

I Hate Myself (Part 1)

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My girlfriend asked me the question of if I loved her. I wanted to say yes, but...

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I know that I love her. I love all my friends, and she's no exception. But still, I don't feel any 'actual' love for her. Maybe that counts for everyone. I mean, I try to tolerate the people around me and make them happy, but is that really the 'love' I offer? It's a serious thing, too. I may screw around a lot, and I'm not the most mature. But love is the one thing I protect the most. You can't keep me from it. You can't stop me from expressing it. But... you can't stop me from containing it either. I would love to love everyone, but what kind of love am I giving. I used to know another girl who I really did love, for about two or three years. I saw the potential in her and the life hidden behind all she was shy about. I knew God could do indescribable things with her. So I told her about Jesus (thank God she accepted Him) and came to love her as a person. But then it happened, the one thing I didn't want to happen. I burnt out. I couldn't really feel anything anymore and became mostly angry with anyone if I wasn't with her. This made me want to hang out with her more, and to summarize it all, I caved in on myself due to trying to love too much. The result and price was heavy: she didn't talk to me for four months. She wouldn't even look at me. You wouldn't think it would be so bad. Please realize that if I didn't have God supporting me then, I could've easily killed myself. I was mean to everyone, I couldn't stop hurting, yet I couldn't cry. The only person that could work with me on this was her, and every time I got near her, she would either walk away or simply say "don't talk to me". I guess she might feel good about herself for saying that. I guess she was so hurt, maybe even worse than me, it helped her to see me struggle. I hope so, every night I would pray that one day she would calm down and we could talk about it. I wanted that pain to end, but I couldn't do anything. I'm just too weak. However, at a church thing we had one day, she came up to me and apologized for not talking to me, and said that she wanted to be friends again. There are three parts of my life that I had screwed myself over in. The first was getting involved in porn (I still have trouble with it). The second one was trying to love that girl even when my heart was broken. The third mistake was just then. It was when I didn't tell Brittany the truth and just smiled and agreed. I didn't tell her how I had let her destroy me from the inside, how I lost my sense of love to her and gathered nothing but pain and hurt from her existence. How I gave up every thing for her and yet didn't do a thing. I told her I loved her too early; I told her the first year I knew her. I could tell from then on that one day we wouldn't be friends anymore, and it was during those days of loneliness that I faced my own sentence. I should've told her that she was killing me, because now and then these days, I feel just as that. I'm sure she says that we're 'friends', but that's straight-up bull. She doesn't talk to me at all. I text her almost everyday, and she doesn't answer. I probably forgot to mention that I'm her biggest pet peeve. She's said it herself. If you ask her what's something that gets on her nerves, she'll name a characteristic of me, literally. If she tells me to listen to a song she likes, it's practically a 'get away from me' song. And I still don't have the heart to tell her these things. I love her too much. Well, that's all led up to this point in my life. Now, this girl, my girlfriend now, is simply what you would call incredible. If you're thinking about it in how she looks, stop. It's not that she looks bad (she looks great, actually, but she doesn't know.), it's that she's gone through so much and has survived it all. I won't go into detail, but I think she's the strongest person I've ever met. She's such an 'innocent' girl at the same time, though. If I had an ounce of testosterone in me, I would be so much of a better boyfriend. But this is where things got a little hard for me: she loved me ever since we met. I don't know if she actually felt like that since day one, but I could definitely feel it. (that's also the main difference between her and Brittany, I could feel love coming to me with this girl). If she did feel like this since day one, then I feel really bad for making her wait this long. She must know what love is. Things wouldn't be so bad this time though, would it? Well, Satan has it out for me, because now that we're together, I can't seem to find the love I have for this girl. I know I have it, but I can't feel it. It can't be because of that other girl, the one that drained the love out of my life. And if it was, what do about this girl? I can't just let her down. Like I've said, she's taken a lot of crap from life, but I can't afford to hurt her. You see, she trusts me a lot. She's told me things only she and God knows. Not only that, but I've helped her through a lot of tough times. If I were to hurt her now...

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