

Title Page

4.30.03 Random Thoughts

I don't know how memory can help us reclaim our lives? (In response to Derrida and with constant lingering thoughts of missing him, lost love)

Chapter Ideas

christmas tree in ceterella bags lit from behind with colored christmas lights.

cloud of garbage bags growing bigger every month – ominous force slowly changing day by day – and how i come home and always peek in the room for a look.

night moonlight – during a full moon i stood in the darkness under the skylight until the full moon was directly overhead, bathed in the shadow of night and lit briefly through the moonlight i stared in the mirror of the bathroom

last year during the big snowstorm i collected snow from peter's house knowing i wouldn't be back for a while, and that the magic of providence, and of how it felt there snowing would never feel the same after i left. i placed a handful of snow in a Ziploc bag and by the time i got home the snow already melted. i ended up driving with it in my car for over 6 months before i decided to take it out. i still have it now waiting for a full year to go by and plant it in a pot i have filled with dirt and a few seeds of a plant that looks like a snowy moss which i got in providence but was probably imported from somewhere.

dante's pergatory performance – me on the beach searching for Beatrice while i strapped dante's pergatory to the souls of my feet with rope and walked along the edge of beach where the waves crash in getting my feet soaked in water and sand. after i left i took off the books and untied the rope which left marks on my feet.

message in a bottle performance

the great American buffet – mass consumerism and wasted food through choice and desire

commuting life in nj

how i lived on miankoma for several months and ended up in the circle. how i used to live on further lane – bookmarks of this Hampton life from my jersey Hampton life.

darkness, silence, and the radiator

always masturbating in a cup, rendering it functionless or rather trying to contain my desires.

hot dog love at first sight

eich been ein auslander

loving a man twice my age

artist as a professional

mfa program and institutioned art

art and politics, and how they don't exist as social change

desire like an icicle never in a pure state but always changing due to its inherent properties

fear of darkness

tourism and the great American colonialization of seasonal living – the lighthouse

excerpt from Kathy Acker on seduction in painting a portrait of a young boy

Suicide

1.21.03 12:14am

hot flashes, sweating, tossing – turning
crying...

1.21.03 12:54am

i cannot sleep. i've been trying, trying to close my eyes. it doesn't help. my thoughts stray constantly towards death – towards suicide. i imagine a knife cutting a slit up my wrist towards my arm – a long cut. i imagine blood pouring out my arms, filling my bed – as i lay there. i cannot get it off my mind. i cannot sleep. its unbearably hot. i close my eyes again.

.97 2:30pm

i have a ledger in my hand. the woman gives me a pencil also. no. 2, orange fully sharpened, but no eraser. i look down at the ledger – yellow, blue horizontal lines. one margin line in red – a deep red. i stare at this red, imagine it soaking the page. the woman signals me – telling me i must write. she says she cannot help me if i do not write. i look at her with a blank stare. i imagine stabbing her with that sharp no.2 pencil, then filling the ledger with blood stains. she says if i don't cooperate then i will have to go to the hospital. i look at her coldly, vacant eyes signaling no interpretation – no understanding of what she says. she says i must write. this goes on for a few more minutes until i get the thoughts of stabbing her out of my way and the ledger slips from my hands towards the floor, then the pencil hits the ground...

1.21.03 6:25pm

i can remember that moment as if it were frozen in time, as if the pencil and ledger had no weight – boundless, immobile. it was the first action i have ever taken. no speech – no words – i chose silence as my means of coping with the world. i look back and see how much of that is true now. how really yellow that ledger was, as if it pervaded my sense of life – it was a numbing yellow, the kind you use to dye easter eggs. but nothing is in season now – its dark outside, unbearably cold. there is this constant sadness welling up inside me unable to let go and unable to hold on.

1.22.03 12:03am

i have not slept in days. it's another night of tossing and turning. another frightening night of thoughts that stray towards suicide. i don't imagine how i will die – i do not envision the act, but merely absorb the effects of my death – the numbing reality of non-existence. its what i feel most. its also what scares me the most.

1.21.03 6:35pm

its hard to talk about it to others. its hard for me to even write these words down. i'm stuck on the feelings – the feelings of my meaningless existence. i'm stuck on the hopes that suicide can be a way to realization. that it can be a way out of the pain of living. why does it matter so much, living? i will die anyway – why prolong the pain? i was told when i was a teenager that things will change, that the feelings i have will dwindle – that life is beautiful. how long has it been since i have felt peace within myself? no happiness can ever measure or equal this immense pain i feel now. i can't write this, i can't. its too difficult. i wish there was some way around it – some way of understanding all this...

.97 4pm

my mother is crying besides me as we sit in her black jeep grand cherokee. she's driving me to the hospital. there is a cracking in her voice as she asks me why i am doing this. why do i have to be so difficult? why couldn't i just talk to that shrink? i look at her, my arms are crossed – vexed. silence. she wants to know why i don't talk to her – she wants to break the silence. i will not console her. the car becomes unbearable. i stare out the window as she drives, imagining that i can escape. imagining that i opened the door and jumped out while she was driving, and that i quickly roll to the curb without the other cars hitting me. it's the image that suddenly gives me the courage to do it – the fact that i can do it. i quickly unbuckle my

seatbelt and open the car door. i run. i run, and i run not knowing where i am or where i am going. i feel free for the first time ever, as if the weight of the world has been lifted – its an amazing feeling.

1.21.03 6:48pm

fear rushes in me now. i don't know where i'm going or what to do. i don't feel safe anymore – i feel trapped, confined, lost. i wish i had someone to talk to – someone who understood what i am going through. there is a busy signal on the other end. no answer. so i wait. every word i write is the pain of realization – of realizing my pain – and its not helping me. i feel so incapacitated – lost under the unbearable weight of indifference.

1.25.04 7:50pm

i found all these writings and decided to write another entry. which one should i add. well, today i dropped a drinking glass and it was smashed. i feel so lousy that all i could do was stare at the shards and drive myself to pick them up and use them on my skin. i ran my fingers across the broken parts to find the sharpest areas. i then ran the shard up and down both my arms. it didn't do much – but the sight of blood was enough to appease me for now. i still look at the scars left from last month and wonder if i should reopen them. i left the shards on the table and walked up the stairs.

12.08.03

today i felt pretty crappy – cried a lot – just couldn't understand or deal with my life – depressed that I've lost my passions. I ended up cutting myself after dinner – not a release – it didn't help me like it used to – cleaned up the blood. ended up trying to suffocate myself to pass out but ended up just choking myself a lot and making tears roll down from my eyes. still feel like crap – but with all this action i forgot what my depression was about – it became about the act. i then decided to work on my performance of the holiday card. it was so much fun putting on the “deep love” lipstick and kissing the wall – it was totally fun – haven't remembered what it was like to kiss for a while. took some nice photos of it – i wasn't to do mare with the lipstick – it has a fragrance that's sweet but makes me nauseaus – a bit fruity. Also before i forget, when i cut myself i took my blood for lipstick. my lips were blood red.... i look at the cut i've made and get upset again. why did i do this to myself. i just don't understand my motives and feelings and the reasons seem so pathetic. my wrists hurt...

Love At First Sight

stop fooling yourself. i knew you were a fag the first minute i saw you. you were standing on a street corner waiting for the light to change, slyly eating a vegetarian hotdog in one hand and holding the latest issue of the Advocate in the other. you were sexy back then, late summer, wearing tight blue jeans and a tshirt 2 sizes too small which gave the impressions of body underneath, a few chest hairs peaking out from your collar. i watched you cross the street while i imagined having you. then you sort of faded away.

i was a little more resourceful then - alleys, subways, public bathrooms. i knew them all. thats where i found myself. in those short intervals of body on body, i knew who i was. everything else was a rush to get more of myself. i found me at a coffee shop, sometimes in uniform - a lawyer, cop. sometimes riding subways. mostly it was vague - as if there was an infinite terrain of fog and each step i took thinking i could figure out whats in front of me - where im going, but actually took me further into some place i lost myself in, more scared and disoriented.

we have a sense of who we are through others - with others. never alone. its as if difference justifies us, creates who we are...

He's Love By Proxy

9.17.02

the song by cutting crew (i just) died in your arms tonight

Real Ideal

1.16.03

but my ideal is not the real, and my mind is not the prophetic, i am human, i am your blood driven through a vein, i am substance, i ponder, i willfully accept with hesitation desires and diseases - pain and mesmerizing caresses, i live and die with one breath and one breath only before the cold sets in, and rigamortise encapsulates me. i yearn for a revealing intimacy that comes only with time and patience, and honesty.

Providence

4.12.03

It's getting late. I have already missed the sunset. Dark outside where light used to be. I don't remember seeing it change. It was as if, all of a sudden, the world decided to turn dark. Its night outside while I am writing this. I've been in my room all day. I've spent the entire day in my thoughts, on this bed, from which I am writing these words now. I have been locked up in my thoughts, in the solitude that loss ensues. It has been months like this, where I have willingly, perversely, let all ties to friends dissolve so I can be alone, can be with myself, can be with him. I'm not saying that I don't go out – right now I've got a few side jobs, temporary. I'm stuck in some world where my indecision has left me in some stasis, some haze of reality. I cannot escape the thoughts I have of him. They become a constant companion, taunting me. Laughing at me. Torture. I don't know what it was like before I met him. I don't know who I was before we met, and now I don't like what I have become. Somedays the strength just disappears, and my body feels so weak that I can only lie in bed and stare at the ceiling, where its almost too exhausting to even sleep. I'm paralyzed by my own feelings. I haven't been doing anything for months. It pains me to think I have wasted this time, that he is off living, continuing with his life as if I was never there, is if nothing ever mattered. I guess this is "what the living do." Go on with their lives. Wish I could.

No this isn't how I want to start off, this isn't how I want the main character to be, consumed in grief. I want the main character to be a hero, an adventurer. One who can brave the world with a sense of compassion for others and know that time is distilled in moments of beauty. That he can find beauty in everything. We all hold onto something, against all odds and rationality. We all need to believe in something. Atleast, we were brought up thinking this. There must be some ideals I still keep as my own, after the ravages of losing myself to all the men I have ever loved, but mostly losing him. The lover that used to ask me if I would sleep with him.

I still carry him wherever I go. My memories are an unresolved conflict constantly processing and reprocessing the experiences, my emotions, but mainly the longing to hear from him, the desire to be with him again. I would go back to him without a second thought, if he asked. Even if I knew he could never give me what I want, if it was for only one night. I would want to devour the time spent with him – to absorb as much of him in me as possible. I know that I would be hurting myself even more, but I don't care really. I'm drowning in my desire for him, all my other feelings are suffocated, so all I feel is this bitter abandonment.

Memories play out and are replayed. Somehow, every book I read is an amplified parable of part of my life. Infinite permutations on unfinished conversations. They become remainders of my own memory residuals – reprocessed and reformed in new ways, so that I may get a peek at him. So I may see him new again, so I may understand the distance between us.

Example 1:

Patricia Dunker's Hallucinating Foucault. The narrator is deeply in love with Paul Michel's writing, and has gone on a trip to find him. I first met him through reading his work and we started writing to each other regularly. I became entranced by him, his ideas. They meet during summer. We finally arranged to meet one day in the summertime. The narrator and Michel became really close after he found Michel, and spent a lot of time together, and eventually became lovers. Michel was older than the narrator as he was to me. All these are a bit superficial. The main feeling caught me at the end where the lovers parted. Michel left the narrator, knowing he had spent the time well and made it last, while the narrator became distraught in his passing. I have yet to try and just enjoy the moments we did share together, although I know he has lived in the moments, knowing that we would never be together for long. I fall apart knowing that the narrator loses all ties with everyone else in the novel, and instead every feeling is an undercurrent, a hidden thought that is never exposed to the reader, or to each other. I'm left with my own dilemma. I don't want to turn my desire into a game, I don't want to forget. I want to keep him alive inside me, even though it tears me apart. The narrator has found his solution, while I am still left figuring out how to get to mine.

I see him everywhere, its as if he is writing to me, and I am trying to read him.

Example 2:

Jeanette Winterson's Written on the Body. The first line hits me, then a storm of tears. "Why is the measure of love loss?" It was as if he spoke to me. As if he knew I would listen, as if he knew what I would go through. But he hasn't. The narrator has understood me better. I feel a kinship – we both hold the same views on romance, and actually comes across in similar veins. But it wasn't simply the ideas embedded in the prose. It was the fact that the main character has doubted love, his/her love of _____. I felt I had to deny my love for him because it would be for the better, but I realize he is doing the same to me. And in my denial, I realized I was being selfish – because the feelings I have were real, they were important, and I should have been able to let go of the fear and embrace him, but I couldn't. The narrator lost the most important love in his/her life because of this mistake. All the narrator has left is his/her memories.

Unfortunately I have not read all the books in my library yet. They sit inside stacked cardboard boxes with the spines exposed. Reading the titles becomes an exercise of my imagination – of my desire to conquer. But my memories have conquered me.

Temporary Residence

10/14/03 9:30pm

i have a temporary residence on a street in the hamptons called the circle...

right now i am in the kitchen looking out the panel window onto a fresh new landscape, something i never would have pictured before. i feel strange, in a strange place, and suddenly back to the beginning again, starting again. i feel i am going through the same motions, the same feelings, the same weightlessness - unbounded by life, unable to be pleasantly surprised by what i see. under these critical eyes, i feel i am circumspect - that i am making the same mistakes over again.

i guess i should start by describing my absense here - that i have vanished for the past 6 months of this space. that i have rejected the voice that grew out of here. several friends have questioned my absense, seemed puzzled by my vehemence to continue to describe some of my daily insights in this space. and i have my reasons for this, tons of reasons. but the most honest answer was, is still defined by my place of residence, namely i felt that my thinking, my feelings were circular, that i was running into the same problems over again, that i was milling over the same feelings - and saying nothing in the process. in fact the very name i choose to use in webspace (not cyberspace yet because my body has not been fully integrated into this architecture) recapitulates this sentiment, disiterate: to not be able to say or speak or act (conclusively to not be present, consequensly to not exist). my language is disiterative, in my search for meaning, i have become lost in the complexity of words to be able to stand a chance and say something meaningful, something present, embodied somehow. i keep on whispering to myself, i am living in a circle. i am running through the motions, and being trapped by my own inadequacies, by my own desires to break free. again this may only be one part of it, there is a more complex version of the reason i dismantled my weblog entries. it is because at the time i was writing them, i realized my audience, and once you realize your audience, you lose the power of your voice. it necessitates a dialogue that will never exist, and therefore keep you torn and left in a space of emotional disintegration. when i realized who i was writing to, things made sense, certain things never get said, and certain things perpetuate themselves. it becomes impossible to grow. naturally, as i write this now, i am thinking consciously if my audience has changed, if the person i am writing to has changed, if at all exists for me. i am hoping he is not who i am writing this to, i am hoping i am not going to catch myself in another cycle. who knows?

so for now i have an agenda. a space to entertain a few of my own thoughts at this moment. they are as follows:

1) i am trying to work on a few new ideas for collaborations with other

artists. i now work in an amazing facility with state of the art equipment and can use them to my advantage. i am interested in using this space to confront artists and to hopefully set up some sort of engrossing project. if you are an artist and are interesting in collaborating with me (you have some ideas to shoot out, we might be able to help create something together). if your not an artist and have some neat ideas, again i would like to help facilitate in any way i can. We can set up this space any way we want to, depending on the interest of the participants.

2) i have started this new job 3 months ago and i haven't been able to create a personal space for me - and i am hoping that somehow i can section off a space in my life to myself, and if this journal will help facilitate a deeper level of engagement with my everyday life, i will try my best.

3) in no way shape or form will this space become a substitute for living, for loving. i have actually spent too long of an amount of time fantasizing about what might something could be, instead of actually engaging with the receptiveness of vision for doing. part of the problem with this space is that it becomes consuming. it becomes my life, instead of a supplement. and for the readers unfortunately, it doesn't allow any space for you to develop a line of your own thought - it becomes like a character in a novel, a voyeuristic enterprise where you can forget your own life and become someone else, or ultimately desire the man you are reading in some disjointed way.

a subnote to all this, my previous residence this summer has been on miankoma - pronounced my coma, which somehow i feel had a direct correlation to my life. the environment becomes a sign for me, significant meanings. i question where my permanent residence will be...

10/26/03 9:50pm

i feel the earth shifting for a moment.

a friend's mother died. somehow i feel it deep inside, turning, twisting. i shiver at the thought of my own mortality. how can i cope with this fear, these feelings. its so hard to deal with these realities. i spoke briefly to rebecca. there is nothing i can really say. helpless. i cannot console because i don't feel able to cope with it myself. all i can do is close my eyes and imagine the pain of losing someone, something i have felt often. funny thing is i can't feel anything for peter, imagining him gone from me - why is that. have i lost my feelings for him, or is it because i don't think i ever fit in his life, or is it because i have already mourned his death before. what can i say to console a friend who has lost someone forever. what can we do to remember, why do we always forget. i will light a candle in memory. a memorial candle for her. she will be with me like a passing spirit from this world. i light it for rebecca too, for her future. for her strength. we each cope with loss in our own ways,

trying to find one that works is always difficult. how can we heal when we can no longer feel the presence of someone we love. how can we learn to cope with loss, with our memories. i just can't say anything - i feel like i am running into circles. all i can go back to is imagining rebecca crying on the other line, her feelings - the soft cracking voice, hesitant. silent pauses. night.

Personal Ads

"so tell me about yourself" - sparked interest in things, what you like to do on a regular basis, what's going on in your life, what gets you up in the morning (besides maybe a cup of coffee), what are you like, i.e. personality wise. these are some of the things that i guess starts up conversations for me. other conversation starters can be favorite sexual positions, stats, labels like are you a top or bottom, or even the relentless "lets fuck". anyway i'm a quiet person, i tend to get up in the morning with a sigh (don't need coffee to get me up in the morning), then its on to my little rituals of waking and preparing for the day. it starts off with a slow awakening from my bed heading towards the bathroom for a shave and shower, then to the monotonous movements of my wrists up and down as i brush my teeth, to the daily slice of bread for breakfast, to the car for an interesting turn of the key - an engine might or might not start properly. anyway i normally don't detail my life out to anybody cause i feel the thoughts and emotions are more important, so lately i have been based more soulfully on the physical, i.e. grounded to realites that are beyond my control. i think im a bottom, maybe a top, could be versatile. yeah i have a slightly hairy chest, and although i'm not butch, i'm definitely not a queen. hazel eyed, short haired, amazing smile when i do smile, and a light complexion. anyway this is a young eager mind articulating some of the thoughts that revolve around my general existence recapitulated with time. i would say that was a good start, anxious to get your reply.

i'd like to say i want to fuck you, yeah you - right here, right now, but in actuality we already are fucking. id like to think of us as lovers, but that's beyond the truth, we're just hungry. we want a quick snack, a taste of some forbidden fruit. we want to satiate what is in our yearning, what is below the belt. yet sometimes we like to think we know the person we're fucking, maybe even if its just a first name. yeah, we know what we want, and we're constantly finding new places to get it - just remember the last time you got it. was it good, maybe it was, maybe it wasn't, who cares - you got it, its what you wanted. me - you say you want to know me, touch my skin, i'm here, you know me now. i'm that silent partner who never gets enough, we can do it all night long, but after a while it would be a bore - and we'll both move on, to the next person. its in our nature, we are hungry. so why don't you give it a shot. yeah, you know you want it.

drama queen seeks bore. yeah, im looking for that special someone who can put up with me and all my crazy shit. its so hard to just be me, when i constantly need action, when i need to be the center of everyone's world.

baby boy seeks sugar daddy for good times and plenty of presents. well hung, will do anything for the right person - and yes i'm looking for love. if you don't have the money, i don't have the time.

the words you write are so beautiful, so passionate, and i wish i can get to that place again, that feeling about life and living that has one so drawn to the feelings. in a way i am lost. saw 2 episodes of sex in the city, one was about this entire gay relationship developing, about relationships in fighting, how we slowly rupture inside and lead different lives. i saw this with my roommate who doesnt know im gay, and all the gay scenes, there was explicit sex and touching, along with plenty of hard bodies. throughout it all he was going yuk, gross, and turning away. Secretly wishing i could turn away as well, but im caught inside this, knowing the dichotomies arise, but why is it so horrible. why repulse instead of move forward. secretly hiding my sexuality, it hurt me to see a nice, caring regular guy get repulsed by something supposedly so natural. and to think about the life i cannot have, the carefree and compassionate person i secretly attest to and desire. its the inward moments of compassion i lack, of sense and knowing, its the mindless drowning out of desire, of insecurity that becomes the jagged knife in my back. everytime i write to you it always seems to be

about me, and my insecure sexuality, but i dont want it to be about me, but about a dialogue of chance, of compassion, and of sincere interest in all matters. i am drawn to the heart, to the one organ that has quintessentially become symbolic for a whole onset of suppressed feelings cleverly disguised to fool me from myself. love becomes an object, when it is something other, something existent and living, but it becomes displaced, becomes a tiny heart, becomes something other than it is, it becomes suppressed, lost, it becomes what others make it, or atleast it should instead of becoming the driving force of my insanity. what else is there but to find that one relationship, or the several that can amplify you, resonate inside you. why do i yearn for it, how can i be compelled to understand it, especially since it is the only tool i have used to understand my sexuality, to find others like me, i dont have any other friends who are gay besides the ones ive met online, under the false pretenses of a perfect love. my desire is to find myself i guess through others, through the learning of a specified way of life, for the understanding of what has come before me and through me - what i can someday hope to indulge in. the illusions are there, and the desires are imposed, what i find through you and what you find through me can hopefully someday become entwined into the mesh and framework of life. of living. of pure truth.

The Dissension of Things Past

9.01.02

there comes a time in ones life where decisions are the first to go, where one is completely lost in the objective of living – of feeling from moment to moment that the only ensuing pleasure is the pleasure of another. where one will easily give up their own selves for that of another, for that of love. it is in this quest of soul searching we have come to recognize the pitfalls of living, come to recognize the agony of loneliness, and the bereft feelings left by solitude. it is these things for which i take to heart, knowing full well that i have given up my sovereignty for a kiss, an immutable pleasure. so how can i reenact the way i live, how can i come to understand what place i have in the society before me, and what place i can enter knowing full well that there are so many unexplored domains, so many places i have yet to enter into. but it is this love that keeps me going, and keeps me tangled as well. for i find in love the only reason for living, what else is there otherwise – the noble pursuit of truth seems a far cry from reality, and the ignoble idea of helping one's fellow man seems to me equally fraught with temptation and disaster – for how would helping another serve to help humanity when it depends on what that person can do for another, and continue down this long unending chain that will lead to eventual death to everything conscious.

these are troubled thoughts – brought on by the fringes of a pain that is unbearable to think of right now. it is the pain of loss, the loss of love.

so i try and look at the memories i have obtained for some comfort, but they are disillusioned for i still have far to live to think of the past as of yet. it all washes down with the day's rain. a rain which has cleansed parts of me and washed away the others. it's a quiet place, of festering thoughts and overwhelming loneliness. how can love prove to be so disastrous when at first we met i was still a boy, and when we kissed i was passionate and excited, and when we danced energetic in feeling the life flow from my blood, but when we parted feel as though worlds have been torn underneath my skin. these are where words can no longer discern feelings, this is where i cannot write anymore – the well of feelings will subside for a brief moment, when i can pick up the task again of writing to you.

Unable To Feel Love

1.26.04 6pm

I feel like I'm on transgressing – on the verge of tears...

I haven't done a thing with my life and I've been lost in the routine of work overworked. I need to feel at home, instead I feel lost...

Mother, please leave the light on, I'm scared of the dark. All I see is darkness all around me. There is no hope when the lights go out. All there is to do is stare into the void and pretend the weird sounds are vows of silence and inaction. That the world is frozen over and unable to move. Instead I feel the world crushing me, that the darkness encloses me in fear...

Why can't I feel loved. I feel I am living in a world out of balance and I am off balance. I came home today and decided not to turn the lights on, but rather to walk in darkness. In fact, I am writing this in the dark, trying to find the light to be able to place the pen on the right lines of the page. I am over the radiator now, hugging it while writing. I press my face against the hot cast iron radiator. I want to die, I want to kill myself. My thoughts seem to escape me – seem to be moving a million miles a minute. I can't focus – all I can do is release the anger, fear, and resentment of myself. I close my eyes with the side of my face pressed against the heat – and all i can hear repeated in my mind are my angry thoughts.

I remember a thought I had last year around this time... i've lost what it feels like to be loved because my heart is drowning from the pain of him that I can no longer feel the love of friends and family... i wonder if meaning is always circular – that feelings always creep back in on you.

Staring out the window never seems to help, but make me wish for something I can never have. the peace i can never attain. it taunts me to see the world move on without me. i close the blinds.

My First Time

4.19.04

its been over a year since i wrote to you. when i started this project, i was in the middle of a residency in atlanta, over 2 years ago that was. a lot has changed since then. a lot and yet so little. i was struggling with a meager research position trying to find meaning in my work - and if your struggling in research trying to find meaning, you know its the wrong field to be in. sigh. so a lot has happened to me over the years, good and bad. i'm trying to collect the memories that will take me to the next step of my life, trying to find the memories that will help me become the person i want to be, not the person i have to be, or the person i was forced to become. i dont want to be a victim of my surroundings... with all this in mind, i never thought what would happen to me would ever happen to me. i believe in too many good things. atleast i thought i did. i just dont know - never know.

so the last letters have been fettered with lost love - a broken heart, and the pain of loss. a year later - the reasons that compel me to write are around the same circumstances. i write about love so much - i want to believe its true. so what happened to me last year, the pain of rejection, of hurtful resentment, of wanting my lover so bad, has left me empty, helpless, alone, and drowning in a sea of changes. i wasn't able to bear writing further. and now a year later - something painful compells me to write again - something i never would have imagined happening. it happened over 2 days ago. i haven't been able to think of anything else since. i've been sleeping a lot - sick actually, my stomach barely able to keep the food in. i cant cry. my eyes swell up, but nothing comes out except for the occasional tear. i cant think of anything else but what happened to me. i can't talk about it. in fact i will leave right now than think of it again, although it haunts me.

i used to believe in love. i used to believe in it so much, and now all i have is the feeling where he violated me.

5/1/04

i don't know what i feel. there is this pounding in my chest. my neck feels like it is being squeezed that its difficult to breath. i look at a tattered piece of paper taped to the wall near my bed. the page is called the dream body. i let it sit near my head at night. i see the page crinkled and torn. like its falling apart...

well i need some sleep. i need to feel in control again. comfortable

Distractions

9.13.04

even this is hard to write...

i wander the streets in another place and time. i wake up without the mind of how to do anything. lost focus from a world that has overwhelmed me. whats left but to write? its been 6 months since i've carved my own path. 6 months i've left everything i have known and lost the desire to continue it. now im in a city filled with so much potential and i am even more overwhelmed and lost inside it. no concept of even wanting to continue this writing. it seems so fragile – my faculty to discern truth and desires. all my days are spent looking at men i find attractive. wanting to connect on some level – but am i looking for sex with them? where are my interests in seeing them or meeting them. why do i feel so compelled and drawn to the scene – to the atmosphere – to just be in this presence of desire and escape. it's a fantasy world tinged by desires – the light blind me in a haze of my own insecurity. everywhere i go my eyes wander to the streets. what am i doing to myself – where am i? i haven't been able to figure myself out or where it is i am heading. how can i adjust my own purpose and my own priorities when i don't even know what im doing sometimes. i feel like a snake to a flute – unable to adjust my feelings and my own thoughts to the sound of whats facing in front of me. its been a while since i have been able to think or process – my mind pretty blank and emptied of anything but the desire and the fear. the numbness of it all. i feel at a major loss because i have so much things i wish to accomplish – to speak out on. im just overwhelmed by all this information – all this centered interaction. and the desire to travel isn't really in my right now again – i don't have a desire for anything but men. wanting to meet them – see them. not necessarily have sex with them or maybe im just repressing that. i don't know. im fearful of my own inner workings. my own numbness.. i should be in a good place right now – im with good people and they have been so kind to me – but in my eyes i cannot see the good i have just this emptiness in my heart i am trying to fill with desires fantasy. even now i desire to go online and look at the men around the web – no use of it for research or to look up things – but rather to delve deeper into the annuls of sexual awakening.

The Fear That Holds Me Back

11/20/04 5:15pm

saddened again... i don't know where im heading and every step i take i take two backwards for doubt. i live life a closed shell, without much emotions or movements. its as if i have contained myself. how can i break free of my own chains. what weighs me down. the fear of death has consumed my life and has made me unable to live. where am i now in my feelings and fears. why does everything have to be about me – cant i break away enough to be in something, to be with someone. i am reminded of who i used to be and how i have lost a good part of myself to where i am now – and how little i am living. in closed quarters i try and contain myself. unable to fully understand what it is i want. i realize i am the one lost here. everyone else has found their place. the fears and frustrations i am feeling doesn't allow me to act – where it does allow others to continue to do what they need to do to live. i feel i have severed myself from the system. i feel i have outcast myself and therefore encased in something else. what is it i am feeling right now – is this anger. how can i get back to myself – to my view of life, and of finding some peace in the world. i feel like every step i take is a struggle and a fight. i wonder how far or how long it will take till i find not happiness, but a sense of being able to live. when can i let go of the fear that holds me back...

i notice my laziness and my inability to think and make connections lately, i feel ignorant and stupid. i just don't know how i can be able to make strong connections between things anymore. its as if everything falls a part under my logic.

Changes

2005

This is a journal entry of a lover of mine, I decided to post it to his online journal as a comment a year later on the same day as it was first written. The timing was off. I posted it as friendorlover (profile states that this fictional character lives in either Phoenix Arizona, Beatrice Nebraska?, Paris Tennessee – born February 25, 1961– into fast cars, hiking, biking, gardening, bears, beards, barebacking, tattoos, old western flicks, Perry Mason, Alfred Hitchcock)

TUESDAY, 25 FEBRUARY, 7:22 AM

Above my bed I keep my old journals. As I pried my eyes open this morning, they were in view and I thought, "my, my, change takes time." I've been writing about the same issues for years, taking little baby steps in changing my life.

I'm not sure why I have such a bourgeois sensibility. I'm not sure how my lifestyle has come to cost so much and I'm not entirely sure how to turn the tide. I know that I can live leaner, that I don't really need all the stuff on which I spend money. I know that I'm caught up in a spiral of consumerism and that, more than I want to believe, I'm a cog in the wheel of capitalism. I know that this location is defining many of the concerns that seem to dominate my life.

As I was falling to sleep last night, I had the feeling that I was on the cusp of a radical self-knowledge. I can't grasp the insight this morning, but I know that it was an insight about the power of change, about unlocking personal transformation.

I don't feel like I've wasted my life. I'm proud of what I've been able to do, but I'm reminded, constantly, of Thoreau's urging: "It doesn't matter if we're busy, the question is busy at what?" (mangled paraphrase). This is a haunting thought to me because I intuit that I'm busy at things that don't matter in the larger scheme. I worry that I don't know whether anything I do will matter in the larger scheme. then, I realize that this might be the trap. It's not about mattering to the world, it's about mattering in my own experience of pleasure and happiness (and in the sphere around me). It is, again, that pesky schism between desire and pleasure.

Well, transformation will take place step by step and because we use our will to make it real.

He thanked me for this post, saying it was very revealing – he did not know he wrote it...

Taming of the Fox

1.9.02

i learned from a friend last week that one cannot run from illusions - that we need to name and face our fears - as soon as they become present - life is not an easy thing and im realizing i have a lot of living to do. i have been too giving - too open with you - trust and truth i give - i dont evade. it has been nice to talk to you - and ill admit i did have a lot of desire projected on you - but im learning that i need to really explore and experience things on my own for a change. im still young and a relationship is not something i want at this stage in my life - i want friends - interests that make me think and live my own life. im still learning how to stop being a clockwatcher. anyway im learning to get off online and live offline - im starting some things. working on my thesis which i hope you will attend in may. other than that i have a lot to learn - and im trying to say something to you but i really dont know what to say - we are struggling with different things - i understand a little of what you fear from this. i can only assure you that as a postmodernist you can deconstruct the ideologies of desire that present themselves in subtle ways - through metaphors, im not really saying much - just wanted to say hi i guess. and im glad you enjoy.