

Lost Kisses #10

Who loves me?



You.?





Just being alive
kind of freaks
me out,

It really freaks me the
fuck out.



Luckily it's usually over the phone so I know how to react.

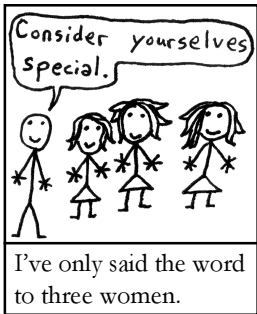
Sometimes hanging
up is appropriate
instead of rude.



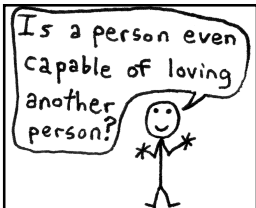
I hang up the phone.



I guess the word may hold more weight with me than it does with most people.



I've only said the word
to three women.



& I feel like those three
might be overkill &
misusage.

I may love them,
but I don't want
them getting full
of themselves.



I don't even say it to
my family.

I've noticed lately
how similar I am
to my parents.

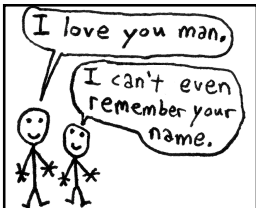


Of course my family
doesn't really say it to
me either.

Emotions are for
dumb-asses &
pussies.



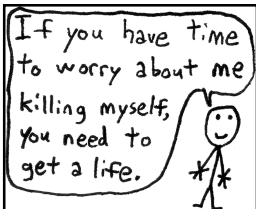
I guess you could say
that as a family we are a
bit stoic.



Still I don't get saying
"I love you" to random
friends.



Are they saying it
because they think I
need to hear it?



Are they scared that I'm on the edge & might kill myself?

People don't seem
to understand the
difference between
being alone
& being
lonely.



Is it just pity because
they know how isolated
I've let myself get?



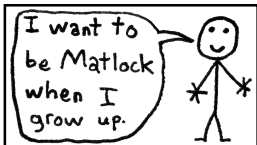
Thanks for the love,
Too bad you're not
a cute girl.



I guess I should be
grateful & take what I
can get.



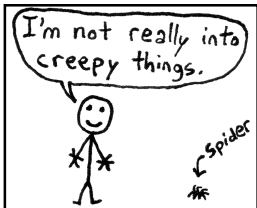
Probably the polite thing would be to say it back or at least give a “right back at you.”



But I feel admissions of love (& especially lame phrasings of it) are unbecoming to a southern gentleman.



There is of course the possibility that they are just accidental words.



I like the idea because it
makes me less important
& less creeped out.

My brother says
having children
is the best way
to improve your
quality of life.



A lot of my friends are
married with young
children.

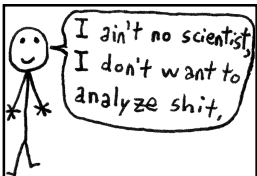


So a conversation
having an “I love you”
at the end has just
become second nature.

My short term
memory is shot
& I never know
who I'm talking
to.



It's got nothing to do
with me, they just
forget who they're
talking to.



Then I don't need to
analyze why somebody
considers me valuable
enough to love.

I'm not sure if
I'm patient or
pig-headed.



I can just ignore it & in
ten years it will all go
away.

The first half of
Steve Martin's
The Lonely Guy
is so amazing.



People will stop saying
they love me & I'll just
be an unloved lonely
guy.

I like stability,
but the same only
better sounds good.



So basically I'll be the
same as right now
except not freaking out.

Anything's possible.
Little Caesars had
that commercial with
the dog that
said "I love
you."



Or I guess there is the
possibility that I'll get
married & have kids.

I'd rather throw
a ball around.

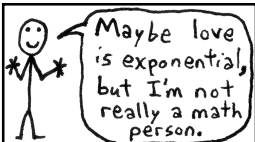


& then I'll be the guy
throwing "I love you"
around inappropriately.

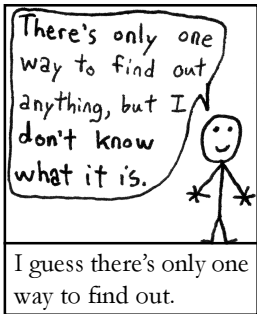
I've never done
anything intoxicated
I wouldn't have
done sober.



I'll close out my tab at
the bar, "Thanks, man,
I love you."



I don't know, maybe
when you're married &
having babies & happy
you do have more love
to give out.



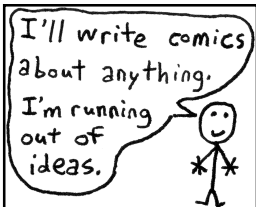
I'm not in high
school anymore
& suffering
doesn't seem
glamorous or
necessary.



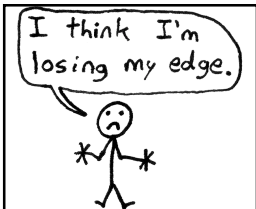
Because I am starting to
doubt that “sorrow is
better than laughter.”



I'm becoming less sure
I'm incapable of
happiness.



If I ever find out I'll probably write a comic about it.



Heck, I love you for
reading this, so the end
has already begun.



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