THE ART OF CLOSING

Why Ending Is the Only Form of Love Left



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Gillettenarrative

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Most people do not know how to close.

They know how to start.

God Almighty, do they know how to start.

New projects.

New relationships.

New businesses.

New strategies.

Humanity cranks out beginnings with the enthusiasm of a cat in front of a ball of yarn.

The problem is that nobody wants to pick up the yarn afterward.

The trouble comes later.

Because a beginning makes you feel smart.

An ending forces you to be smart.

Closing is an underrated word.

It sounds sad.

It sounds like defeat.

It sounds like game over.

In reality, it is the only moment you discover what was actually worth finishing.

As long as something stays open, it keeps feeding.

On your time.

On your money.

On your energy.

On your attention.

In some cases, on your mental health too.

I have watched companies spend years debating projects that should have been shut down last Tuesday.

I have watched people spend twenty years arguing about relationships that ended in the first month.

Infinity is overrated.

Seriously overrated.

Even TV shows these days look like they are being kept alive by hospital machines.

The truth is simple.

What you close becomes yours.

What you do not close keeps owning you.

Abandoning is not closing.

Abandoning is disappearing.

Closing requires a certain kind of grace.

You sit down.

You look at what you built.

You accept the flaws.

You accept the regrets.

You even accept the parts that came out wrong.

Then you say:

“That’s enough.”

Three words.

Harder than a college degree.

Harder than a business plan.

Harder than a lot of marriages.

Women are generally better at letting go.

Men call a lot of things loyalty when they are really just an inability to let go.

Some people spend their whole lives keeping open doors they will never walk through.

They call it prudence.

I call it furniture.

Gillettenarrative was not born to be eternal.

Because she is a woman.

Women know when to leave.

Eternity is an expensive hobby.

She was born to get where she needs to get.

And then stop.

Because the stories you remember are not the ones that keep going.

They are the ones that had the guts to end.

I closed when I realized I had never started.

I still laugh at that one.

And maybe that is what growing up really means.

Learning that some things are honored by continuing them.

Others are honored by closing them.

Ferdinando