

I Can't Love You Anymore

It was going so well. For the past couple months I had come to terms with reality. I finally had the emotional realisation that he was never truly there for me, but it was rather my own mind's creation of what I believed was needed to help me through my issues. Ever since then I had been getting better, I was seeking real help from real people. This was the happiest I had been for a while, and it was almost like everyone had noticed it. My friends and colleagues had all been more cheery around me as I had now been actually able to tolerate them. I suppose I never noticed how miserable I had been to everyone around me, it was that or I just wouldn't be there because I would 'make time for him.'

But just as the thought came to me that progress was finally being made, as I exited school, I saw him. Just as I was about to scold myself for imagining him again I saw my friend talk to him. They both wave me over, but while she's introducing me I couldn't help but stare mindlessly. Every single feature was the same, his height, build, his face, all of it. I hear him greet me and echo my name, he says it like he's known me for years, like all this time I had been trying to forget him, was for nothing. I wanted to yell. To scream at him to leave me alone, that I didn't need him anymore, but I knew that wasn't right. This person standing in front of me was real, he had dreams, thoughts, worries, ones that I didn't put there. He wasn't a character I was trying to flesh out but rather his own individual person.

Taking his hand in mine I could just barely muster up a similar greeting. Soon after my friend went on to talk to others, leaving us to cough up some awkward small talk. It was surprising when he actually engaged in the conversation, if I was being completely honest with myself I was expecting him to leave the moment our mutual friend did. But he didn't. He acted just like he used to, it felt so surreal. But I guess throughout this conversation I had not been able to hide the crazy gymnastics that was happening in my head to make sense of all of this as he wore a worried look. This was all confirmed when he finally asked me if I was alright, which I hastily answered yes.

Shortly after all of this I was picked up, and once home I couldn't help but immediately head for my bedroom to wallow in my self-pity. I hated it. This feeling. How could somebody I had just met make me feel like this, but that was the thing, it feels as if I've known him for months. I was projecting. Projecting this idea of him, which just wasn't fair, it wasn't fair to either of us as this would just lead to him breaking my heart and him being completely clueless as to why I all of a sudden hated him. I would just have to stop myself from getting attached due to my projecting. To stop loving the idea of him, even if it meant lying to myself for now. 'I can't love you anymore.'