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## To my love

by Vera Gajic

I cannot explain why I did these things.

I have searched long and hard for the reason I hurt you so much that you felt you had to say the ultimate goodbye but I have been unable to find it. I am admitting defeat.

I am unable to find a way into the hidden depths of my mind to ask the question and root around for an answer, to find the key to unlock the secrets within.

Under hypnotherapy, I spent a lot of time on imaginary beaches and up mountain sides searching in dark caves for clues, none forthcoming, but it did help me give up smoking, which I know you hated.

A year of psychotherapy made me blame it all on my mother, I soon realised my dear sweet mother could not be to blame and that it would take another 20 years of weekly sessions to discover the cause through that route, and, to be frank I couldn't afford it, emotionally or financially. I salute you for doing it for five years, though ultimately you too found it didn't help.

I then moved onto more esoteric paths. I enjoyed the Shamans and the trance-like dancing was a joy, albeit momentary, and without answers. Past life regression revealed no past lives, which was disappointing. The final and most painful was the Peruvian Ayahuasca drug retreat, days of vomiting and diarrhoea revealed a sorry state of a person, not someone I want to meet again. That put an end to my search and the start of my acceptance.

I may never know why I did these things but I am sorry and I hope that as you look over me you know that I loved you, I love you still and even though I cannot give you an answer when we meet over the other side, as I am sure we will, it will not matter.