

Elizabeth & Kurt

I can't believe this creep sending me mail...what the hell does he want?

(opens letter, starts to read)

"So I am throwing away your ice cream today. It's been sitting in the back of the refrigerator for about five months, and I guess its no good anymore. "

Do you believe this crap or what? Do you know how old that ice cream is?

"I don't really know why you did what you did, but it's done (man doesn't that sound like a crappy 70's song lyric). I do not want to come off like I'm angry although I would be lying if I said that I wasn't. I'm hurt, and I suppose that's what you were going for. It's very likely you're smiling as you read this"

how typical of you to assume my feelings,

But it's my letter so let's just deal with my narrative.

X amount of months ago I thought that I was going to get married to you, settle down, buy a nice house, have 2.5 children (adopted so that they were already house trained) and grow really really old together. Ehhhhh...(ELIZABETH HAS TROUBLE PRONOUNCING WORD - FIGURES THAT IT'S A BUZZER SOUND) sorry wrong answer thanks for playing."

Granted, I was probably putting the cart before the horse (as usual), but it was what I was thinking. Never before had Love hit me so hard. TKO and down for the count.

That's a tad redundant isn't it?

I never before had trusted anyone with all of my heart (currently recovering satisfactorily at "Our Lady of the Bleeding Halo" general). But I don't regret that choice. I learned a lot of hard and not particularly pleasant lessons.

such as?

The thing that makes me the most sad is the way it wound up - a silly prank on your part to somehow make me pay. Was that it? Because if it was, it did make a payment but not in the bank that you think. This would be in Kurt's mistrust savings and loan.

What the hell is he talking about? A silly prank? What silly prank is this? I'm a little confused here...I mean we never did communicate really well...What could he talking about?

All the great times we had are lost. It all seems fogged over and tainted because now I look back at it and can see it in a different light, the big ugly florescent kind, the ones that show off every blemish and pore on the skin, the ones that no one looks good in.

What do you do when memories get tainted? I guess you clean the refrigerator, and with a barren freezer like mine that means you toss the several month old ice cream and you hope that somehow this will make it all a little better.

There is this void that I am feeling - it's not because your gone because it feels more like you were never here, like all this stuff never happened and it was just an episode of a t.v.show. There's just nothing there. It seems as though my soul is a big empty warehouse and it can't remember what it used to hold. Not to beat you over the head with the ice cream metaphor, but the frost in the freezer had sort of grown around this particular frozen treat, so even with it gone it's still not right, and as hard as I have chipped at it, there still is that unmistakable impression of where the Eddy's Grand Light Paradise Passion used to be.

Well you might want try defrosting rather than picking away at it like some sort of scab.

I suppose it would be easier if I felt that I had accomplished something with my existence, and that's not too easy when you're a member of the slacker generation.

Here we go with the mournful balad of the twentysomething

I think that's one reason people our age are so into relationships and committment, I mean, what else have we got? Bonding moments about old sitcoms can only last so long. The hippies had

music and political pretense, the disco kids had music and easy sex (course look where these geezers are now), and who do we get for the voice of a generation? Evan Dando, Kurt Cobain - yeah I fit right in with these guys, there's not even a dissenting viewpoint anymore, it all gets marketed right back at us and the really crazy thing is we buy it . there's not a lot of work involved. Why think? we can do it for you and for a lower price - style without substance, esthetic without art. But, I am getting away from the point about my life being empty and my rantings about our relationship.

Well at least he's right about one thing

I wonder why I keep looking at the word count as I write this (708 so far) is there some magic number that will make me feel better if I can spout that long? Just me, a computer screen and a lot of ambiguous emotion. Maybe it's just that I feel worthless - no it's not because we broke up,

Well if it's not because we broke up why are you writing me?

It's just seems that I have accomplished nothing in this life, and even worse nobody really encourages anybody to do anything. Most of my friends don't seem to have any real goals sure they want things but I don't believe that a lust for a Krupps espresso maker counts as a life goal (no, don't be thinking that this is some "materialism is bad" hippie pose, I covet pricey material goods as much as the next guy)

When we were kids everyone wanted to be fireman or astronauts, well firefighters always seem to be getting sued for sexual harassment and they don't have astronauts anymore. Besides, once a senator goes up in space it's really not that cool anymore. I looked at joining the peace corps once, I had romantic notions of teaching art history to children in Somalia, but I couldn't afford to be a volunteer

297 words later I don't really feel any better,

Hey thanks for the update, how about a count of how many words until there is a section that pertains to me?

...and there is nothing that I can think of that will make feel any better - at least that's legal, and I have no real desire to join the ranks of the dysfunctional, drunk and dead .

I wonder what your doing now what goes through your head, do you ever think about me, about walks in the rain, do you miss what we had. Did you really have fun when we were together or were you just marking time until your rockabilly dream man comes and boot scootin boogies you away? It's stupid for me to go on like this (*dramatic pause and shrug*) , I broke up with you cause I couldn't deal with your issues anymore and even if the prosac could restore your sanity I wouldn't take you back, and a return to friendship just isn't a probability.

Not anymore it isn't

Because there wouldn't be any respect to base it on. 1058 words later - nothing's changed, there's still an empty shadow where the ice cream used to be, but at least now theres some ice and a thing of frozen veggie burgers so it doesn't look quite so bad.

I will always love you.

I will always love you?