

Ten – Under supervision

Even when it is now still going on, I can say that it was a beautiful affair. So full of perfection, and yet always with a tinge of despair. A love marathon, so intense. Time stood still. Each day was extended with another for more than two weeks. Until the opposite force became too strong. What will it be? Normal life or the realization of our dreams. My dream anyway. It is almost as if history repeats itself, but that shouldn't be true. But then again, the thought that I deserved another chance to be happy didn't even occur to me. And that seems to be my only ticket to fight against the fear of losing you.

A little poem When we were in the park, you told me that you felt like a daisy. At this stage, I wrote you a little poem:

Dear Daisy
you make me crazy,
but I love it,
every bit of it, shit.

I admit, no high literature. But you seemed to like it.

Reading japanese When taking up my japanese again, I encountered a suitable passage, which in translation reads:

Going up a mountain track, I fell to thinking. Approach everything rationally, and you become harsh. Pole along on the stream of emotions, and you will be swept away by the current. Give free rein to your desires, and you become uncomfortably confined. It is not a very agreeable place to live, this world of ours.

This is more or less what I meant when I told you I didn't want to become too soft. Still I am convinced that I would lose your respect if I wouldn't be able to contain myself. Anyway, I probably would lose self respect, which might even be worse.

The aftermath It is sunday morning. Last night I went to Tarantino's Jackie Brown, where I met X, an ex of my son, who reminds me of you. This morning

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I woke up without you, and I am counting my blessings. After my exercises and running in the park, I sent you an email, subject *habit*:

It is like kicking of a habit.

I miss your email.

I feel alienated waking up without looking in your eyes.

PS Let me know when you're in A.

Now, I have to spent the rest of the day waiting until you are back. Slowly the edge of hope and despair is disappearing, and I fall back in the state I was in before you woke me up. Will this be a story of the past, or is there a future?