

The Way I Like

I wanted to appear moody and aloof because I wanted your attention. I wanted you to dislike me.

Moody and aloof can be rather passive roles, which could, given the right circumstances and delivered with a skillful attention to detail could be enticing and alluring. What you portrayed was misery and arrogance in an active and clumsy manner. It was as disconcerting to witness its delivery as it was upsetting to be the recipient of its content - you certainly got my attention, and yes, I don't like you.

It's funny because I didn't see what I was doing, how I was behaving as negative. To encourage dislike, for me, at this time, with you, seemed merely an action, a means.

A means? To what?

Well...I couldn't stand the thought of liking you just like everyone else.

Ok??

To like, What is that? I like so many things, I like..well, I like liking.., I mean what is that? But sometimes i *really* like, some things in the world are there to be *really* liked. They are inspirational, they have charisma that I can attach myself to, that I can't help but hold on to and float away into a world of me and that, whatever it is... where I am something other and they are something new - we join forces and we... don't let go.

I am a little lost

Well, I didn't want to like you

Yes, I realize

No, no, I wanted to *really* like you. But how could I *really* like you when I had to *like* you first and I didn't want to *like* you because liking was too generic, to cold and normal.

What do you mean, this doesn't make sense...anyway what reason have I ever given you to think that you could potentially really like me?

Well....you seem pretty sure of yourself, I mean in a good way, you have reason to be, I think...anyway, you have a confidence, an air about you which is very attractive whilst at in the same moment disconcerting, and...well... unsettling.

Unsettling?

Yes, but in a good way, in a way that makes me look at myself and question things. I just felt that this confidence that you have acquired seems to neatly consist of a fragile set of circumstances or components. To add more liking could upset the balance because it just it just reaffirms you self-belief. I figured that if I could *really like* you then you would come to question that - you would come to question why I must like you so much. And in my experience, if strong feelings of affection are openly displayed towards me, then I

question why I deserve them, and my confidence level (which is pretty low actually) is left pretty much unaffected.

You said my confidence makes you question things, like what?

erm.,oh...yes..., the way I am, my features, not my physical features, more characteristic features. Anyway, whatever, you have something that is quite special, something that evokes admiration. I can't quite put my finger on it, but its there, you wear it well and it is attractive, don't ask me to explain further because, well, I can't... but if I could, if you were to become aware of it, like I said it is fragile and at the moment is in a perfect place. I think it could easily disappear, hence my not wanting to like you. I fear its subtleties are too slight to bear the weight of your consciousness.

Wow...

Yes, anyway...The closest thing to liking you that I could come up with was to dislike you. And that is how it started, that is how my hostility began.

So, you had a plan?.... Your *plan* was to dislike your way to really liking me so you could avoid liking me? You decided to be hostile because you were bored of liking? Was that boredom general, or was it specific?

I am sorry you feel you have suffered. But I believe it has been worth it. I couldn't like you because like I said I needed to keep you apart from it all, from everything. I had to separate you from all the things I liked as in liking them they just molded into the same space, they occupied the same grey territory - no shadows, no colour, no form, just general... appeal.

Well, did it work? Did your disliking prevail? I mean I can't really stand you now, so it worked with regards to my position, or, thinking about it - it only half worked, as I fail to see how this disdain that I can't help but feel can successfully u-turn and arrive at finding you attractive, or indeed 'really liking' you! I think you may have overlooked some specifics - Some rather fundamental specifics.

Well, for me it worked a little too well - I miss you incredibly; I think of you always, you have become something really quite special. This is why I have come to find you - I certainly no longer dislike you.

But you liked me in the first place! This makes no sense! It was a very unique and rather imaginative, but entirely nonsensical attempt at seduction. During your 'not liking me' stage you have revealed yourself as somewhat aggressive and arrogant, and to be honest pretty immature.

I know, I am aware of this. This was the impression I was getting from you.

Did you consider this at all? I mean being disliked is a pretty obvious consequence of being horrible.

But my horridness was self-aware! it had a very defined parameter that I built and that I never even came close to overstepping.

On what grounds were the limitations of your hostility based?

On grounds that ... had a solid foundation

Which means?

Well, I would never make you cry.

But how can you know what would make me cry. You need to know my parameters of tolerability to be able to assess your parameters of hostility,

Possibly,

Not possibly, exclusively...

But I am a pretty good judge of character I think

What does that mean, I mean, what does that mean...??

It means... I can...I don't know what it means, but it means that I never made you cry

Crying is meaningless, there is no point to it, it is an over-compassionate self indulgent display of emotions that has no purpose other than to exemplify insecurity and need.

Wow.. you know that quality I mentioned, the confidence slash self assurance quality in you that I found so attractive, well, when balanced alongside that display of glacial indifference, what previously evoked admiration and enlightened introspection just became something far more blunt and distancing.

Good... I think I just became aware of it... and as you said; its subtleties *are* too slight to bear the weight of my consciousness.

Whatever, I don't care... to be honest I don't believe you anyway. You cry, like everyone, you cry and it was down to my skilled judgment that you didn't break down, that you didn't perform this display of weakness that you so fear. In fact I can feel that you share some affection towards me, it's in your manner, that sort of controlled distance that you so skillfully retain, embodied in the way that you watch me as I speak. I mean it is subtle, but it's there... I can see it in your concentration... at times you are a second away from being transfixed, in fact I keep my sentences short to prevent such a situation.

Not true, your sentences aren't short and I am as interested in

Admit it, disliking you, and being horrible to you was a positive enterprise. I disliked you enough so that now I can enjoy really liking you, and I think you too disliked me enough, for long enough to now share this amazing feeling. To really like without ever liking, it is quite brilliant I think.

I think you should go back home, start antagonizing some other poor thing and leave me here to pleasantly ponder on your ... your idiosyncratic approach to building relationships.

Hmmmm...well, I am just going to sit here. I am just going to wait and let you ponder. And whilst I am doing this I really think you should consider your position with regards to me.

Ok, but please don't mistake any of my smiles for ones of affection, they are merely ones of amusement on your behalf.

Your smiles are beautiful no matter what their context or message. I'll just enjoy them and keep quiet.