

Like An Iron Bell

LETTER WRITER #3 ~~CONFUSED~~. Dear Sugar,

LETTER WRITER #3. My question is about love.

~~(SUGAR ANSWERS LETTER WRITER #3)~~

I'm at the age when most of my friends are married. The closest I've been to the altar was when I was the best man. I've had three relationships. One casual, one serious and one current. There was no issue with the casual one: I was up front about not wanting to settle down. The second one started out casual and I broke it off when she got serious, so I lost both a lover and a friend.

For about four months now, I've been dating another woman. She seems like she's falling in love with me. I avoid that word "love." I don't want to say that word out loud because it comes loaded with promises that are fragile and easily broken. My question is, when do I have to take that big step and say, "I love you"? And, what is this love thing all about, anyway?

Signed,

Confused

~~SUGAR - Dear Confused~~

~~Legacy, that word "love" is mighty loaded with it, I agree with you, well that's helpful advice.~~

~~Dear Confused,~~

~~You certainly must be confused if you're confused. Oh, that's good writing! I will just hope your word book to you.~~

~~Please don't let the timetable by which others live affect yours. No.~~

Dear Confused,

~~The last word my mother ever said to me was love. She was forty-five and so sick and weak she couldn't master the I or the you, but it didn't matter. That puny word has the power to stand on its own.~~

LW (Nav) - Monologue # 2

~~was twenty-two and I wasn't with my mom when she died. My mom died of cancer in a hospital town and for many years it felt like my insides were frozen still because I can't get it over and over in my mind, she chooses I want that kept me from being able to do anything. Thinking about it wasn't long after her death of shit that didn't last a year.~~

~~I would never be alive again. The last thing that happened was she would always be the last thing. I would be the way I got my coat and saw, I love you, and there would be the way she would be until I broke out the door and she called.~~

~~LETTER WRITER #2 (is Sugar's mother) Love~~

~~(SUGAR ANSWERS LETTER WRITER #2 AS THE MOTHER)
 ~~in the photo~~~~

~~SUGAR, there would be the way that she was still lying in that bed when I returned the next morning, but she.~~

~~My mother's last words to me were "I love you" in a belt that someone beats at dinner time.~~

~~LETTER WRITER #0 (is Sugar's mother) Love, love, love, love, love, love.~~

~~SUGAR, I'll be glad that this has nothing to do with your question, but your question and my answer are about love.~~

~~Love is the feeling we have for people we care about and hold in high regard. It can be light as the love we give a friend or heavy as the sacrifices we make for our children. It can be fleeting, everlasting, conditional, unconditionally, stoked by sex, sullied by abuse, unacknowledged by history.~~

~~The point is you get to define it, you get to describe the oh word I didn't mean to fall in love but I wasn't did love you appear to have for this woman, you've convinced yourself that withholding one small word further will shield you from getting hurt.~~