Hearing the heartbreak and the sorrow through the phone is hard. I cannot be there quick enough, long enough or fast enough to mend this. I cannot be there to hold, to hear and to carry - only a lifeline for her to feel like she is not alone. There are so many details I can't grasp or fully understand, I only know the far-off version of this man who is "committing" this hate, this hurt, this destruction. It is hard to know where to put this anger and hostility - there is nowhere, but it feels like more needs to be removed from the situation for the load to be lightened. I think if how things derail, how people derail, how communication derail - and we are left to either repair or pivot. There are only so many times you can repair, and then you need to walk away. In the drive to get to you there was an anxiety and a resolve duality. In some ways knowing that you could cut ties and leave seemed like the best possible option. It kept running through my mind all the times you had given him chances, asked him how it could be repaired and tried to problem solve. I could see myself in all those situations, I could see how I would do those same things, and believe it must be fixable. Hearing the heartbreak and the sorrow through the phone is hard. I cannot be there quick enough, long enough or fast enough to mend this. I cannot be there to hold, to hear and to carry - only...