

I have lost count of the number of drinks I have had so far. It could be just a few pegs of Jack Daniels, or I could have downed a whole bottle of the stuff, I just do not remember.

There is no one around me; there is no one to talk to. It is just my alcohol and me. The smooth amber liquid in a clear glass, with remnants of the ice cubes floating on the top of the liquid, creates varied images of light on the floor around it. It is a mirage as is the feeling that is inside my head now; a feeling of floating above everything, a new perspective of the old grime. Clarity in moments of intoxication.

I never wanted to do this; you did not want me to do this. How long has it been since I wrote to you? I am sure that it has been even longer than you wrote to me. I do not understand the distance that currently exists between us. How can two people go from sharing everything to sharing nothing in an instant? I never thought that people could switch on and off like a light switch. However, that is what we have done, turned the other off from our radar, much like the turning off the switch before falling asleep.

There are no words to tell you how much I hate you now. Really no words. I do not want to play my collection of music. They have been tarnished. Every song that you liked, and you liked most of my songs, they take me to places in my head that I do not want to go to. They remind me of dances on starlit nights, of glasses of wine on the balcony, of nothings whispered into each other's ears as we made love,

I hate the fact that I have stopped going out for food, rather choosing to order in from the local deli. We had been to every decent restaurant in the city and there are no places to go where I can go and sit and have a bite. Each menu I see seems to remind of some antic of yours, ones where you ordered so called exotic drinks, so colorful, yet unpalatable, and I was forced to drink them up. The restaurants where you convinced me to carry vodka hidden in your bag, the way we took turns chugging them in the bathroom.

I do not go to movies anymore. There are scores of good movies that are being released and I am not able to go to anyone of them. Want to guess why? I cannot bear to go to the theaters anymore. The seats were we sat, stupidly holding hands, messing around with each other in the dark, giggling like kids when people around us were scandalized, sinking into our seats when we were shushed from behind.

Most of all I hate the fact that I have to get drunk to realize that I truly hate you. When I am sober, the memories of you and me, of us clouds all other possible emotions. There is a clawing inside, tearing out my guts and pulling at my heart, making my heart want to jump from my chest, making every breath a struggle. When I am drunk, that goes away and is replaced by something pure, hate. Hate for everything that you did to me and everything that you did not do. My sobriety does not permit to tell you that I hate you, my intoxication does.

I do not want to do this, but there are no words to tell you how much I still love you. My music player, when I play it, seems to spew only the songs that you liked. Those times when we had music behind us, making a mess of the kitchen in our efforts to make dishes in your cookbook,

hands messy, clothes messy, the heat of passion rising with the level of messiness, how we never ate the food we cooked, it was more of foreplay rather than cooking.

I still can smell you on the bed we used to share. I still remember the perfume you used to wear, so light that it was almost not even there. You left, but leaving behind your scent on the bed sheets. I have washed them so many times, but the scent never seems to go away. Every night, as I lay my head onto the pillow, trying to catch some sleep, the last memory I have is of your scent, the last thought of is your touch and the feeling of your hair on my face. I brush it away and fall asleep.

I can still hear berating me how I am unfit, unable to even walk a mile. I walk now, for hours, aimlessly, all over the city, walking by places that we used to be, seeing neither you nor me there, a thousand couples, who in different times were you and me. The park bench, where I sit and watch life goes by, men and women, holding hands, holding to each other, afraid to let go, unaware of the empty hole that the other could leave behind. I stretch my hands to find yours, just to find the empty hard wood under me.

The bath still contains all of your toiletries. The shampoo, the conditioner, the face wash, the face scrub, the foofla, the heel scrubber, body wash, scented candles, a thousand tiny towels, your floss, the comb, with strands of hair still in them, a million gels, your make up kit still on the counter, mascara open, and the eyeliner strewn carelessly near the tap. I do not have the heart to remove them, I do not have the courage to remove them, careless reminders of a presence and a strong reminder of its absence.

Most of all I love the fact that all your memories that pop up when I am drunk. My sobriety does not let me remember you, it is fighting to make sense, and the only sense that it can find in your absence is your absence. It hides everything that shall bring your memory. When I am drunk, every thing is crystal clear, every memory is back and the emotions run wild. When I am drunk, sense goes away and is replaced by pure love, for everything that you did to me and everything that we could have been. I am drunk and am loving it.