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Lost in the Sea of Improper Pursuits

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Lost in a Sea of Improper Pursuits

By: Jamison DeWeerd

My dearest,

As I sit here in silence, I cannot help but reminisce on the precious moments we have shared in solitude. The hours we laid on the checkered blanket next to the creek, as the birds flew overhead and the sun bathed us in its warmth, as you held me tightly and we ran off to places fabricated by your wild imagination. The times we snuck away, sitting on the closet floor or hiding in the backseat of the car, being careful not to breathe too loudly in fear that somebody might discover us and pull us back into the cruel reality of the world. The nights we spent together, often times under the dimness of your bedside lamp, completely ignorant to the passing time, as you softly whispered words under your breath. I, unfortunately, will never forget any of these amusements. No, they will forever haunt my mind, as I am constantly thinking of you—of your embrace, of your smile, of lying on your chest as you sleep, listening to your heartbeat until I too lose myself and fall into oblivion.

Although I like to think of our relationship as enviable, I would be fraudulent if I failed to admit that we had our troubles. I suppose the cliché, it was complicated, is rather fitting when describing you and me. There were days we were completely lost in ourselves, but there were other days I felt as though I didn't even matter. That's not to say you are to blame for our distance, I understand that I wasn't always what you wanted me to be, and for that, I am truly sorry. I suppose in the end, it all came down to our days together not being spent on good terms.

Oh how I hated those days. The ones when you despised me. When the words I said displeased you so much that you pushed me away and as you did so, you mumbled insults under your breath. For days I would wait for you to come back to me, and luckily, redemption always found its way. Then there were the instances when I could see the sorrow flooding your mind, pouring out of your eyes. Your tears, they would fall onto me, but I never minded. I would absorb them and try to comfort you, but I was often turned away and accused of being cold and unknowing. Your anger, your sorrow, I was always hopeful knowing they were not eternal. In time, the light would be restored and your interest would lead you back to me, and we would pick things up where we left off, as if not a moment had passed. However, all those moments, the fond and the painful, they are all things of the past as I am no longer the object of your affection. What sorrow that is.

I have found that I am insignificant without you, dormant, and I long for your interest to return. I feel as though I can do nothing more than sit and observe the world; I may not take part because I have no place other than with you. I often look for you among the faces that pass me by, and sometimes I see you, but you are holding tightly to another, and I cannot help but covet your touch. Envy overwhelms me and I swear to you, I begin to smell your perfume. I close my eyes, and I recall the way it felt when you would embrace me, your soft fingers gently caressing my spine as they slowly inched across my back causing a sensation to race through every line in my body. Your touch, how it comforted me, how it affirmed my purpose, how I miss it. I find myself craving the passion you expressed, but all I have been left with are the memories, and I do all I can to cherish them dearly, even though the very thought of you pains me greatly.

Despite my efforts to break free from this bondage and lust for you, I cannot accept what has happened. I cannot move on and abandon all hope in the past. I am desperate for your return, but fear that keeping faith is foolish. Your curiosity has found new places to travel and new people to adventure among. I can no longer stimulate your senses as I once could. I am expended, with nothing innovative to offer you. I can lead you to same places we once journeyed together, saying the same words I once used to captivate you, but that is all I have to give. It is all I will ever have for you, but I see now that that is not enough. The world you wish to explore, immersing yourself in the

splendor of your surroundings and letting your wild spirit run free alongside your delightful imagination and innocent bliss. Every morning when you rise and your soul awakes, you see all things with new eyes, experiencing life in a way that is unique and beautiful. I admire that about you, and I dream of that freedom, but I have only one set of eyes, and my gaze is forever fixated upon you.

I fear that this pitiful attempt to persuade you to return to me will be ill received, but yet, I must express to you and profess my adoration. You are the only one I have loved, out of all those who have swept me away, I have never once looked on a more lovely face, masking an even lovelier mind. My dearest, my heart is yours forever and it aches with a longing to be loved by you again. I beseech you; pick me up. Pick me up and get lost with me in a wistful dream as we did so many years ago. If you cannot, I implore you to release me, to let me free from this torment. Bid me farewell and send me away into the arms of another so I never again have to look on your countenance only to be reminded that our time has past, and you cannot love me as I love you—forever, until my words are expunged from history and have vanished in the sea of improper pursuits.

Sincerely with love,

The Third Book from the Left