

Forever.

you took forever to come. to reach out of your three-inches-thick shell to ask me out. when you came, you took forever to arrive. i had to sleep on your behalf, waiting for the possibility of finally meeting your pupil's yolk. i woke up from a diverse intertwining dream to your call, to meet you downstairs on your rewinding route to find me.

i got into your car and you took forever to react. you stand still inside my eyes as if they were a poisoning plaster to your unfulfilling soul. i thought you were going to slightly fiercely kiss me. right there. at the first time my whites found out the existence of your softener smell.

you didn't.

and you continued to not surrender to my looks all the thousand times you were magnified by them.

so i developed an instinct to disbelieve your instincts. to trust in your inability to act in respect to your pulsing will to possess me.

i stared at you longer. and with the unsuccessful results of my multiple attempts, i decided to touch you. even before actually. in the car, in the path, i touched your arms with disclosed intimacy. i had never met you. never tasted the colorful distance of your height. but i knew you. you talked to me everyday.

you talked to me multiple times a day. you told me your problems, your sufferings, your depressive tendencies and i got afraid. i feared you. and the innumerable unfoldings your pain would cause on me, especially on my core need to solve them.

but i still had never been in your presence.

so when you took forever to park and meet me in the museum's hall, i had no intention of being mad. mainly because your delay to show up had already disappointed, hurted and fixed me. so i felt nothing.

i felt nothing when you showed up and minutes later was introduced to one of my closest friends and her boyfriend who told you the exhibition was "incredible". i felt nothing to be seen with you, me with my expensive-but-broken-high heels and you with your disposable self-conviction. i felt nothing when we wound up on multiple floors. sharing the elevator with couples. singles. friends. adults. teens. on the longer stay, we were alone.

only you and i. in this big elevator. and you first entered and fixed your feet in the farrest possible angle. and you took forever to reconnect to the idea that you *should* be by my side. so you came. tenderly touching my shoulders with your extensive body.

you liked to look at me while you talked. while you tried to convince me otherwise. while you told me you looked tired not because you didn't like it, but because you were hungry. we both were hungry. you wanted to take me on a walk in the city's college campus on our first time meeting. but i didn't allow it. i wanted to create experiences with you.

you kinda didnt mind.

we quickly developed an ability to share a pair of staring eyes and a daring seconds-long silence whenever we would anticipate an outburst laughter. it didn't need to be a very intensive one, or a thoughtful, delicate one either. while we discovered all those numbers, buildings, outfits, portraits, stairs, at one point, i conceived the thought of you holding my hands. you obviously didn't. and i was okay with it.

i must confess i felt certainly complete to have company being there with you. we decided to leave and eat what would be our first meal of the day at the appropriate time for an early dinner. actually, you wanted to leave. i could've stayed. but i obliged to your hunger. so, when i was waiting tiredfully to go to the bathroom, and on my turn a guy swept and entered before me right after i told you i could explode with my urine, we found our eyes and laughed with our mask-covered faces. we laughed in a parallel world reality, one that didn't need many encounters. inside the bathroom, i perceived my reflection as new, as a lighter version of the one i had lived with for the past few days.

your curly dark hair got entangled with your bottle rounded glasses. all the time. and even though, from the first car sitting, i knew i probably would never pursue you as good looking, i thought that was charming.

your beard was very big and so were your eyebrows. you had uncontrolled unwaxed unwanted multiple hairs. i could tell you were not very pleased with their persistence but not bothered enough to have them gone when meeting me. but i knew you would if i was to see you as a whole.

you didn't think i would.

and so didnt i, in our everlasting discussion to find a suitable place to feed ourselves.

you abruptly parked your car outside the parking lot. your non-insurance car in a reckless mirroring un-responsibility to my father. you followed me inside. i knew the way. and at this distance, of being together for so long, enduring so many little confusions, after the cold, the hunger, the doubt, the decision and the solution, you still hadn't kissed me.

and at this forever, perpetually, always, nonstop waiting, i doubted you would. so, when we were at the waiting list, eating while waiting, sitting while waiting, and then sitting down and eating, and then talking, and then eating, and then drinking our tangerine juices, i just accepted the idea that maybe you would never really want me as a desire. even though your stares were trying to decipher me, your actions were longing on my presence and your words were trying to fulfill me, i just embraced the idea you didn't had the guts to humpy-dumpy this egocentric silenced milliseconds that waited between your shutted lips and my open mouth.

you never had a boyfriend? you asked me. and for the first time you licenced your first minute response to show up. you were surprised. and i felt judged. i just couldn't tell in which degree.

we decided to get smokes at your friend's house. you, again, parked the car the closest possible to the entrance of the building, so i understood you would want me to wait, at night, alone, inside your car, in this very sketchy neighborhood while you got up. and i silently accepted, because after enduring so many other contradictions, i just decided to follow the actions. whenever they would go.

but you took forever to come back. and i couldn't connect my phone to your car. and it was too dangerous to distract myself with any social media in that non-insulfimed vehicle. after fifteen minutes, i decided to get out and enter the delicatessen right out front, as another way to confuse my wandering conclusions. the second i stepped outside, this homeless transwoman asked me

which shoe size i wore. and as the certainty of a thin stocking shredding, you showed up at that exact moment. looking confused just to hide your worrying apologising-never-spoken thoughts on leaving me for so long.

so while she convinced me to buy a bag full of Chanel shoes and Dolce underpants to give her enough money to have a proper meal before her HIV shots the next day, you simply followed my shadows. and continued to do so when we decided to go to my apartment to smoke and watch a movie. and when we decided that it would be better to park your car inside my apartment's parking lot. and when we decided to do it without the proper building's permission. and when we decided to park wherever because there was a car in my spot. and when we decided to enter another elevator. another elevator we were alone in. another elevator you got elucidated with your own reflected image, than with me.

i envied you in the end. i envied your crystal-clear ability to not let all those occurrences affect you.

you had just parked your car in my apartment and that would mean you were there to stay. you had just entered my cleaned-for-you kitnet and that would mean we were alone there. you had just found out that i left my ambar lamp on, all this time, just to create a very alluring environment in my room and that would probably suppose that we would be in that place for a while. you had just settled down on my wooden bench to smoke with me looking at the countless windows cornering us and that would mean we had a decisive quiet moment to each other. but all that didn't influence you. you still didn't feel the urge to kiss me.

you felt comfortable in my place. you wanted water. you took your jaquet out. you followed my orders to where to sit, where to smoke, where to put your feet. your cloudy haired coloured legs and feet. and you felt comfortable to open yourself to me.
your mind, though.

it was as if you almost had no indulgence into being psychologically seen by me. i concluded that was your pulsive wish. you desperately wanted me to understand you. to follow your convictions. to reciprocate your decisions. to accept all your disheartening life decisions. to reassure the fact that yes, you are in college for eight years and that has to do with the fact that you are increasingly sensitive and that the world got you depressed. yes, i understand that. i also understand why confusingly you have insisted on telling me how you have such a difficult relationship with your father but still have a big shin tattoo of him in different life phases. yes, i get that. i also understand this crazy theory you have that the world is pursued in a vague way by everybody else and that you, and i, are one of the few people that can see the rocketing wolf truth. i also get that. most of all, i understand it and dont judge you. because i really can. but mostly because i was tired. so tired. so fed up of a whole day with this not-so stranger that kept me in the insistence of his presence to find himself sitting at my candle-lighted filled room, to still hadn't had the impulse to create a truly physical connection with me.

so, yes, after watching one hour of the movie and laying down separately at my couch-that-turns-into-a-big-bed-and-that-had-startled-you i said yes when you proposed to smoke more and then watch the end. maybe it was my proposal. i really didn't know what to do.

i was at my house with this person i had been talking, and sharing, and listening for a whole month still dressed with my beautiful-flourished-pink shirt and my very tight white-painted jeans. because i didn't know if i should just stay that way for you or if i should just disconnect with the enduring

possibility of that becoming something else and switch to my comfy penguin pajama pants. i had no clue.

thus, there we were again, sitting at my bench with my head hanging in the grisp cold aluminium window while you told me how being friends with the most beautiful guy in college had transformed you. you went on on detailing for me how close you both were, how you trusted in him, how that meant so much for you and even though i looked at you pulled by this unbreakable sting i had created between our lashes, i could just wonder if you had one infamous tiny thought about kissing me. in the end, i didnt even knew if i wanted to kiss you. i was swallowed by all this thousand couple-look-alike moments we just had and was weighten them in my mind to try to conclude if they, in fact, were good-friends-alike moments.

i wouldn't mind if they were, actually. i would feel okay. because i could still talk to you and have a drowning hug from your enormous arms in my very small body when i felt sad. i really wouldn't mind if at that moment, romantically staring at the red-shadowed lights of the museum we just had visited, you would have told me you were in love with someone else. i would feel happy, i suppose. because finally, something would have made sense. i would even give you tips on how to overcome love or how to chase it, or how to deal with the defeat of it. i would even hold you in my undressed arms and put your head on my chest to kindly touch your hair when you sadly would have told me how you got broken-hearted.

but you just kept forever telling me how your very handsome friend became empty because he had all the girls he wanted and you were the saving pull to his intelligent thinking soul. you described this unnecessary-to-know and unneeded-information-to-the-moment as if you wished you could be him. no. you did want to be him. i could see that precisely stitched in your forehead. you would die to have become this layer thin sensitive man because you looked too nice and had had all the delightful voided girls you wanted and because finally, you had a very trusting sad friend who could enlighten you to the reality of relationships. you would crave for it. for living a very rebellious, sexual and crazy life to then, only then, conclude you needed to watch out for the dept of people. but, unfortunately, you were just the insecure boy who saw his parents divorce at eleven(or thirteen or fourteen? i wasn't paying that much attention anymore) and let that define your whole adult life. i know it's harsh to read your life and conclude you are just too lazy to build your own life-threatening decisive moments. but i guess i had no other option. we had very similar unravelings and although i was six years younger than you, they had turned out very differently for you and i. but mainly, and honestly, i did it because i could recognize that you were only trying to cover-up for your cowardly ineptitude to differentiate yourself from all those occorings. i knew it because i did it. for a long time. and i was just as good as you to find endless closed mazes to trick people into buying it. i just had gotten to the end of them. and i could see you were still trying to barter convictions for building bricks.

so i was hella bored and definitely cautious when you stopped talking and we decided to go back watching the movie. when the intriguing plot got us shocked, we started to use our body parts to begin to touch. you suddenly pulled your head on my shoulder and then i started to do little and loving twists and turns with your curled wicks while you were softly touching my legs. i then understood that reciprocated touches were your thing. so if i had one hand in you, you quickly reached out to have one hand in me, and if the other was cuddling your shoulders you would bring your fingers to lightly run through my skin. all very precise emphatic gestures. we were going into

the second movie now and our new born closeness was pleasing for me. i guess this whole time i was really hushing on my own assurances of your actions instead of only respecting them.

i got sure of that when, after another thousand profound impossible-to-be-closer looks, you fainted your eyes and pulled your lips up to match mine.

You kissed me profoundly. notwithstanding the fact You were still being very quiet, moving and kind with Your hands now on my hair, Your tongue filled my whole mouth as if it had always known where to look for.

You were a good kisser. a tender good kisser. i couldn't connect mentally that this mouthly touch was coming from the same guy i spent the whole day with.

things got a little heated--because i was impulsing this motion-- and You primarily grabbed my neck and took all the hair from it, holding up. as if You were behind me trying to help me close a necklace. but You werent. and while standing in Your lap and laying right in Your face, it was good to feel the cold breeze on my now naked neck while You kissed me.

i felt bad for wanting to hush you. i realized you had a different speed for it. and although i was respecting you, i was only now able to enjoy it.

your slower approach was a metaphor for all your actions. we continue to watch the movie. but stopped at some points to delight ourselves with one another. i felt secure now, with my head on your chest when your mirrored kind acts would entertain my skin.

even if i had just had the whole day--and night actually-- to conclude that all my mindful reasoning of you was not only accurately right but also stronger and deeper than i thought, i let my impulses guide me.

mainly because i was tired of fighting back, but also because i wanted to finally please myself with all that waiting. so the movie was over, and we were sitting on my unfolded couch on the burst of the night feeling each other.

We were kissing deeply and strongly for a long time before you felt you had the permission to hold me by my back. i would normally expect your hands to already find my closing spots at this point, but your forever-intended actions were already familiar to me.

so after hours contering our bodies into one another, and me intensively kissing your neck and twisting your shirt as a pulling knot to pull you closer, your hands reached to my back. and your patient fingers roaded up and down to find my stomach and the disturbing night silence filled me up.

you see, because of my eternal expectations, it felt absurdly sexual the slow path your fingers were taking to find my bellybutton and everything above. i made sure you were with your eyes open, staring at my seduced pupil yolks while you had your hand running into my naked body. i was using no bra and even though you surely had noticed it before, it was the first time you were convicting your perceptions. as you were coming closer to the bottom of my breasts, you could only hear my very aired soft moanings, as if i was unconsciously begging for a stronger turn where you would viciously grab me and suck me and possess me.

but you decisively didn't. so the waiting was forever deploring for your next actions. and when one mischievous finger reached my breast skin, my moaning got harder and I couldn't even understand how, or why, that minimum touch was affecting me so much. at that moment, there was no museum, no parents, no handsome friends, no life decisions, no mazes, no movies and no strings, yet you hadn't entirely broken them. listening to my breathing pattern--i had just put my open unrestrained mouth on the middle of your ear-- you rapidly rushed your hand by the unexplored untouched unvalued skin that sits between my boobs and reached to my neck, closing your hands and fisting me closer to you.

We took forever in this arduous lengthy journey, never quite finishing it really. We could've had. multiple times actually. i would've. yeah, i would. even though i knew the results of these hours could be strange and confusing and undirected, because i knew, deep down, you would be confused in your alone thoughts concluding of me.

but you didn't intensively try. and on the next day, regardless of Our forever making out, smoking, deciding which movie to watch to in the end only come back to making out, We didn't, utterly, do it. even on the other night, after Our other first-of-the-day-meal-equivalent-to-a-dinner. We went far this time. but still took forever to almost hit it. We didn't hit it.

and i was okay with it. We didnt really talked about it, which was strange for me. it was as if there was two sides of you, both talked to each other but not precisely to me. and again, i respected that. we had dinner and you kissed me right after i had my mouth fulfilled with rice and beans.

it was still the first time we had been together. and i knew, deep down, the consequences all this partnership would have in your self-awareness. but i just concluded i could think about it later, alone, when you were gone.

and You were. You went on to meet your friends, even after my propositions and invitations for You to stay. i felt rage. i felt You were absolutely dumb to leave me when You could've really had me. but then i realized we had just met.

i kinda knew that once You left, things would change. i knew that You didn't take forever to kiss me, or to touch me, or to even ask me out because its your *modus operandi*. i knew it was because You were deadly insecure. You had shown that up countless times during these days, while You were harmfully trying to hide it. i could see it through You. i could see Your thoughts holding You back from complimenting me the first time i ente red your car, and when they continued to do so everytime i did something that studdentle You.

i could see You trying to cover up all Your bad decisions with your dainty reasons while You really didn't believe in them. i could read Your eyes lushing for my body but, repetitively, stopping Your actions, because You were deeply self-conscious to substantiate Your wills. i knew You only needed a few days away from me to convince Yourself that everything that happened was whatever-Your-impostor-mind would create to let You stay away from me.

and yet, i let you have me.

i let you glance at my long-waiting passionate eyes. i let you be in my space. i let you see my paintings. i let you know of my terrible eating habits. of my forever concluding to not actually come

to an understanding conclusion. i let you use my hair products. try my perfumes. sit on my chair and lay on my bed. i let you listen to my not-so-sure arguments.

i told you about my dreams. my midnight dreams. my suffocating sleeping hysteria. i quickly told you about my dad. my friends. my value for loyalty.

i showed you my clothes. my shoes. shared my writing ideas. my crazy encounterings. my social disability and disgust. my complete inability to believe in a higher power. my trusting thoughts on politics. my cocoon fetal position to go to sleep.

i allowed you to enter inside my world even though i could sense you were an abundant truck on my recently finished glass bridge. i knew you could rip all my newly structured screws, my conquered beams and my painfully attached drills. long ago, i developed a very strong feeling to recognize the closer sound of wagons like you coming.

and this time, you did. and when you left me, you came back in a completely familiar, although nauseated, form. the long absences. the entire lack of meaning in your responses. your ignoring behavior.

and i felt as slim and unvalued as a morning fog on a sunny day. perceived as avoidable and irrelevant when compared to the flowering of the hours. of your hours. i felt empty.

and i definitely sky-rocketed the influence of your privation of actions. i feared for the worst. i got outrageously mad at you. the shirt you forgot at my house at times i wanted to burn it, at others i wanted to rip it. but i decided to delicately fold it and leave it in a colourful L'Occitane shopping bag.

i would wake up and cry for the overwhelming disappointment i felt at myself.

for forever waiting for a love to solve me. to heal me. and to fail at my wish attempt to achieve it. regardless of my knowing that you were not going to be that person.

i knew it. from the beginning. but i created a space for you. to discuss soccer games with you. to hear you complaining about your test. to complain about my own. to send you pictures of my outfits. to acquire a chumminess with you. an intimate, but friendly, chumminess.

and i failed that. because on the third day of your spoiled cry-baby reactions to me, i told you i was furious. enraged, actually. i thought telling you could only bring clear waters to this polluted pond.

but then you got mad. furious. enraged. you were ironic. you laughed at my arguments. you only read what you wanted and sensed me as being too demanding. and looking at it, i can see the picture i was probably painting in your mind.

but i never quite wanted anything from you. i was just aghast by your acts right after you were so loving, caring and dear to me. it was almost a confirming statement.

are you really this dumb? are you really going to allow this much void to be created after i let you see me? you almost have me? are you really telling me you didn't do it on purpose?

i knew you did. and, again, i knew it was your instability talking louder. so yeah, i wanted to be the quieting studio surrounding you.

i wanted to save you from losing me. from yourself.

from your forever losing sight of the most precious things because you were too busy feasted with your own beliefs. your forever indecision to act. your forever childish jokes to hide your unconditional closure of reality.

your forever arguing that you didn't do anything for me to feel this way. your forever saying that my own triggers were not for you to deal with. even after all my forever uncountable respect towards you.

after all my enormous effort to not judge or conclude you.

you took forever to come. and even the soft friendly kisses i imagined for us were too vigorous to your translucent self acknowledgement.

and mainly, I took forever to understand, to accept, that I do have the right to keep big fences and barriers and barricades and railings and bookshelves, chairs, beds, to the opening scar that indulged the entrance of people like you. I took forever to see that I conceded permission, and worst, ridiculous low standards for your minuscule actions have so much impact on me.

I forever bore the idea that the forever lingering that patterned your attitude was only possible because I allowed it. Densely, I finally got it.

The keypoint was never your delay, or your cold reactions, or your completely contradictory demeanor, it was only the fact that I, unconsciously and foreverly, was accepting and acknowledging this as enough. As enough for me.

Albeit your messy passage took a quite amount of time from me, I now pursue my early outcomes as appreciated mind conventions. I feel the dirty passage of all the sticks, and plastic, and trash that clogged my path during this flood. Now that the water is gone, and so is you, I can collectively ameliorate the leftovers. I can look at all these disposable crafts and make them feel seen. I can now give them long kisses, grabs, sucks and possessions.

I can let them stand still inside my eyes, my mind, my space, my lamps and my candles. I can let them do it forever because I, and only I, am the owner of these rubble. I am the only one who can call them rubble, or suffering, or surviving, or persistent. Or even beautiful.

I can call all of them beautiful. And valued. And enough. And I need to forever remind myself of my own power to do so.

To prepare for the torment--that I know will come--and to fathom the capability it has to destroy me. Or to build me. Or to transform me.

To change me.

Forever.