

Possible love letter

*from Marble reflection, where Marbles represent the most complex beauty of the whole personality mirroring in all time&space dimensions through*

True, you shouldn't have said that, Flip. Now it's all spoiled. Done. Over. Why do you always need to destroy everything?! How many more times do we need to undergo this moment? How many times yet do we need to split up and lose each other again and then go desperately on by ourselves trying to meet as complete strangers waiting for the structure to call us up inevitably to be together for a while again? All the magic is lost when I know for sure that you like me so much, it's like a dependence, like a totality, remember?

Or maybe – aren't you only kidding me, Flip? Ahaaa, that's why you have made the note about mistakes so awkwardly, to give me a clue. Ojoj. It means then that I shouldn't have told you all of that. You didn't know. Now it's me who has destroyed everything. Forgive me. Farewell.

Or maybe, listen, Flip... could you possibly... could you possibly think that I only invented all of this? That I only made it up right now? You know, for fun. Or maybe to be sure that I wouldn't become boring to you. You know, I really don't want to lose you, so this is such a bit of women trickery. Could you think about it that way? No?

Well, you know, Flip, you really don't have a choice in this. Once I have suggested this possibility, you would always have to count with it.

Or maybe – Flip, who are you? Do I know really you? Is it you? Who am I? Maybe this is really not you. I mean maybe it is another one of you. Is it possible that also other people fit into our story? Men and women? You know, those neverending partnerings and departnerings, is it always us, me and you, Flip? How can I be sure while you always keep changing, flipping switching, to be surprising? And me... I do the same, too. And yet the necessity of complete forgetting before we meet again. Then how could I be sure that I have been always meeting you? There is no way...

Well then. Listen. In that case we can start on this, right? We could keep telling to each other about all those lovestories and breakups we have provoked into existence and it would be in a way always us – our possible history... and then even more – everything you can dream about now – where does it come from? You bet this is also our forgotten past. And all the movies we have seen, the books we've read – how does it come that we understand all of that with such a joyful irony? It's because we read and watch our lived past in all of it. Everything we are now able to think up, to imagine, to visualize, well, everything we can create now as a finished story with some kind of point – comes in fact from our handled past. It sounds more and more reasonable to me, what do you think? We could use it all as a pile of our gained experiences and we could try to create something completely new from it in our lives now.

Don't matter we are not sure that this is us. Or that this always have been us. We can try anyway – what can we lose? Do you know of something better? We shouldn't miss this opportunity just because we are not sure... How to be sure in the flow of time, with all those chains of total changes... It's even better this way. So from this time on – everything we are already able to say as, to spread as a complete, pointed story, let's consider it for a memory from our forgotten past. Ok? Well, deal. We can go on now, trying to get to know each other better and we will already be digging out our bounteous history and letting it shape some new brilliant possibilities for us in the future time... Hmm, not bad, I finally find myself curious...

How do you like this (hi)story of ours? No no, don't say it. Just tell me about your version of us – what do you remember? And how should I call you this time?

j.