

Never Enough - Nunca Mucho (August 13, 2023)

It is not a problem old friend, although we seldom share emotions, I care deeply for you. Most relationships I have that have any sort of emotions, are with women, and are rife with a sense of guilt where I make, what may appear to be extraordinary sacrifices for women I love, and yes, I love them and want the best for them, but ultimately it is about escaping the guilt I feel for knowing that whatever a man does for a woman, it is never enough. It is simply a momentary escape from the questions that return asked and replied by the voices inside my mind.

"Have I done enough?"

"No."

"Is there more I could do?"

Well, yes probably."

"Was there more to give?"

"Yes."

"So, are you just a pretense of decency?"

"Possibly. But that is not what I want."

"Maybe you will be absolved if you try again and give more and better this next time?"

"Thank you for giving me another chance to redeem myself, I really want to do right by you and give it all this time around.

"Okay, maybe I'll give you another chance?"

"Please, please, please give me another chance....."

He has no talks of this sort - in his head in the relationship with his friend or with other men. There is no need. He knows their version of that conversation in their minds and that is probably repeated most often and most loudly in the relationships they have with the women that matter to them. Yes, one way of dealing with this voice is to limit the number of relationships with women. Or, to at least limit those relationships, as many men do to ones without the intimacy of emotions that express a man's feelings and the intimacy in which a man hears and feels and understands a woman's emotions.

But at this age and point in life, he finds himself in familial relationships with many women, rich with the array and depth of feminine emotions, and at best feeling that he has not and will never do right by any one of them, much less all of them. And his rational man knows this to be true. But the man's psyche knows no boundaries and a man's mind can be that of a child with no walls or boundaries to protect him from the inadequacies he feels as a man-child, especially toward any woman, that he can in part feel, has for a moment that he remembers, treated him decently. And now he is forever in debt to them for that moment and daily he craves a ritual of doing something for one, or each one, by which and for which, he may receive some token of her approval, which to him is a cornerstone of his feeling the possibility of love by and from her and his being capable, not to love himself, but perhaps for another day, to live with himself.

Again, you are a man. And you can understand.

But try and explain this to a woman, and especially one with a possessive desire, and in one moment she will acknowledge that she understands the man and his psyche laying before her as a helpless and naked child, but in the next moment she will demand of that psyche, what the logic of a man knows is not possible for him to perform, and even when or if he could do such for her, it would only satisfy her for a few moments.

And so the man begins the morning with feet in the soil and shoulder pressed into the stone before him, looking up at the mountain into which he must again roll the stone, facing the exhaustion that will come and the inevitable failure as the familial sirens wait, waiving and calling him from the peak, beckoning him to bring them that stone.