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Dear C

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DEAR C
VANESSA MATTFELDT

Dear C,

It's not you, it's me.

It's been two years too long. Don't get me wrong, the first couple of months were great and all, but I think it's time we part. I've become too reliant on you; I am afraid it's an addiction. I know we've been through a lot together – two years of college, a couple of family deaths, a new job – but I think I'm ready to face those things alone.

I know what you're going to say, and trust me, I've thought about the consequences. I remember when you'd leave: my world was in flux. My body stopped feeling like my body and the nights weren't just nights: they had faces and eyes and hands that reached out from walls. I slept in the middle of the room.

I'm sure life without you will be hard at first. My hands will start to shake in crowds again because I won't be able to grab onto you. I will have withdrawals from not waking up next to you every morning. Maybe I will have "brain shivers;" days where I will forget why I decided to do this on my own. Days where I will want to go running back into your embrace. I will fight that urge. I will be fine.

Please don't try to find me when I leave. I can't handle the days of suffocation anymore, even though you say they help me function. I need space. Space to re-learn how to function on my own. I need my own air to breathe, even if it's thin at first. I want this.

No, I need this. I need to do this on my own.

I lied. It is you.