

AN APOLOGY FOR AMBER: In Memorial



I found out today, that you were gone....

I didn't know. ALL THIS TIME, and I didn't know.

It hit me hard, the news of your passing. You meant more to me than I let on, more than anyone else knew. You were always looking at me, watching me, keeping up with where I was--going out of your way to help me: making it obvious that you felt I could do better than Jaime, and you felt "that better" could have been you.

Maybe, and perhaps then I wouldn't be here, nor you ... there. That's one of the things I hate about timelines, every little choice sows the seeds of an unavoidable future, that none of us want to take the responsibility for. You deserved better than how I treated you.

I also knew about you questioning Marianna about me, after she returned from Cuba, to find me--her boyfriend--married to Jaime! It was a jerk move on my part, and I wish that I could have handled it all a little better--the look you gave me after Marianna told you, about her going home to her father's funeral, and to return only to find Jaime in her place, and no words from me, at all--was burned into my soul. You comforted her, and I'm glad she had you for that.

You were a good person.

And, very cute and attractive: definitely my type.

It's a big world, and we go through it all in hope of finding "the one"--I don't know who yours was, and I never gave you a chance to see if it was me. But, you have to admit, Jaime's hold on me was strong, it blinded me from everything, and everyone: it wasn't just you--no one stood a chance, and it wasn't until just RECENTLY that her enchantment over me finally came to its end. I'm free now, for the first time in a long time, and moving on with my life.

For the first time in over 12 years, I'm awake!

I was unkind to you, Amber.

I'm sorry.

I hope that you found happiness, and were content, in your last days. From what I did know of you, and the time that we spent together, you were a great addition to this world, and it's a little darker without you in it. I wish that you could have met a better me, one that would have known to treat you better....

I was looking at a printout of the artwork you made for me and Jaime--the one with our faces on it--and you had actual hope for she and I, but we didn't make it. I do still love her though, and I'll always be her friend. Just never anything more. Another one of those timeline things.

If I could give you my life force, and take your place there, I would. I'm sure that you'd be much more loved in this world than I ever could be, or ever have been. I don't believe that things are "meant to be" all the time--because sometimes, good people die for no reason in this world every day, people that did nothing wrong, and have only good to give. While so many, that contribute nothing positive, and only leech off of others, spend their life as a junkie, or a crook, nothing but trash--meth-heads, crack-heads, child-molesters, they're all in the same boat--actually having meetings together (AA/NA/Sexoholics-Pedo clubs that meet and pretend to be normal, all the while sizing each other up for potential hook-ups, even Sunday church); this world is a mess; and it is those who go on living the most!

All that I have learned since August of 2018--is that all of my choices, all of my acts, any possible sacrifice I made--it was all a mistake. And now, I admit that how I treated you, was one of those mistakes, and I know it's too little, too late; but, I will try to make it up to you the only way I know how--through my art and writing.

Goodbye Amber, I do miss you.

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