

By Jak Dark

# Surviving Love

A MAD JOURNEY IN EXTREME ROMANCES AND LOVINGNESS



## WHAT'S THE POINT?

Before we get to the good stuff, or the *better* stuff if you enjoy this prologue (and I certainly hope that you do, if that can be done at all) I want to talk about why I have decided to write this, whom I'm writing it for and the goal in writing it at all.

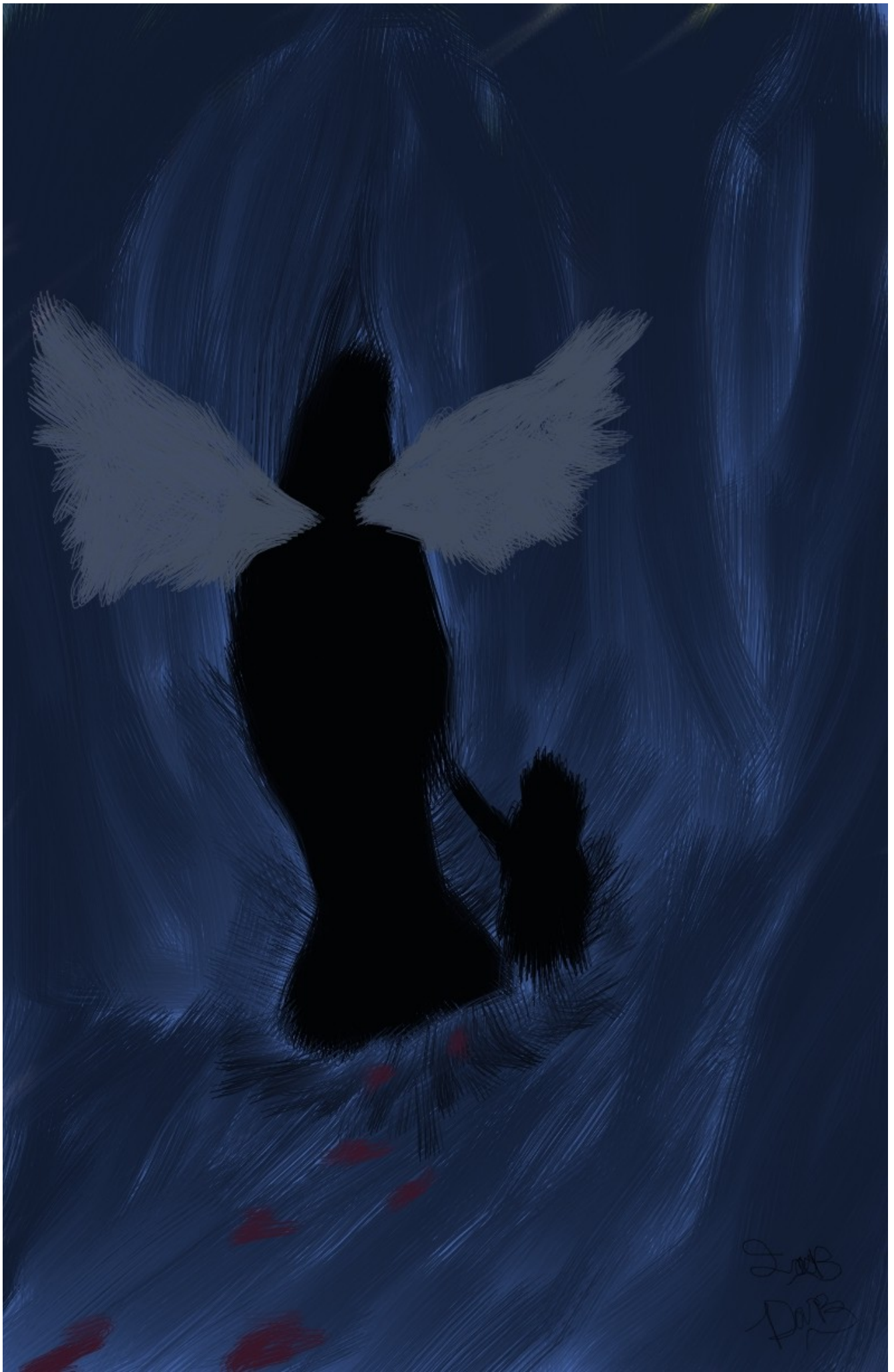
Firstly this is in no way to be taken as any claim to a specific coping tool, or a right answer. Love and madness don't always go hand in hand, and everybody has a different way of working with and through the two. I only want to be able to help people who may feel how I am feeling and who are as lost as I am, or may *become* as lost as I am.

Secondly I am writing this not just for people who are experiencing strong love-filled emotions while dealing with madness. But also to help engage others in an understanding of how difficult it is, and why we may act the way we do. So that there is a mutual compassion between the mad lover and the confused loved-one.

And lastly, I am writing this because I need to put my emotions and confusions and madness into words, or pictures, or forms, or thoughts, or ideas or... or... or... Anything but in my head. Because I too often times find romance difficult due to paranoia, manic episodes or complete loss of coherency and logic. And I am hoping that in writing this that I am able to help myself, as well as others.

Some of the writing *may* prove helpful, but I do not have many guides in the normal sense, just to say we aren't alone in this. And here is me, in my ugly truth, I am loving, fearful, triumphant, and manic. I am a flaw, but I am in love.

**LOVE IS MADNESS**  
**MADNESS IS TO LOVE**  
**TO LOVE IS MAD**



## **DOMESTIC ABUSE: IT IS BISEXUAL**

**I am a man, I don't view myself as a man very often because I do not understand, agree with, or believe in the concept of gender. But society would see me as a straight, white, male. Because of my maleness, a lot of people would not believe that I could have been in abusive relationships unless I was the abuser, or the dominate-abuser (as one act of abuse often leads to a similar reaction, even if by different means).**

**When I say domestic abuse is bisexual, I do not mean that it is specific to someone who finds both perceived sexes attractive. I mean that either of said perceived sex can be the victim or the abuser. In my case, I was the abused. And was in that relationship for two years.**

**For the most part these were general abuses, the things we don't often consider abusive. A fuck you here, a don't do that here. And so on. But other times things were a lot worse.**

***"QUIT SMOKING OR I'LL LEAVE YOU!!"* was something I was told many times, but a year after we first became lovers. It doesn't sound like a lot really, I mean smoking isn't good anyways. But the constant threat of being abandoned again because of something I at the time could not help, took a lot out of me. And it was when I was unable to comply, despite my desperate attempts to do so, that things went down hill.**

**She would often tell me bad things about who I was. If I said something she didn't agree with, she would call me an idiot. A few fuck yous and a whatever later, we would stop talking for an hour or two, or a day or three. The verbally abusive tension got so bad that it started being shared both ways, if she said "fuck you idiot!" I'd say "fuck off bitch!". Neither is acceptable, but as I said being stuck (and I felt very much stuck, out of fear) being abused will often lead the abused to retaliate.**

**But there was once, one thing that stuck in my head and became a small trigger. We were fooling around when she started to hit me, I started to feel violated and when I told her to stop she would hit me harder and tell me I liked it. Eventually I had to shove her off of me, and then she made me feel bad about the entire ordeal.**

**Sexual abuse didn't end there. Another girl who I was with was very coercive. She wanted to have sex all day, everyday and if I did not give it to her I would**

**be in “trouble”. I would be talked down to, given dirty looks, called names and so on. The usual. Even when we talked about it, and I explained how I felt, and she said she would calm down. She did not, and it went on, and became very violating.**

**These kinds of abuses have been very predominate in my life. It is important to know that our sexual organs do not decide what we do to others, or what we have done to us. And in some cases (such as mine) it can make sex, or love, a very, very frightening thing. And it is important to know, that we are not alone, and that we were not at wrong. But if we can help it, before retaliation, we have to walk a way, if we can the will, we are not guilty for that.**







## **ABANDONMENT: AN UNJUST JUSTIFIED PARANOIA**

**Abandonment “issues” are, or seem to be, fairly commonplace. But that doesn't make them any less horrifying. Sometimes, if I even begin to bring my worries up I am instantly greeted with “get over it, I do too.” and that only helps to worsen the problem.**

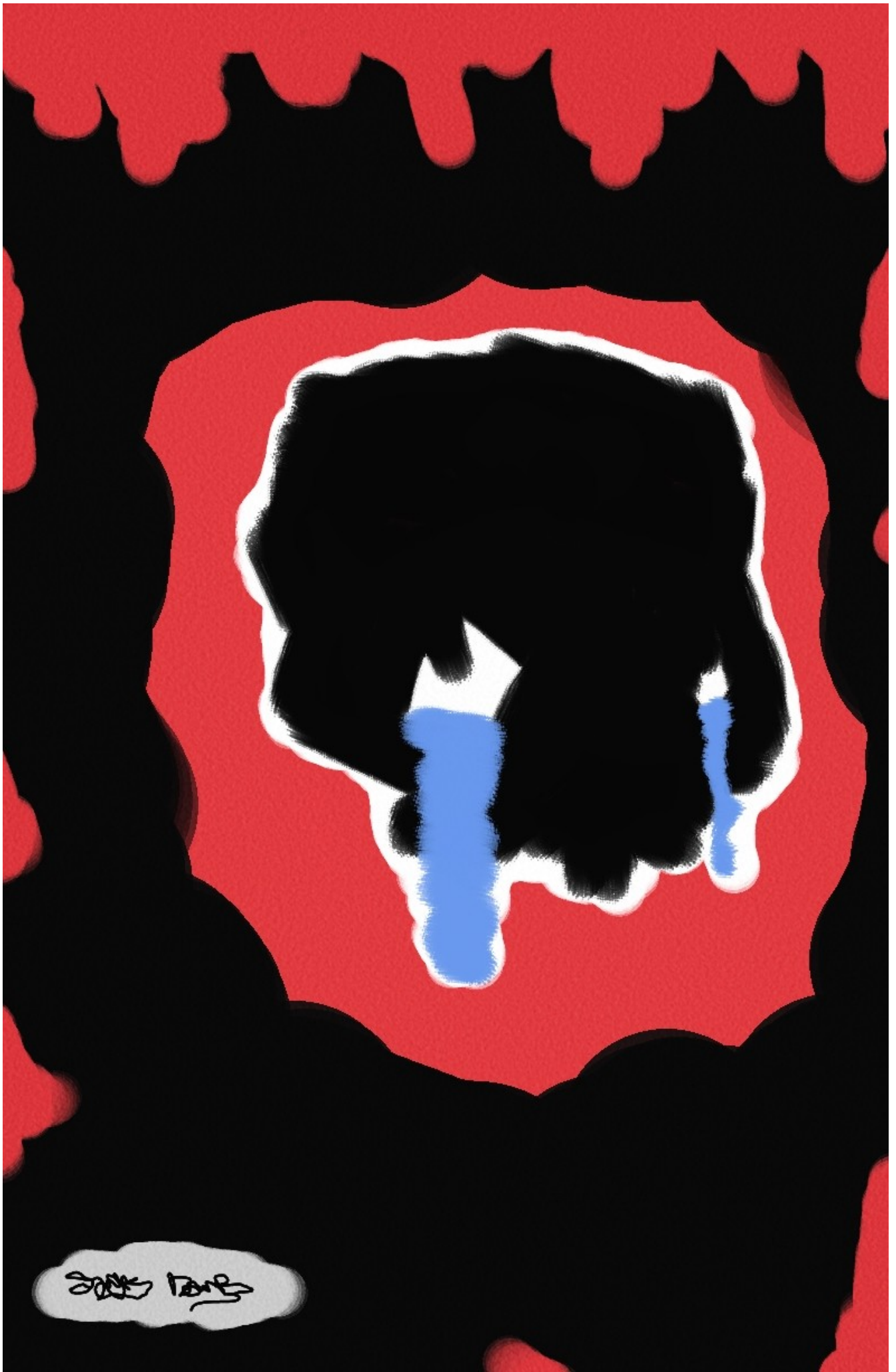
**For me it started as a little child. When my father and my mother patted their needs asking me like a dog to choose who to go with. I was petrified and didn't no what to do, so I ran to my mom. After that I didn't see or hear from my dad for a few years. And it became something that traumatized me. When I did see him, it was only to be beaten. He would not see me any other day, but if he wanted to hurt me, he would show up. This was a reoccurring event until I was 23.**

**Unfortunately that feeling of inadequacy trickled into my romantic life. And though I have become better with it, I still have bouts of paranoia. And often times when I am still single. Which usually makes people horrified themselves and disappear before anything beyond talk can manifest.**

**I have lost many lovers this way, and because of it, it has only gotten worse. I am terrified of love, but I am in love with love itself. And I find it very easy to fall for a person, but very hard to become in love with them. For me, the one time I did fall in love with someone, I could not fall out of love for a few years. And when I did, I had to force it. And even then I still miss her, and probably always will.**

**I am aware that not everyone will leave me, I have some people close to me who I've known for half of my life. But the moment something intense starts to become something possible, it becomes something terrifying. We can't always be expected to be confidant, and sometimes we are. But we are not at wrong for this, either. It can not always be helped.**

**I LOVE YOU BUT YOU  
TERRIFY ME...**



2005 Dave



**IF I LOVE YOU TODAY  
I WILL LOVE YOU  
TOMORROW,  
I WILL LOVE YOU  
FOREVER.  
I WILL RUN FOR  
YEARS  
AND FORGET YOU'RE  
REAL.  
BUT I WILL LOVE YOU STILL.**

## **WHAT DID I JUST SAY?**

**One second, everything is okay, beautiful even. All the pieces fit and make sense and everything is what it is supposed to be. The next second, the world is overflowing with riddles and hopelessness, the sun is gone, the stars are ghosts and the moon is laughing. There is no thinking, there is no comprehension there are just words, fearful words, words that say *“YOU'RE A FOOL, PAY THE PRICE NOW BEFORE YOU PAY IT TOMMORROW!”***

**When I start to feel a strong desire for somebody, it can become a terrifying experience. If I happen to go into a manic state, my first instinct is to go to the person whom I want to hold. And if they are not ready to handle that, it can cause a kind of reaction that leaves me saying things I didn't have the time to think about before they were said.**

**This is something that happens very often, and has happened with anyone I have dated. Sometimes it has ruined relationships because the other party was not able to understand it, or was able to understand it and did not want to deal with it.**

**I have not yet learned how to get cope with these moments, rather than to throw my every little paranoid worry out into the open to be judged, dissected and spit back at me. Sometimes distraction works wonders. But sometimes I have nothing to be distracted by. Sometimes I have been drinking and was too buzzed or drunk to stop myself because the urge to get it out was greater than the urge to ignore it.**

**And even sober, the morning after, or hours later even, it feels like a hangover. I shyly look at what I may have said or written and ask myself why did I say that, I don't feel that way now. It's like a hang over, these manic episodes, they are like being shitfaced and having a gun pointed at your face but you are not afraid to grab that gun and turn it around on the attacker. But it is not a real gone, it is an illusion painted by fears and traumas and worries and regrets and guilt and paranoia.**

**Art is one good way of turning these anxieties into something. Or sometimes, singing, just on the spot, or telling a good or not-so-good joke to anyone who is around you. But these just aren't always possibilities.**

**BUT WHAT IS....**

**....SO DAMNED....**

**WRONG WITH ME!?**



**AM I TOO CRAZY?**

**OR TOO NORMAL?**



**MACHINE OR LOVER....**

**...LOVER OR MACHINE...**

**...ALONE...OR TOO TOGETHER...**



**I AM NOT UNLOVED, BUT I AM HOPELESSLY  
FEELING LIKE I AM. I AM LOVED, BUT NOT  
PASSIONATELY, NOT ADORED, NOT DESIRED.  
.....SOME WOULD FUCK ME.....I AM NOT TO BE FUCKED.....**

**I AM LOVER AND I  
AM MAD AND I AM  
LOVING MADLY.**



2013/11/13



-balloon

## **BUT IS MY MADNESS AT FAULT, OR IS MACHINE?**

**No matter how upset with myself I may get for being this way. It is hard to believe that it is just madness that makes loving with madness so difficult. How can it possibly be me myself who ruins everything, how can even the ones who understand it be so derailed by it. A lot of my difficulties with dealing with affection certainly comes from my traumas and manic episodes and moments of logic-less bickering on subjects I don't actually care about on sides I don't actually feel anything for. But I am convinced there is a bigger part being played.**

**You are not allowed to be in love. It's a irrational treason against everything our rulers have built so lovingly for us to be loveless in. We are drones for our owners, and to love is to defy them, because they are machines and machines can not feel.**

**Those who do not understand our mania, paranoia or episodes of anything we may be told, by ourselves or by others, we are victim of, will have us believe we need to be medicated. This is another construction of the machine, the masters, the rulers, the destroyers of us, the loveless, the *sane*.**

**Or who knows, maybe this is just more nonsense from a nut-job with too much time on his hands and more emotion that he knows how to deal with. Someones bound to think that. But the things I, and we, go through and have been through are very real.**

**Some of us hide our feelings, drown them, attempt to rid them, but they are there. Our madness gets into our romance, they become one in the same. I love madly, but I am also madly in love. With everything around me, the things I hate, the things I am awed by. Everything is one big mess of arbitrary loves, mania, and horrors.**

**LOVES.....MANIA....**

**...HORRORS...**



MAYBE WE ARE

NOT SO CRAZY

AFTERALL...

MAYBE IT'S THE

ONES WHO

WANT TO DRUG

US.



## **FINAL THOUGHTS: BEFORE I... FORGOT?**

**I fell in love once with someone who was like me. She fell in love with others, maybe even me for a moment. My young-ness and confusion with what I was dealing with threw all possibilities of anything happening away. But she was real, she understood. But I didn't, I didn't understand. But still, she did, and she was real, she was there.**

**I have pushed lots of people away because I am the way I am. I have had many broken hearts. But I have had many wonderful loves.**

**Love, or rather, romantic love, passionate love. Has become something that helps balance my moods, or unbalance them at times. It has become deeply engraved in all of what is supposedly wrong with me. But I *did* feel nothing, for half a year, pure nothingness. And it was calm, but it was ugly. I tried to make myself cry but I could not. I could not feel anything at all. And it was hell. So maybe, feeling miserable because any random second you can lose all sense of what is and what isn't and get so confused and terrified that everything and everyone is out to get you, isn't as bad as it *feels*. Because it feels like something.**

**I am not completely sure that anyone else out there has this connectedness between romantic passion and madness. But if there is, and you understand, and you feel alone, you are not. And you are not wrong. You are just you, some call it madness, some call it melodrama, some call it fantasy and say it's all made up. But it's not, you know it. I know it. We don't control these things.**

**Just remember, it is okay to love someone, and to be mad. It is okay to be afraid. It is all okay. We are still beautiful, even if we can't understand why or how. Or what we are dealing with. Or if we can ever get past it.**

**I don't believe our madness is always something that is truly real. But a name we have been given, a way to separate us from the ones who easily adopt the ideas of others and the morality of pigs and abusers. Because our madness does make us aware of things sane people might not see, or can choose not to while we can't make that choice. And this makes us lovers. And lovers are dangerous.**

**FEEL FREE TO DISTRIBUTE, MANIPULATE OR TRASH.**



Jack  
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