

Untitled

by

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I know you fight it hard but breathe. The shame that comes with it will disappear once you realize why you feel this way. Truth is, no one ever told you how beautiful you really are. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but sometimes, that beholder can't be your mother, or your father, or your boyfriend. That beholder has to be you. It's all fine if everyone else keeps trying to pound in your head how full of magic you truly are. The trick is for you to believe it. I know it's hard sometimes sugar, I know it's hard to look in the mirror and not see a monster, to control the impulse to scream and smash your hand against the ugliness facing you. I know it's hard to stop the obsession that now has become your only reason to survive. Ironically, that obsession is tearing you down, day by day, until finally, when you're not expecting it, the sky will turn black and you will think "Well hell". You start out in a room that's big, luxurious, everything you ever dreamed of. And then, every morning you wake up, the room is smaller. You don't notice it at first, not until you open your eyes one day and the walls are pushing, in, down, at you. You can't breathe, your lungs are crushed. So, please, while you still have time to take breath into your body, breathe. Cry if you must. Fall in love, take a risk. Dare to live.

Sometimes you like going down. Sometimes you cherish the fall, even the splash on the cement. I've always wondered what falling from such a height is like. It must feel like parachuting, your mouth distorted by the speed. All kinds of thoughts going through your head. What if she finds out what I've been doing? What if she won't be sorry? Oh God, did I forget the stove on? Or maybe nothing. Maybe the speed is so great, the thoughts rush out of your head and leisurely float down after you, like feathers, or snow, on your crumpled body. I wonder what Sylvia Plath thought when she killed herself. Did she think of her children asleep in the next room? Her husband? Whether her work would be published? It must have been quite peaceful inside her head.

My heart has more rooms than a whore-house.¹ My body is more holy than a temple. My love is more encompassing than the stars that surround the earth. With all of this, I can make your heart sweat, your body sing, and your love stretch. What I can give you is most of myself. Not all, because I will still need my independence. Love does not obligate anyone to completely lose oneself. I do not mean that in love, you must not risk, become vulnerable, let down your protective walls. Without this, you cannot love. However, there is no reason why one must topple head over heels and rush the life out. All love leaves, either in a heartbreak, an argument, or death, for the lucky ones. And after it does, all that is left is you. Not your past lovers, your future ones, or the fact that he just slammed the front door behind him. All that is left is you.

¹ Marquez, Gabriel Garcia. Love in the Time of Cholera. New York: Everyman's Library , 1997.

If I do not give you all of myself, what do I give you? I give you my ability to make a conversation between our two bodies. I give you my trust and my crumbled bricks which my walls have now transformed into. I give you my arms, my romance, my fears and weaknesses. But I will not give you my sense of self, the only part of me that will be left after you are gone.