

Dear A,

If I've learned something in life, it's that I can tell people who I am and what I want in life. But, as I have come to understand (always in hindsight), the language itself changes a man in ways people cannot explicitly relate. Just knowing certain things changes you in ways you can spend a lifetime understanding.

And so, that is where I stand and have always stood. Forever stuck between that space between understanding and connection. Like two sides of the same coin, separated by a space in which I reside. The existence of that space is inevitable. It's what makes it what it is. I think you understand.

As a child, I always wondered about this when I saw crowds of students moving past in unison. When I often saw the empty bench beside me, the thoughts of this exception used to light up in my head. Wondering what it is I am. Wondering why I am like this. I have no answers.

I like to think I feel deeply. I am constantly affected by relatively long moods rather than emotions. I change with every book I read. Books kept me company. I forgot the world. I poured my heart into them, wandering and wondering. That was my apprenticeship.

Later, I understood that I need people. They seemed so interesting. My idea of humanity itself was so big, from

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all the things I'd read about them. I saw people as such beautiful things. I now realize that they were too beautiful. Too beautiful to exist. But I loved it. It was a delusion, and I loved it.

I was so bad at people. I was lost in the abyss of getting people to understand what I was saying always, rather than talking to them. I had different cues, a fantastically foolish optimism, and a general lack of understanding of real people and their motives.

I met some people, and I spoke. The books I read don't speak of rejection or heartbreak. I never understood the concept and refused to let it get to me. It wasn't real in my mind then. I gave my already scattered heart away, scattering it further, extending my feel for people.

Trying to feel more deeply and intensely the feelings I'd already felt, through my love. It just happened, you know. I was being.

And I met some beautiful people like you. People who threw open the horizons of the world, showed me what difference means. Let me be embraced for who I am, even when I didn't know I was looking for it. Acceptance through trust and loyalty.

It feels liberating. Like I gained freedom by enveloping myself in this feeling that seems so much like the unconscious sense of belonging we felt in our mothers' womb.

This is where my motives lie. I didn't know I wanted this feeling, but I've grown accustomed to it now. I wish for my people and my will to be, with them. Move in the world and do things, and die gracefully when the time comes, having contributed like every human worth their salt in the story of humanity.

At the same time, my desires let me do this. My attraction to women comes from the desire to learn and to connect. To feel the other person. I know you can understand this. It's hard for a boy who is not that human. To feel, you have to be involved. And you can't witness if you are involved.

It is only much later, and quite recently, that I realized this wonder and understood that I still want this. It is something I truly want from the world. I wish to be comforted by a blanket of my wonder in this world I have come to live in.

Yours,
D

