

A Letter

La Dispute

Everybody wants a reason for everything.
It's so much easier with someone or something to blame.

I've always struggled at the root of the problem.
Has it been absence or my constant lack of defense?

I've never spent a lot on finding a remedy.
I guess I figured that it hurt for a reason.
I guess that's why I've always turned to writing it down.
Not just in stories, but the letters in between.
And I guess that's why it haunts the pages of everything-
to self-examine.

I think the thing is that I shut off from everything.
From friends and family and my own ambitions.
From having fun.
I just shut off from everything.

Self-defeating? Yeah, probably.
But I don't know that I had total control over it.
And I'm not sure it even matters why.

Sometimes things happen and you can't do anything.
Plus, I'm the only one who deals with it anyway.
So if everyone could do me a favor and
just put their fingers down
I'd-and keep your mouths-

Sorry. I know I seem angry.
I'm not, I...I promise. I just know I did this to me.
And I will deal with it accordingly.

And I don't need opinions from those never a part of it.
Don't need them pointing out my problems, they're mine.
Don't need reminders, I know better than anyone.

And yeah, I know, I should be finding another way.
I know that I should be out seeking a substitute.
But just forgetting never really made sense to me.

So I haven't been.

Do I feel embarrassed about it?
I think you know the answer to that.
I think you'd probably feel a little bit embarrassed for me,
wouldn't you?

I know I should've moved on ages ago, been happy already,
but it's never been that easy for me.
Or maybe it was me that made it so hard.

I know I've only ever tried a handful of times
to sever this thing torturing me.
It never got me anywhere, with anyone.
No friendship or hobby, no lover's bed worked.

But looking back I maybe never tried hard enough,

and it is my fault.

Maybe I never tried at all