

When You Mattered Every Second:

Authenticity of knowing the first, and committed with the purest intention.

AR. Scholar



I could not publish because of an unfulfilled promise.

My works have been accompanied by the consumption of reading yours and knowing you. The growth rate of publication, by means of journal or scientific archives - is possibly penetrating by your support. My growth, or - our growth, requires, you.

On the other hand, regardless of the degree of intervention that exists on the "survival side", to publish to not perish - and to publish, to prove you the worthy of me. This survival building requires an investment, and me learning to forgive myself and forgive us.

I wanted you to be my first. With the highest intention.

Your soul, your spirit, your face - entraps me. Though, our relationship appears less real, and endured an unhealthy interruption.

I wake up with remorse and sleep with lost thoughts, of not doing something for myself. For betraying more of myself and those who truly care for me. Telling me to leave, to move on, to go.

Then again, I choose to still chain myself. To commit. To devote. And to be loyal. To wait. To hold on until you will come. So I can be more submissive to the generosity that you may have for me.

I have walked the dessert, thirsty for a very long time. I arrived to find myself standing at the cliff edge, with not much time left. I looked down, there was a river.

I either be leaping, in grace to survive for more resources. To be dead, or begin a new life.

I have to write.

I have to somehow, pen down for myself. And even if it means alone, and not knowing whether I can still survive "with or without" me, and "with or without" you with me.

And, on one hand - I was looking at you more closely. I see your happiness. I see your innocence. I see much playfulness that I want to be part of.

I looked at myself in the mirror. How can I be playful once more, innocent, free, happy, and contented? How can I dismiss this commitment or loyalty that I tied myself to you, though you choose to not participate, and wanting to exist in this path?

I will be selfish to also be waiting, yearning, or missing you.

I will be loving to set you free, and let you be you.

My interest to leave this special first publication space is still left with much to be justified. Where is the worth and what should be the first now? Do the first really matters anymore now, and how so in future?

If I wait and pause forever - will progress ever happen?

At present, is a matter of me. Any wiser scholar, who has been losing out for years, and submissive to huge investment for a special one - for a long time; can now have self-motivations.

A self-act to add more value to oneself.

A self-act to promote efficiency in work, research, or new event directions.

For uncertainty continues, for uncertainty mirrors to me.

I only could translate the remains of my devotion, love, and commitment through my spirit, soul, and different way of expression.

Regardless of what come may.

And on the uglier side of events that took place.

And how future readers and myself will reflect on this:

I know deep down - you are my first, and I choose you. This scholar and "one of a kind" journey, is truly an interesting loyalty and commitment, that I tear upon each day and each night.

I do want to express all these in one simple universal word.

I want to type and pen it down.

Yet, I can only be wiser - because this feeling and commitment I built over time to you - can appear to be a crime (or wrong).

Forgive me, if this is wrong to you.