

# DEAR MOON, LOVE MOON: AN ANONYMOUS BLOG ON LOVE AND INTIMACY

ANONYMOUS

My journey in love has been many things: exciting, rocky, dangerous, and painful. Growing up, my reference point for what relationships could look like was a blend of Chinese culture and Western media. This give me conflicting understandings of what is healthy/ shameful/ respectful or not, and a strange understanding of what intimacy is. From my immediate family, I have inherited trust issues, and a disorganized attachment style.

Popular media's presentation of romance tends to focus on how two people become physically intimate. The question of romance is one of *how* one becomes physically intimate, rather than how two people get to know one another. Less time and energy is focused on the conversations between people, how their attachment styles are revealed, how people learn to trust one another, and heal with one another through the relationship dynamic. Relationships are the arena for healing attachment traumas; can we create an understanding of intimacy that allows society to heal from these traumas?

It's hard to navigate everchanging norms and rules. What counts as intimate? What counts as safe? How does the internet play a role in relationships? What do I want? How much do I have to fit in with my peers or appease my parents? What am I looking for? Can we reconceptualize intimacy so that it includes the aspects of closeness that can help foster a world where people can better relate to one another?

Thus, I started an anonymous blog to write about my own love life. It's anonymous because I want to respect the people involved in these stories as well as myself and give myself the opportunity to share truthfully about these topics. Instead of dwelling on the details of the physical aspects of my relationships, although perhaps some of it will be revealed, I write about the conversations and different cultural expressions; how people show their affection,

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the small gestures of kindness, the ways people grow anxious and allow a character to slowly become revealed—in their full complexity—as we get to know each other. I write about how people express their jealousy and how awkwardness can arise in intimate moments. I write about it because I'm on the journey of learning what intimacy means to me.

My hope is that through these stories I get to learn more about ways in which we can relate to each other, and how to build a healthier understanding of intimacy and connection as a society. Every individual experience is inherently woven into the collective fabric of experience. Every microcosmic relationship reflects the macrocosmic, and also vice versa, every macrocosmic dynamic is reflected in the microcosmic. To me, the act of delving deeper into the topic of intimacy and love is directly related to the building of a larger *agape*.

Below you can read a sample of what I feature on my blog which you can follow at <https://substack.com/@dearmoonlovemoon>

### **Scriptor i: The Most Blunt Man**

This is how I met Scriptor:

“That was some next level shit, how long have you been doing this?”

He approached me as I was in a group of others and I had just finished a mini feature performing poetry. It's my first night in this community and I've already received so much genuine love.

*A long time. Ten years or so. Since high school.*

I guess I noticed first his face which was attractive in an inoffensive way. Really gentle looking.

It was clear he was attracted to me, and I was in some ways trying to repress my reciprocity. I just got in this city two days ago. We talked, and immediately he was conversing with me in a deeper way.

*So, are you a poet?*

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“No, not really, I come for the fourth act”

*What do you mean the fourth act?*

“This part, the conversations. I like connecting with people in a deeper way. The community here is so sweet and cute”

And he’s right. There’s something alive in Berlin, something pulsing through the veins of the chatter outside the bar I’ve never seen before. Smoke, weaving laughter and revolution. Here the artists, here the people, here the humanity. We were across the street from the bar because the neighbors who lived upstairs had a child and often called the police. Everyone hates the police in Berlin.

“They should’ve known what they were getting into moving on top of a bar” said someone from California as they took a pull of their cigarette. “I’ve been going here for years”

And still we did our part to respect them by going across the street.

At one point we talked about drugs. How we both don’t smoke that much anymore. How I quit drinking. How he is just social smoker and yeah same, I guess. He rolled me a cigarette and I felt a rush for the first time in a few years. Tobacco only works on me after a long time, and that’s what I love though, that rush after a long time.

“You know, that’s what Junkies say”

*Ha.* It came up that he is Hungarian, moved from Budapest a couple of months ago. He told me a bit about Hungarian poetry, about how he had once been in poetry competitions as a child, how it was really about the way one read the poems, and you were assessed by the intonation, the feeling.

*Interesting, especially since this is a competition on a national level.*

At one point other people flowed through, we went indoors and I got a sense of this fourth act again. People sitting around the tables, the music, the bars, the smoke. Pulse. Heartbeat.

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He broke the touch barrier when we were sitting around a table talking to two other women, one of which who is an environmental journalist who said she did a lot of ketamine and a South African woman who was also a banker. The three women said they were friends and regularly met up here at this poetry event. Sweet.

She said to him “where do you live? “

“Kreuzberg area, near Görlitzer park.”

“Oh nice. Kreuzberg is cheap and sexy.”

I mentioned I might have to go soon since I had a meeting the next day but it was chill because I was the boss. He thought it was hilarious, and laughed so hard his forehead touched my thigh.

Well that’s forward, I thought.

I was checking the bus schedule and honestly wasn’t sure I was seeing. I went to the bathroom. When I came out, I didn’t see where he was and I was feeling a bit sad.

Then the minute I pushed open the front door of the door he was there on his bike, with the saddest puppy face.

“I thought for a moment you had left. And we hadn’t even exchanged numbers yet”

Something tender in me softened. *Aw, okay.*

He helps me navigate the bus schedule, and it turned out I missed the last bus of one of the lines.

“Well, you can stay over at my place I don’t live far”

*No*, I reply immediately. Silly men. I figure out which new bus to take.

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“Okay yeah if this bus doesn’t come or work out, I can call a taxi for you, it’ll be on me and can send you home.”

Good save, I thought.

I’m not sure what the undercurrent conversation was but it flowed naturally. Some torrential wave.

“I feel like I can talk to you forever,”

*Hm.*

Soon after the South African girl came. I guess I was relieved, I didn’t know what to do with all this blunt intensity.

When I got home, he sent me this song “Punching Bag” by Wallace because at one point in the night he talked about how the fourth act reminds him of the way he enjoyed indie music because of the community. I thought that was sweet.

I listened to it the next day. Not really my style of choice in terms of song but I was fascinated. The lyrics too seemed strangely mysterious appropriate.

*Emotionally available in my dreams  
I'm bored and down for anything, I'm  
In my right mind less than half of the time  
I can be a punching bag  
Listen to your white lies and pretend it's alright  
Oh, don't be such a drag*

I didn’t think too much of it.

The next day he asks me to see a movie in an open air cinema.

I think I kind of like how blunt this guy was.

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