

Letting Go

by Junella

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Chapter 1 of 2

This is a letter I found the other day while cleaning out my desk. I wrote it a couple months after that messy breakup, so it's pretty angsty and sad. Enjoy!

A/N: I wrote this little vignette in a fit of melancholy, so it's quite depressing. At that point in time, I was halfway on the road to recovery and seeing reason, I think. That little bit in front was added after I re-read this letter, which I had entirely forgotten about. I hope you guys will like.

How does it feel when you only realise how precious something truly is only when you have lost it, and find that you cannot regain it, because it was too late? The damage has been done, and you would have given anything to undo it, but as the saying goes, 'Time and tide wait for no man'.

And so you are condemned, and resigned to watch, and regret.

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I've been told, many times, that loving you was the stupidest thing I have ever done. Perhaps it was, but I can be sure I have never regretted it. You were the first I had feeling of such depth for, and the first whom I mourned the loss of so deeply. I can say, with utmost certainty, I loved you then, and I still do.

Our relationship opened my eyes to so many things, most of them admittedly sad, but nevertheless I cherished the lessons I learnt. The one thing I will always regret, to the end of my days, is that I have never told you how I felt to your face. I could never quite gather the courage to do so, the cursed, gods-forsaken self-consciousness of a teenager always made those words die on my lips. True, I have said them many times, played such conversations over and over in my head, but I could never bring myself to enact them with you. You may not be the first to come to mind when one thinks of the words 'handsome' and 'charming', but you were, in all earnest, my Prince Charming. You were everything I could ever ask for, warm, funny, kind, even endearing.

Yes, endearing. Despite the times I beat you for your sharp tongue, I loved the way you teased me. There was always this warm, fuzzy feeling in my gut every time I was around you. You never failed to make me laugh (or annoy me out of my skull, but that's another story entirely.) no matter how down I was. I loved the way you smile, you know that? How your mouth curls into an infectiously impish grin, and the corners of your eyes crinkle...

You may not be the best of conversationalists, but what you say—and don't say—never failed to make me feel so completely loved and adored. Even if you didn't show it, I knew you cared. I knew, and that simple knowledge makes me so joyful I wanted to throw my arms around you and never let go.

But I don't. Gods curse it, why did I keep it all inside?! I let you think that your feelings were unrequited. I swear, I truly never meant to hurt you, I really didn't. All I can say in my defence is that I was too stupid and short-sighted to recognise the signs. I was too in love with the idea of being in love that I failed to see you as you really are.

When you cut yourself off from me, I can tell you with utmost clarity that I wanted to die. I, for the first time in my life, contemplated suicide. Day in, day out, it felt like I was missing something so important that I would go mad if I did not get it. There wasn't a minute that passed without my thinking of you, not a day that passed without my shedding tears for you.

Perhaps when I'm older, I would think how silly I was over you, but for now, I am unashamed to say it, I have always loved you, and never for once, held your behaviour against you. Thoroughly idiotic, I know, but I guess I'm tolerant to a fault.

I know keeping you with me will only clip your wings, so I let you go. I wanted to see you soar with your dreams, aglow with happiness, free of my unworthy presence.

I wish you joy, my love. Goodbye.

Insidious Descent

Chapter 2 of 2

Musings on post-break-up emotions (again). That was the time I churned out the most stuff I did, and you're looking at another of the results of that outpouring. Lol. Enjoy!

A/N: This was me making light of my own state of being shortly after that fiasco called a relationship. It came out in the second-person narrative, and I found it a little odd meself, almost like I'm writing about someone else entirely. Maybe it was one side of me trying to tell the other shattered persona to buck up. Hmm..

How does it feel when you realise the importance of something only when you have lost it, and find that you cannot regain it, because it is too late? The damage has been done, and you would have given anything to undo it, but as the saying goes, "Time and tide waits for no man."

And so you are powerless, condemned and resigned to watch, and regret. You know crying will not change anything, but the tears come anyway. You hope that they will go some way towards healing your wounds, but the salt only makes them more painful. You know you will never really heal, the guilt will haunt you for always, and yet life must go on, so you try to lose yourself in the monotony, attempting to forget, endeavouring to forgive yourself—and failing miserably

There is nothing you can do, nothing that can ease the pain. No one understands you, no one seems to care.

Is there any reason left for you to live? It is a sin to end one's life, and a coward's way out. But you have sunk so low the light has gone far beyond your reach. Nothing can save you now.

Locked in an ever-descending spiral, unable to escape, you are losing yourself, It is a very slow process, but you can feel it. Every day that passes, a little of you dies, and this will go on, and on, until there is no more left of you.

They see you walking and laughing, eating and breathing. But that is not truly you. It is an illusion, a lie, a deception.

You have become a mere shell, a mockery of the human condition.