Mirage-d: Milestones in Dating

You will feel like you're wandering aimlessly in the desert, that no one out there will get you, or want to get you.

March 31, 2019 By Jen Hodson

People ask me about dating a lot. How's It going? Have I found the one? For the most part I've been going through the motions — going out on dates, meeting new people and having lovely conversations. We leave having said the usual pleasantries and maybe we'll speak again, but most likely we won't.

Right now, as of writing, it's 7:44pm, I have a glass of bourbon next to me, and I'm contemplating my first heartbreak since this all this began. Part of me is sad, the other part Is happy that this heart is still working. "Oh, don't be so epic," you'll say… but I won't. Because epic is the name of the game, and I know it's out there. It's not the most extreme heartbreak I've ever felt. It's not the deepest. It almost feels like a slap on the wrist, foolish girl, believing everything right away, where were your walls?

I promised to share everything here, the good, the bad, the ugly. Put me in any social situation and I will undoubtedly control it or move with it flawlessly. It's part of who I am. But I knew that eventually, when dating, I would hit a wall that pushes back, wakes me up and reminds me of who I am. That beautiful wall that's a part of a building I shouldn't be visiting.

Why am I sharing this? To put up some sort of epic status? No. I'm writing this for the other survivors out there who are blindly trying to find love when the world has told them they might not. You will feel like you're wandering aimlessly in the desert, that no one out there will get you, or want to get you. You'll see this beautiful place to rest, with the most intense stare, the most promising words, the most hidden struggles. And you'll stop for a moment and think the oasis is real.

And just like that it'll disappear, and you'll think that your heartbeat racing, your walls falling, your soul showing was the stupidest thing you've ever done. I mean, I sip my bourbon and I want to slap myself. But the thing about the mirage is, it's only motivated me to know the real thing is out there. Don't be discouraged, old gal, it's all part of the game.

So, call me silly. So, call me stupid. So, tell me to put my glasses on. Watch where I'm going next time. But I won't call it regret. Because nothing makes me happier than knowing I can still feel in the most epic of ways… and someday I'll find that oasis.

If you’re in the desert with me, you will too.

Post Script: I’m sure you’ll want to know the specifics here, but it’s not my intention to do that. If you think this post might be about you, it probably is. And on your path to being a better human, you should try harder.

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