

loving a straight girl

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based around the often mixed feelings of a comitted lesbian faling in love with a straight, heterosexual female.

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Today I could sit and cry, emotions are getting the better of me, over ruling common sense, devouring me like an endless plague, pulling me down into the depths of depression and sadness that I really don't want to frequent. Today I felt hurt, injured and slightly betrayed, my insides churned and my temper began to boil. Pain, sorrow and anger swooned through me, colliding in an internal explosion, which wrought havoc upon me. Why can I not suppress those feelings, why, every so often do they rise to torment me, make me face what I cannot have, yet what I also desire so very much.

I watched the woman I love with another person, a woman who is my best friend, who every other time sits beside me, I watched with more than a twinge of pain and jealousy as she passed me over, sitting so blatantly, without even a second look to be seated next to a new lover. I saw him kissing her, embracing like only lovers could, cuddling, touching, holding one another right before my eyes as though I didn't exist.

They whispered about plans for the next meet, a time when they would be together, locked into the throws of passion and desire. I turned to face away from them, closing my eyes trying not to hear the words that I knew would be engraved deep into my heart. My mind merged with my imagination, my ears listening to sound of lips smooching, everything that I really didn't want to hear, walking from the room, I could feel the tug of my heart, the tears well up inside me, the shaking of my body as desperately I tried to hide what was afflicting me.

In truth I felt envious, my whole body echoed to symphony of mixed emotions, internally tears poured from my soul, heart sinking, anger rising. I know I had no right to feel that way, she doesn't even know the truth of how I feel for her; I know also she could never love me in any other way than just very good friends. But to see them, to see her, forsake me for him, was a cut that ran deep, a wound that though wasn't intentional still hurt like hell.

I've never admitted to anyone, that I love her beyond the boundary of our friendship, there seems no point, and it's my cross to bear. She is a straight heterosexual woman, with absolutely no bisexual tendencies, whilst I, I am a lifelong lesbian woman who convulses at the mere thought of being romantic with anyone that isn't my own gender. For months I have silently tried to work out how this happened, how I allowed myself to fall for a woman that I knew I could never actually have. The very same person that is my greatest confidant and best friend, the same person that every time I look at, I am plagued with emotions such as guilt and love, that in turn, causes anguish and sadness to infest me.

My romantic nature is being suppressed, kept in check, every action I do is thought through, so that she is spared the embarrassment of knowing the affliction of love that I have for her. Yet today seeing her with him, was too much, I cringed as a cold shudder ravaged my body, a twinge of envy surged and pulsed within me. When I looked into her eyes all I could see was her with him and the emptiness of my heart was akin to noose around my neck.

As the day progressed and we sat on the sofa back at my place, there seemed to be nothing but an empty void, normal behaviour evaporated, the closeness of our friendship appeared almost put on hold. We sat on opposite ends of the sofa, me distant, remote in mind, silent and alone with my thoughts, pain pulling, tugging at my heart.

How could I feel betrayed, when she doesn't even know, when I have said nothing and the fear of ruining the friendship is never far away from my thoughts. The anger that I felt wasn't at her, but rather directed towards myself, I was angry at myself for letting emotions rule me, for giving in and controlling me.

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Guilt began to boil within me, shame at myself, shame because I was weak, shame because for one moment I had allowed myself to dwell in a fantasy that I knew could not have existed, for you see I don't believe any person could possibly say they feel love for me, for I am that person which love avoids.

I've fallen in love with a person I can't have, a person that couldn't possibly ever love me back. Me the gay girl, feeling emotions, for a woman who loves the gender that I cannot battling the demons locked inside me, tormenting and depressing me, but forced to acknowledge that only I could be in the situation where my love will never be returned.

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