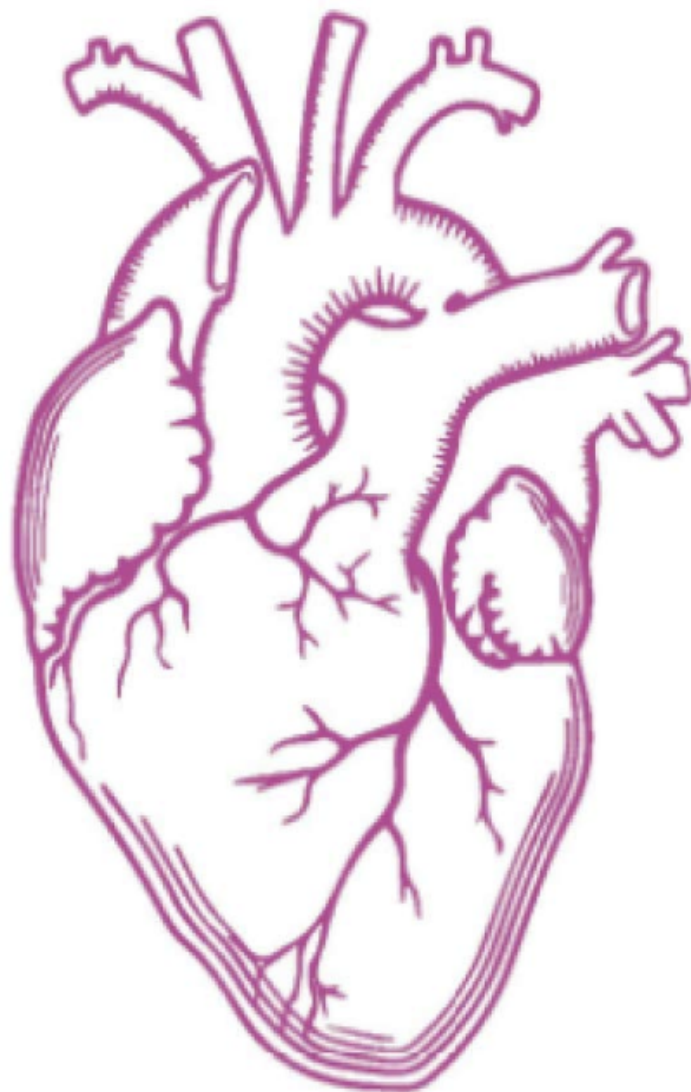


A PURPLE ROMANCE



F R U M I

About the Author

I am someone like you, but in a different body. Life has had its complications and I have attempted to overcome them. For a long time, I felt alone, before realizing I wasn't.

Some lessons needed to be learnt the hard way, and for others I could have been saved from pain. Let these words serve as a mirror, a prism through which you examine possibility, and a reminder that you too are not alone.

We are companions on the same journey, separated only by miles.

Frumi

A Purple Romance

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This is a work of fiction.

Names, characters, places and incidents originate from the writer's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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Dedication

To all the humans who broke my heart, thank you for teaching me and making me that much better of a partner. One day I'll find a love like my own. I know this is all worth it.

1. Looking for Love: Many Fish in the Sea, Most Spoilt on Land

I would hazard a guess that most of us reading this book have been in love before. If not love, then certainly something like it. We have cared and been cared for. We have kissed and that kiss has been returned.

We have also had relationships fall apart. Some fell apart because of the timing, others because of singular or mutual inability to convey authentic states, and sometimes because the person just wasn't right for us.

My last relationship had incredibly good timing for what I needed in that now, but in terms of longevity it was anything but that. Anna broke my heart in so many ways; I came away feeling rejected, wounded and extremely unfairly treated.

I didn't feel like I could ever love again or live again. What love was worth it after her? She knew me so well, yet one day decided to walk away without a meaningful goodbye. She had meant the world to me. If the love had been so great, maybe the problem was me and not her?

Hating myself came easily; isolating myself was even easier. For nine months I didn't look at another woman like that. If there was a sex scene on television, I'd change the channel. I even stopped watching my favorite show of the moment as all they seemed to do was war and sex.

I can laugh in retrospect, but I felt those nine months stole

my humanity from me. I thought maybe she'd come back, and at the back of my head I believed she cared. Waiting for her during that time, I became two dimensional and didn't even feel like a person anymore.

If you checked Instagram, I was living my best life. Behind closed doors I would curse myself as weak because I refused to pull a life ending trigger. Part of me just wanted to die; I was looking for the pain to stop.

My life up till then had been ubiquitously interwoven with trauma, and Anna had been my first and only confidant. Others who hurt me, didn't know me. I had survived by telling myself that.

I told her everything about me that I knew enough to tell; outside of me, there was only her. When she turned from me, I had no excuse left to give myself. Those closest to me thought I was less than worthwhile; and now the only person who knew my story thought I was that too.

It was a horrid existence as she didn't even look back to see if I was okay. Some of my friends said he will be fine, and others didn't think twice about it. Everyone was engrossed in their own lives, and I just seemed to secretly flail.

I looked everywhere for her, and I saw her in everything even when I wasn't looking. Eventually I compartmentalized the emotion, because if she wanted this; she would have been here.

How great was my love story, when a week before disappearing she would have died for me; and then she let me die? Some say it was family pressure, some say it was a mental breakdown, some say...

Our story was on everyone's lips except hers. Nothing was the truth; and if anything, the gossip pulled her further away.

The thing that broke me the most, wasn't that we were torn

apart, that we had obstacles, or that the whole world seemingly stood between us being together. It was that she was okay with it; okay enough not to fight, and to not take a stand. She didn't even leave me with a leg to stand on, so I might be able to fight for her.

All that seemed possible at the time was to stare into a blank silence, interminably lost. It's easy for me to dwell here; when I remember her, my eyes often moisten. I cared; I can't hide that fact, I cared.

This story isn't about her though; it's very much about me. This is about *my* love story.

After sorting through some difficult emotions, I decided I did not want to be alone anymore. She had moved on from me, and I needed to find a happy space.

I thought maybe if I was attracted to someone else, the pain of losing Anna would be lessened? I longed for companionship and decided to look for love again, if that was at all possible?

Anxious, unsure, self-conscious, self-loathing; all emotions I'd use to describe my state. I hated myself with all my heart, because she seemed to hate me; yet there was a lukewarm ember in a dark corner that knew I was still good.

With all hope put on that potential, I strode out into what looked like an ominous world.

Foreign Exchange

No words needed when the eyes speak volumes.

Lips used for better things than translation.

I can smell your interest across this distance.

In agreement; clothing is a hindrance.

~Frumi

Glazed

Talking about somebody and nobody. Wisps of memory and imagination enmeshed as one.

So real in the recesses of my subconscious. I seek her in my dreams and while I am awake.

Painted onto my very soul; this life is unreal without her touch. I exist as imaginary too; if only to find her lips again.

~Frumi

Trinity

You are my queen; my experience of divine light. The very ground you walk on is holy.

People are welcome to say what they will of our love. I understand Him better as we connect.

Nothing matters when I hold your hand. As you hold my heart; this life is full.

~Frumi

I love her, but it doesn't bring her
back. I want to be loved too; do you
ever feel like that?

A Purple Romance is about my next
relationship. Someone I deeply
cared for; someone others might
term a rebound.

The past needs to be accounted for.
I search for a love that lasts.

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