

1/6/2023

Last night I fell in love with a man. Slouched and nondescript, I caught a glimpse of him from the corner of my eye. I did not hear his approach. Insulated by the coastal winds, I could hear nothing but the mocking song of a disinterested tempest. Perhaps I could sense him, somehow feeling the billowing gusts' resistance upon another compatriotic soul. Fearful of detection, shameful to be seen dejected and aloof at such a midnight hour, I fear I would not recognize him if we were to cross paths under the sun's exhibition. When I rose to leave, tiring of the anticipation of spectatorship, I did not dare to look back at him. Shame drove me away, shame and fear. Love does not interest me anymore than the worm cares for water. Drawn out by its presence, I have always felt that love provides little else for the likes of myself than an extrication of confidence, a beckoning forth to a world that I do not belong, that threatens my sanctity. Should I dwell too long in the conscious world, the worm becomes exposed to a blistering sun or the eyes of profiteering aviators. Yet still, I rise from the comfort of my tunnels, from the burrows of feces and dirt I emerge, excited by some calling I cannot hear, only feel. Now, in the daylight, I sit at the spot I had resided in the night before, cursing myself in my fallibility. Should the winds blow again as they had before, with strength that did not overwhelm yet still gave the impression of consequence, I am sure that I could find more about my newfound love. I am no stranger to the prospect that he has driven such desire not from his personage; it is precisely for this reason that I wish to meet the subject of my adoration. From the moment of perception, even now, all I can think about is him, how he had sat still. I do not know if he was watching me, I do not know if he was aware I sat ten feet away from me. He must have seen me, for how else could I have seen him? Feverous and apprehensive, I scan the scenery. Perhaps anger drives me in this pursuit. Should he not have given me the misfortune of spectatorship, cursed me with this unsightly passion and desire, I would not have had to awake in the morning, full of fear and confusion. I believe that he was in my dreams too, that he has already defeated me.

That night I had been made to die, my feet had carried me to the water's edge, at the conclusion of a written stretch I would have stripped nude and stepped forward. I can see it now, my rigid strokes outwards, into the night, into the sea. Feeling the shy sun upon my back, I cannot help but think I had finally committed myself. That he was fake, this love an apparition no more convincing than my common thought. Inward, no voice returns my critique, with each step I find silence in the place of expected tantrum. Contradiction, vile surmounting of cognitive dissonance, such were the chords that brought me to the very spot the night prior. Felt in the wind, my chorus was joined by him, and my love bloomed. Then when I returned home there was silence. Silence in the morning, silence now. Blessed silence, the ideal I have sought for years, yet I cannot bear it anymore than the worm endures a blistering sun. Should I swim out a thousand yards, would I find a sunk corpse? Freedom would have brought me there; I cannot now imagine the pursuit. Somehow, he has chained me, my precious few considerations only consider him. My hands shake, my knees buckle, my heart thumps with fervent irregularity; in the mirror brown pupils dilate in fear. Enslaved by a master who likely knows nothing of their station, bound by forced unseen but known from deep in my gut, I realize I cannot leave the pier. I must wait for him to return, pray that he does. People pass by me, none care to glance in my direction, looking through me upon the sea. No one can see him except him, I am sure. I must wait.