

"Find what you love and let it kill you."

-Bukowski.

Dear Stereotyped Demon;

We are nothing but two strugglers thinking they know each other, but, even after four years of "friendship", I believe you are still hiding whatever you truly are, and it hurts. Why are you making me feel like you can neither live without me, nor loving me? I'm not sure why I'm writing this, is it because I can't tell you this face to face? It is just a stupid letter that came to my mind in the sleepless nightmare hours I spent thinking about you and your absence in the dark. My heart has often been too full to speak or take any notice. I'm sure you already know lately I've been loving you, but I'm not brave enough to say it.

It's so hard to start a conversation with you just because I'm nothing, and you are like... The most beautiful person I've ever known.

I already love you in your beauty: the way you look, your hair, your lips, your eyes, the way you dress, the way you undress... But I just started to love in you that which is eternal, your heart, your soul. Unfortunately, is not that easy, one must learn to know how to do it.

Believe me when I ~~that~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ nothing on Earth that is given without labour, even love, the most beautiful and natural of feelings... But I am lazy and I am so tired. Maybe that's why I'm here alone, missing you in a quite simple desperate human way.

My eyelids are slowly growing heavy, but I don't want to fall asleep this way, staring at the black ceiling to keep my tears from falling down my cheeks while thinking about what we aren't.

You know, like Gotye said in one of his songs "you can get addicted to a certain kind of sadness" when we are supposed to get addicted to something that takes away the pain. Some do drugs, others go for a run, but at the end, we're all just searching for that tiny space perhaps a hole that give us shelter from the terrible reality of the world.

Sometimes we become unable to find it, we resort to cigarettes, sex, whiskey or music turned so fucking loud you can't hear your own thoughts. I don't know why it's so funny to me the way even those things remind me of you. Are you my addiction?

You must be my drug, some different kind of high that I love to feel when I'm next to you.

If you finally realize this letter is for you, please, don't forget to run into my arms to hold me so tight I can't breathe. After all you take my breath away with just a second of your gaze

Remember, simmer down and pucker up.

Eliot.