

Clemens Krugler

rooftopisdead's diary

A journey of virtual crush

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Foreword

This is a diary with entries that haven't been changed. Switching between American and British in written English seemingly randomly, just as probably most people would, having any other mother tongue than English. Leaving the minor mistakes and every cross reference in rhetorical devices as they are to maintain authenticity. The language barrier that had to be crossed to reach out for each other is an experience that is read best unaltered. Only the names and nicknames of others have been changed.

Before I started to write this diary and after I realized I must stop writing it, it was clear to me, that mostly every english text I wrote in that timeframe was addressed to her. All the other texts I wrote in german – in my mother tongue – were and still are thoughts that I have for myself, without any discussions or recipient to somewhat answer them.

This is a diary. It was published to keep the silent promises once made. But in the end, it was a diary about what happened in my mind. There are no entries and no story gap closers made by anyone else but me, so every entry is to be perceived subjectively. Each of them is meant to be read once in a while. The intensity of the feelings captured could be tough to bear without taking breaks for your own thoughts.

*In a game, in which teammates flame each other the most, there
was someone,*

someone who decided to stay positive.

*We won the game.
We won the seemingly lost game.
But we won.*

*In the score screen I told that someone
'I will love you forever
Thank you for being who you are.'
She answered 'patience wins' and added me.*

*This is the beginning of a friendship.
This book is the diary of those
days growing emotionally.
Almost entirely.*

for Daphné.

04.06.2014

for rephrasing mistakes with misjudging slightly.
for rephrasing hatred with situational distraction.
for rephrasing emotional reaction with strength.
for rephrasing human nature with hope.

+ *gifting Archer*

for the creation of the awareness of the mindgame of everyone's sentimental atmosphere.

for the creation of the awareness of the sentimental atmosphere.

for the creation of awareness.

for creating cohesion.

+ *gifting Zen*

for making people feel love in your statements.

for making people feel love.

for making people feel.

for making me feel.

+ *gifting Cupid Archer Skin*

for being such a good person to talk to.

for being such a good person.

for being so good.

for being.

+ *gift to ephant: Defender Guard Skin*
with comment: "defend her"

Thank you.

ag1s's dream:

*She was sitting on a beach, I was there too, it was beautiful, but suddenly the water surrounded her, building up many meters above her head and coming closer every second.
She woke up.*

17.06.2014

2 Things:

1. Your dream. It's the beautiful picture of what lies beneath the surface.
2. Abuse what you feel for me, convert it to another.
I never was a problem, but question whether it's true.

You have the ability to put your feelings where you want them to be.

I'm wondering why you didn't do it already.

Do you feel because of me? And not because of you?

Am I the spring you are drinking from? Is that the water from your dream?

Does it taste good?

*I started to write you, ag1s.
But I wasn't able to show you.
The situations barely asked me to.*

07.07.2014

you feel close
connected
confused

your emotion
endorsed
embraced

you're soaked
stoked
sensory

you'd face
fence
fend

[no date]

Am I evil? I want to make as much people happy as possible. Am I evil making one sad? Am I making one sad? Am I crushing a blockade between two closed opened minds?

I am not evil. I am the reminder of your thoughts. The impersonification of active truth lies upon my mind. Unreadable in any language. This is my world and words are my minions. I am superior. And the prisoner of the thought, owning people's emotion is worth anything by itself.

I need to stick together now.

[no date]

Es tut mir Leid, dich zu schätzen zu wissen.
Es tut mir Leid, dir eventuell nicht das gleiche geben zu können.
Es tut mir Leid, dich alleine zu lassen.
Es tut mir Leid, da ich doch sowieso nur auf der Durchreise bin.
Es tut mir Leid, dass ich alleine bin.
Es tut mir Leid, dass ich für alles viel zu dankbar bin.
Es tut mir Leid, die Wahrheit zu sagen.
Es tut mir Leid, deshalb immer zu schweigen.
Es tut mir Leid, dass nur Humor mich zum Reden bringt.
Es tut mir Leid, dass ihr nicht versteht was ich meine.
Es tut mir Leid, dass ich überladen bin.
Es tut mir Leid, dass mir alles auch Leid tut.
Es tut mir Leid, keine Entschuldigung zu haben.

*I am sorry to appreciate you.
I am sorry I might not be able to give you the same.
I am sorry to leave you alone.
I am sorry that I'm just passing through anyways.
I am sorry that I'm alone.
I am sorry that I'm way too grateful for everything.
I am sorry to tell the truth.
I am sorry I'm always keeping silent for this reason.
I am sorry that only humour makes me talk.
I am sorry that you don't understand what I mean.
I am sorry that I'm overloaded.
I am sorry that I'm also sorry for everything.
I am sorry I don't have an excuse.*

*It took me a straight day to understand
the grammar of your native language.
And a second one to write a poem
just to entertain you being ill.*

18.-19.07.2014

Zij is gekeken, een keer maar
Zij is veranderd, maar wel waar
Met je tongetje kan je lieg'
Maar met je oogjes kan je niet

Zijn ooprecht welwillend gezind
Gewild beteren zij gezwind
Vervormde en modeste rust
Eraan onderwierp zich de gunst

Wijden, brengen, blozend' spullen
Kannen met vurig' tee vullen
De herstel alle vermogens
zal niets in haar weg van' wording

haar hoofd zakt zwak in mijne arme
Toestop zij, en fluister:"Goedenacht."
Zachte aaien haar weken haren
Al voor deze mooie zeemeermin

*She is seen, just one time
She is changed, but welfare true
You can lie with your tongue
But with your eyes you cannot*

*Are upright generous-minded
Striving her remedy quickly
Reshaped and modest rest
That's what favour is subjected to*

*Dedicate, bring, blooming belongings
Filling vessels with glowing tea
The recovery all the capacity
Nothing shall stand in her way of becoming*

*Her Head slips slowly in my arms
Blanketing her and whisper „Good Night“
Gently snuggle her soft hair
Everything for that adorable mermaid*

[no date]

I don't deserve you. I'm beset by doubts. I can't stop thinking. I was saying to myself that I'll be aloner forever. I don't deserve you being in my head. You deserve what you are asking for. You understand all of it. You won't be surprised but bored from what I left behind. You see the doubts that are betraying me now. You are happy even with people around you. We must see the truth in-between us. We don't feel for no reason. We are. You are with me. And I am with... with a part of you. It's splitting myself apart. It's a secret. It hates to be seen. It knows best what will happen. It's going to kill me if I withstand it alone. It already started.

The evil in me talks to me. He asks for my opinion, I won't answer him. Beating him with the only weapon no higher being can use. Ignorance. I was fighting this human natured weapon since I was born. Am I just making humans easier being kept under control? Maybe I am the devil. No, I did not kill when i had the chance. I am not evil. No evil power was controlling me. Am I good? No, I wish people suffering. I won't make them suffer by myself. Am I? No evil acts and no good intentions evidence the opposite.

I want to kill myself just to dodge the meeting with the mother of my rationality. I want to see her but I don't want to talk to her. That has been done way too often for nothing. With her I am alone. Without her I'm insane. Now guess what I prefer.

I don't feel lonely, I feel left alone. I'm thankful to everything that happened. But no one is able to hear that when I'm left. Too bad.

I can't sleep trying to think about whatever needs to be thought of. It's nice to see the sun go down. Backwards.

Since when do I write in English? ag1s shall be able to read it. She is the answer to all the questions I need someone else to answer with me. She is perfection. I would love to say I love her. I would also write that I'm scared of what will happen then, but NO! I'm not! I want to see her. And then I want to give her the most emotional embracement for such a long time. She will enjoy it. And then she will smile at me. :)

Feels like madness, waiting to dream with you, is the most beautiful, it's just us, and the whole omniverse of fantasy. I think about you. The whole day. I can't wait to see you again. And the whole night I am thinking. What am I thinking. All the time I think I need to think, but I'm just missing the silence of going to work, the silence of the same environment fading away every day. And most of all the silence of a strong each other in a dialogue.

I was able to fill a page with thoughts about you. The poem I was about to write for this person doesn't seem like it wants to be finished. I don't want to lie. I can't write lies. That's why I have such problems finishing it. I'm happy I wrote about you instead.

I'm glad I met you. Thinking about you is not like switching to the better side, but to stand above both, deciding beauty. It is, what I am alone. You are, what we are together.

I'm writing my unintended diary in English for you. I'm up all night for you. I'm sorry. I like to think silently. The night is silence. And breakfast to strengthen the mood. I think too much. I want to talk with you, so I want to share it. But it would be too much, which explains your dream. You want me, but my output can scare you. Don't let yourself be controlled by prejudice. You just need to get used to me partly. More is not possible. But since you need your own silence sometimes, that wouldn't be a problem for you.

... both.

14.08.2014

Ich bringe nur Gutes.

Ich tauche auf und bestärke jeden in den Gedanken die er hat. Es führt meistens zur Handlung, aber immer mit gewolltem Ergebnis. Ich stelle alles und jeden in Frage. Sobald du mich siehst, wird dir klar, dass du Probleme hast. Oder du freust dich mich zu sehen. Ich persönlich habe keine Probleme. Ich fordere mich selbst nur heraus, meine Grenzen zu überschreiten. Das macht mich aggressiv, da es mir dadurch immer an etwas fehlt, aber nie an Ausgleich. ag1s du bist mir ans Herz gewachsen. Du siehst mich klar. So, oder so. Ich möchte dir mein Lächeln schenken, auf dass es ewig in Erinnerung bleibt, auch ohne Pause. Ich möchte dir sagen wie wichtig du bist, aber möchte nicht über mich reden. Eigentlich bin ich jedem Menschen dankbar für alles, Zweifel, Infragestellungen und jedes Hervorrufen eines schlechten Gefühls, aber

bei dir ist das anders; Welche schlechten Gefühle? Ich bin dir dankbar, dass du immer bei mir bist.

I only cause good.

I appear and strengthen everyone in their thoughts. Most of the time it leads to an act, but always with an intended result. I'm questioning all and everything. As soon as you see me, you will see that you have problems. Or you're simply glad to see me. I personally have no problems. I only challenge myself to exceed my own bounds. That makes me aggressive because that's the reason I'm always missing something, but never in balance. ag1s you grew dear to me. You see me clearly. That way or another.. I want to give you my smile so that it will stay forever in memory, even without a pause. I want to tell you how important you are, but I don't want to talk about me. Actually I'm grateful for everyone's everything, doubts, questionings and every cause of a bad feeling, but

with you it's something else; Which bad feelings? I am thankful, that you are always with me.

15.08.2014

At first it was beautiful to finally leave, to finally have a break of the thought that I'm breaking you up with someone. It was like seeing all the beauty again. But the closer I got to my destination of leaving, the more I felt my heart pounding stronger, my throat swollen by sorrow and the reminding of every situation, of every moment, of every word we had. I miss you, ag1s, more than I've ever missed anyone. If I come back, I hope you're welcoming me with open arms, just one hug we both wish for so much, so long. I will never let you go then, I will do everything to make you happy. Even if I die doing so. You shall not be disappointed for any reason. If you're about to cry, I will give you my arms to tear up. I don't think crying is bad, no. It's rather the proof of really loving someone in the deepest of your heart. You make me want to cry whenever I'm not distracted enough from letting my feelings lead my thoughts. I'm far gone. Even though you know how to find me, I feel lost. Lost in the wish for fulfilling yours, too.

To be with you, I love you.

16.08.2014

Dear ag1s,

In every second moment of waiting for something distracting after minutes of silence, we are suddenly meeting somewhere. The meeting is perfect. You brush your hair behind your ear. Seeing it, is feeling slow. You're taking your time for doing so. Your eyes move to me – I've never seen them that clear before – they are shining with happiness through the reunion. It's your first time seeing me after your dream. Sometimes you don't know that it's me. Everything around us fades out. There is only you and me and the memory of the paths we can take. My eyes can see them clearly and I'm hoping you trust me. You're always happy to see me.

Sometimes there is an ephant with you. I can't remind you of who I am when he's close, so I ask him to leave. He has nothing to say and those times in which he's not leaving, I can see in your eyes that you wish he had. So we are bound to staring at each other, to not lose a single moment we have. Forced to use no words. I am happy to see you. I have seen you and I will see nothing else from now on. Just a bit more... please stay... . When I open my mouth, and take a deep breath to ask you gently for a single hug although you don't remember who I am, someone's breaking the silence, smashing the imagination to pieces, waking me up of my daydream of every second moment of waiting for something distracting after minutes of silence.

I miss you.

16.08.2014 ; 2

Dear ag1s,

Today I've been hurt unluckily. Please don't laugh when I tell you how. Well, or join me doing it. When I was lying in a hammock, I've turned to look somewhere else, when my lower leg passively twisted around making my outer tendon feel like it's going to snap and lock my knee to a forever hurting, static form, so I kicked my whole leg into the stretched position to prevent that bad thought of a consequence to persist being in my head. That sounds all bad, but it happened. Yes, I really have been hurt lying around. Doing nothing. And actually, that's what I fear. The fear of being hurt badly if there will ever be a moment in which I don't love you. This is a good fear, it helps me believing in your right decision. You still might ask if there is a wrong decision. No. As long as I love you, I won't be hurt, whatever your decision is. You don't want to hurt anyone.

You won't hurt me, even if you decide to leave me.

I will always love you.

17.08.2014

Dear ag1s,

My brother gave me a short story he wrote. To hear my "imbiased" opinion. Like I'm the zen master of writing, the fairest feedback, the mysterious artist who's always there without anyone having a clue on why he is called artist. That's what people called me for a long time, "the independent observer".

The story was like being in a world, while actually being on a world with another world next to it, and another world next to it on the other side, while actually being on a world those worlds are based on, without mentioning that you're in the world which is based on the world you've actually been on in the beginning. Everything made sense. But there was nothing you could hold yourself at in the story. No chance to prejudice, no chance to fortify your own version of the story while reading it. Reading without being able to.

It reminded me of you in the worst emotional days. Seeing you without being able to. No chance to prejudice, no chance to fortify a mood to the situation while living it. Nothing you could hold yourself at. But everything made sense.

I'm lost.

17.08.2014 ; 2

Dear ag1s,

I'm sorry, I'm not used to it. The acceleration of 250HP running on the road. The loud bass line-up of changing my laughing face to pure physics lead by the producers acoustic art, the adrenaline after a show reaction, the listening to strangers speaking foreign languages in the train, the water of a source at the bottom of a mountain, the quiet atmosphere of the rooms I'm sleeping in, the picture of you I secretly saved just to think about you without being able to use words, too. Everytime, I don't expect it to be as I remember it. Everytime a known situation becomes a new one. Everytime, I'm happy to feel again. And everytime I imagine you're smiling at me, I lose the need to ask for something new.

I'm happy to see you.

17.08.2014 ; 3

Dear ag1s,

think about a hug. Think about the warmth you feel in your heart when someone you love slowly puts his arms around you. Imagine those arms to gently press your whole body against his. Close your eyes and listen to him whisper: "Lovely ag1s; your soft arms are melting my frozen heart... ". The hug still feels as gently and determined as in the beginning. Timeless and emotional. Still whispering: "You make me feel home again... home, where my real love is... . You are."

After hours you open your eyes again. The day has changed to night. Shocked by the passed time you ease your arms, accidentally ending the hug, yet you don't regret it. After saying bye, you lie down in your bed. Wondering. You still feel his arms around you. Imagine this person was me.

18.08.2014

Dear ag1s,

It's hard to believe there is hope,

if there is a black wall where you remember to find it.

It's hard to believe there is hope,

if all you can see is a mountain shooting straight up in the sky.

It's hard to believe there is hope,

if its rocks become brittle and make you fail as you climb.

It's hard to believe there is hope,

if even on the solid one's heavy rain makes you slip.

It's hard to believe there is hope,

if far away on the horizon the black clouds don't seem to end.

It's hard to believe there is hope,

if there's no shelter but the wind turbulent.

It's hard to believe there is hope,

if the heavy rain is cold and the need for warmth urgent.

It's hard to believe there is hope,

if the flood washed away every part of your tent.

But always remember: No matter how far she is away, no matter how thick a wall of clouds could ever be, no matter how strong your obstacles fight you,

The sun is always shining and trying to brighten up your day.

18.08.2014 ; 2

Dear ag1s,

maybe you already figured it out, but I'm writing you. Yes indeed I do. Just to ensure you know that my thoughts about you are limited – I-I-mean endless, but limited to positive, I write you another letter every day. We should meet each other badly, because I really want to see you really badly. Diving deep must be really awesome with you. Someone told me it brings lovers closer together, probably because of a stronger gravity when you are closer to the core. People say "still waters are deep", too, so how about we go to vacation together, to the dead sea maybe? I'm just trying to be friendly to you. Nah, just kidding, I'm just trying to be awkward for your entertainment!

Have a nice day!

18.08.2014 ; 3

Dear ag1s,

I'm taking a deep breath. The clock is ticking. It is ticking for so long. Minutes must be passing by and I just started to breathe in. The sleeping cat starts wagging its tail. It stops again. 'What are you doing right now?', I was wondering about this when I started breathing in. Just asked in words this time. I stop. The clock is ticking. It's slow. Although it's fast enough to listen, it's slow. The accuracy of my thinking makes me believe I'm awake. It's so quiet without you. As I breathe out, I realize I've been holding my breath for several minutes without noticing it, and all the used air, all the slow thoughts, all the rhetorical questions are blown away to be replaced with fresh air, usual speed of thinking and enough patience to answer unanswered questions with ease. I'm standing up from my lazy stance,

I'm writing you a letter now.