

Sun, 30 Mar 2008

11:09 AM

Life, currently...

Is killing me. Slowly but surely, it's killing me. Not literally, but not figuratively either. If it could somehow be both and neither at the same time.

Phase 1:

My girlfriend and I separate... again. Only this time, she's my girlfriend and it was a mutual break up and she wasn't my fiance this time around. She seems to be able to rebound so quickly, turning into someone that she was only a shadow of before, which I am truly hurt by, and though it was a mutual break up, I can't help feeling like she lost it for me long before I started having problems. She so quickly jumps into the lap of another guy even though she never seemed to be in the mood for it when we were together. And worse, they won't get in a relationship because he's "not ready". Ready enough to put your dick into her you piece of shit. Apparently some attachment to his previous girlfriend who joined the military and is now in Korea and apparently left him for someone else, though she hasn't told him, but he knows regardless. That's his reason for attachment? He knows his chicks ditched him but he needs to hear it. I may be wrong but I think it's just because he wants to use Georgi. The Dustonian is most-likely right on this subject. I may just be viciously jealous of her ability to be frivolous and free, while my hope, dreams, desires require so much more than simply pointless fucking.

Phase 2:

Now that I am single, I know not what to do. I'm lost. I am completely clueless... I don't know where to go to meet people. I just hang out where I usually do with what few friends I have. Jim's. In all honesty, I wish I could turn back time before the first time Georgi and I broke up. I'd come back that next day, or something. I don't know. She wasn't ready for what I want. Though she claimed she did somewhere along the 6th month mark. Come a year and a half and all desire was lost. I think I've pretty much laid my life out how I think I want it. I want to be an audio engineer, I want to be married, I want to have children, and I want to do this at a young age. I'm 20 now, so within the next 3 or 4 years would suit me fine. I just can't seem to find the person to share that with. And I know, especially in a community like a blog, people will say, just wait, it will come to you, she will come to you. Waiting isn't something I'm good at, especially when I was already so close to getting the only thing I desired. Now I fear the girl I wanted to spend the rest of my life with is most-likely going to get knocked up and accident and the guy will most-likely turn tail and run. Fuck... I just don't understand what I did that was so wrong.

Phase 3:

Concerning my emotions toward her. I don't understand why I can just move on. It was a mutual break-up, but I can't help feel that I only went along with it because she did. This may sound stupid, but I even had a list of pros and cons of staying with her. I had a page and a half of pros and 3 pages of cons. But even with that, I still didn't want to break up with her. Most people would say it's because you're used to her being around, and she's just become a part of your life that was suddenly removed, I'll get over it. But I feel it was so much more than that. She was a big part of my life, but that's because I wanted to spend the rest of it with her. I don't think she felt the same in the end. Maybe I should just focus on that. But I can't help feeling that if I do do that, then I'll only sink deeper into this hole. Life and Death I don't feel stable lately. Truly, I don't. I've had random urges and I feel the need to things that at this point in time I don't understand. I want to get a fertility test just to see if I'm sterile or not, and if I am sterile, I fear I may kill

myself. But perhaps there is an alternative to death. I've been researching SRS and looking into the possibility of a F2M ovarian and uterine transplants. Though I haven't had much luck with that, I feel hope in the idea of possibly becoming a fully functional woman and being able to play on the other team. If Georgi were to become pregnant on accident, I feel would be another cause of me ending my life.

Phase 4:

I sit here hoping that maybe, with time, things will change. I really, truly loved her. I can say that for sure. Perhaps she's just trying to explore options before having to commit to something. I mean, I tried my hardest to be supportive of her, and I even recognized the things that made me angry with her or anything about us and ended them. Like drinking. I refused to drink because I knew I got emotional and angry, despite the masses of alcohol at the apartment. I encouraged her, and tried to help her do her best. I taught her how to drive and took her to get her license. I was proud of her, was she not proud of me? Oh, why should I care anymore? It's done, over, finished. She obviously doesn't care, so why can't I tear myself away. I become ill when I see her with any other guy, but she doesn't nothing but flaunt. God kill me already...

Security: Public

Location: Home

Mood: Disappointed

Music: