

Thea Gurschler

Dear best friend

It had always been:

“You and me, me and you, best friends, always and forever.”

Right?

But, you know,

sometimes I look at you and wonder:

“Who is that person?”

We act

as if we were still the same old best friends.

But it is

as if something had shifted.

When we talk

it doesn't feel like we talk about the same thing.

When we look at us

it doesn't feel like we see the same thing.

When we laugh

it doesn't feel like we laugh about the same thing.

When we think about us,

do we feel the same?

We act

as if we were still on the same page.

But it is

as if we were reading a different book.

And it hurts.

It hurts, seeing us

not being invested in each other's lives anymore.

It hurts, seeing us

not understanding each other's inside jokes anymore.

And it hurts, seeing us

not knowing what to talk about anymore,

'cuz we've missed out on so much in each other's lives.

But seeing us

still doing things neither of us enjoys anymore,

'cuz they're the things we used to do together,

that hurts even more.

Seeing us

still cracking old inside jokes none of us finds funny anymore,

'cuz they're the crackling pieces of what has once been,

that hurts even more.

And seeing us

desperately reminiscing about the good old times,
'cuz we've got nothing else to talk about,
that hurts even more.

I was always so sure that I knew you.

But now it's like there are parts of you that I cannot reach.

And now that I must fear to lose you,
it feels like I'm losing a part of myself.

And you know what hurts the most?

This fear.

This fear

that you won't understand

the feelings I'm trying to express

with these words I fail to say.

My fear

that you won't comprehend

the fact that I – your best friend – am not fine.

That fear is what hurts the most.

I don't want us to end,

but I don't want to pretend.

So...

what are we going to do about it?

Best wishes,

Your best friend