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A Heavy Heart

11-18-11

MP 21

Today, ok the past three days, I have been heavy heart days. You know, the days when the overwhelming feeling of weight on your inner being. Pressing down. Immobility. The heaviness covers your whole physical body. All you want to do is curl up in bed and sleep the day away.

Days like today reminds me of why I am here. I could not skillfully negotiate a way from a heavy to light heart. I kept choosing unskillful diversions, distractions and relationships.

R was my first adult relationship. Adult should be in quotes. I was old enough 19, but as you will see internally I was not old enough to make truly adult decisions. I tried to run away from my relationship with R. Blot it out. Erase it as if it was a bad dream. When I did think about it, R was the villain and I was the victim. R had the power and I was powerless. Both strategies were unskillful. The first forced my thoughts and emotions underground. The latter clumsily framed the memory as a melodrama → w. th me the heroine? ;)

Neither helped me to heal the wounds and connect my past to the present. The me of then, to the me of now. I created a compartment for me to place the me (with R). I locked the door. This practice of compartmentalization became a more defined feature of my consciousness.

So what is a better frame for my image of me with R? What did I find appealing or comforting?

I was coming to the end of my freshman year. I still had not really found a home at college. I was isolated. I had decided on a church, but was not really doing much more than a service a week. R befriended me. Invited me to his circle of friends and activities. All the things I loved: choirs, theater, and opera. I had an instant family. No work on my part. *or should I say "friended" me?*

Another need I had was physical - sexual. Being a social autistic when it came to dance of seduction, my first year at college was a series of too easily aborted attempts at connection. Each failure only turned up the volume of my internal negative dialogue. By summer I was safely back in my silent student shell.

R offered an easy out. He made all the effort to create a social connection. All the way from hello to "cigarette." All I had to do was accept his forward moves. Which I did. It was a relief to me. I was grateful for someone doing all the work for me. So I got what I wanted in a family and sexual relationship.

Obviously sex and social activities are not all too relationships. The more I got to know R, merging of us seemed to be the goal. At first this immersion was very homey. Felt warm and inviting. Womblike. Over time I started coming up for air, free of R. *T* What was at first easy. I could just stay on campus and not go to R's place. But the more free air I experienced, the more tightly R gripped. The newness of the sex was wearing off. Sex was more and more about R's needs and not mine.

This was about the end of my sophomore year. R asked me to move in with him. He needed me. He could not live on his own without me. If I had God's Love in me I would do this for him.

hmmm...

He did hit my soft spots: my desire to be seen as a good God loving guy. I ^Knew he needed to be on his own and not to live with his folks at his age (30). A good friend would do what he could right? What am I if not a good person?

R turned up the pressure, I resisted. But eventually my desire to be "good" was more important than the voice saying: this relationship is not equal; it is more about R than me; if I stay I will be hurt.

I moved in with R. We would repeat this dance roughly yearly for the next seven years. Those seven years of placing R above my own took its toll. I am still try to wrap my head around the effects of my choices during those years with R.

Mindful Prisoner

?s
(Sticky note to self)
when feeling a heavy heart → write!

u feel less heavy already.

↓ skillful means

MP