

Nine – More work

The perspective has changed. There is again a threat of loss. You took away my most fearful weapon, my irony. And the you is no longer the you of the past. This you has become it, or at best her. You justified my life, and so are in focus now. Thus, I count backwards. You are #10, yet to come. What I have to lose is simple. It is you.

A problem with counting Now I face a problem with counting, that is how to count to ten. Of course there were other women. Of course was one of the phrases you used, as was *nothing*. I took over both phrases. In writing this doesn't say much. It was the sound, the way you said those phrases that was so special. Of course!

Voice Long after we ended our relationship, #8 told her mother that I had the most beautiful voice of everyone she knew. I was in the back of the car, and I was surprised to hear this, because #8 often complained that I spoke to softly. It was the greatest compliment she ever gave me.

Annotations Naturally, I made some more auxiliary notes.

The ad The ad I posted was, in translation:

looked for: sweet, beautiful, slim, young woman;

by: sweet, shy, slim, arrogant man (43, 180, ac) with 1/2 child.

There were only two responses. One of them was #8. As a bonus, she was quite smart as well, although limited in her interests.

Captain You called me captain. First as a joke, later more seriously. Do I have become more dominant? Perhaps so. Or was it just your image? Our sexual explorations indicated that you wanted me to be dominant. But then again, we changed roles. This is as it should be, according to my taste. And not only in sexual matters. However, now you seem to be in control, due to your circumstances. And you play this game well, although you do not allow me to call it a game.

Discipline I have often ridiculed my self about my obsaessive disciplene(s), including exercises, kanji practice, and work. But I have no other option. I need to pursue such goals. Not only for my physical health, but also to give me a reason for being. How important is it to be able to stand on your hands? Not really so important. But on a smaller, personal, scale it draws me out of, what I see as, potential depression. And, of course I like to show off.

History From the beginning you talked about how I would always be a perfect memory for you. I tried to get this image out of your head, since a memory is in some sense dead. I want to live with you, and not be a beautiful memory. However, I also started polishing my memory of you, and transform our relationship in a story. But, although I place it in my personal history, I do not want it to be history. What I do want is a future. A future with you.