



UnFRIENDED VS. UnLOVED

I was in a good mood today -- had a smile, light step -- completely on Cloud 9; but, then, when I came in from work, I got slapped across the face with the cold hand of reality. I don't even know if I can, or should, go into its details.

I want to.

If anything, just to vent.

But, I need to be respectful, I need to stop airing the personal tribulations of others, I need to remember my place and that I have to accept my lot in life.

I've been lucky enough - or unlucky; depending on how you look at it - to love in my life, and not just once, but many times. As the years passed, different women came into my life, and after one would pass, moving on with her life - I would attempt the same. To keep on going. Day to day. I never really stopped loving any of them. I don't think that I could, even if I wanted to. I feel that, if I COULD somehow "unlove" them: then, it would mean it never WAS love. You can't just unlove someone: you can unfriend them, turn your back on them, try to pretend to forget or not care; but, at the end of the day, no matter who's beside you in bed at the time, you can't unlove those past. Not if it was real. Each will always hold that special place, and some ... will have larger places over others, while some, may not be quite so easily compartmentalized, holding a strong sway on your daily thoughts, influence that you have to learn to just live with, and deal with its ever-presence (secretly), perhaps even painfully, as you go throughout each day.

I can name (well, almost name) every love, starting with the serious crushes as a kid:

1. **Crystal Ramey**.....3rd grade.
2. **Unknown** (Some girl with blonde hair I met when changing schools, I was in 3rd, then got bumped up to 4th because of my grades, leaving her a grade behind—we missed each other daily, would walk together as recess.).....3rd/4th grade.
3. **Leslie McCorkle** (This girl was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen, and very nice to me, always).....3rd to 11th grade.

4. **Brandy Capps** (grew up in the same neighborhood, she was a year younger, so that was the barrier that kept me from her back then, but I loved her).....6th to 11th grade.
5. **Arizona Raleigh** (I don't know what it was, but I wanted that girl to be my wife when I grew up. We only ever went on 2 dates).....6th to 11th grade.
6. **Christin Wilson** (This girl, was breathtaking. I mean, not just on the outside, she was a really great person, and I was in love the whole time I knew of her or was around her).....6th to 11th grade.
7. **Bobby-Joe Kelly, a.k.a BJ** (First date, and kiss, and that little freckled red-head was the one to initiate both).....7th to 11th grade.
8. **Kimberly _____ (?)** (She was 24, I was 16, and she was not just my first, but also my boss at work -- we moved in together! Then, it turned out she was still married, with two kids, and I was just being used. But, I was in love with her, and still think of her.).....Me at age 16.
9. **Opal Suzanne Reed** (After Kim, in a depression, I ran to Los Angeles, in search of my very own Buffy -- Kristy Swanson -- and, found one, until she asked me for \$50 -- and, upon my return, met a new student that had moved to Seneca from California, Opal, at a Christmas "party". It was just to be sex, but, I was hooked, and before we knew it, we were inseparable: we have 3 awesome kids, that I miss like crazy).....11th grade to age 20, then 21 to 23, If I'm off on the ages, I'm sorry Opal.
10. **Candice N. Callahan** (Oh, I knew the moment I saw her I was in trouble. Turned out, my Buffy, my Ten, was not in Cali, but here in S.C. the whole time, in Easley, and when I found her, that was that, marriage, EVERYTHING went out the door, I had tunnel vision pointed right at Candice, and when she left S.C., I followed, I would have followed her ANYWHERE, and did, even to Mexico at one point, and after her, I gave up on love.).....Me at age 20.
11. **Heather Adreas** (To be honest, she reminded me of Candice. She was even from Atlanta, and went to the same school, but different years. So, my relationship with her served an animalistic purpose, filling a void in my desires. I did end up falling for her though).....Me at age 23.
12. **Skyler Andrews** (Didn't love her at first, she was kind of a B, and an acquired taste, very pretty, very sensual, very smart and edgy in that whole Leah Remni in *King of Queens* kind of way. She woke love back up in me, and I'll always be in love with her, and hate that I failed her so miserably. Sky knew of Candice, joked a few times about me disappearing to run off to Atlanta in search of "the girl I

ran off with" -- she'd gotten that from Opal. Sky gave me not just a feeling of home, but family. I really liked her parents too, and her brother. Sky and I had a daughter, one I haven't seen since she was an angel of a toddler, I miss her so much).....Me at age 23 to 27.

13. **Adrianna Moss** (To this day, she has no clue I was in love with her. We worked together; in fact, one day because of the franchise owner, I as forced to fire her -- but, the whole time I was in love with everything about her. I loved being around her, would have loved to have married her and fathered her kids, but this was when I was with Skyler, and I was trying so hard to be the good guy that didn't sleep around).....Me at age 26/27.
14. **Jaime Shirley** (She was a close friend of Skyler's, and I was immediately feeling drawn to her. She was Gothed out when I first saw her, and that image burned forever in my head. Our paths continuously crossed, and it seemed like we were kind of being pushed at each other by life. After Skyler ran off, Jaime showed up at my work, we embraced it, and it was completely natural. I must admit though, that Jaime shared mannerisms with Candice, and I diagnosed Jaime to have a co-dependent personality from day one, that's why I knew I could ask her to marry me -- **on our first date** - and knew that I could make her happy, for the rest of our lives. I felt like Jaime was, a missing part of me. She was what I wanted. I knew what she wanted, needed, and I could give her everything. I truly feel that if I'd not landed here, that I would have kept her happy, for the rest of our lives. She was the first girl that suppressed my thoughts of Candice: Candice only popped up in my head with Jaime when I'd see a hot blonde; so, I knew I could move forward with her. Jaime was pregnant when I went to prison, and didn't let me in our son's life until just recently. She's done great with him though, I'm proud of them both, and now know him, learning more.....Me at age 27/28.
15. **Jennifer Dawn Henderson** (We used to work together, I had known then that she had a crush; but, unexpectedly, when I went to prison -- she came and found me! No one in the world came, or seemed to care, that I was on the edge of death, in total Hell. But, then, one day a letter came, from her -- she filled out a visitation form, and we fell quickly in love. I even got her a ring, asked her to marry me, filed for a divorce from Jaime who'd been living with a boyfriend at that time anyways. Jennifer was ... amazingly caring; the problem was me, prison was having an affect on me, and she deserved better. Finally, I never heard from her again.).....Me at age 28/29.

It's hard to go through life, having love, finding love, losing love, and then not having love - expecting that you'll most likely die without ever having it again...

Knowing what love is like, but being alone.

That, is true angst.

I can't say there is such a thing, as ONE love, "the one", the "soulmate", or the like, because as I've so painfully listed out here, my heart has been spread out. I'm jaded to the core. Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I don't know what love is and have never been in love; but, I don't believe that's the case. Nor, do I believe that this experience in polyamorous heart tugs is unique to myself, in any way. I'm sure that many of you reading this, have exes that you miss, that still pop up in your mind during unexpected, perhaps even inappropriate times. That distract you from the current person you love, or hinder you from finding the next. I believe that I've genuinely loved each one, and still do. But, Fate, god, the Universe, Karma, my own existential struggle, whatever -- has put me here, instead of with one of them.

Maybe, this list makes me the luckiest man alive?

And ... I should count my blessings, all fifteen or more!

Those of us who can keep friends from such list, do so at our own risk. There truly is a thin line between love and hate, and when emotions have been intense, lots of things can go wrong. I guess, as long as the friendship is positively influential to both sides, not just one, then it's healthy.

I wish that it could have been just one. But, I suspect, that after Kim, my path was doomed. But, it's not her fault either, I always could have said no.

1. **FRIEND** [frend] n (plural friends) 1. somebody emotionally close to another: somebody who has a close personal relationship of mutual affection and trust with another
I know her, in fact she's a friend of mine.

[Old English *freond*. Ultimately from the present participle of a prehistoric Germanic verb meaning "to love" that was also the ancestor of English free, affray, and Friday.]

fair-weather friend

somebody whose friendship with another is conditional upon the other's good fortune make friends (with somebody)

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