I am here waiting for you!

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To be honest, I don't exactly know where to begin or what to say; I only know that I want to write to you. I have always preferred writing over speaking. When words flow effortlessly and without compulsion onto the page, when fingers begin to dance on the keyboard, it is as if what the tongue is incapable of saying finds a way to be expressed. In that moment, without you even knowing, each finger takes the reins and, like a wild horse, gallops toward the unknowns of the heart.

My dear... I know you are troubled these days. I know your mind is full of unfinished murmurs and unanswered questions. Because of this, I tried to converse with various people these days; something that used to make me feel better years ago. But today I arrived at a truth that I had never seen so clearly before. I can no longer seek refuge in people to calm you. You witnessed it yourself; no matter how hard I tried, how much I spoke, how much I wanted to find a place for consolation in the world of others, it didn't work.

It was as if my world was separated from their world by a distance that could not be filled with any word. Not only did I not feel better, but each time I brought a heavier burden home with me.

Do you know what I have just realized? Today, as I was drinking my bitter coffee in the cool, rainy

weather of Berlin by my room's window, something suddenly lit up inside me. And that is, sometimes, to find peace, one seeks refuge in others so much that they forget what a pure gem and valuable treasure lies hidden within themselves, which they have consigned to the wind of oblivion in the clamor of the times, while chasing after the little that others have. I realized perhaps the reason for this turmoil is exactly this. Perhaps what has darkened my heart these days has been my relentless effort to get closer to the world of others; an effort whose price was distancing myself from my own world. Instead of taking your hand, sitting beside you, and spending a moment in solitude with you over a cup of bitter coffee, I turned my back on you and sought peace elsewhere. And what a futile search, for there is no escape more futile than escaping from one's own self.

If I am to speak honestly, some of those who were once dear to me no longer hold that former closeness for me. Not out of resentment, nor out of unkindness; perhaps simply because our pains are no longer shared. Is it not true that many friendships are built upon the shoulders of shared sufferings? These days I have realized that my sorrow is no longer one with their sorrow, and I confess that I am saddened by this distance; saddened for friendships that were once a valuable part of my life, but none are as valuable as my "self". None and no one...

I am willing to walk across any razor's edge to preserve your dignity. My beloved, are you aware of what I bear on my shoulders these days? I am answering for all the wounds that have intentionally or unintentionally been inflicted upon you. Slowly, I am learning to accept my responsibility toward you and step by step, slowly but steadily, trying for your healing, and I know that you see this. I know that you understand.

What I mentioned above about the "razor's edge" is, in fact, a very small metaphor for the suffering I experience on this path. Because with every step I take, I must cross chains that they had built for you for years; chains that wanted to keep you in a corner, silence you, and slowly consign you to oblivion. But I no longer want you to remain in that prison. Therefore, one after another, I break the links of this chain, and I know well that freedom has a price.

To emerge from years of captivity, one must suffer, bear wounds, and sometimes writhe in pain midway. Saying it seems simple, but living it is not. Despite all this, it is worth it. Because at the end of this path, you stand, and what is more valuable than returning to one's own self?

My sweetheart, to preserve your dignity, I have reconsidered all the relationships and ties in my life. I no longer want any relationship, any attachment, or any presence to bring you down from your rightful place. This time I want to choose you, not for a day, not for a season, but for all the days we have ahead. And if one day I forget again that you are the first priority of my life, I hope

:your calm voice stops me; that same voice that always whispers in the depths of my soul

...Come back

!I am here waiting for you