can never fully control their reception</sup>

First of all, when I said I consider you a friend I truly meant it. I know we haven't known each other for a very long time but there is a reason why we <sup>have so much</sup> spent ~~all~~ that time together. It was obviously not for nothing that I wanted to spend hours talking with you.

If it were so obvious it wouldn't need explaining

Please don't take this the wrong way but I think the mistake that we made was to have sex. And I will go ahead and say that it's probably <sup>mostly? %?</sup> my fault. I was the one who took you into <sup>the</sup> that washroom at the bar and told you what I would do to you if you took me home. Don't get me wrong, I really enjoyed sleeping with you. But it's made things <sup>hard to pin down</sup> very ~~unclear~~ now. <sup>says who?</sup> Friends are not supposed to have sex, right? But to be fair to myself, I

What's the right way to take this?

doesn't justify it how can one be sure what the other wants?

didn't know what I wanted then. I was excited because I thought we could have something amazing. And we still can have something amazing, I just don't know if it's what you think we might have. I can't be involved with you romantically. I have so much baggage that I have to deal with right now. I hate to give you the "It's not you, it's me" <sup>speech</sup> type of bullshit - what a cliché! But seriously, it really is me. I'm just not in a place right now where I can think about having a relationship. I think that for the first time in my life I need a friend, not a lover. I wasn't joking when I told you that I only have <sup>about</sup> ~~like~~ two friends. Your friendship would be so much more valuable to me.

Not explained well - Reason unclear

real/close

Do people stop being friends once they are lovers? Isn't love the ultimate friendship?

I hope this doesn't come as a surprise to you. Maybe now you will understand why I have been slightly distant during this past week. I'm tired from work and I have a lot to deal with, I'm not getting much sleep either, but truthfully these are no excuses. It's because I didn't want to give you mixed messages. That is why I pushed you away when you tried to hug me in bed the other night. I have no fundamental resistance to cuddling, but I didn't want you to get the wrong impression. I know that someday someone will make you very happy, but I just don't think that person is me. And trust me, you're better off with someone who has their shit together. — not addressing this

second time;  
still vague

Sounds too funny to be taken seriously

Who? Is this a significant figure?

cliche'

An old friend of mine once told me that it's best to keep your boundaries very concise.

One should have a clear distinction between friendships and romantic involvements. I haven't been very successful in doing this in the past, and I don't know whether I have a clear understanding of what friends can and can't do. But I know that in this case we really should maintain a distance and see where we can go from there. I hope what I'm saying is not too ambiguous. I'd like to spend more time with you but I think we need to think carefully about what we're doing. I don't want to read into your words or actions, and forgive me for saying so, but I think your feelings for me are much stronger than my

Hoping doesn't make it less ambiguous

How would this be possible?

How is this conclusion drawn?

feelings for you. And this worries me. I think that perhaps it's best if you are the one who decides whether and when we should spend more time together. The responsibility scares me, I don't want to feel like anyone is getting hurt from this. So I'm writing this letter to say that I will not contact you anymore. Maybe it's best if we do some thinking on our own. And then you can decide whether seeing me will be a good thing for you or not. I'm sorry if I have caused you discomfort. Please don't be mad at me.

Inefficient way to wash one's hands clean

more miscommunication

redundant

I hope there are no hard feelings between us.

Love,

Dear,

I haven't written to you in a while. I didn't really have much to say, I thought I'd exhausted myself of words. I said so much but I don't think I could have said anything that actually fully described how I felt. I thought it best to remain quiet for a while, but I realize that anything I speak or write is really addressed to myself.

It's such a beautiful quiet night in. It's really cold outside. I'm drinking a cup of tea and listening to some beautiful mellow music. I have no idea where you are or what you're doing, but I really wish you were here. I feel like this would be a good night to share with you. Sometimes it amazes me that we don't contact each other at all now. It's hard to put this image side by side with how we were when we were sleeping in the same bed. How can such two different experiences belong to the same entity? What you are to me now seems so different from what you were when you were asleep and I could hear you breathing. I had thought I could spend many many nights just listening to that – your sheer mute presence. Now I don't think I might ever see you again. How can *you* bear the thought? I don't understand.

I'm starting to think that none of it exists, none of what happened actually happened. I don't know what really happened

Will you stop here or continue?