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## My Dearest, We Couldn't Have

Am I capable of love? Or I just distrust myself so much that I have to give over something to refer to. There shouldn't be such patterns but I did fail (and ironically I was genuinely trying my hardest through the process). Failure of art. As if someone is carefully timing me, every time I just promptly yielded to the taut moment again. The rage readily had me on the edge of tears. My love, maybe you are right. We should do the side about love, because no effort is spared when we start to fix our eyes only on our own wounds. And that's how our hearts, even for purely passive defence, unhesitatingly reject each other.

I'll learn how to unsay the bitter that is initially unsayable to the end. That is, I'm too heavy for any living being to carry, while I'm too light for a ghostly talk in years. My words are porous, attempting to sketch at these deeper contradictions. One day I will doom all the writing with a spell. From this perished body you shall start listening. And I will deserve even once being loved here or else. Even though I couldn't love well.

I'm not a million people as I wished, I couldn't use my heart to distribute. (Or even if I could I'd be running a million years late.) Further, I'm not even an entire human individual to be an agentic lover because I always live on other ones. I'm an incomplete dependent, however resilient.

I've been in all the wrong places since this world starts using this inbetweenness to frame me. That's why I once said to you, my quarter-life crisis is what I can't do with the outer world. All these feelings of being so helpless to get my love across... are too natural, nothing like suicidal ideation that pops up to me out of nowhere like some jump scares in a stupid horror game. They are never so pointless. Because I can feel how they reoccur from those utopian margins and keep pointing at me like perpetually; it is rather too real. So I really get it (actually I fucking sync it) when L's verse going "It is all that I play, it's not one of those phases I'm going through, or just a song, it's not one of them: I'm on my own."

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