

You have no idea what you've done.

I understand that at first that might sound like it should mean you are innocent, at least relatively. But no. You have no idea what you've done, and that's precisely the problem. The sheer disregard with which you treat others. You have no idea because you don't think. You don't think enough to care. You don't care enough to think. And you take pride in that, as if it's some sort of virtue. Act as if there is no choice, and you do as you're told, and then it won't be your fault, and everything will be fine. But when push comes to shove and you have to make a choice, we find the choices you end up making aren't exactly in line with the spirit of the rules that you normally act like you follow.

But I believed you at first. I really did. You did a good job of pretending to be a nice person. A good person. A person. And a friend. My best friend. And you knew you were. Was I yours? It obviously seems too presumptuous of me to think that. You wouldn't have treated your best friend like that, would you? But this is all in retrospect. At the time, it all made sense, until you decided to act so illogically. Because if I was your best friend, if I was your friend at all, then why would you react as you did? Doesn't everyone say they want their partner to be their best friend? And if I wasn't, then why did you spend so much time with me? Why did you talk with me? Laugh with me? Share your thoughts and feelings with me? And the thoughts and feelings you communicated made you seem like a good person. A person I could relate to. A friend. A bit shy, but then so was I, and you got me to open up and share more. Maybe you never realized you were the cause, but you were, and you witnessed the change happen. And over time I saw you open up and share more with me. And why would you do that if I wasn't someone you could relate to? If I wasn't enjoyable company? If I wasn't your friend?

And the things you shared with me showed me a person that was thoughtful and spiritual. That wasn't impulsive, and tried to do the right thing. I thought it was someone like me. And I wonder how much of that was myself projecting. But no, much of it was deliberate. I bet you still think of yourself the same way. But you don't think, you don't consider, you just follow along and try not to stand out, and if you do that enough, you'll avoid criticism, and you'll think that if you don't receive criticism then you must be a good person. You feel just fine because you do what you're told. But inside you are black. Hollow. Cold. When finally forced to think, it turns out you followed the rules, but you never learned the lessons.

So now you're thinking. Thinking that this proves you were right all along, and everything above is self-contradictory. Because you think so little that when you finally have to, it's only the most base, surface-level thoughts, urges. No regard for the future, no consideration of the past. Only moment to moment feelings. For as much as you claim to adhere to a higher calling, when it comes down to it, you act only on the most primal of urges. Because if you thought beyond that, you would consider the future. You would consider the past. If you thought beyond that, the past wouldn't be the way it is.

I wouldn't be the way I am.

My writing the above doesn't prove that you were right all along because the one writing this is not the same as the one you knew. You killed that one with your thoughtless choices. Oh sure, there are some elements that remain. If you even remember me at all, then surely you'll recognize some characteristic elements of voice, and can use them to confirm that it is indeed me speaking to you now. The long-windedness. The taste for the theatrical. The taste in literary or not-so-literary references, quotes, and allusions. But I assure you, these are merely a surface-level shell around a husk of a soul that died long ago. And you killed it. Not all at once, though the initial impact was significant. No, more like a terminal poisoning, eating away gradually enough that someone else, at least someone like you, might not even notice. And though I could feel the gradual decline, that slowness left me with hope. Hope of recovery. But it's been far too long. It's too late for me now. And it's too late for you. For though you're the one that instilled the illness, the thing that prevented recovery was something that comes for us all. Time. It's continued to drift on for you as well, and the amount of recovery you'd need to return back to when you were decent would be even longer. It's been too long to turn back now, even if you wanted to, and I strongly doubt that you'd want that anyway.

But perhaps I'm wrong to phrase it quite like that. I can think enough to recognize that. Perhaps you weren't the initial destroyer. I suppose time always was the problem, the poison. What you were was the one lucky enough to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and it was carrying a spoonful of the antidote, and it was twice the dose that anyone could need. But instead of sharing with a friend who came to you in need, who trusted you, to whom you acted as if you deserved trust, you kept the antidote to yourself. And you probably figured that there were others out there that also had the antidote. Surely someone else would come along. But is that the attitude to have? Is that in the rules? To turn away a friend who trusted you in a vulnerable time of need?

But I'll tell you something. It would hardly even matter if someone else came along. She wouldn't be you. She wouldn't have been my best friend, who then betrayed me. Because obviously I've been rejected many times after you, but I barely remember them. I barely cared, beyond the sheer principle of feeling guilty for boosting their already inflated egos. But they weren't you, so I barely cared. I never cared about them because I never got to know them as well as I thought I got to know you. I never came to already enjoy their company so much. I never thought they were my friends, my closest friends. They could never make me feel the betrayal of my best friend turning on me and showing that that friendship was a one-way street, and that I was never really a valued friend at all. Because let's be clear, I would not react this way with someone else, because nobody else could make me feel the betrayal of my closest friend.

Or maybe you didn't even think that someone else would come along. You probably didn't think that far ahead at all. You probably didn't care. You've probably never considered the power you've always had. You took it for granted. You've always had it. Things would always work out fine for you. You were always going to do well, even if you didn't do good. And you could use your power to destroy others, or

to help them, and even if you thought for a moment about your power, I doubt you considered how thin the line between those two things could be. Is refusing to help someone in need, even when it would take practically no effort, the same as destroying them? If you can switch the trolley to an empty track, even if it isn't your job, are you bad for refusing? You can be within your freedom to do something, but that doesn't mean it's the right thing to do. Frankly, it doesn't even mean it's the best option for yourself.

You surely never thought it through this far. And even now you probably think I'm wrong. Because I am. It's not an apt comparison because I'm being far too generous. Because I'm framing it as a one-sided exchange, when it isn't. It's barely an exchange at all. You could have put in barely the tiniest iota of effort, of thought, and to someone else, it would mean the world. And it's not like you would receive nothing in return. All I wanted was to give you everything I had, everything I ever would have. To be given the opportunity to work harder and gain more, and give it all to you. The only things I'd ever ask from you would be to help me help you, let me help you. The only work you'd ever have to do would have been to work together to accomplish things neither of us could do alone. You weren't just withholding the future from me, you were withholding an even better future from yourself.

And why? Why? That is the question, haunting me for years. And I asked. And you refused to answer. And even after, long after I asked, in completely different contexts, you preemptively asserted your refusal to answer. And maybe you didn't have an answer yourself. You're unthinking. You lack introspection. You probably don't know why you do what you do. You probably don't think about it. About your own actions. About your own thoughts. You feel urges and act on them, and whatever you feel in the moment is what rules you. Or else you could have told me why, beyond simply asserting your urges. And that's the most depressing thing of all. What makes me realize that your exterior is an act, even if you don't consciously realize it. Because you're barely conscious. You follow along unthinkingly, and when you do make your own decisions, you don't even know why.

Is something being animated enough to say it has life? Do the clouds have life? What about the slow movement of the mountains? Though I have a taste for the poetic and theatrical, I couldn't sincerely say I credit those things with life. And I doubt you do, either. And the reason why is because they don't think. Because if you don't think, are you really alive? If you're just an automaton, unthinkingly following instructions and urges, never thinking about them, are you alive? What exactly gives you more life than a raincloud following the winds, or a robot following its code? What gives your life more value than an ant following its instincts, perhaps with more thought than you? If you showed any evidence of consciousness, that would be the answer. You'd think, therefore you'd be. You've failed to do that. You've refused to do that. Your base urges told you to refuse, because if you didn't, if you began to think, you might think better of them, you might sometimes realize there are better options. You might realize that you can satisfy more urges, more valuable urges, deeper urges, by thinking beyond the most base ones. But you refuse.

And I know what you'd be thinking if you did think at all. You'd be thinking that I am the one operating on base urges. You'd accuse me of it. You could never imagine how wrong you are, how wrong that assumption always was. And now I realize you couldn't understand because you were projecting your own sick thoughts. But I want to be clear. There is a reason I never discussed your physical beauty until now, and why I will not discuss it after this paragraph. It doesn't exist. It was never a motivating factor for me. In fact, it was a de-motivating factor. But it was never an important factor to me either way. I saw you around for years, and believe me, I never found you physically attractive. For two years you were just another face in the crowd, a frankly unfortunate one, and I made no effort to talk to you. But then, through chance of assigned groups, I got to know you, or at least I thought I did. And I found a person I thought I was relating to, that I thought was relating to me. I found a friend that I considered dear, and only then did anything close to physical attraction start. What I found physically attractive before shared very little in common with you, but after getting to know you, my tastes changed. What I found physically attractive changed to what you were, because I found you so mentally and emotionally attractive. Because I thought of you as such a good friend. You were my best friend, so my mind and body convinced themselves that whatever body you had was beautiful, because your mind was so beautiful. Or at least I thought it was. Foolish of me, I now know. Maybe I never had a very good friend before. Maybe I never knew what that was. I don't think that situation is terribly rare. But regardless, I want to be clear that this is not about a shallow, physical attraction. It never was. You of all people really never should have been so full of yourself. But where you can be confident is that you were a good enough actress. You fooled me. You fooled me so hard that it changed what I liked, it molded me permanently, and to this day what I like is what you were, despite how little that appealed to me before I got to know you, and despite how wrong I know I was now. But you made an impact.

Now I understand none of this sounds particularly nice. I understand that all the logic and poetry will not convince you, and that tone will turn you away, will reinforce those urges and make you just more assured that they were, that they are, correct. While I do not yet agree that they are correct, I do admit that they could perhaps be closer to being correct now than they were before. Because as mentioned, time has taken its toll. On both of us. It has taken potential. Potential that you refused to allow to grow. Potential that you refused to use. And I don't know about you, but I know it's taken much more from me. With your help, of course. Together you've taken my optimism. My naivete. My innocence. My hope. And together you've left me as you see today. Worse.

Bitter. Jaded. Tired. So very tired.

But I wasn't always this way. When you made your choice, I wasn't this way.

If you had chosen differently, I wouldn't be this way.

And I wonder if time has been kind to you. Kinder than it has been to me, I'm sure. Oh it's taken inevitable tolls, ones that it pains me to think about, but there are additional possibilities on top of that. Did you ever grow? Did you ever learn? Did you ever learn to think? Did you ever think about your own actions? Did you ever think about anything other than yourself? Did you ever feel regret? Remorse? Do you ever feel any of the things I feel? Are our emotions, is the way we feel emotions, even comparable? Is it even possible to relate to you on any level? Was I wrong to think that I could before? Am I wrong to still think that you have the slightest hope of becoming a good person, of becoming a person at all, at some point? Am I wrong for not being able to help but still think of you as a person?

But it doesn't matter. It's too late for me now. And for you. You could regret, but you could never take it back. You could try your best, but you could never make up for lost time. You could become a real person, even a good person, and want to fix things, but we'd never be able to relate to each other, the way I used to think we did. I used to think of you as an equal, but now we are far too separate. As you've shown yourself to think, I'm too far beneath someone like you. You're a queen. No, a saint. No, a Goddess. A latter-day Cleopatra, or Jean D'Arc, or Aphrodite. All the while, I've simply sunken lower and lower with the long fatigue of a weary life, free of rewards or even relief. Bitter and jaded. Because if you ever had life, then you have continued to live. You have continued to live life, have experiences, feel joys. How could I relate when I have had none of those things? Even if you tried now, it would be impossible. In many ways, I have not continued to live life, though not for lack of trying. In many ways, I died, and you killed me. And now I could never relate to you. You taught me long ago that you never considered me an equal. Now I'm afraid that I can't do that either.

So move on, you'd say, as if that hasn't been tried. Well every attempt has had worse results than you. Because with every attempt, more time passed. With every attempt, they and I, just as you and I, grew apart. Because while they, while you, were taking for granted joys so great I could hardly comprehend them, growing bored as you burned out the pleasure receptors in your unthinking, animalistic monkey-brain, a brain that you refused to use and to train and to make human, I was sitting alone, my closest interactions being nothing but rejections by quasi-people like you, getting easier and easier for them each time, as I became less and less like them, and they less like me. As they started finding it easier to not consider me a person, let alone an equal, and I found it harder to consider them equals, let alone people. But I couldn't let that thought go entirely. Beaten into my brain from too early an age, I can't help but still consider them people, even if they don't afford me that same respect. But I suppose while time made things worse, while it is now too late, the fact of the matter is that it was always too late. And you are proof of that. You never considered me human, and I never should have thought of you as one either. But I can't help it.

I suppose it's in our natures. I can't help but feel empathy, you can't feel it at all. I want to stop and I can't. I wanted to get you to start, but I couldn't. Could you start if you wanted to?

But you know, the thing about thinking of someone as human, as an equal, the thing you perhaps do not understand, is that it's a necessary prerequisite for hate. In order to hate someone, to wish pain upon her, you must think of her as a person. You do not hate the natural disaster that destroys your home, as you understand it has no capacity for thought. Now I'm quite sure you didn't think. That seems likely. But you should have. Because you are a person and you do have the capacity for thought and you should have thought about what you were doing. Perhaps you are my white whale. I understand I am attributing thought and humanity to a being that has none. But you should have it. I understand I shouldn't think of you as an equal. But you should be. But you don't have humanity or thought. You operate entirely on urges. On feelings. I just want to make you feel. I just want to make you think.

Because while I could never relate to you, never give you what I could have given you before, I could still give you much. And I still would. I'd still give you everything. All in the hopes that one day you would see me as having at least an ounce of humanity. Because that's how I see you. But I no longer want to make that human feel good. I no longer want to give that human happiness. I only want to cause that human pain. A fraction of the pain you've caused me. But I'd need to make you more human first, to allow you to feel more. So I'd give you everything, and maybe one day you'd see me as human, and you'd understand what you've done, and you'd finally feel bad about it. It's the only way I could truly communicate what I need to communicate. And I'd keep at it, forever, giving you all the joy and happiness I could, just so I could also give you guilt and regret along with it. Because the only thing I can really hope for now, the most hopeless dream of all, is to hear you sincerely say you are sorry.

You once apologized to me. You probably don't remember. You probably don't remember at all. It wasn't an apology for what really upset me. It wasn't very specific, as I now realize you weren't thinking deeply enough to be specific. But you had an inkling of a feeling, of humanity, and it meant the world to me. Seven or eight months later, after you terminally injured me, I was finally succumbing to my injuries, and finally about to admit to myself that you were a lost cause, that I was a lost cause. I was finally about to say goodbye. And I managed to talk to you. Not in person, of course, as you would no longer afford me that basic humanity, and that's part of what finally brought me to the point of surrender. But I managed to talk to you. And just as I was about to say goodbye, ready for it to be for the last time, ready to get the most closure I could still hope for, you said it. You robbed me of that closure. You said you wanted to apologize. You said you were sorry for how you treated me. For treating me badly. You said I was good friend, and you were sorry that you had not been one. And it meant everything to me. It wasn't everything I wanted, but you treated me like a person. You showed remorse, indicating that you were actually a person. You showed empathy, indicating that you could actually be a good person. You said I was a good friend, and that you should have been, too, indicating that you thought of me as an equal. You said I was a good friend, indicating that you actually thought of me as a friend, and not just the unwanted scum that you had been treating me as. You said I was a good friend, indicating that you thought of me as a good person, and not something deserving of scorn. You said I was a good friend, indicating that friendship was mutual, and we could actually feel similar emotions, and I could think of you as an equal, and I could relate to you, and you could relate to me. You indicated that you understood I was a person, and I should afford you the same respect.

It was all an act.

Nothing changed. Nothing got better. You continued treating me as before. Maybe worse. I tried to talk to you with some basic respect that you seemed to confirm you deserved, that you seemed to confirm you wanted to return. Multiple times, you snapped at me. Snapped at me just so you could tell me how much you disliked me. And I wasn't even broaching the subject. I could be talking about something like a movie, or the weather, and you'd suddenly snap, with a quote I can't bring myself to repeat here, even though I remember it so vividly. Even though it remains and burns like a dagger in my brain and a crushing boot on my heart. A simple quote, very concise, but the anger with which it was spoken each time, unprovoked each time, is what kills me. And you did this multiple times, with the same quote. And each time it felt like you took my heart and dropped it into a bucket of boiling tears. And at the same time, you were hitting my soul in the crotch, with a frozen sledge hammer. And then you started punching me in the grief bone. And I want to cry, but nobody can hear me, because I'm terribly terribly, terribly alone.

And then finally you confirmed your apology meant absolutely nothing. I should have known earlier, but I need hard confirmation to admit something as sad as someone being a lost cause. But when you said you would not associate with me in person, not due to any of my words or actions, but because of my body, any hope of you being a good person, of you even seeing me as a person at all, was dashed. And I told you so. And you did not like it. You didn't like when it was pointed out to you that judging people, treating people, based on their bodies and not their souls, was not a good thing to do. You didn't like when it was pointed out that treating people based on their bodies and not their souls was extremely hypocritical of you. So you told me you would never speak to me again. And it was the one promise you ever kept.

But even with all of that, it can't remove the last bit of empathy from my brain. It can't make me fully stop thinking of you as a person. I wish it did, but it can't. I still find myself thinking of you as a person. But no longer do I have any hope of you being a good one. Any positive emotions have been changed to negative. Nothing but hate. I do not hate the tornado that destroys a small town, or the typhoon that floods an island, but I hate you, because I still think of you as a person. I hate you because I still think of you as a being as responsible as myself, and I'd hate myself if I did what you did. I can't help but afford you that basic human respect. The respect to understand that you have the capacity for thought. The respect to hold you responsible. You can't hate what you don't respect at least a little.

I want another apology. A better one. A more sincere one. One shown with actions and not said with empty words. Because I would still treat you well. I would do my best to show you the forgiveness that you would say you value but clearly do not. I would still show you empathy, because I can't help but do

that. And I would do things things largely sincerely, because I do still want to be a better person than I am, to be as good as I was before, even though I now find that extremely difficult. But I must admit that it wouldn't be entirely sincere, because in the back of my brain would always be a tiny reminder of a second motivation. I want to make you sorry.

And it wouldn't make up for it. Not even close. So I would make you say it, show it, again and again, harder and harder, more and more sincerely, and you would surely ask how many times you have to say it, and it would never be enough, but that's what I want. More than anything possible. And there's no way you could show it enough. But there are a few upper limits. There are things you could do to show you really are trying your best. I'll take them. None of those options would be perfect, but they'd be the best possible consolation prizes. And I use that term deliberately.

But I understand there is little hope for the best case scenario. I understand there is no hope. I understand. So I am forced to think of different scenarios. I think of you as human enough to hope that one day you could feel emotional pain. Perhaps that is too lofty a goal. Physical might be more realistic. Perhaps with enough physical, you could be made to feel emotional. Perhaps done just right, the two could be mixed. With enough effort, enough planning. Creation of a quiet, soundproof room. Comfortable enough. Largely bare aside from a large, full-body mirror upon one wall, made of two large panes placed next to each other. There is a single chair. A few blankets and pillows on the floor. A faucet and toilet in the corner. A horizontal pole attached to the ceiling, in front of one of the panes of the mirror, with four ropes or straps hanging from it.

Perhaps through trickery, or pharmacy, or force, or maybe even seduction, which for you would probably just be bribery, you're lead there. Preferrably just a tiny bit of empathy would do the trick, but I have little hope for that. But soon enough you'll realize what you think are my true intentions, not listening to how this really was far down on my list of preferred options. But it's too late. It's always been too late. At least for me. And now it is for you. As your arms and legs are tied up above your head, where you will be hanged until you are dead. But you won't be dead from the hanging, and you won't even be dead physically. But you'll wish you were. You'll be dead like I am. And though I already think you're very close to dead on the inside, I can't bring myself to accept it fully. So I'll get inside you and bring you to life, if only so I can then kill all that you are, and truly kill whatever black hollowness lives inside your cold soul.

And I'll explain this, and you'll take it far too literally. Especially the part about getting inside you. But I will not sacrifice my poetry because of your vanity. Because why would I want to be inside you? You of all people? You are vain, and selfish, and cruel. You are mean. You are a bad person. Why would I want to be enveloped, encased, entrapped, by you? Surrounded, suffocated, strangled by a person I now



realize is so horrible? The very fact that you expect it proves my point. And I know you think it was always about that, but if you could think, if you could remember, if you could sincerely reflect, you'd know it wasn't.

But forget how unpleasant it would be for me. What really bothers me is how pleasant it would be for you. The sheer fact that you would be insulted, hurt, act as if you were threatened by, something that gives you pleasure, is just sickening. It is fundamental, base pleasure. And I know it is the urge that drives you, or else you'd be able to explain yourself better. And yet you are vain enough to take it as an insult, because you think you're so high above me that I am unworthy of giving you pleasure. I would not give you the pleasure. The pride. In fact, I would take it from you. Since you claim to hate it so much, I would help you. I would make sure you never feel it again.

You'd be strung up fully clothed, of course. Hanging from your wrists and ankles. Hands directly above your shoulders. Feet beside them, forming a straight line, all limbs tied to the same pole. Probably not the most comfortable position, not for any of your joints, or for your back, but you'll live. And I won't tell you what I'm doing as I draw the boxcutter. Maybe you'll ask. So I'll tell you that it's a boxcutter, and it's going to do what it was meant to do. I tell you this as the boxcutter draws closer to your box, as the blade sinks through the fabric of your pants, sinking deep, but not piercing your skin, instead sliding gently between your lips. I'll do my best not to injure you, though that will partially depend on how large your clitoris is, which will partially depend on how aroused you are, how sick you are, how much of a liar and hypocrite you are. Because you insisted loudly and forcefully and repeatedly and cruelly that you were incredibly disgusted by me, and you pretend you are gentle and pure, and if that is true, then you will not feel any pain. But if it is not, I'll try to make sure that the boxcutter only makes the thinnest of papercuts as it slides across your clit. It can't be helped if it sticks out too far, you see. And you'd better hope your lips have not been stretched, hanging like slices of roast beef, folded up with each other, packed underneath you in your pants. Because it would be a real shame if you used them up, stretched them out so much that they get in the way of the empty slit that the boxcutter is trying to reach. Because it would be very difficult to make the slit in your pants without cutting you, unless the slit in your vagina was right behind it.

And you'll think this slit on your slit was only made for a single purpose. And you'll be wrong. Though I'll savor the fear you feel as you think that. Maybe I'll even encourage it. Maybe I'll unzip my own pants, only to make things equal, obviously. I do think of you as an equal, after all. Of course, that would mean you would see some new sights. How new, I can't know. The less new, the worse things will be for you. Oh you might be less scared at first, but you'll be much more scared later. And again, you'll think you'll know what's going to happen, but you won't. I will let you stare in fear at the size of what you're thinking of as a weapon, but never had to be. Because that's one of the sad parts. Another joy that you could have been given, that you never realized you were missing. And I never realized at the time either. But I've learned since. Perhaps the only useful talent I could use on you. And especially you. With your short stature, your tiny frame, your frail body. I've learned that even for those larger and more durable than you, this is large enough to cause pain, but that by simply applying a degree of caution, of care, it

can also give more pleasure, more joy, than most have ever experienced. And you missed it. And all I ever wanted to do was give you joy, in every form. But you won't know this, even though you've been told over and over and over again. You won't think this. You wouldn't even appreciate the pleasure. You'd take it for granted, because your life is already so full of pleasure that you usually don't even notice it. You'd take it as an insult, because you think I'm not even worthy of doing something nice for you. So I wouldn't. And I wouldn't give you the pain, either. But I'd show you what could happen. I'd let you think it would happen. If I can't make you feel happy and I can't make you feel sorry, I'll make you feel fear. At least I'll see if you can actually feel.

But I wouldn't do anything with it. I'd return to my previous task. Returning to the vertical slit in your box, I'd add two horizontal slits. One across the top of the vertical slit, and one across its bottom. From thigh to thigh, creating two flaps of fabric that open to reveal two flaps of pink skin. I'd remark on this flapception, flaps within flaps. I know it would be tone-breaking and frankly stupid, but it would be necessary to establish the premise, and to add a sense of unpredictability as I tell you I'm slicing your flaps off. And I'd move the boxcutter toward you, only to touch just the fabric ones, removing them gently and carefully. But I'd enjoy the flash of fear you'd feel as you consider that I could mean something else. I'd slice them to ribbons, and then to bits, and they'd be fully destroyed, and with each slice you should be reminded that that could happen to your flaps. But it won't. Not yet. We've simply removed this fabric. And with that, we'd have a window to your soul. And I say that because, again, I know what truly motivates you, what rules you. You act like you're so high-minded, so spiritual, so pure, but when it comes down to it, your choices are ruled by the basest of instincts. When it comes down to it, your choices are not to serve a greater purpose, or a higher power, or even a basic sense of morality or empathy. When it comes down to it, your choices are only to serve this hungry hole between your legs. This is your soul. Empty. Selfish. Existing only to take from others. Its owner using it, abusing it, only to abuse others, refusing to consider any other priorities.

At this point, I will stop. I'll pull the chair up beside you. And I will sit with you, and we can look in the mirror and take in the view together. I'll try not to say anything for some time. Just savor the feelings. I think a lot can be communicated this way. A lot could be communicated this way. But of course that assumes thinking people. But I'd give you time to think. I think you can, though I don't know if you will. But I'd give you time. Maybe this would make you think. It would certainly make me. And I would just sit with you and think for a long time, unless you wanted to talk. I'm always willing to respond. To think sincerely about what you have to say, and to give sincere, thoughtful answers. And I'd imagine that you'd have a lot to say, or to ask. I wonder what it would be.

Maybe at some point you'd ask why, and I'd tell you, as I told you above. Maybe you'd be purely angry, showing you never thought about anything or considered why, and you learned nothing, and deserved everything you get. Maybe... maybe you'd try saying sorry. And I'd know that it would not be fully sincere. Maybe you'd feel something, but I'd know a large part of it would be out of cultivated fear. But it's the best I could hope for at this point. And I would talk with you sincerely about whatever you had to say, as I sat there next to you, looking at us together in the mirror, turning to look at you directly, if it

seemed like that's what you would prefer. If it seemed like you'd prefer it, I'd move the chair directly in front of you, to make the conversation more direct, though perhaps not as easy to have, at least not emotionally. I think at a certain point in the conversation, though, that easy, direct eye contact would be necessary. No matter what, I'd tell you that I'm sorry that it came to this, that I wish it never had to be this way, that it really was the last thing I would have wanted. And I'd tell you all the other things I would have wanted instead. If only you hadn't fought so hard against them.

And the things you say would matter. They would change the outcome drastically. But there would be another factor. With the chair already in front of you, I'd lean forward, toward your soul. I'd place my fingers on your lips and grab them and pull them apart, and I'd look into your soul. How many people have looked into your soul? That is the question. That is your one possibility for reprieve.

If your soul has been touched, if your seal is broken, then you are a lost cause. You have been damaged in a way that cannot be repaired. And I know something about being damaged in a way that cannot be repaired. You did it to me, after all. But if you did it to yourself, with or without the help of someone else, then you've wasted your life, if you were ever alive at all.

I'd ask you what you want to do. I'd listen sincerely. I'd respond sincerely. I would not hide my disappointment. I would admit that I knew there was little hope to begin with, but that I couldn't help being disappointed. And as I rain blows down upon you, I would remind you that there could have been another way.

But it's too late for that now. And I would remind you of that as I smash the mirror, specifically the pane that is not directly in front of you. Since you're so insulted by the thought of me filling your hole, even though it's clearly that hole's hunger that drives you, then fine. I will prove to you that I have no intention of doing that, since you are so disgusted by the thought. I'll make it impossible to do.

First, I'll fill you with something else. There isn't much in the room, but if we keep smashing those bits of the mirror, and make them nice and small, then one by one we can poke them into your hungry, used up hole, until you're nice and full. And I'll tell you what I'm about to do, as I'm preparing the pieces. It's simply necessary. You really don't want me inside you, so we'll fill you with something else instead. These pieces of glass being shoved inside you would be less disgusting than me, right? It was always your choice, and you were very clear that you did not want me in there, so this is just to help make sure you get what you wanted.

And maybe you'll say you don't want the pieces of glass in your vagina either. But look, we need to make sure here. If we don't put the pieces of glass in your vagina, then my penis could still fill your vagina instead, and we wouldn't want that, would we? Would we? Maybe you'd decide that you'd changed your mind. You have options. It would be up to you. Maybe if you begged me hard enough to put my penis in your vagina, just maybe I could be persuaded. But you'd have to beg very hard. You'd have to show you wanted it very badly, and you'd have to show you were sorry for all the things you've done that make me so disgusted by you. You'd have to show that you would be thankful if I gave you what you wanted. Because you wouldn't deserve this favor, but as you know, I'm much more kind than you. Maybe, just maybe, if you beg hard enough, and work hard enough to show you've changed your ways, I'll give you what you want.

But just because I may give you what you want does not mean I'll be happy about it. It does not mean that I won't show you how disgusted I am with what you've asked me to do. It does not mean that I won't show how disgusted I am with you. And I will show my reluctance at every step of the way, and ask you if you really want me to continue. As I press my head against your lips, I will stop, and you will have to beg for me to penetrate you, if that's truly what you want. And with every inch, I will stop, and ask if you're sure you want me to give you any more, because I really don't want to, and the last thing you deserve is for me to give you anything, and I'm only doing this as a favor to you. But if you beg hard enough for me to give you more and fill you deeper, then I might do it. But you probably can't even take it. Seeing how small you are, you can probably only take maybe six or seven inches before you are full. But if you really want it, then you'll need to prove that this isn't a case of your eyes being bigger than your pussy. You'll need to prove that you weren't lying when you said you wanted it. You'll need to prove that you want the whole thing. If you had never broken my trust to begin with, and you just wanted to be happy, then I could just stop here, before it hurts you. I'd ask exactly how deep you want me before it starts to hurt, and I'd go only that far. But now I hate you, and I don't want to make you feel good, and I'm only doing this since you're begging for it and I'm too nice. So you need to show you want it very badly, or I just won't give it to you at all. So I'll stop when I touch your cervix, and if you want me to go further, you will need to beg for it, and if you don't, then I'll just pull out and be free from you. You'll need to beg for me to push your cervix up into your body, and again, with every inch, you'll need to beg for me to push another inch further. You'll need to beg even harder now, since I'm doing even more for you, giving you even more, and it will be even more disgusting for me, touching more of you, feeling not just your vaginal walls surrounding me, wrapping me, squeezing me, but also feeling your cervix pushing against me, reminding me of how hard you pushed me away before. So if you want me to do that, you'll have to beg as hard as you can. And if you want me to keep doing it, you'll have to beg harder. And we can keep going for as long as you keep begging. Maybe if you beg for it hard enough, and specifically enough, I will do you a favor and give you the gift of a nice load of cum in your pussy. And maybe we can take a break after one of those times. But you had better keep begging for it as much as you can, because as long as you keep doing that, I will oblige. Maybe sometimes I'll have to leave you for some time to run errands, but I'll come back, and as long as you show how much you missed what I was giving you, and how badly you still want it, then you'll get it, indefinitely.

But if you stop showing you want it, then I won't give it to you anymore. And that works for me. Maybe you don't want it. Maybe you realize you can't fit all I have to give you. Maybe you realize you can't handle your cervix being pushed in so far, and you can't bring yourself to keep begging me to keep giving it to you. Maybe you're just plain too disgusted by me. That's fine. That's already what the situation was before.

So back to the glass. I'll take the pieces in one hand, and I'll spread your lips with the other, and I'll push those pieces of glass into your hungry hole, one by one, until it becomes too difficult to push any more pieces into you. And at that point you might think you're full, but I want to make sure you're really satisfied. A few nice, hard punches to the outside of your vagina, just a few inches above your slit, and that should be cleared right up, as the pieces of glass get crushed and broken into even smaller pieces inside of you. Then we can fit a few more. We might have to repeat this cycle a few times before you're really full, but we'll get there.

But I know that you'd still be concerned. Maybe I could remove those pieces, so that I'd have room to fill you myself instead. So I hope you're relieved, I hope your happy, when you see the scissors. You won't understand at first, I'm sure. You'll think you understand, but you won't. You won't even understand when I pinch your lip between my fingers, and pull it and stretch it out as far as it can go, and you won't understand when the scissors begin to close around that lip. Maybe you'll be in too much pain to even realize that the scissors are closing as close to the stretched out edge as possible, cutting off a slice of your roast beef so thin that you'd ask to speak to the manager at Arby's. Or maybe the pain will draw your attention toward that fact, and you'll wonder why. And maybe you'll guess it's so that I can continue cutting your lips off, one thin slice at a time. And you'll be wrong. At least until later. Again, I only want to help you. I will remind you that I am only giving you what you want, as I pinch your other lip, straining as I squeeze the dull scissors around your sensitive inner skin, slowly cutting off a thin slice from this lip as well.

So I hope you'll be relieved when the scissors are put away and a needle takes their place. I hope you'll be happy and thankful when the needle pierces your lip, as close to the top of your slit as we can get, making sure you get a nice view of the procedure that you so badly want. When the thin wire is pulled through your pink inner skin. When I pinch your other lip, slightly lower this time, and do it again. The dozens of times we switch back and forth, zig-zagging, stabbing through your lips, watching your pink turn more and more red, pulling them together with wire, reaching the bottom of your slit and working our way up again, stitching them together into a nice, secure, sealed pattern. If your clit sticks out too far, we might have to pass the needle and wire through there couple of times, simply because it's in the way, and I'm sure you wouldn't want to leave any part of your slit insecure, unprotected. So I hope you're relieved, and satisfied, and happy, when we finally finish, and your lips are sewn shut, nice and tight, with the two ends of the wire sticking outwards from the top of each of your lips, and we finish it all off and make it nice and pretty by tying the ends into a neat little bow, like tying your shoes. But only after securing everything with a nice, tight knot, of course. We wouldn't want your security measure coming off. We'll know you're sewn tight enough when the blood from all the glass shards inside of you

is no longer able to leak out through your lips, but it might be hard to tell, since your lips will be bleeding so much anyway. We'll just have to make sure we stitch you shut as tight as possible, then. It might be painful, as the wire is pulled so tight that it begins to slice through your lips, but I'll make sure it only slices into your lip skin the tiniest of amounts. Once it starts to do that, that will be our sign that it's as tight as it should go.

And I'll explain to you, as I'm stitching you shut, how this is only to help you get what you wanted. And I'll sit next to you again, and you'll get to gaze into the mirror and appreciate the intricacy and security of the stitches between your legs, and you'll be able to look down at the tight little bow sticking out in front of where your slit used to be, and you'll get the chance to thank me for finally giving you what you always wanted. I didn't cut your lips off to hurt you. I did it so that now, when they heal, they will heal together, and your vagina will be completely sealed shut, so you won't have to worry about anyone being inside you ever again, since you claim to hate that so much. But your hymen was broken, and thus it seemingly has happened, for some inexplicable reason, so I'll help you out and give you this extra protection. So there, I hope you're happy. No more vagina for you.

But maybe you'll hear this explanation and realize your mistake. Maybe you'll try to recant, to correct, and finally admit what all of your choices and actions have already made very obvious, that your words were lies, and you want your vagina filled so badly that you constantly make bad decisions, based on fulfilling that hunger. Well it's too late now. It's time you understood that having a vagina is not a right, having a vagina is a privilege. It is not something everyone gets to have. You should be thanking God every day for giving you a vagina, for giving you that privilege, but instead you take it for granted. You abuse your God-given gift, and use it for evil. And since you have a history of abusing that privilege, of using that privilege to hurt others, then you don't get to have a vagina anymore. Having a vagina is a privilege, but don't worry, other people manage to get along without one, even though people like you try to make that difficult. Now you'll have to get along without one, too. You thought that just because you had a vagina, you were better than people who didn't, and that it made it okay to use your vagina and the advantages that came with it to hurt those people. Well, now you don't have a vagina anymore. You lost the thing that you thought made you better than others. You won't get to use your vagina to hurt anybody ever again.

But maybe all of this won't be necessary. If your soul is untouched, if your seal is not broken, then I'd be wrong. Not entirely, not about how cruel you were, how unthinkingly and uncaringly you behaved, how inhumanely you treated me. But at least I'd be wrong about some of your hypocrisy and some of your hope. Not entirely. You'd still be a massive hypocrite, but not as badly as I thought. And that would mean you wouldn't be as hopeless as I thought.

I'd let you down. I'd let you go. I'd unstring you. And I mean this in either scenario. And this would mean that I would myself be strung up, at least metaphorically, though perhaps eventually literally.

If you are broken, I will ask again what you want. You have a choice. If you apologize, if you want to make it up to me, if you are going to try, then I will allow you to try. You'd be free to try. You'd be free, and you could try. I would untie you, not just from the ties around your wrists and ankles, but from the ties through your lips. I'd carefully help you remove all the shards from inside yourself. If you learned your lesson. But if you show no remorse, no understanding, then you've made your choice. Again. The same choice. And I'd allow you to take your anger out on me. But that doesn't mean I wouldn't fight back. And I'd still have plenty of anger to give back to you, obviously. I'd go for your lips, kicking and punching them as hard as I can, causing them to swell even more than they're already swollen, making them strain against the wires holding them together, pulling them apart. I'd aim slightly higher, kicking and punching you just above where your slit used to be, smashing and jostling and crushing the glass shards inside of you. Maybe if you're lucky, I'll grab the bow tied at the top of your former-slit and rip the wire out, ripping each of your stitches out in quick succession. If you're lucky, the wire will simply rip through your lips. If you're unlucky, your lips will rip right off. If you're lucky, maybe you can pick a shard of glass out of your newly torn-open vagina and use it as a weapon against me. Good luck.

But don't worry. Even if I win, I will not kill you. What happens when you learn to stop fighting will depend on what happened before you learned to stop fighting. I hope it takes you a long time to learn that lesson. As long as it took me to learn how irredeemable you are, to learn to stop fighting for you, and to start fighting against you. If you learn your lesson quickly, maybe you will not be much more damaged than before this latest battle. In that case, I'll let you stay here, in this room, indefinitely. I'll give you what you need to stay alive. I'll remove the ropes and straps so that you can't use them as escape options. And I'll be sure to spend as much quality time with you as I can. And I'm sure you'll hate me for it. But you already hated me. At least now you have a reason. And you can feel free to challenge me again whenever you want. But there is only going to be one way out. You're going to need to tear open your vagina and hope you find a shard of glass large enough to kill yourself. And you're going to need to do it without me stopping you, because I will stop you. Oh I'll let you tear your vagina open, I might even let you look for a large enough shard of glass in there, to pick out pieces until you find one. Then I will take it from you, and I will shove it back inside of you, along with any other pieces you removed, and I will stitch you shut again. But of course since you tore your stitches out once, your lips will surely be badly torn. We will have to stitch further in this time. But we can do that. And we'll repeat this cycle as many times as we can, until your lips are ripped to shreds, and you no longer have enough skin to stitch together anymore. Then we can move on to the final step.

Or maybe you'll get unlucky and we'll reach this step faster. Maybe instead of your stitches tearing through your lips, maybe I'll grab the bow at the top of your former-slit and rip it just right and tear your lips right off. That would be unfortunate, since it would mean we couldn't stitch you shut anymore, like you so badly want. But fine. Since there is nothing to hold them in anymore, I'll let you reach your fingers inside of yourself and try to remove all the shards of glass from your vagina. I'll watch intently, and we can talk about it as you do it. Or we can talk about anything else. About whatever else you want. Whatever else is on your mind. If you have a mind at all.

I won't let you keep the shards, of course. You'd be welcome to attempt to use them as weapons against me, but I couldn't risk you using them as weapons against yourself. Because that would be your only possible method of escape, and I would not let you escape. So I would let you keep the shards as long as I could stay with you and supervise you, but if I needed to leave temporarily, or if I saw you trying to use them against yourself, I would have to take the shards away from you. And then we'd try something new. I'd take the pole down from the ceiling, and fit it into a wide base, wider than the pole is tall, so it cannot tip over. I'll make sure it's facing the remaining mirror, of course. And perhaps at this point you might start to wonder what it's for. Perhaps you'll start to guess. Perhaps you will notice just how tall the pole is, reaching just slightly past the height of your hips, and you'll begin to comprehend what is going to happen.

I wonder how hard you'll fight as I grab you from behind, reaching my arms around you and lifting you off your feet. As I lift you this way, it couldn't be helped that my penis, the reason you gave for hating me before any of this, for thinking it was okay to treat me the way you did, will slide between your legs and rub against the open wounds where your lips used to be, probably even rubbing against your hole. I wonder if that will make you more afraid than anything else. I wouldn't give you the pleasure. I will take pleasure in rubbing against the tattered remnants of your lips, the bloody open strips of exposed nerve endings that remain on the sides of your slit, but I'll try my best not to cum. Of course it wouldn't be because of how attractive you are, as I know you like to think. It would be because of how much I would enjoy your screams of visceral pain. But again, I would try not to, as I wouldn't want to give you the honor. I'll warn you that you shouldn't fight, that it will only hurt you more. But I hope you do fight. I will enjoy your struggle and your pain immensely. I hope you kick and you flail and you scream as I lift you into the air and carry you over the pole. I wonder if you will then realize that if you struggle, it will only throw off my aim, and result in the pole scraping you more and more roughly, tearing the bloody strips of open wounds where your lips used to be even wider, scraping your glass-pierced insides as it slides in on an angle, causing you to clench your vagina as tight as you can in a futile attempt to keep it out, which only results in the tiny bits of glass that remain inside you being squeezed deeper and deeper into your walls, and the cold metal pole scraping off even more of your insides as it makes its way deeper and deeper inside you. I hope you don't realize that. Or I hope you do realize that, but that you lack the discipline to fight your urges, as I know you do, and you fight anyway, and cause yourself all that pain, all the while knowing you could stop and make it easier, but finding yourself unable to do what you know is right. After all, that's always been your problem. You've always been unable to resist your basest, dumbest urges, and do what you know is right.

Because it won't matter how much you fight. You will envelop that pole, no matter what you do. And I will hold you steady and tell you to stand up, and we'll see how long it takes you to finally listen for once in your life and to actually do that. Because it's not that I care if you do what I tell you. It's that if you don't stand, and you keep fighting, long enough for me to get tired, or for you to slip out of my hands, you will fall, and you will be impaled, and if you are lucky, you will die, but not before feeling unimaginable pain, hopefully for a very long time, as you die nice and slow. But of course I don't want that for you. So I'll hold you as long as possible, and try to get you to stand up. And you'll find that the



pole has been made based on your height, and so long as you're standing, it's not tall enough to cause you any serious injuries, at least beyond a deeply bruised cervix, pushed as deep inside of you as it can go without tearing. I'm sure you'll try to lift yourself, but you had better be careful. Go ahead and try standing on your toes. It won't be enough, but every time you try, you'll just be scraping off more and more of your insides, and if you slip and fall, that pole will go much deeper, piercing through your cervix, tearing through your organs. Maybe you'll try to lift yourself with your hands, even though you know you wouldn't be strong enough to lift yourself just by gripping a vertical pole underneath you, and when you try anyway, you'll find that you can't bend over and reach down low enough to get a good grip, as the pole inside you reaches to your waist and keeps your body straight, at least up to that height. Maybe you'll try to tip over the entire contraption, but you'll know the base is too wide, and it will be a futile effort, and each time you try, the pole pushes and scrapes against your insides, simply causing you more pain.

But you're free to try. I'll pull up a chair and watch the show. Maybe I'll even lay down on the ground underneath you, not only to get a nice view, but to taunt you, because I know how badly you will want nothing more than to just lay down, to rest. But you will never lay down ever again. You will never lay down, but you may sit down. That is your choice. And I know how badly it will hurt you to sit down. And not only because you'd be sitting on two long strips of open wounds where your lips used to be. No, you'll be reminded of just how much it will hurt to sit down every time you even slouch a little, and the pole pushes your cervix even deeper up inside you. I've kept you off of your feet for most of our time together, so I hope you can stand for a long time now. I hope you can stand on your feet, and I hope you can stand looking at yourself, at your situation, at the outline of this large pole bulging out of you, reaching from your slit to your navel, in the mirror. Because you're going to be standing and staring at that image for the rest of your life, and your only distraction will be me. I'll enjoy taunting you as I change positions. Sometimes I'll lay at your feet, enjoying the view of you being impaled through your mutilated vagina, sometimes I'll pull up a chair next to you, and we can stare in the mirror and take in the view together. Sometimes I'll put the chair right in front of you to be nice and comfy and get another nice view. Sometimes I'll stand up and walk around you, taunting you with the fact that I can. Sometimes I'll stand up and look down at you, so I can look you in the eyes as we talk. Because all this time, we will be talking, of course. Again, about whatever you want. I imagine at this point that we will be interested in similar topics. We always were, after all.

I wonder if you will try to convince me to let you go. To lift you and remove you off of the pole that now wears you like an article of clothing. I don't think I will. Maybe if you beg me hard enough, say just the right things, I will arrange a harness to put around you, to let you experience a modicum of rest, and let you survive slightly longer. But you had better thank me hard enough if I do, or it will be immediately removed. But if you do, then you might get a few hours of being partially supported. Not enough to lift you at all, you will still feel the pole pushing into your cervix at all times, but it will be enough to make sure you do not die. Because please understand, unlike how you feel about me, I do not want you to die. But you will. Because eventually you will be too weak to continue to stand, and I will not give you the harness forever. Eventually I will enjoy watching as the pain in your feet becomes too much, and you decide it is worth the increased pain in your cervix, and you let yourself rest, as you try to sit down, and

the pole pierces your cervix, and you voluntarily push it through your organs, tearing each one as it scrapes by, and finally you feel the relief of your cheeks and the open wounds where your lips used to be resting against the bare cold metal of the base that holds up the pole that keeps you in place. You can finally lay back and rest. Of course there's nothing behind you to lay back upon, but there is still the pole inside you, and you can lay back and let it push against your sternum, and you can spread your legs and feet out in front of you, only to find that it doesn't even provide relief to your feet, as your blood rushes to them and you simply feel them throb, not lessening your pain at all. But your real pain will be mostly mental, as you realize you killed yourself for nothing. As you realize you subjected yourself to the pain of this pole tearing through your cervix and ripping through your organs all to relieve yourself of a different pain, only to find that pain simply get worse when you did so, and add to your new self-inflicted pains. But those self-inflicted pains will surely be worse than any physical pain you could ever add to them. And those pains, the pains of impaling yourself, of feeling open wounds where your lips used to be sliding down the pole, of the pole piercing your cervix and shoving its way into your abdomen and ripping through each of your organs one by one, those pains will be the last sensations you ever feel. And I wonder if your last thoughts will be directly about those sensations, or if they will be about me, as I stare into your eyes and watch your false imitation of life fade from them.

But don't worry. All of this slow vaginal destruction would only happen if you already started the destruction yourself. If I strung you up and sliced open your pants only to find your vagina were still fully in-tact, that you still had a hymen, then I'd have been wrong, and none of the later things would happen. In fact, I'd leave myself at your mercy. You would be left untouched, and you could say what you want to do, and I would let you, with my only request being that we talk about it before enacting it. And maybe, probably, you only hate me. Maybe you want to turn me in. Probably you just want me dead. You always did. I'll speed up the end result for you. We have ropes. Go ahead and tie one around my neck, and you can have your wish. You're not getting out until you do, because the door is locked, and the key is in my mouth, and you're not getting it out unless you kill me. And if you want that, then fine. Do it. Live with it. And if you want to turn me in, that would only be killing me in a slower, more painful fashion. If you want to kill me, you're going to have to do it yourself.

But maybe you're good. Maybe you're sorry. Maybe you understand. Again, if you felt bad enough to understand and want to try to soothe your conscience, I'd let you try. And I'd sincerely try to make it easy for you. As easy as possible. I'd try my best, too. And it would never be enough. But I'd try. We'd spend the rest of our lives trying. I'd try to forgive you, even though I know I never could entirely. I'd try to make the best of the time we have left, even though so much time has been wasted. But you could try your best to make up for lost time, for the time you threw away. It would never be enough, but you could try. It's the best I could possibly hope for now. It's the best possible outcome. And it would be up

to you. And you could make it happen. You could make it happen without any of this. Without any of the degeneracy and sickness, any of this impotent fantasy, that has escaped into this letter after growing and festering in me as a coping mechanism to replace the optimism and hope that died away. You could make it happen at any time. It's in your power, and it always has been. All you need to do, all you've ever needed to do, is opt for happiness, and know that I love you.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for writing this. I'm sorry for feeling this. I'm sorry for feeling for you. I'm sorry for loving you. I'm sorry for thinking about you. I'm sorry for thinking you were my friend. I'm sorry for being your friend. I'm sorry for not realizing I was too ugly to be anything more than your friend. I'm sorry for hurting you by telling you I loved you and forcing you to admit how disgusting you found me. I'm sorry for insulting you and making you angry by making you realize that a hideous monstrosity like me thought so lowly of an angel like you that I considered us equals and thought you could care about me and that I could bring happiness to your life. I'm sorry that I allowed you to crush me and make me uglier on the inside, coming closer to how ugly you apparently found me on the outside. I'm sorry for thinking the peaceful, joyful, happy fantasies, because they disgusted you so. I'm sorry that that disgust turned some of those happy fantasies into nightmares so sick and horrible that I disgust even myself. I'm sorry that I must write them anyway, hoping that you understand they are metaphors trying to articulate just how strong my feelings for you were and are. I'm sorry that I thought of them. I'm sorry that I know I could never bring myself to do anything close to acting on them, even if I somehow got the chance. I'm sorry that I know I will never even have the courage to send you this letter. I'm sorry that I wrote it despite knowing for all this time that you've always been a lost cause. I'm sorry that I know if I ever saw you again I would actually show you nothing but kindness, my hatred for you disappearing instantly and turning into more hatred for myself, hating myself for all the kindness I would show you, all the kindness I'd feel for you, but finding myself unable to do anything but regress into the naive fool that fell for you before. I'm sorry for remembering you. I'm sorry for still thinking of you. I'm sorry for thinking of you at all. I'm sorry I knew you. I'm sorry you knew me. I'm sorry for ever being in your life. I'm sorry for the part of me that still wishes I was in your life. I'm sorry for ever being alive. I'm sorry for the small part of me that continues to cling to life.

I'm sorry.