

She's Gone

Han: Yeah, I just got a funny feeling. Like I'm not gonna see her again.

Leia: [softly] Come on General, let's move.

Return of the Jedi, Lawrence Kasdon & George Lucas

Yes, let's move! Let's drink. Let's take drugs. Let's go to therapy and discuss convoluted theories as to how our childhoods made us like this. Let's eat roast beef.¹ Let's watch reality TV shows because our own lives are so devoid of any real meaning we seek heightened esteem in the misery of others. Let's tally up our achievements and possessions and delude ourselves that these trinkets & tokens differentiate us from the rest of the herd. Let's do all of these things to avoid the reality that somewhere in our lives we were to afraid to walk the hardest path; to make the hardest decision. Let's pretend that our egos were not slain, splashed to the four winds of heaven leaving nothing but an intricate shell of a human being bumbling along on fucking auto pilot and projecting all of our failings and short comings onto our children who will continue the species in much the same manner.² Let's just keep going, mindlessly, ignoring that niggling feeling that something, somewhere, went wrong.

I am referring to what the mexicans call the “acomodador” or what the people in the movies call the point of no return. Something happens to each of us that we cannot recover from. Sometimes things happen that we *don't* want to recover from. These things can be personal trauma, a defeat, or a disappointment. I can't help but think about all the rejected women (and quite a few men) I have known who trapped in the fear of more pain and a childless life will take any man who will have them - they choose, poorly (and it's all a choice). They then carry around with them the burden of love's labours lost for the rest of their lives - this is the niggle, the quiet feeling of discontent. I understand more than most the pain of unrequited love. Yet, if you are lucky and determined, from this pain can spring compassion and courage that is so strong it cuts through the accomodador, it cuts through one's ego, and it transcends all logic. It's this compassion and courage I am relying on today (and that let me see clearly last night).

Someone I love very much left my house this morning and I have no idea if I will ever see her again. I wonder if I am her accomodador. I doubt it and yet deep down in the depths of my soul, where the devil lives, I hope it. But that feeling soon passes and I realise I don't hope it. Through my own grief and tears and snot I am happy to let someone I love go and find out what they really want, even if what they really want isn't me. And I realise, not for the first time this year, that I love someone above and beyond myself. Their feelings come before my desires (for sex, companionship, trips to the movies and walks along Whitby sea front, to read my latest work and tell me it's really not that bad, for the reassurance that it might just all be OK, and for the odd cuddle because beneath it all I am still human). Is this enlightenment? Wisdom? Or simply pragmatism? Could it be a combination of all three? I can only wonder. And then, BANG! I am snapped back into the moment and I don't care what you call it - I am blessed to have loved and lost; a lot of people will experience the accomodador before they have time to love proper. Most will not walk the long, lonely road. Most will choose conformity over change; trade heroes for ghosts; and take lead roles in cages.³ And now I think about myself and Maike over the last two and a bit years and am seriously considering if we really are two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, years after year, running over the same old ground, and what have we found? The same old fears? I wish she was still here; but she is not. I have to stand alone and can now only wonder if she is *my* accomodador. And I as I finish this with

copyright Jamie Dobson 2008 - www.theotherjamiedobson.com

the screen and keyboard blurred through my tears, with snot running down my face, my only thought is that I wouldn't change a thing. Now I turn to the right and I see that I need to "pick my way through crusty dishes and their greasy chemistry" - a reminder of last night's meal. In my bedroom "my duvet's laid out like an atlas with stains to mark the borderlines". And although I am hurting, I am not going to hit the deck because I know it's just another mourning morning.⁴

1. I was ever so slightly inspired by Paulo Coelho's *The Zahir* when writing this. Paulo Coelho, *The Zahir*, Harper 2005, English translation.
2. I am paraphrasing H. G. Well's *The War of the Worlds*.
3. These lines are Pink Floyd lyrics from *Wish You Were Here*.
4. Just Jack, *Mourning Morning*