

Entry #1. Reality Setting In

Holding your hand,
I knew I could face the world blind.
There was no need for sight with you, because that's how much I trusted you with my whole being.
Running fast into the ocean with no cares, no clothes, and no fears.
Gripping your hand and making sure that you wouldn't let me go.
Every time I went into a new adventure with you, I lost my ambitions.
I gave you my heart, soul, and many of my firsts.
Sunrises and Sunsets that we watched as I laid my head on your shaved chest.
Listening to your heart's song, match mine.
Always racing into your car, like a child.
Hood down and the wind on my skin sending goosebumps all through my body.
Not thinking.
Not holding back.
For once feeling like I deserved a better life.
A life of laughter and love.
However as the months moved and I grew into myself more.
Reality set in.
My blinders were taken off.
Double my age.
Double the time of life lived.
I just imagined the years before I came into the picture and realized how settling with you I would miss out on my own life.
I would miss out on so much life I didn't know about.
Sunrises and Sunsets with you no longer felt endless.
As I turned 21 and was able to somewhat understand what was happening in my world.
I remember the moment the facade had ended.
As we watched Kill Bill, I killed our love.
I laid on your chest and listened to your heart beat.
The music of our lives had changed.
We were no longer in tune.
I ended it there with tears and a solemn face.
I have no regrets loving you.
I miss you and hope you're living a life of love that you gave me.

Entry #2. Seasons

I held you up to standards that were not impossible, but they were at the peaks of mountains.

I expected you to eventually climb them, but sadly the mountains got higher and I watched you tumble.

It was a tumble that just wouldn't stop and as it went down the mountains, I tried to brace for impact, but everything started to get trapped in the fall.

My fears.

My failures.

My regrets.

My dreams.

My hopes.

My work.

My love.

As my past caught up to my present and my future became a flurry of unknowns.

I'm frozen in my present, torturing myself.

The trees have lost their color.

The winter has come.

As the snow falls all around me like ashes of my burnt past.

Being born in winter might be the reason I'm used to feeling warm when everything else around me is cold.

I held onto this feeling so long I think it has become a part of my whole being.

That maybe as cold as my life gets, I eventually can always warm up.

That every moment that I squander trying to find myself, is to become a memory.

My memories hopefully become colorful as spring.

As the seasons pass, so does my life.

I never considered myself a person that fell for summer as autumn falls for winter, but here I am finally living in summer, the snow has melted and I'm finally unfrozen.

Entry #3. Nature vs. Nurture

Slowly drinking the poison and not spilling a drop.
I've felt stuck to this piece of concrete my whole life.
Trying to find myself, but feeling stuck.
Feeling too bruised and scared to find my truth.
As if it wasn't already hard enough to breathe.
My environment tries to suck the last bits of hope for living.
All the words and memories just pile back on top of me when I see you.
All this negative energy is tearing my insides apart.
As though you tried to scrape every seed inside of me and tried to grow different mes.
As though I was an insignificant reality.
As though the me that I was supposed to grow into was never good enough.
That even all the other me's that you planted would never absorb the needed nutrients
that you forced into them.
That although you always seemed to give them the care that you thought they needed,
they withered away.
It's too late to finally let it grow naturally.
All the minerals and substances that you added to it, made it wither and die.
The me that I was supposed to be is dead.
The me that I am now, doesn't know what unforced love feels like.
The me that I am now is on a new journey.
The me that I am now has planted itself in a new pot, trying to thrive in a new
environment that he deserved a long time ago.
Only taking in the poison in a controlled amount.
Growing branches in different directions.
Growing in an unforced love situation.