Twitter Thread by T. R. Okuna



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Marie reached out to me today after 2 years, to give me the closure I never got. We talked for a while about our lost baby - lost love. There comes a time in a man's life when you have to look at yourself in the mirror & say, "I need help". I'll get help. I will be a better man.

This is no way for a man to live. You don't go wrecking people who care for you. She was a good woman, who tried her best to help me. I told her I never want her to feel like she was inadequate. I was the problem - still are. I will correct that. I will get help.

As for our little cozy love, I have not known better, and doubt I will. If soulmates ever lived, Marie & I were at the appex. I enjoyed the experience. I never had to work hard at the connection. Should I die today, I am honestly glad I have known a woman's love so soft.

You don't get over it. I have since stopped trying. You learn to live with it, as one of those little secrets that make you smile when life has you by the chokehold: The little pocket in your memory that'll never soil - enduring through seasons. I'll cherish those little moments.

Many lovers will come. Some better than Marie. I have no doubt. They'll be just as genial; possibly, more loving. And I will love them. I will give them my best, and a warm home for our children. But Marie I will never exorcise. She is the abiding truth in my life.

Very few men can claim to have been loved for who they are. Here, I stand counted. I was loved in famine and in harvest; in the storms & quicksands. To be naked, with not a fabric on you, & be wrapped in the warmth of a woman's passion is every man's silent prayer. I am lucky.

So today, I finally let this woman of my bosom go. I shall look not back in regret, but appreciation. For the little whispers by the railway station. And the soft rhythm of our breaths in each other's arms - so effortless. It was a beautiful journey: a journey I wish on every man

I will find help. I admit I have inadequacies. I admit that I close too tight. I admit that I am afraid. I admit that it comes from a place of selfishness - & emptiness. I admit I could do better. I admit it all: I will get help. I will be a better man. This cycle ends with me.

Maybe, someday I'll write the world this rare love story we stumbled upon on a dusty village road: When I have healed, & my heart isn't as heavy. Maybe, it'll bring joy to a few forlorn, & the cynical be tempted into belief. It was beautiful.

For Marie, a thousand times over.