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SEXING

TRAVELING

THE PRECIPICE

BOSS BABES



in the matter. It's never a slow build up. It's never something I can feel coming on like a cold or rainy weather.

No. This is how it happens. One day, I wake up and come to the startling realization that I'm on the precipice. And the variation I is a superior I in next second, I'm falling. Or maybe it's not right when I wake up. Maybe it decides to sneak up on me at the most inconvenient of times, just for fun. To mix things up. Like on a first or second date with someone else, like in the middle of a sentence I can't remember how to finish, like during sex with another guy. It never ceases to simultaneously amaze, surprise,

 $shouldn't\ have\ mattered\ anyways\ since\ I\ had\ plans\ with\ someone\ else,\ a\ friend\ I\ had\ slept\ with\ many\ times\ before.\ He\ was the property of the property o$ sleeping over, and I was determined to be present as we talked and laughed and caught up and kissed. I failed miserably but aged to act adequately enough. Until the lights went out, the clothes came off, and he was doing everything—I mean everything—right. But to my absolute shock and horror, I couldn't get into it. I couldn't unsee the pretty pair of hazel unbeknownst to me until then.

At that moment, I swore aloud. My friend asked me what was wrong, and I told him I was on the precipice. Again. How did I find my way back to a place I consciously tried to forget, a place to which I threw away the map and key, with no im

free-flowing conversation, natural laughter, endless wandering through this charmingly walkable city, and a second date nned before you've even had the chance to stall in front of your walkup. But those hazel eyes followed me around, mak it impossible to see anyone else as I fell through the dense and foggy darkness, one that I had learned early on as a likely tunnel to heartbreak.

Just like that, I was thrown off the precipice, tumbling and terrified that while we may not have been physically exclusive just yet, we sure as hell were emotionally exclusive. Just like that, it was serious. Just like that, I decided to close my eyes and hope that this time, I would stick the landing.

Image via Tumblr

DATE DATING FALLING HEARTBREAK RELATION



venty-something living in New York City with too many interests and not ough time in the day. She works at a boutique ad agency next to her favorite building, the Flatin spends a lot of time in parks with coffee. She frequents food festivals, listens to science podcasts, explor comedy clubs, and writes, a lot. She diaries the moments and conversations in her life, writing mostly out dating, love, and sex in the city on her blog, Here's The Thing

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