

6.10.93.

Miscarriage.

At least that's over. No baby. Relieved. Guilty about the relief. Glad it's all over. I'm pleased w. myself. I've done a good job of caring. Picked up credit points.

Diff. between S + me. Poles apart. She says 'fill me'. I'm saying, "Should I, shouldn't I?" I'm split, she's sure. She pulls it out from me, life force, to conceive. The child. Diff. to find it between us. She's got it. In her.

I feel a faint heart beat that stops. I can't feel anything. I get nothing. I feel anxious. I want confirmation there is nothing there.

Suz. I can't get this, either. Nothing.

Richard. Tears want to come + I'm stopping them. I am dual. Between tears + relief. I am fucking useless, indecisive man. Stuck in emotional no-man's land. Incredibly frustrated. Fucking well let me out of here. So alone. Let me out. So alone. Panicking. Don't know what to do. Terrified. Don't want to know. All too dangerous. Don't want to be caught in words + controlled. No trust. All words are evil. I won't answer bec. I don't want to be trapped. I am in an awful place, compressed, stressed.

Hexon. Internal state of compression. Psychol. bubble of isolation. Triggered into his own M. + birth experience.

I am blocked. Feeling w/out much energy. Grey, quiet. I feel that as the child.

Hexon. An act of faith. I can't say more. I'm interfering. I'm blocking the hexon. I'm very reactive to the 'whys'. Everybody wants answers. F. always questions. I hate it. It's so abrasive. I'm assumed to be wrong. (It's you who is important).

Tears. Feeling sad. Grey, quiet. Nothing there to relate to.

Mother. Preoccupied w. baby. Delighted. New sense of purpose. Whole life re. orientated round my baby. V. happy.

Child. Almost as if there is nothing here. No real presence. I haven't got anything to talk about, just a still thing.

← 1 wk. Yes, a heartbeat. Warm, encapsulated, growing jelly, whole. V. much one.

→ Change. It's just gone. Switch off.

← 1 hr. Not same beat. Extreme. Stress. Not right.

← 1 hr. Feels weaker. Confused.

← It feels peculiar. Not right. Too much movement. It doesn't sound right.

Sperm. Panicking. My god! Unsure. Should I? Too late Echoes from my father. No final decision, holding back.

Sperm intent. A bit fixed. Constrained by them. (So I'm guilty!)

Ovum. Lack of energy in everything, sperm + ovum. A v. tired experience.

Suz. Desperate. To prolong my life thro' a child. Something to live for. Low energy level. I want 2 men to raise me up. I need slaves to carry me round. I need to be moved. No energy.

Richard Anxious. Deeply insecure. More responsibility. A burden, another demand. I feel really weak inside. I feel I am pressed no good + dare not expose it.

Result on child. Poisonous. Negative. Doesn't provide nutriment + positivity. Its overcome + gives up.

How is that intelligence now? V. alive. Lighter. The burden of living; a reminder of the actual burden.

Message to the Father. Hang on to yourself. I needed to come in to feel the weight of restriction. I could not hang on to that baby body. I felt crushed by my mother's expectation + my father's fear.

Hexon to Richard. You are complete with or without another child. (Its my life which is important).

Get on + not worry about the future. I cannot be controlled from outside.

Support for Suz. I did all I could. We are stronger bec. of it. Scary. She feels cared for, joined, shared with. Compassionate give and take.

If we maintain that closeness we are much better.

If this had happened bet. M + F it would have changed everything. I would have felt respected + been able to give respect.

If I support me as I did Suz I feel loved + loving + complete. I don't fear take over. Less defensive.

let the Best happen in this relationship