

Love Doesn't Always Mean Stay

We grow up believing love is the finish line. That if we love someone hard enough, deep enough, long enough, it will somehow be enough.

But it's not.

Sometimes, the bravest, most loving thing you can do—for them and for yourself—is to leave.

"Love isn't a life raft. Sometimes it's the thing keeping you stuck in a sinking ship." — Me

I know this because I've done it. I've loved women deeply and still felt the pull to go. Not because they weren't "enough." Not because there was a lack of love. But because the love wasn't aligned anymore. Because we'd stopped growing. Because the dynamic we had created didn't serve either of us anymore.

MYou're Not a Villain for Leaving

Let's kill the myth right now: choosing to leave isn't betrayal. It's not weakness. It's not selfish.

It's clarity.

Yes, it's painful. Yes, it'll rip you open. But staying out of guilt or fear of hurting someone? That's not love. That's co-dependence.

You're not doing anyone favors by shrinking yourself to fit into something you've outgrown.

Loving Someone Isn't the Same as Being Able to Build With Them

Love without respect? You'll rot.

Love without safety? You'll bleed.

Love without shared effort? You'll burn out.

There was a point in my past relationship where I knew I was no longer showing up. Not fully. Not honestly. I was halfway out but still in bed. Still saying "I love you" with my mouth while my energy said, "I don't know how much longer I can do this."

That emotional dissonance? That hot-cold behavior? That's the most confusing, painful form of abandonment you can give someone. And I knew it. So I left.

And it destroyed me for a while. But it was the first time I loved someone and myself at the same time.

Leaving Requires Grieving What Was Good
A lot of people avoid leaving because they're scared of the grief. The what-ifs. The memories. The loss of "what could've been."