



my concept of love.

anon.



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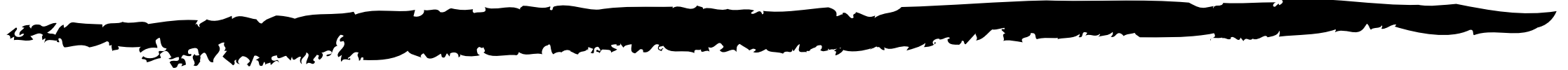
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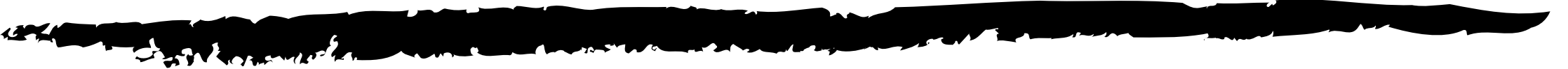


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Once upon on love, there was me.

*I was once in love
a long time ago to a man
but we were so young,
had so many dreams we,
imagined the future as one.*


*It never happened because life happened and now,
once lovers have become strangers to one another.*

It's okay because life gets like that,

*you love,
and you lose
then you grow
and learn
and move.*

*Once upon on love,
there was us.*

chapter i: this is how we started.



He was 15 and I was 13. I must have been in year eight or year nine... (in all honesty I just know that I was in secondary school getting an education like I was supposed to). It was the 26th of December to be exact - that was what made it [the idea of us being together] more memorable.

Anyway, let's continue on, I was messaging him on WhatsApp through my blackberry phone just checking up on him as friends do. We were talking about stuff, somehow (i have no clue how) the conversation diverted to us now talking about relationships and feelings - that's when I told him how I felt; for one, I was a brave child, a young 13-year-old telling a 15-year-old boy about her feelings who would have thought. I really `shot my shot` I remember him telling me, "why didn't you tell me in the first place and you waited this long to tell me how you feel?" in regards to his emotions and feelings I did not know how he

felt, I could not make an assumption on how he felt simply because I was not him.

Fast-forwarding to the next day, our conversation from last night had gone on into the early morning. We signed and sealed off the conversation to each other saying, "I Love You x." Did we even know what the word `love` meant? Was there a basic definition of love that we both understood? I mean we were just kids right.

Ready, Set, Go!

The engine had started and our relationship was on the road. He was the driver, and I was in the passenger seat sitting beside him. Like `Quincy` and `Monica` from `Love and Basketball` he was MY `Q` and I was HIS `Monica`. We were somewhat inseparable, I was dependent on him.

chapter ii: dependent.



You were my backbone (i was dependent on you).

I looked up to you (i was dependent on you).

When I needed advice or someone to talk to,

the first person I would turn to

was you.

You understood me,

I confided in you

and showed you.

You were my backbone,

I looked up to you

I was dependent on you,

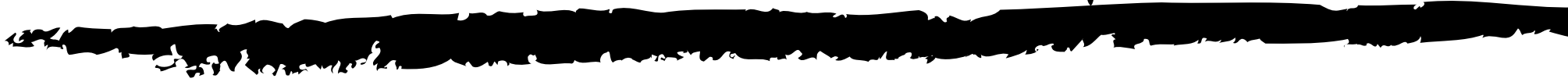
I loved you.

I had never had someone from the opposite sex love me the way that he did. He was my boyfriend, my perfect other, the other half of me. Being an only child wasn't the greatest to be very honest with you at times I was lonely, so having someone that you could talk to and trust took away my loneliness, it made me happy it made me whole again, that missing void in my heart was now full. I was no longer alone.

We would message each other day in and day out as couples do. We cared for each other, we loved each other but we were so young. I was his, I confided in him. He was the only one that had seen me for me, who knew who I really was underneath all this persona, he had seen me for me. He was my dependent. I knew this for sure, it was official.

I never went out of my way to ask him for money or anything of that kind, I didn't need it at all simply because I had his love, I had his heart and he had mine, that was enough for me.

chapter iii: anniversary.



On the 26th day I'll never forget.

*We made it official on that day and I have no
regrets.*

*From that day on we never used our regular
names,*

*just "baby" "darling" and we ended our
conversations always with "I love you" because we
really did love each other.*

*Now,
that day is full of memories,
memories lost in the mind but forever secured in
my heart.*

*Maybe you've forgotten
because it's not on your mind,
but it's okay
as long as I have you in my heart,
I'll never forget, our anniversary.*

It didn't even reach a year before I ended the relationship. The breakup was clean but also messy at the same time. He had questions that I gave him the answers to, but they were not enough. His pain haunts me - you know that feeling after a [1]semi-successful breakup, you feel bad but we move. I had to stop. Us being so young scared me, I felt that we would both be a distraction to each other - I lie. That is utter rubbish. Okay, okay, you want to know the truth, I was scared of so many things, I should've let all my fears be known to him (after all we were a couple, we were one). I didn't tell him, it didn't make no sense - a guy that I was dependent on, didn't know how I was truly feeling about our relationship. He hated stuff like that.

[1] I call it semi-successful because everything
would've gone on smoothly if the approach to the breakup was thought through and done properly.

It was just shambles.

Months after it all, I still had my regrets. I wanted to turn back the hands of time and go back with him, however it was too late, he rejected me.

It was even him that suggested the whole closure idea.

chapter iv: i love him, he loves me not

- closure.



enough said,
this title is self-explanatory.

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