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English

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She was gorgeous. Like nothing, I've seen before. Well, there were others before her like Maya Denise and Shar. She had nothing but the good characteristics of the others. I remember the night vividly. A summer night like most under the influence at my cousin's house. Me and Cousin Daniel went to accompany my sister best friend to her house she lived down the block. I recall asking to use the restroom I seen someone out the corner of my eyes. I've seen her before but never was my heart pounding and palms sweating. Feeling bubbly and thinking damn she fine. I went into the bedroom talked to her I suppose till this day I don't remember what was said. I do remember giving her my number. Is this the start of something good?

A month had passed going into August no text. I was livid distraught and embarrassed. I was thinking did my breath stink was I ugly. I got fed up waiting for a text that was never coming. The subsequent day went to her house to address the situation. Turned out that while under the influence of Amsterdam and Hennessy I gave her the wrong number. I got my confidence back. 'OHH SHIT IT WASN'T ME'. Arrived home as the key entered the door guess who texted. 'It was meant to be' something whispered in my head. Waited for a little because I didn't want to seem thirsty. Conversation moving fluidly through August.

September asked her on a date. At the time I was in love with Shake Shack I remember she said she never been. We went to Shake Shack, in the beginning, it was horrible. Constantly on her phone. I was thinking ohh well no I ain't about to pay so this meal and not get at least a conversation. Took her

phone away. She was honest and said she never done something like this before. I was shocked surprised. That should've been clue one. It's sunny and we time some I propose to walk on the Brooklyn bridge. We talked and talked it felt effortless. When nothing was being said it felt comfortable. If comfortable silence is a thing.

We went to the same school. Never like the idea of a school relationship. Everybody knowing your business. But it wasn't like that it was a us thing. October Soon approaches everything was well. The first week of October we out to a movie. She came home late and got in trouble wasn't allowed to do things after school. This was disappointing because I love going out to places. October started the habit of me always going to see her at her house. You may ask how was that possible. Well her mother the main obstacle went to work at night. My mother went to work at night. My dad didn't care where I was, I just had to tell him. Her aunt my sisters' best friend was cool with me so she wouldn't snitch. Four times a week at 6:00 pm I would take a uber from my house to hers. Retrospect that a lot of money I spend. At the time I loved it I was spending time with this girl I liked. We would watch a movie until it was time for me to go at 4:30 every morning.

November, she shared some dark secrets with me. We talked about her past and my past. She told me about the men who did her wrong and the darkest secret of all. On how her stepdad in her country touched and her mother didn't believe her. I held her and wept. I wondered how this world could be so cruel to a girl I adored so much. I whispered in her ears as she held me, I don't ever want to hurt you. I want to make you smile like you smiled as we held hand walking across the Brooklyn Bridge on our first date. She looked at me and kissed me and smiled.

December approach she was cleaning her room she kissed me with such intensity my heart-skipped beats. She put her hand on my chest while we laid facing each other and said I love you. I look around hoping she was talking to someone else thinking. She can't possibly love you. My insecurity

set in. I took a while to answer. Our eyes locked with a smirk or a grin on my face not because I found the situation funny but because I'm in shock. **Do I love you? I said to myself. I thought I don't want to tell you I love to break your heart after.** I knew I loved her. It may be cliched to say but I loved you from the first night I saw you. That night I remembered that it wasn't **your** beauty I saw at the corner of my eyes it was your smile. It was so uniquely beautiful with so much hurt hidden behind it and I want to fix that. What felt like hours to her and second to me waiting for me to say I love you too. I said I have to go.

The stupidity right... I wanted to tell her I love her but instead, I said I have to go. I waited for my uber in the rain called my best friend tiffany we conversed about the situation understandably she was not on my side. Hang up. As my keys entered my door, I got a text from her. it said, "I don't want you to feel like you have to me you love me" **In my head I said I do. I avoided her at school I was like a ninja.** The situation was too uncomfortable and embarrassing to talk to. So, I contemplated about should I go to her house. Took 3 hours to decide that I should go I went. I sat at the edge of the bed as she laid down. I knew I loved her, I knew I had to say it, I just didn't know how it would be received. That was scary. I said I love you too in quiet voice... she said huhhh... I sighed because I know she heard me. I said I Love you too. As I leaned in and kissed her.

I told this girl I loved her. What next now I had to make her my girlfriend. I'm horrible with dates so I pick January 1 my birthday to ask her. I asked her on my birthday sent a romantic little paragraph and stuff. This is when everything would change.

Thing was a little rocky I started to see the craziness. It started with infrequent text back. The lack of responsiveness. Took nothing of it. **The conversation became drier.** Justified it. However, there was a point I grew tired of it. Instead of addressing the situation I continued to act as if everything was normal. I felt like I was being played, getting cheat, so I did the **unthinkable I cheated on you.** At the time

I didn't regret my actions she was give everything you were giving me before everything changed. The experiential and emotional intimacy which we once shared was being satisfied by someone else.

I was conflicted. I loved you and liked this girl at the same time. So, one day I was drunk called you and addressed the situation. Before I exposed my action to you. I played a victim. When I told you what I've done? I didn't tell you because I wanted to. instead, subconsciously I wanted you to hurt as I did. Later when you told what's been going personally with you, I felt horrible for what I've told. I promised never to hurt you here I am inflicting pain on a girl I loved. How can I be so cruel?