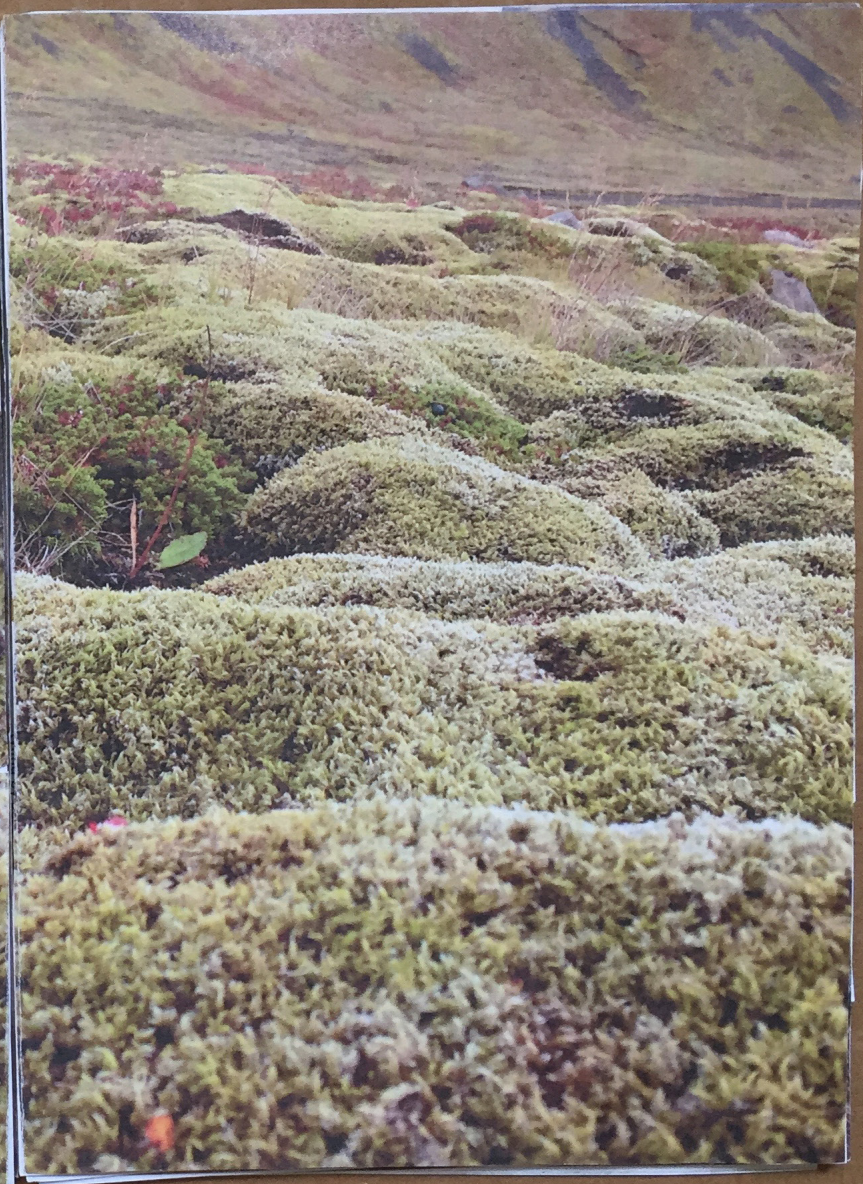
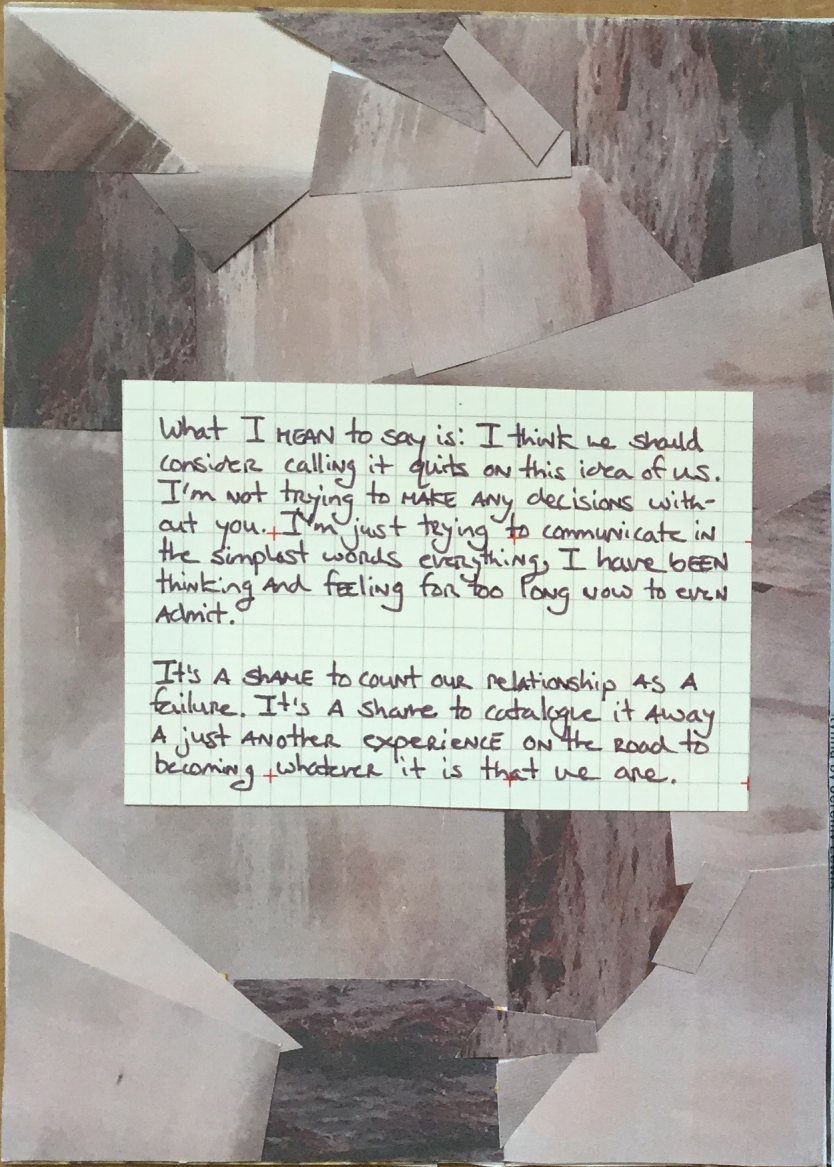


ARE you happy with our relationship?  
Because I'm really not. I'm not sure if  
it's the timing, if it's different com-  
mitments, or if we're forcing something  
along that we should have put to  
rest some time ago.

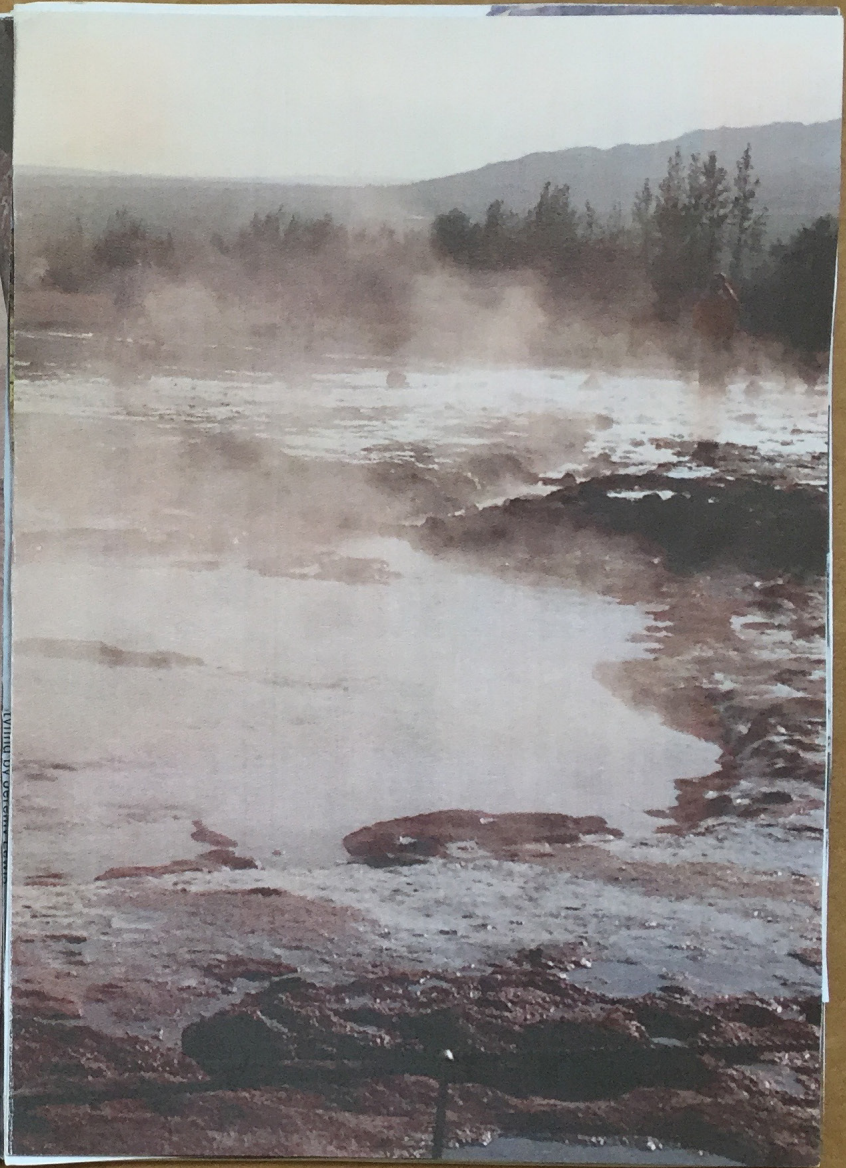
It MAKES ME unhappy to do things  
without you, and to SEE you do th-  
ings without me. It MAKES ME unhappy  
to have ALL the pretense of a relation-  
ship, but with NONE of the commitment,  
the company, and at the end of the  
day, the LOVE.

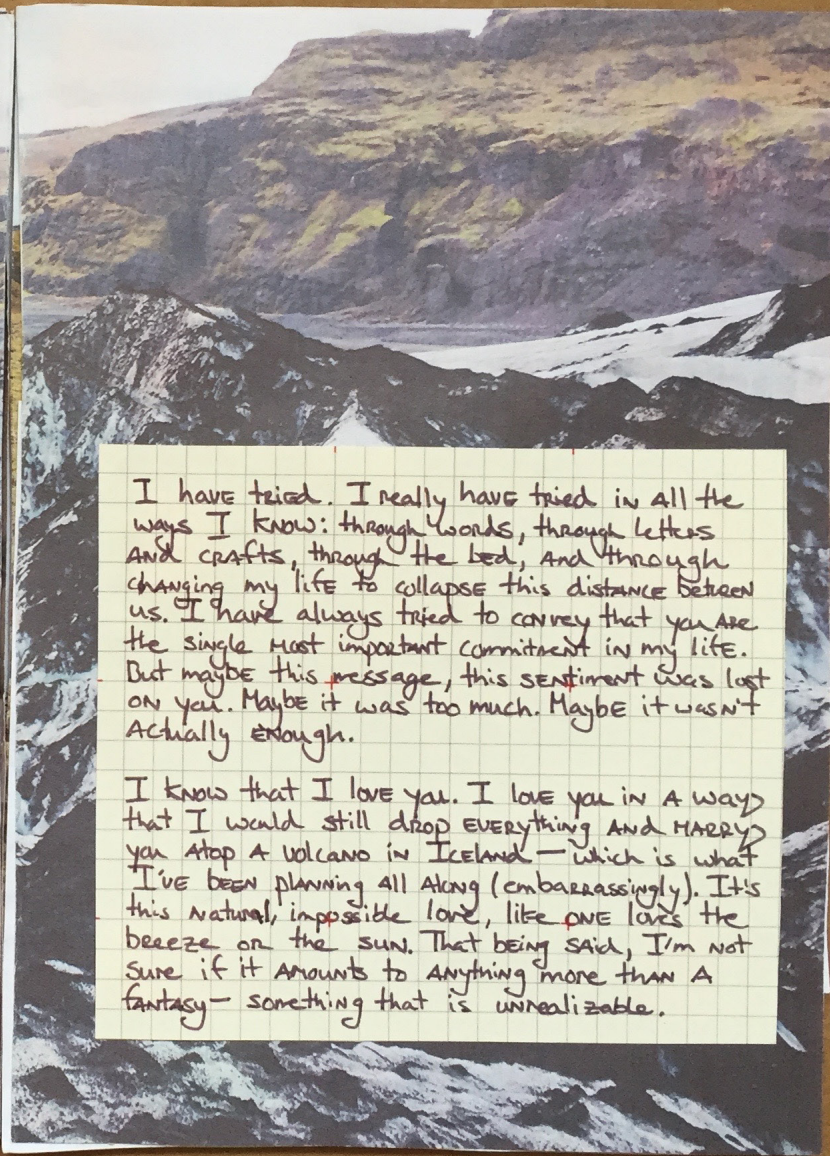




What I mean to say is: I think we should consider calling it quits on this idea of us. I'm not trying to make any decisions without you. I'm just trying to communicate in the simplest words everything I have been thinking and feeling for too long now to even admit.

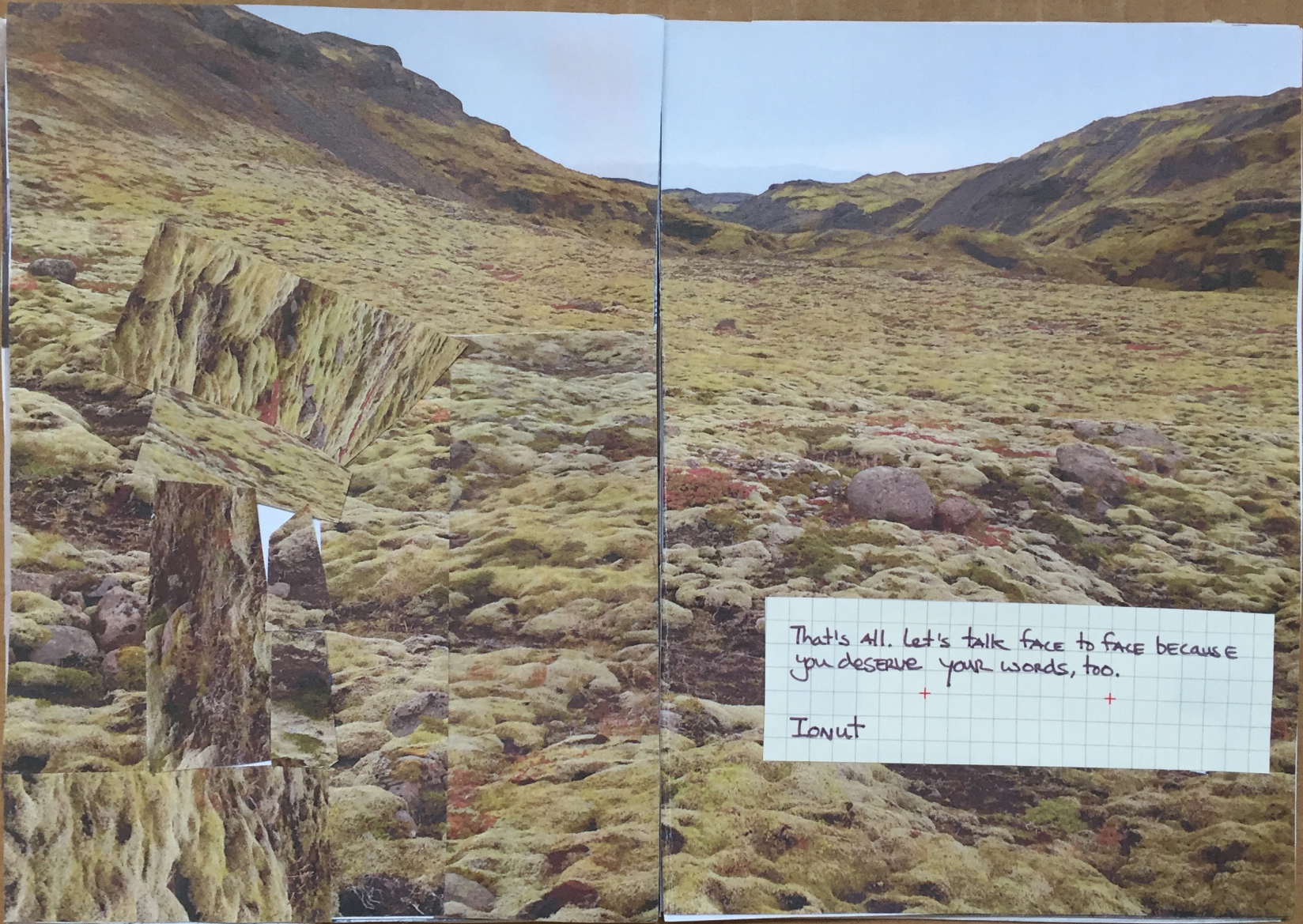
It's a shame to count our relationship as a failure. It's a shame to catalogue it away as just another experience on the road to becoming whatever it is that we are.





I have tried. I really have tried in all the ways I know: through words, through letters and crafts, through the bed, and through changing my life to collapse this distance between us. I have always tried to convey that you are the single most important commitment in my life. But maybe this message, this sentiment was lost on you. Maybe it was too much. Maybe it wasn't actually enough.

I know that I love you. I love you in a way that I would still drop everything and marry you atop a volcano in Iceland — which is what I've been planning all along (embarrassingly). It's this natural, impossible love, like one loves the breeze or the sun. That being said, I'm not sure if it amounts to anything more than a fantasy — something that is unrealizable.



That's all. Let's talk face to face because  
you deserve your words, too.

Ionut



## BACKGROUND

In June 2014, I decided to break up with my longtime boyfriend. At this point in the relationship, I felt emotionally detached since the new year. My caucus between us to salvage the relationship typically ended unresolved. By May 2014, I moved back to New York City from Tokyo to restart my life. I immediately felt so happy to be removed from him and our unfruitful union.

I impulsively wrote the break-up letter to him after work one day on the E train with the Notes application on my iPhone. The same night, I emailed him the letter and requested a face-to-face over Skype. I wrote him many letters during the course of our relationship, but this break-up letter is by far my favorite piece of writing he inspired.

The night before the break up, I booked a solo trip to Iceland. Nothing felt more exciting and necessary than a remote, windswept island of monumental beauty. I wanted to smell the sulfur of an ever becoming earth. I wanted to visit the site of break up between the North American and Eurasian plates. To see them inch apart from one another — destined to create arcs without the other, in spite of the other.

Jonut GitAN  
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15

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