

# CONFIDENTIAL

## Arielle London



*“Add sugar to lemonade, make sure to stir.”*

- Arielle London

**Dedication:**

For me, Arielle, a formidable woman.

## **Preamble:**

God's smoke is everywhere.

Ether for their non-souls.

They won't win.

God wins.

My entire life has felt like a one handed cartwheel on a high balancing beam.

These last few years as a woman, have felt like somewhere out there individuals are trying to demand from some machismo non-comprehending the macho man song non-perspective that since I can and have before done a one handed cartwheel on a high balancing beam, it's like they're trying to insinuate and push the feeling on me that I should always be doing that in some way in some sense. I've felt the pressure. Their tech nature will crash.

I continue with grace.

No pressure.

Leisure. Luxury. Freedom. Liberty.

Trust.

## **Chapter 1:**

It's 12 PM noon on a Saturday in Springtime and I just broke up with my boyfriend.

Actually, that was at 1 AM.

A lot has happened since then.

At 2 AM I arrived at an ex's house.

At 3 AM I was safely nestled in the arms of said ex.

At 4 AM I was countless orgasms into an intimate moment with my ex.

At 5 AM I was asleep in his bed.

At 8 AM I was walking around his house naked.

At 9 AM I was countless orgasms into a new day.

At 10 AM I was home making breakfast.

At 11 AM I was done eating my 5-course breakfast and ready to take myself on a brief morning walk with coffee in a pink Nike water bottle.

And now, at 12 PM, I am writing this book.

Best of all, at midnight I released a new song, a cover of one of my favorite songs from the 1990's, Gabrielle's 'Dreams,' celebrating my 4-Year anniversary as a published author.

No matter how much a hater, or a closet hater, or an outed-closet hater wants to try... celebrations will still take place. Nature will provide.

That's just the way it went.

The way I even messaged my ex is so interesting because if my ex hadn't been so horrible to me on the phone I would have been with him. Instead, I was at home available, updating apps when I opened a message inbox while my other ex was online.

One man's missed opportunity is another's opportunity to seize.

Weekends in Montreal are awesome. The city lends itself to being a very nice weekend experience. There are so many choices, and good choices I should say, for what to do on a given day in Montreal, Quebec.

Affordability is a key factor in why this is so true, but the options range from free in monetary cost to costly in monetary cost for leisure activities in Montreal, and the choice is really yours on what to do. Personally, I would love to go for a walk on Mont Royal, but because I only

slept a few hours last night and I predominantly really want to work on writing today, I intend to chill in bed for a bit, and that will most likely take up when I'd otherwise be available for hiking today.

Truth be told, I typically always would rather be going for a dope hike on Mont Royal. That is one of my favorite things to do. So I'm used to having to occasionally adult my way to a schedule that makes more sense than hiking on Mont Royal everyday.

I could go for a quick jog there on a writing break later on, but as far as a relaxed long hike on the mountain goes, today is not the day.

I worked out plenty last night and this morning.

Actually, my ex did most of the work. (That's funny either way you comprehend the statement.)

Pleasure is the best way to start the day. Release is a great way to start the day. Lovemaking is an amazing way to start the day. Sex with a good partner is awesome.

I broke up with my now-ex boyfriend and did not realize until today that we weren't having sex. I know that seems odd to say that I did not notice, of course in many ways I noticed... but, in the most literal sense of the sentiment, I was not overwhelmed with the fact we were not having sex. For me, that's a part of the whole relationship

situation. I am pretty regular in the likes-to-have-sex-with-their-partner category, in that I do. But, I am slightly gobsmacked to reveal to us all really (cause there you are, reading this book, audience members) that I got back together with an ex and we did not have sex once in the entire time we were back together for a few months.

That's weird.

You know it's weird.

Re-read that paragraph... I'm about to, hold on...

The only thing I would like to add to that paragraph's sentiments is that he was very intimate with me and romantic in certain other ways. I guess some people feel as though they should give some and not all. Or perhaps some people feel they should portion control and ration the way they dole out their love.

I cannot relate.

The official breakup took place for many reasons, but the indicator was actually... he got very verbally abusive with me and the way he was talking to me he had never even come close to once talking to me like that before. I don't know who he was trying to fool, but the actions were in line with some other disrespect and failings as a boyfriend I had been noticing from him. And, I also saw something



I'd never seen from him before, which I'm assuming is he's a user of some sort of drug... He must have really hid that from me, and now a lot of our encounters make sense with that new knowledge.

I've never dated someone who is a user of drugs. I've never dated an alcoholic. What I mean by that is, I've never dated an addict. Which is not surprising because I have no addictive qualities in my own personality, so I've never been attracted to or matched up with anyone who has addictive qualities either.

It was like being on the phone with someone else knowing fully that that was him, a side to him I had never seen. The aggression he threw my way was intentional. It matched certain other weird patterns I would occasionally see from him, which is why the decision to break up with him was that much easier to make.

The phone call was like the maraschino cherry on top of a fully prepared chocolate covered banana split sundae. Everything was there, every reason existed for me to breakup with him, and whatever happened on that phone call solidified my decision... and prompted it. Full-fledge banana split for real.

Breaking up with anyone whom you have strong feelings for is not an easy endeavor in general, however, sometimes the actual action of the breakup is more simple

to do simply because something specific that has been lingering becomes very very clear.

Real life is not high school. In fact, most good high school teachers teach that at high schools. So, continuing with life and meeting your day's goals as intended is required of the adult experience as a human on Planet Earth.

I broke up with my ex and continued my day as it was before, updating apps and it just so happens that led me to an Inbox where someone who wanted to treat me better was online and happy to do so.

Moments before I booked a car to go to my ex's house last night after my breakup, I had come close to booking a car to go and see my as of 1 AM now ex-boyfriend. If he hadn't been belligerently high or wasted (or both) and drunk off his own conflated sense of self and ego based upon a false perceived power differential between us two, and been highly verbally abusive, than ya, I might have gotten into a car and shown up at his house. But, instead I went and spent a night with someone I knew would enjoy my company as well and enjoy his actual areas of dominance correctly by engaging in really wonderful sex.

## **Chapter 2:**

Guess who called and interrupted my mid-day nap on Sunday...

You don't have to guess, you already know I'm talking about my 1 AM ex.

He also "magically" found himself in my neighborhood. Showed up on his two feet.

He showed up around the corner actually, which isn't surprising, he was here with me last week.

He also planned a romantic public date.

After the fact... after the breakup.

I went for a conversation and a kiss. Some sort of goodbye type interaction.

Admittedly, I did not know how to feel about kissing him after having had sex with my other ex. A lot was expressed and while I knew I was definitely broken up with my newly allocated label of 'ex-boyfriend' ex, I knew it might hurt my ex I spent the night with after the breakup.

I'm human.

I still love my ex. Both of them actually. My intensity towards and with both of them as partners is similar.

When I was ready I met up with him (being in my neighborhood and all) and I expressed a lot. I included the fact that I still have feelings for him but that we are definitely broken up. I also told him that I was going to walk away from him and he was going to see me do that, which he had never seen before... and then I did just that and he saw just that.

At exactly midnight actually.

New day, new week.

Before walking away, I expressed my frustrations with the fact that we are now broken up and that he hurt me really badly, emotionally that is... "sorry" was said, but what does that really mean? Without corrected behavior, that type of sorry is just a false promise.

I was angry, so angry I came up with the name for a Pokemon called "Angers."

It's not that I wanted to kiss him or didn't want to kiss him, I just knew I was going to see him and anticipated that might happen.

I'm very loyal, so I did not know how I was going to feel about doing that after sleeping with my other ex. It's one thing if he understands that I'm going through a breakup, but that's still hurtful. I knew feelings were expressed by both of us when I saw him but it was one-hour after breaking up with an ex I've known since childhood.

We played a lot of sports as kids, especially during my tomboy phase, so we occasionally playfight and roughhouse... but something happened that is more than metaphorical and heartbreaking... I can't ignore it. I won't ignore it.

I can't remember what provoked it, but he lightly tapped my booty with a kick so I pushed him... But I didn't just push him... I pushed him in his chest, pushing his heart away from me.

I don't think that's insignificant.

I know too much to think otherwise.

### **Chapter 3:**

In 2010 I was in Geneva, Switzerland.

The Masters degree program offered an optional trip to Geneva, Switzerland to go to UN Headquarters. I chose the program for many reasons.

Not all decisions are evaluated the same. Different time periods. Decisions are made every single day. Completing a Master's degree at the time didn't seem like a controversial acquisition. In fact, schooling is typically seen as "the safer route," interestingly enough, for me it was rather capitalistic. Already a young businesswoman at the time, that made for some unexplored yet territory.

The traditional methodology of evaluation of pedagogy is evaluating writing. I completed multiple degrees including those from The Faculty of Arts. As a writer and an artist, functions for me.

Especially since I went into Hip-Hop as well, an industry with edge.

It's a decision to write that essay on that subject matter. Every Hip-Hop article I ever wrote I was aware of my movements as a documentarian of an important culture. Hip-Hop News Media is almost as much of a minefield as acquiring dangerous education. I've made so many comparisons between traditional education and Hip-Hop

education. I even did so in an article as a Contributing Writer to Global Grind. I'm an enthusiastic member of Hip-Hop culture as an artist and sometimes Hip-Hop PRESS Journalist. It's an honor to document Hip-Hop. I'm glad my affinities for classic education, trusting the source, enthusiasm for bibliographies and accreditations have contributed to my contributions to Hip-Hop News.

I chose to study International Children's Human Rights Law early on in my academic career. I flew across The Atlantic Ocean to study Human Rights at UCL for a Masters degree, and I did so to specialize in the field of Children's Rights. It's my MA that comes up in conversation all of the time! I graduated in 2011, a scintillating time period for human rights on Planet Earth. It's over a decade later, I'm an author and Hip-Hop artist and my UCL schooling specialities, accomplishments, accreditation and studies come up all of the time.

Good is good, but my goodness.

Dr. Saladin Meckled-Garcia is the programme director of my MA at UCL. Amazing lecturer, he literally wrote the textbook on the standardization of Human Rights. Great book. Marvelous instructor.

I chose the United Nations field trip. Switzerland.

That is the most direct example as an activist I could make to protect our future. I stand by it. As an activist.

I chose right.

My ex wouldn't be able to lie to my friends in this city about who he is. We know some of the same people.

So who the fuck is he to think he can lie to me?

I've always said that truth is stranger than fiction, I've always said that. Well, since I became an adult.

Why lie when reality is so abundant in experience?

I know what my life is.

I'm the authority on my life experience.

Vision on fleek, da fuq.

Green eyes and all.

I can say that about me.

You cannot. Not about me.



## **Chapter 4:**

I saw my ex again. Breaking up is difficult but I see it happening every time I see him. I think he can see it too.

I'm in my thirties, which means marriage and the concept of settling down with someone is more at the forefront. From me, from suitors, from a boyfriend...

My ex was talking a lot about proposing before I broke up with him. I'm not sure he fully grasps how close to being completely over he and I might be.

Sometimes I feel as though he conducts himself in a teenage emotional maturity way with me. Even worse than that, some of our dynamic includes our dynamic as children. That's a positive and a negative in this scenario. I'm not a child, and in fact, I'm not one of those adults who misses high school days, in any way. I'm happy to be an adult. I feel good about where I am at in terms of many different aspects of my life. Certain things feel damn near impossible at times, but other elements are in line in a different way than they have been in the past.

They give me a lot of hope.

I have faith.

On the subject of my ex though... I don't know if he understands where our relationship is at, or more likely

isn't. I'm pretty sure he can see it though. Every time I walk away from him recently. I walked away from him yesterday without even saying a word. I knew I had to go and I left.

I heard a few text messages come in right after I walked away, but I stopped and turned around from a distance and did not see him. I did not see him come after me, just sent a text asking me to come back.

I knew he was not coming, I wanted to make sure.

He didn't even get up and follow me. I know his heart is breaking, I can feel it, mine is too. My ex who's house I went to the other day thank goodness really misses me and wants to love me... so he did. And he is. I still have feelings for him and I'm unwinding my relationship with someone else, which I think he understands, but there's feeling and emotions and then there's logic... not always in line and very often in these situations at odds.

I stood there looking back in his direction, having heard the text messages come in but not having checked them, and I waited, looking back. I saw nothing. No one.

So I continued walking away.

At around 1 AM he sent a text asking me to meet up.

I went to sleep.

## **Chapter 5:**

It's all good to logically and physically breakup with someone, but the idiosyncracies are a little bit more intricate and complex.

I saw my ex I've started dating again last night. I spent the night at his place. He told me I have to make a choice.

Things are moving so fast between the two of them I feel like their winds interact completely in unison fighting over me to love me. Making the air in the city a dry salt because they're salty they can't emotionally reach me.

I told Jason I already made a choice, but he meant I have to make a clean cut away from my other ex.

I think the biggest complication there is the history I have with him. When you have a connection like that with someone since you're a youngin' there are unknowns you both aren't aware of. Inside jokes you both get but don't know exactly why. Habits. Learned behaviors. That's not enough to maintain a good relationship though. It has to be a good one to be a viable relationship that will have any success. A good relationship is required, not just a relationship.

In general, romantic relationships are difficult to untangle. Well, they can be, they aren't always, and not all relationships are intended to be untangled. However, of

those that are, where real emotions exist they are sometimes intricately difficult to end. It's a breath of fresh air once you realize a bad relationship is over. When you realize you have severed the tie with an ex who wasn't good for you the feeling is liberating and freeing for spirit. Breakups in general have an element of 'messy' to them. It's a woman's natural instinct to care for a man she loves, so when I see my ex hurting because we're broken up I naturally want to love him... make it better. It's getting complicated there.

I shouldn't make this better.

I don't think he even can.

I don't think he has the capacity to be the person I need.

I think that's the realization.

I believe as a partner, as much as I love Sean... I don't think he can be the man I need for him to be.

I think he knows that too.

I don't even know if he wants to love me anymore, I think he's fully aware he's in love with someone he can't measure up to.

The relationship is over. I broke up with him. He's just here. Showing up at the threat of everything being over for me and him as a couple.

He's not really a regular guy, hasn't by any means had anything that can be described as a normal life. Neither have I, so perhaps he thought we would intersect in that way... but, I have a traditional and measured way I do things, and more than that where I've been, subscribed to and want for my future.

Jason has that.

Sean doesn't.

I think Sean knows that.

I think Jason knows that too.

Sean believes we're going to be together forever, and Jason wants to be and has planned for it.

Jason is really smart. Super smart, refined actually in a lot of ways, definitely knows how to have fun, but he enjoys the more adult activities and endeavors I enjoy.

Sean still feels to me like the same person who asked me to be his girlfriend while we were playing soccer at 7-years-old. He still feels like that guy. I think he held onto that moment a little bit viscerally because of what

happened to him within a few years of that. He was disappeared. I know where he was now, but he never spoke to me about it, just mentions here and there about how difficult it was. He never opened up to me about what happened, I think he didn't want to discuss it... but I think that moment where he asked me to be his girlfriend while playing soccer was a positive moment he held onto during some difficult times. My friendship as a child obviously meant a lot to him. It meant a lot to me also.

I can still see his childhood house from the back of mine.

Our story is obviously like Love & Basketball gone wrong.

I don't see Sean coming around on anything like Q, and I'm not Monica... I think I replaced him.

## **Chapter 6:**

As you distance yourself from a faulty relationship, that faulty relationship becomes crystal clear.

Unsettling so, hilariously so, ridiculously so, and exaggeratingly so.

For instance, I'm in the time period called "the throes of the breakup." This is a critical time period for the dissolution of a romantic connection.

Thing is, I threw myself into the arms of Jason.

(Good move, self.)

This is just naturally what happened. He also wanted to catch me, which I was not focused on when I leapt.

While I was with Sean, my now ex-boyfriend (so, as of technically last week), I was focused on the relationship and living my life in general. Yes, Jason was consistent with not leaving me alone. He kept trying to court me while I was with Sean after our breakup, which is helpful to know right now. There are so many different emotions flying all over the place right now, at least I can feel confident in the certainty of Jason's consistency. He still wanted to be with me after we broke up, that's a good feeling for me right now.

It's as if because when I break up with either Sean or Jason and then start dating the other one of the two, both are still interested in being with me. This is playing out to feel like they're both backboards to some sort of dating environment.

Normally I rely upon myself, friends, yoga, meditation, art, music, ice cream, a small support system of people, routine, emotional regulation methodologies on fleek, the classics to get through a breakup and it typically takes me time to move on between partners. This experience of both of them overlapping in communications with me and active romantic connection is a lot to me. It's different.

Completely different.

Emotions are definitely heightened right now. Especially for Sean, myself and Jason.

Also, my observations are especially astute, especially in the perspective of viewing Sean as perhaps unfit for Planet Earth. The problem is who he actually might be anti. So either way, I evoke my artistic license to express myself via the protection of Article 19, UDHR.

I'm a political person, activist, public policy scholar and theorist, writer, journalist, and citizen of Planet Earth. Planet Earth has really had an eventful past couple of years. Sean knows this, I know this and so does Jason.



So does everyone on some level who I encountered in 2023. Yikes.

Well maybe not everybody, I suspect there was a single socio-economic status demographic who may or may not have known what was going on because they had a more isolated and only partially social lifestyle at the time.

Anywho, Sean knows, Jason knows, and so do I. Sean even jumped into a bull pen type situation for me, his ultimate intentions will be revealed with time as everyone else's all are, but he seemingly heroically assisted me in a matter of ultimate importance at the time. It was much appreciated. I noted the markings from warfare on his attire when he met up with me when a particularly arduous and unpleasant moment of warfare was taking place.

So, since Sean knows, I know, Jason knows and so does everyone else who experienced that type situation, I feel comfortable with identifying the potentially highly political nature of my breakup with Sean.

I would be most disappointed with revelations unrighteous of his affiliations. I would be most affected, it is my life after all. I am coping with these potential revelations, however, I am focused on my day to day in general. This book is a very good façon for getting through a breakup. I think given mine and Sean's history and my writing inclinations, writing a book is the best way to deal with this.

There's way too much to unpack and I almost wouldn't even know where to begin talking to a friend about my breakup. Relationships are so private, and when an important/significant one dissolves there's a need to express yourself after. I could talk to a friend about certain aspects of the breakup: how I feel, what happened, details of emotional leaning, my concerns, my frustrations... but truth be told, my feelings on the subject right now are: to encapsulate or detail my relationship with my ex Sean I would need a full-length book to hand over to her and say "here."

There would be details of a school bus I met him on while he was eating Nutella toast in the morning, him asking me to be his girlfriend while we were playing soccer at the park across the street from my house, him sitting next to me in Math class during senior year in high school, college days seeing him at clubs, his Hip-Hop career, dating him in 2019 and not knowing it was him specifically, an airport that needed to be shutdown, prayers, our Hip-Hop careers intersecting, him joining me in a situation, and now him running around my city of Montreal in barely there special effects makeup.

Most up-to-date, a breakup.

I look forward to being past him in the future.

I basically ejected myself from his life, which if it was to be compared to a vehicle, felt like it was traveling fast in a reverse direction.

I tried to get him to turn around, I tried to hit his emergency brake, I even tried mine from a remote distance, but essentially I had to open the car door and take a tumble on safe earth and grassy terrain nearby.

Sean made the relationship public, through public media channels. That was his decision, I trusted him and I went with it. He also made it very public in a few different major cities.

He entrenched me in his public life and media image without discussing it with me and at his current stage of acceptance for the breakup, he's waging warfare against me and himself as he embarrasses only himself, losing his heart.

I pushed him away. I put my hands on his chest and I physically pushed him from me.

I also did that while we were in public...

So, now public elements of the relationship are fair game. At least for me to discuss as content for my publicly released literature.

What I mean is, I am a writer who writes about her life, that's the authorship side to my writing endeavors. He knows this and most people who read my material do as well. Even a lot of my social justice journalistic work includes personal anecdotes that illustrate an important point/intention of an article/piece of work. So, here we are.

Jason also made many things about our relationship public, so I guess this is just a thing that we do.

When I published Do You See You?, the relationship I detailed with my ex had been over for a very long time, almost a decade had passed in between occurrence and release. Practically approximately the same amount of time between occurrence and writing.

This I'm describing is taking place LIVE.

Different.

I'm also pretty good at distancing time and specificity of experience fact in my music too.

The Herstory Series of books I released for free in 2015 and 2016 did have an element of descriptive present tense, at least with subjectivity points, that I was comfortable with releasing for public viewership right away.

While I am fully aware of the entertaining elements of these ongoing from a third-party perspective , I want to comprehend the patterns between Sean and I that need to break.

I broke up with him and then spent almost half of every day last week with him after.

I haven't had a breakup like that in a while. Normally it's clear cut and we go our separate ways. A lot more adult. Sometimes though there are multiple concluding meetings... that can be normal for a breakup too. He decided to show up after I broke up with him. He did something similar last time we broke up, gaining interest at exactly the moment he lost me. Overinundating me with messages from random locations, poetry even, and then there was his public showing of agony on his social media.

He showed the public his messy breakup side to him very publicly.

One night I was going to have company (of which would not have been him), and he uploaded a video of himself driving recklessly and looking wildly into the camera screaming over loud music.

The caption read, "Having company over? I hope they all die!"

Then, he uploaded some videos to his blue checkmark verified social media of media interviews where he looks high off something strong and nodding off in the middle of the interview.

I asked The Universe to clean up his social media so that he wouldn't throw away his opportunities looking like an emotional wreck publicly, and he did.

Now his social media curation looks like a varsity football player who may or may not grace a microphone from time to time.

Different.

G2G.

## **Chapter 7:**

I was just laughing out loud at the concept of men fighting over me.

LOL.

It is funny.

Here's what happened:

I went celibate.

At a certain point, I publicly shared that I went celibate. It fit into my health journey I was describing by description so I even shared this on a platform as public as YouTube.

I guess that indicated to people 'single' as well.

I had never publicly disclosed my relationship status.

Not even on Facebook when it was considered highly important to do that early on the platform.

Not even then.

Muahahah.

Anywho, hahahahaha.

Okay.

So here's what happened:

I didn't focus on dating, I just keep career building every day.

Like LEGO blocks I won't put down.

That's very like me.

People kept trying to kill and torture me, but I kept saying, "hokay, cool... nah tho... I have a deadline."

And then I make my deadline.

So, I suppose some men noticed my beauty that was accompanying the messages I was posting.

Helen of Troy in the house!

Then there was a... quarrel of sorts.

Right now, Jason has won.

That is very pleasant, since much of my future I have actually planned with him.

Pleasant.



Certainly pleasant.

## **Chapter 8:**

Emotional damage!

Am I, right? (Of course I am.)

Look, most of you are traumatized in different ways. You know it. Even by proxy of what you just read in Part I you're a little damaged,

But on a real talk point, social justice related occurrences create a lot of emotional damage. And this breakup feels so consuming especially with the political points in play.

I'm very social lately. More social than I'd say is on average exactly normal given the parameters of the violence being committed against individuals who are prevented from seeing their loved ones on a daily basis.

Now that is a violation.

## **Chapter 9:**

I woke up asking myself a strange question this morning, “Why do I love my ex?”

By the question I mean... what are my reasons?

Love is not the type of entity that can be quantified, so there’s an element of the question that is unanswerable. But ultimately, I should be able to answer the question, if even just a little bit.

I know who I am.

Like, really know who I am.

I do formidable things, so I can only really be engaged romantically with formidable people.

Sean’s not someone I regularly talk about, so describing the intricacies of why I care about him is a little difficult. That’s talking about the relationship. I typically don’t do that.

Different people love differently. It’s one of the coolest parts about love. We all have our own love languages. We all express ourselves differently and respond to each other’s needs in different ways.

Sean loves me in a way where he needs me. In general, he needs me. Before the breakup, I felt like I needed him too. It's like he was created to live and survive life but there's a receptor in him that only I can fill. He knows it, and so do I.

It's a different response to me I've ever seen from any other being.

He also started contacting me over a decade ago via ESP. A lot... so much so I told a few friends over the years. He identified by name as Sean, and he is.

Now being now, I can say that.

As far as what he does for me, he's a friend a lot of the time, and sometimes he isn't. He's mostly prioritized around the idea of my physical survival as if he's traumatized by the concept someone might do something to me. I think his self-fulfilling prophecy creates a situation more often than not. He's imposed himself socially on men who try and get close to me before... Confronts them for wanting to date me... I don't know what's going through his mind when he does that shit, but there's the issue of when I want to be with someone else and I'm broken up with him... then he's just threatened by the concept of me being single and available to date, and then he's threatened by the guy I'm dating if I'm involved with someone specific.

I don't really have to ask myself the same questions about Jason, I don't have confusion on that. Which makes sense to say given that I'm actively involved with him right now.... But Sean... I don't know right now.

I love how he holds me. Hugs me. Kisses me. I used to enjoy doing shit with him, but lately over this past year he acts like he's almost always on edge. Being with someone is supposed to bring out the best in you, but we didn't. Neither one of us brought out the best in the other one's life. The match isn't good. It can't be. With that observation alone, maybe I can emotionally distance from him. He's been planning a bunch of really cute dates. Romantic even, but still not fitting entirely for a woman like me. Yes, I appreciate the thought and detail, and I know he knows I enjoy those dates... But, he's in a position to take me to Nobu. He's in a position to book a trip for us to Miami. He's in a position to send the Uber, or the car, so I can meet him at his house. I'm an independent person, but a man who doesn't contribute or court a woman becomes less attractive within a relationship. He's in a position to buy a ring and ask me if he can put it on my finger, and even though he always talks about it... he doesn't do it.

A month ago I knew if he asked I was going to say "Yes."

Now... I have no idea.

I ultimately am not going to be with a man who treats me in any way as less than I am. In any way.

And... I did break up with him.

One week ago. I've never seen him physically show up so many times, especially almost entirely unannounced, as this week.

The reaction you want from a man is the showing up before the breakup. But, I guess there is something admittedly normal about showing up after also. I can't get mad at that part. Not the part that is normal.

He's lost me or is in danger of completely losing me... so he's a bit more awake to the fact that he needs to do some things to treat me right.

It doesn't mean he's doing that entirely... but he is physically showing up.

I'm a very healthy person in that I respond to stimulus accordingly. So, what would be most attractive would be Sean having shown up like this and better while we were together and not after.

There's an element of that type of behavior that is natural male behavior, so I'm not going to harp on that.

I just sent him an onslaught of texts to one of his phones. I said a lot, told him off for the abuse and lack of respect, said some other important things but I ended it with this, “You think you’re the only person who matters but you can’t breathe without me Sean.”

## **Chapter 10:**

Attachment can be a bitch.

Sometimes you have an attachment to someone that can only be attributed to predominantly history.

There have been certain elements of my life that have included major survival situations. Sean has been connected to some of those. So you can argue that some of those experiences are deeply rooted in a shared trauma and reliance upon each other in those instances.

That's not all there is, but it is a major component and I'm honest enough to admit to that.

I know I have an attachment to him that isn't entirely healthy. I know there is a lot of emotion, meaningful emotion from both sides... we both have a lot of love for each other. We express that love emotively as well.

It's a connection I feel I can often sink into. Like a blanket that keeps you warm. It also feels almost always slightly irresponsible, which can sometimes (based upon the concept of temptation) feel desirable to do.

I think it's the type of relationship connection that can go bankrupt.

I think it has to.



Jason and I don't have an attachment.

## **Chapter 11:**

I spent the night with Sean last night. I'm actually back to see him again right now.

It's a rather intriguing scenario in terms of fidelity.

We broke up a week ago, and now he's around... almost every day. I'm not complaining about that necessarily, it is frustrating but I love him, so seeing him is really nice.

Thing is, I hooked up with Jason multiple times this week, and over the course of some days J and I talked about being back together. It was admittedly mostly him leading the conversation and me coming around to the idea sometime mid-week.

Yesterday he knew that I was going to see Sean and he said that he'd still be my boyfriend in the morning. Meaning, no matter what happens or happened between me and my ex, Jason still wants to be with me.

I'm happy about that, only slightly confused by it, but I get it. Sean and I have been linked since childhood, we love each other and are going through a breakup. Jason and him are... well, enemies? Nemesises? Each other's competition? Either way, whatever they are to each other, I am very very very very very faithful and very very very very loyal, so the way Jason sees it, he caught me off the rebound, he knows that some relationships take longer

than just one conversation to dissolve and he's certain he wants to be with me. He knows that I love him and he knows I love Sean. He's ultimately saying, long term this isn't going to be the scenario but right now it's messy, that's not your fault and I love you and want to be with you.

He's also keenly aware that we wouldn't be in this situation at all if we hadn't broken up a few months ago... which he takes most of the responsibility for. He didn't exactly leave after the breakup either... he more than lingered and made his presence very present even while I was with Sean properly.

*I don't feel great about this overlapping time period between the two of them, but I get both their positions. Sean lost me and doesn't want to lose me entirely so he's shown up, Jason just got me back and knows Sean and I need to breakup properly so he's willing to go through an awkward time period of reestablishing our relationship.*

I was celibate for a long time and since then I've only been with them two, over this past year. The idea of things being completely over between Sean and I is... overwhelmingly upsetting, but at the same time the notion of Jason and I not living out our future plans together is something I don't want to compromise either.

Sounds like I'm in a win-win right?

Like at least for me, this situation is zero-sum.

Maybe I should feel that reality more instead of feeling guilty for the good fortune of being loved by two great men.

I'm The Bridget Jones of Hip-Hop.

## **Chapter 12:**

I spent the other night with Sean again.

He's admittedly being awesome in a lot of ways.

Jason and him are still fighting over me, which isn't all that appealing to me. I know that there's blessing involved in that concept, the abstract of it might sound interesting, intriguing or even attractive to a lot of people. It's not that the concept in theory wouldn't have sounded interesting to me as an outside observer of someone else, but in practice there's an arduous nature to the entire ordeal.

For instance, if someone said to me "two men are fighting over me and they're both desirable and lovely in different ways" I would hear somewhere in the back of my mind a quote from *The Wire*, "that's one of them good problems."

I have that perspective.

I'm not oblivious to that point of view, but the practicability of it is, I don't want to not feel Sean hold me, and while Jason might have his challenging qualities as a person to be close to, I love how he looks at me. I mean, how he sees me as a person.

I love how Jason holds me too. A lot.

Jason knows what it means that I graduated from UCL, the impressiveness of the endeavor. Also, I didn't only go to UCL, I went and I studied Human Rights... there's a million reasons why he would know that's like hitting a jackpot bulls eye. I also went and contributed a new theory for public policy to the public policy discourse with relation to ICHRL International Children's Human Rights Law, The Child-Centric Framework, CCF.

Jason isn't threatened by my accomplishments.

Sean and I have a relationship mostly based a little bit more deep in the feeling and emotion of love, and Jason and I definitely have a lot of love, but our relationship is more structured around loving each other and loving life and wanting to excel. Which by description, is healthier. And, more in line with love.

I didn't want to break up with Sean. I felt I had to. That was only a little over a week ago, I don't feel any less in love with him as I did before the breakup. Especially since he showed up.

Either way, lately I know I've been feeling like Sean or Jason is more suitable to me depending on the day or even my mood. Or, the immediate stimulus they both give me. Of which, they're both engaging in a lot of behavior to try and solidify a relationship. Which is interesting, because they both have the capacity to do things that are more obvious, clear and successful in that endeavor...

and some of it always feels like they just don't take that measure with me.

Other women would demand those things up front, and I clearly have certain immediate needs right now they both can address in a way that shows more than relationship commitment, and also care, but they don't do it.

It's not like I also don't address it with both of them, it makes me feel like I'm on my own as I've always been.

There's certain things that I can only rely upon myself to do for me, and this next phase of my life actually involves the possibility of someone else being reliable enough for me to know they will take care of that as well, or for me, and they both have capacity... and they don't do it.

Somehow them fighting over me even complicated myself getting that priority done for me too.

That's one example of what I mean by the practicality of this isn't easy.

I remember when I was working on a song called Uncertainty, the hook of which became the hook for Side Effects, one of my most important releases to date... and I was struggling with not knowing the answer to something important, it was something I wanted an answer to as soon as possible but I had to wait it out and give it time.

I had to sit with the discomfort of uncertainty.

Sean is here and staying nearby. I suspect he follows me sometimes from a distance. There's been a few times where I've messaged or met up with him and he says he was just where I just was, or he comes right up behind me.

I'm not mad about it.

So, at least he's here. That's what I wanted. He wants to be back together and has expressed that.

Decision is mine I guess.



## **Chapter 13:**

I was reflecting on the differences between Sean and Jason, which seems fair for me to do right now, and some are startlingly clear.

The follow-up of which is up to me in terms of how I express my feelings, emotions, instincts, and behaviors.

The reason why I broke up with Sean is because he spoke to me in a horrible manner. More than speaking to me in that terrible way, he really hurt me through that action.

So much so, that I broke up with him.

So, I was reflecting, and I thought, “how does Jason speak to me when he’s mad?”

He doesn’t talk down to me. He never calls me names. He’s never put me down. He’s never hurt me in that way.

He’s never verbally abused me or talked down to me.

Not once.

That matters.

A lot.

He's done questionable things from time to time. He's not perfect, he's a man, perfection is not required of the human experience.

But that... he's never done.

There's a certain level of respect that's there that Jason just has for me.

Respect is really important, particularly in a heterosexual relationship between a powerful man and powerful woman.

Jason and I were together only a few months ago, we've been breaking up and getting back together, and so have Sean and I. Right now I'm with J, and Sean and I are hopefully just saying goodbye.

This oscillating between the two in terms of my affections is emotionally a lot to go through, but ultimately it looks like Jason could be right about getting through this awkward overlap period and waiting it out.

That doesn't even seem plausible. Standards of dating are standards of dating.

I want to believe him, especially since we have so many nice and beautiful plans for our future.

I'm going to do my best to trust him on this...

Love is paramount, but love without respect is madness.

Love with respect, that's more by definition true love, isn't it?

## **Chapter 14:**

I was with Jason on my birthday.

We had a really nice day.

We watched movies, spent the whole day together, I rode his face quite nicely and noteworthingly, we smoked, relaxed, cuddled...

He also got me some gifts... gave me a really nice Hermes chain necklace and a bracelet, some money and other sweet gifts.

He started celebrating it the day or so before.

He really did his best to make my day special, and he did. He made me feel special.

That was about 4-5 months ago.

I remember I ran outside to a nearby store for a moment to go and get some Ben & Jerry's ice cream or a slurpee or something like that, and I told him I was going out and I didn't even make it to the store before he intercepted me and was across the street waiting for me.

I love when he does that.

I think we're in line on a lot of things as people. Our love languages match up really nicely.

We have a nice rhythm and our own world.

We spent his birthday a couple of weeks before that together.

We went out for drinks, picked up food, but mostly stayed in, made love and talked.

I want love like that forever.

## **Chapter 15:**

I confronted Sean tonight and made it excruciatingly clear to him that we're broken up.

It was a crushing scene, I turned into a monster truck and he was mere obstacle course hurdles run over, his emotions poured out all in front of him at his feet between us, like reversing his nuclear intentions that are anti-love at him all over his makeshift home.

I wrote a note, it said in it, "Sean, I am breaking up with you!" gave it to him, and then I told him what I think of him now.

Words were exchanged and I expressed myself in exactly the way I needed to, which was with anger, frustration, hurt and pain that he caused me sent right back at him.

My spirit screamed. My spirit shrieked. My spirit cried. My spirit released my emotions free. If it wasn't for the boundaries of society and the evolution since cavemen and cavewomen, I would have screamed so loud that sound barriers might have broken between me and my real soulmate instantaneously.

I told Sean we're done in a thousand ways.

I said to him, "I broke up with you over a week ago! I'm with Jason now!"

He admitted to me the other day that the reason why he said those things to me on the phone when he was verbally abusive was because he somehow made money from it. So I reminded him that's when he lost his girlfriend and then decided to come to her city, her neighborhood actually, pitch a tent across the street and try and save the relationship.

The news made the media.

The last words I said to him as I was walking away was, "you disappeared when I was 7, do it again and disappear from my life!"

The interaction was brief. I was screaming at the top of my lungs, there were witnesses thank goodness, location is central and I'm not anonymous in my city.

That's probably why he thought twice about physically hurting me when he finally got out of his tent after threatening me. It ain't about whether or not I can hold my own, it's about not wanting my romantic relationship to involve violence. Romantic relationships are decidedly nonviolent in definition. Best relationships are loving.

The other night he kept telling me "I'm in love with you," I reminded him of that and that his feelings in that way are not returned. But he's right that he is in love with me and he'll be crying soon.

I won't be there to make it okay.



## **Chapter 16:**

Last night's intensity is nothing I want to relive. I just want to move past it instead of repeating it in different ways through an unfulfilling and distracting relationship.

I've never expressed myself as thoroughly to Sean before as I did last night, especially not on the negative side of the scale of emotions. What he and I have been both used to is that intensity in a positive way, and now all that's left is none.

The predictability in him continuing his farce of bullshit throughout the conversation is not surprising, particularly considering the actual reason why I broke up with him was due to him not taking our relationship seriously. Not taking me seriously. Not taking life seriously. Not taking love seriously.

His values are off. He's not the same person he used to be. I learned that when I broke up with him in November 2024, last year.

I broke up with him not knowing that Jason and I would get back together within hours of my breakup, so I know that I was fine to be single in his absence if that's what that meant. But, it's not.

Sean knows just as much as anyone else observing this situation that him and Jason are pitted against each other

when it comes to me. *That's not by my doing but that is the situation.* He was actively trying to disrupt my relationship with Jason the other night, trying to diss certain attributes of Jason and make him look undesirable.

He's clearly not looking where I'm looking... Visually Jason is handsome in a classic way. Where desire is concerned, Jason is exceptionally attractive to me, sometimes his good looks even make me feel slightly shy.

The other night Sean was all full of commentary and noteworthy quotables about how much he wants to be with me, and last night he forgot his place... parked in a tent across the street from where I'm living, getting his ass and heart handed to him publicly, losing the woman who he's loved for 3 decades... his pride got in front of his intentions and he once again, for the third and hopefully last time, saw me walking away from him.

I have too many important things to take care of, do and take part in to allow for a man who wants to hold me back to do so.

He didn't even have the perspective to put his pride aside and look at his tent pitched across the street from where I reside right now to anchor him in and see what is actively most important to him right now.

He'll always make that mistake.

I don't lose focus.

## **Chapter 17:**

Sunny day in Montreal today; tomorrow, it's supposed to rain.

Hopefully not all day!

But I suppose rain makes sense, definitely at least occasionally for the season.

There's a weird dynamic of individuals feeling giddy over cigarettes. It's very odd. A few years ago I shared a comment with BBC about what was going on on the East coast of North America, and one of the most significant oddities I shared on that broadcast was that there was extreme weather and yet, a lot of people just talked about and focused on money. I feel as though the cigarette phenomena I am talking about has specifically to do with a continued train of thought from that.

I've observed the evolution of this phenomena over the past few years because I started smoking cigarettes again.

I've had reputable employment since the age of 15, so I have had legitimate money since then, and I have never even once experienced an inclination to a thought that has to do with comparing what I have to anyone else. There's an absolutism to property, and what someone else has in

their pockets has nothing to do with what's in yours.  
Money is money.

Past money, present money, and future money, money is money.

Counting someone else's, or trying to is a futile effort. It's also a weird endeavor.

I'll reference an interpersonal interaction I had yesterday to illustrate my point:

My wallet recently got stolen which has actually never happened to me. So, interestingly enough, I have had to spend money very specifically. Cigarettes is not easy for me to purchase with the constraint and challenge of having to replace the contents of my wallet.

So, I asked an individual smoking if she had a cigarette, she said no after looking at the woman next to her who also had a box of cigarettes and said no with a chuckle. I'd seen this type of behavior from some people before, and it often only means one or two things.

I then asked again, saying I would replace it, knowing I had never asked either of these individuals for a cigarette before and that is smoking culture.

One is blatantly rude and tries to linger around me often, often smoking her cigarettes.

The other is an old woman from Montreal whom I recognize and can identify as having been the supposed grandmother of someone I used to call a “best friend”... That was during high school and college, I haven’t been friends with that individual for a long time, but I know a lot about her family including whom is her grandparent. I’ve even stayed at this woman’s supposed property in another state before. The thing is there’s quite a bit of politics surrounding that family, of which I also know.

So the rude individual tried to be rude to me about the cigarette request, which is not normal in cigarette smoking culture because most of us at some point are always on our way to getting a box of cigarettes, so sharing is pretty customary (as the nature of cigarettes is that they run out). Smoking, especially cannabis and tobacco, is also customary at social events.

So as she tried to exploit a misperceived power differential and express negative energy at me, I reminded her who I am. I said my legal name of which both were aware, I did so standing in Montreal, Quebec where I grew up, laughed at her, and directed my conversation at the dumb old lady. She’s dumb because she exploited someone a long time ago in a human rights manner, particularly on the subject matter of Love Rights. I have more alliance to that individual and Love Rights. Both ladies in this odd cigarette interaction were overly rude, and really did try and attack me energetically through my question.

It's something ugly individuals like that do to a lot of people... it's a tactic for many things, all malintent related. I was on my way out of the location when the conversation took place, and I left, but not without reminding both those ladies of their place.

I guess I told her in Quebecois fashion, “Je me souviens.”

Weird interaction isn't it! A cigarette is not a status symbol.

I guess for people who don't know how to spell Juicy Couture, nor could wear it, that lack of logic somehow makes sense.

Bizarre.

A couple of months ago I had a carton of menthol cigarettes, I just shared those like they were candy. That was my mood.

## **Chapter 18:**

Personal for me is exclusive.

I was 7 years old playing at the park with Sean when my Stepmom Mom called me in for dinner.

Sean and I were playing soccer as we often did, and that night my family was going to The Golf Course.

I didn't really want to go inside, was having fun with Sean at the park. But, home is a dictatorship and Mom rules, so I reluctantly with visible discontent went into the house.

I was on my way up to my room when Stepmom Mom intercepted me on the stairs.

“Arielle, I need for you to put on a dress for tonight.” She said.

“I don’t want to put on a dress.” I told my mom.

“Arielle, it’s The Golf Course, I need for you to put on a dress.”

“I don’t want to wear a dress!” I said, more fervent and adamant that I did not want to wear a dress.

“Fine then, Arielle put on something girly please.” Stepmom Mom said.



“Girly?” I asked, confirming what was already confirmation.

“Yes, girly.” She verified.

I ran up to my room, put on an acceptable style dress shirt, paired with regular wash and fit jeans with a pink sparkles cartoon print on one of the legs.

I walked downstairs when it was time for us to leave for The Golf Course, of which we had just in recent years joined, and Mom took one look at me, and we got into the car.

Denim is not permitted at our Golf Course. It’s a no-no for most prestigious ones.

The coolest part of that story is Mom and Dad didn’t leave me at home with our babysitter. I still went.

Funny thing is, in that family unit of mine we rarely ever argue. I at least don’t argue with my parents at all. Stands out as different.

When you act different, there’s always a sign from The Universe there.

Sometimes the best sign is no blatant sign.

Reality only.

## **Chapter 19:**

A few days ago I was walking towards a destination (as I do) and a family was disembarking their vehicle.

The older sibling, a girl went running up joyfully ahead towards her family's destination up the block, and her younger sibling, a boy, jumped out of the vehicle jumping up and down enjoying a sunny day...

He entered the chat at the exact moment I was walking by. Their parents opened up their son's passenger door to car in unison with while I was walking by.

As we all made our way up the block, up ahead, a ginger cat was also enjoying a sunny day enjoying the path and was crossing onto a new one when I vocalized a, "My goodness!"

He paused, this ginger cat, and then continued on his way, but then again as that boy and I crossed ginger cat's path en route to our destinations sharing space more directly at the same time we all paused when that family's son exclaimed, "A Cat!"

We all paused again for another moment. And as that child was equally happy and surprised to see a cat, that cat expressed with his body language and he exclaimed in thought, "A child!"

I continued on my way to my destination.

Must have been Baby Shark.

## **Chapter 20:**

It's summertime in Montreal, Quebec and since summertime is here, summer heat and sunshine are present!

The Moon has been flossing too, showing all The Moon's beautiful phases. I even saw a half moon before sunset the other day.

Moon phases are natural to the environment and every now and then you can see The Moon before sunset in daylight. Although, it is special to see a moon on those rare occasions right before evening light.

The Sun has been really blessing us lately. A lot of sunny days, bright, light.

Springtime which just passed was hilariously on point with distribution of precipitation and sun.

Now it's summer and Article 24, UDHR, Right to Leisure (i.e. relaxation) is a human right.

We good.

Something beautiful can be on the way.

My comment on my relationship status is, "no comment."