

But That Is Not Important

He left a handwritten note with his number on my front door, acting as a refreshing reminder that more traditional forms of communication were alive and well in the world of digital flirting.

Unfortunately, a turbulent six months followed for both of us in the form of personal setbacks. A divorce for him, a stalker for me.

Initially correspondence between us was sparse until finally it happened: a day in which our schedules aligned, and a face-to-face reunion was inevitable. Well, with a few minor sacrifices on my part.

I had to take the day off from work and pay for his Uber to my apartment. Allowing myself to be taken advantage of is a character flaw of mine that is still a work in progress, but at least now I am aware of the problem. He was honestly one of the most gorgeous men I had ever met in my life and would certainly be worth the wait.

After a mere 30 minutes of us “spending time together” (or at least that is what proper, Southern gentlemen call it) he suddenly announced that he had to run an emergency errand with his roommate who was picking him up momentarily. Was his roommate unavailable to drop him off in the first place?

But that is not important.

He promised to return in two hours.

I waited all day.

I texted. I called. I was ghosted for 24 hours.

The next morning while I was at work, I finally got a message. I asked what happened thinking a wreck or family emergency might explain his disappearance and lack of response.

His excuse? An argument with his roommate which led to him falling asleep.

Now, I understand how constraining a packed schedule can be, but I just wish he could have found that substantial five seconds, between the argument and 24-hour nap that followed; to text an update saying he was not coming back after all.

I took a day off from work. Paid for Uber. I waited all day. Six months of waiting before that.

As a final grand gesture of chivalry, he asked if I could lend him some money for yet another Uber. Like a fool, I said yes, but unbeknownst to me, my bank accounts were frozen due to fraudulent activity alerts. A blessing in disguise? He said not to worry, and we rescheduled to see each other soon.

The day before we met again, I sent a text asking for a convenient time and place. His reply said he wanted to be “real” with me, causing an involuntarily response of my eyes rolling to the back of my head.

He thought it would not be a promising idea for us to see each other again because he did not appreciate me telling him I was going to send him money and then was not able to do so. Why it took him three days to fully manifest these overwhelmingly “real” emotions of betrayal is beyond me because my number was promptly blocked before I was able to ask. But remember, he is pretty.

What started as a handwritten note, devolved into a pathetic discourse via texting. A conversation symbolizing and reflecting the evolution of communication amongst sentient beings.

But that is not important.

The last I heard, my knight in shining armor is now enjoying luxury accommodations by temporarily crashing on the couch of an acquaintance/amateur porn star after losing his shirt during the divorce proceedings.

Those details might not be important. But I am.