

Hearts made of glass & Words made of bullets

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Presented by

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My bubble

Broken past, fragile today and unpromised future. You found me in pieces and put me together.
Weary soul, aching bones and tired eyes; you picked me up and calmed the internal cries.
Protecting me from all meant to harm including my inner demon troubles, you keep me safe and
stop the pain you became my protective bubble.

Pieces

When I shattered, you shattered. My world was on the ground in the smallest of pieces all mixed up with yours. I broke. I took a deep breathe and I chose to start picking myself up piece by piece. Now because our shattered souls were intertwined shattered on the floor I used any piece that would fit to put us both back together. Could you imagine; out of all that disaster came the most beautiful thing. While kissing every piece as I put us back together I soon realized I used some of yours to fix me and mine to fix you. Noting that due to this we are forever bound, forever a piece of each others soul and now know that nomatter how broken this world makes us our broken pieces will fit where the others are missing and I, as someone who loves you, am able to fit perfectly into those holes and make you whole again. So, my love, if ever you break just run to me; for I will give you every part of me to help put you back together. That my dear, is the sacrifice of true love, true selflessness.

Hidden

I hid inside myself that day. That day my whole world came crashing down around me. That day I realized I would never be enough. My insides turned to ash while on the outside I smiled. Hoping that my smile would hide the fact that inside I was uncontrollably screaming. The pain so fierce it was scratching to the surface as I tried so completely to drown it in the everlasting emptiness that was my soul. The pressure built up from the pain so intense that my tears flowed like red rivers down my cheeks. My thighs cut like glass all so I could hide it. So you would see nothing less than my smile. Hide from you the damage you caused because still in this condition your happiness is far beyond the importance of even my life force. I stand before you perfect; while all the while I've been broken and soul less. I hide.

I hide so you can feel better about yourself; so you don't have to feel the pain of feeling worthless, powerless, unloved and weak. I hide so you can shine as I dwell in the shadow making sure the spotlight is always directly on you. I hurt so you never have to feel the pain. I cry so you may never feel your cheeks wet. I go broke so you can feel rich. I become submissive so you can feel dominant and powerful. I gave you all of me so you could feel whole. You never even noticed. So i continue to hide. It's worth it just to see you glow, even if that means dimming my own light. Still I'll hide for you.

Home

I struggle to find my soul a home. One where beds are made of feathers and skies so full of shine. Warmth is what it yearns for. Connection for which to intertwine. Alas, your soul flew by and with it took mine. My soul has found a home, I only wish you would've known. You've taken it with you so unaware that it's almost beautiful. So effortless so pure. It is home.

The Narcissist

Drowning in self righteousness. My ego flies high above the clouds. My feet try to stay planted with the roots of all things earthbound but my pride? My pride pulls treacherously at the weakest pieces to bring me that much closer to the skies. The world so cold and cruel, it owes me I feel. I didn't ask to be here, to be mistreated, unloved and abandoned. I didn't ask to develop trust issues, drug issues, codependency issues, intimacy issues, mental health issues. No no. Those are stemmed from being dealt a bad hand at life. My decisions are made BECAUSE the world wrecked me and ill be damned if it doesn't owe me everything. Why should I change my behavior when I can just blame it on the world? The pain isn't mine to carry; I never asked for this. Stomping on others to build my staircase, shattering others self worth to add value to my own. I deserve this. I am owed. If you break it because you're weak; not because you stayed far too strong for far too long. My words don't cut like knives and my deceit does not burn your soul like fire. My breath does not melt your skin. No no, that is all you. Take responsibility, take control, own up. While I sit here on my thrown of broken skeletons and bleeding hearts just remember; I told you so; I told you I was entitled, I told you I was owed.

Hold my breath

Not calling you is like holding your breath and fighting the urge to breathe with all you have. Completely unnatural and impossible. If I cave now I will take the deepest breath of my life and I will never again be able to hold it. Same goes for you; if I pick up that phone, if I hear your voice, if I see your face I will never again be able to walk away. Either way, this is the death of me.

Life and death

It's funny how the same person who saved you can also be the one who murdered you. The person who put back every piece of you're broken heart and soul is also the same person who shatters them back to ashes daily. What do you do when you're bestfriend, you're savior is the one who sent you into a deep depression and literal living hell? So broken yet still can't let go. Give me back my heart and soul so you no longer own it. No longer can tear it to shreds. Being dead while still alive is the worst death possible.

Dream dust

For you I would share every piece of me. Leaving myself in broken pieces just to make you whole; for you are worth more than my own hopes and dreams. Atleast I know that they will live on with you for eternity. As the wind blows, so shall my ashes; carrying off into oblivion sprinkling hope on everything they touch.

My own prison

These walls are closing in on me. Day by day the same 4 walls hold me back, slowly suffocating me, depriving me of fresh air, freedom, happiness, love, sanity. Sadly these 4 walls I have built myself. Every self doubt, mistake, insecurity has slowly formed this concrete prison around my life. You may be institutionalized behind bars due to the justice system and past mistakes, but please tell me how its any better to lock yourself away in a world where you do all the right things, have your freedom, have a choice and still can't because you're so afraid of disappointing yourself or the one you love? This prison keeps me from my children, from the love of my life, from my true self just as yours keeps you from yours. If you tried to escape your flesh would be ripped by barbed wired but if I try my flesh gets ripped by the pain in my own heart and hands. Both in prison. Both in hell. Both away from those who mean the most. Both did this to ourselves in one way or another. The only difference is one has bars, the other has firey walls of concrete.

Hurricane

It doesn't matter does it? It doesn't matter how much pain you cause; how destructive you are, how badly you tear people to shreds and stomp them into dust. You walk into peoples lives promising fluffy clouds and rainbows only to be a hurricane with a tornado ripping through the middle.. you ruin everything and everyone you touch and you're ok with it? Send the flying cars and cows and debris because nothing in this world can hurt me the way that you have. Here I am fighting against the winds, dripping blood from all the blows and im still pushing to get to you. To save you! Im so caught up in the net you've thrown at me im drowning myself to keep your head above the water. All I ever wanted to do was love you and you killed me in return.

Melted steel

Dead but still breathing. You found me. You swooped me up in your arms and nursed me back to existence ever so gently and quickly. You brought back my purpose, my will to live, my love for myself and my life; my reason to be. You put every broken piece back to together in such a way I believed my insides were now made of steel and completely untouchable. You gave me self confidence I never knew existed. You gave me a need for life and a family that I never knew was possible. You filled my heart with so much love I thought it would explode at any second. I was a living, breathing, ticking time bomb of love and happiness. That steel you rebuilt me out of you somehow melted from the inside out. You broke me in ways I've never been broken before. As I lay in this puddle of steel and human flesh you looked down and laughed. You soaked me up with towels and threw me in the trash. Never to be whole again. With no care in the world you were able to do this to the woman you love and wanted to marry. Have a family with. How can you be so cold? So heartless? As I lay in the Trash dump like just another piece of useless trash I realize, this is what you made of Me. You fixed me just to break me even worse and you treated me like trash to prepare me for where you would leave me.

Evicted

You made a home inside my heart. One where you didn't even have to pay rent. I paid for you to live there. I paid to give you shelter, warmth, understanding and love. I paid for the pain, the happiness, the stormy days and the sunny ones. I paid. Not you. Not even a penny. Nor a care in the world. I paid for your safety and protection, for your love and affection. I paid so you could sleep soundly and comfortably. I paid with my life to give you one. Now nomatter how badly it kills me, with everything I have, as bad as I want you to never move out. All my heart can say is you can't live here anymore.

Sometimes I just need you

Sometimes I just need you beside me. To feel your warmth. To feel your chest going ever so slowly up and down with every breath you take.

Sometimes I just need to hear your voice. To hear the sound of my name rolling off of your tongue. To hear your heartbeat and let mine sync up with it.

Sometimes I just need to see your smile. To see the way you look at me. To see how perfectly flawed you are and how much I love it.

Sometimes? Sometimes I just need you.

Deadliest

I thought being an alcoholic was bad; being addicted to you has by far been the deadliest.

It's not easy

Those who are users, manipulators and narcissistic will never find happiness. It will constantly be a front for not only others but 100% themselves because that's what they convince themselves of. They can't handle the struggles and the fight because dear good; love, honesty, loyalty and a life together takes a hell of alot of work. It's not easy. But it would've been worth it. I have dropped everything, everyone, been completely broke, borrowing money off people and lived in a shelter just to make sure you were good. Now? I have the sniffles, you have the tissues and you're looking me dead in my eyes and saying "sorry, I'm all out"

Myself

The worst thing you ever did to me was take me away from myself.

Life is not a game

I'm in love with you. This is not a game for me. This is real fucking life. What you're doing to me isn't fair or right and you know it. How do I turn from wife to friend/side chick? You cheated. You ruined my whole life. You used me for money, attention and a piece of ass. You're so quick to put everyone else on blast on fb and show them off but you were embarrassed of me. Do you have any idea how broken I am. When I breathe it feels like shards of glass cutting my heart and lungs every single time. Even if I could hold my breath the internal injuries from all you've done will continue to bleed out.

How

How can you hurt something so badly that you're supposed to love? How can you break something that's already so broken?

You promised

You promised it was us against the world. You promised I was the only girl. You promised me family, more kids, a future; you promised me forever Rocky. Then you had to go and get all cocky. Looks became more important than loyalty and respect, sex became more important than the intimate connection between two souls. Attention became more important than love. Somewhere along the way you lost sight of what's real and what's a wish and lust. I continue to try to show you but am I wasting my time? Will you ever realize what you're losing or do I have to realize I can survive giving up?

I couldn't

Slit my wrists you might be pissed but this is a chance I couldn't miss. Can't stop the pain there's no more rain so dancing in it just isn't the same. You broke me first and yet I'm last it doesn't matter about our past. I gave you me you gave me death don't forget you caused my last breath. I hope you're happy I hope your sane cause I couldn't live with all this pain.

Quicksand

I've been doing alot of thinking. First off let me say that for me, you truly are or were the love of my life. My soul mate. The beat to my heart. The air to my lungs, the missing piece to my puzzle. You completed me in a way I could never have dreamt of. Unfortunately you also called me horrible names, put me down in every way, made me feel worthless and want to die. You? You are like quicksand. The more I struggle and fight to stay on the surface the quicker I sink to my ultimate doom. You're like a boa constrictor to my soul, the bigger I make you feel about yourself the harder you strangle and smother me until I can't move unless you let me. I am helpless. I need you to loosen up so I know its OK to move, to breathe. I need you to let go or hug me gently. I need you to love me or set me free from this hell.

Letter to my "better half"

Once upon a time there was a girl, who met a boy and fell in love. They both wanted the same things. Marriage, family, true love. She gave everything she had to him without hesitation, without a second thought. Her life was completely his. He did nothing but promise the world and then crush hers. You did nothing but promise the world and crush mine. You made me make my entire life about you and then yanked it all away in the blink of an eye. Suddenly the years didn't matter, in fact it was like they never even happened. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't breathe but none of it is your fault right? I don't know why I keep waking up in the morning when I literally should be gone. But I do. I seriously can't take this. The pain is unbearable while you sit there happy. You ruined us. We weren't even over when you started talking to her. I get it. She's hotter and younger. Good for you. She'll never love you like I do. No one will. You're so caught up with looks and all that bullshit you forgot who has been there since day 1. I never left, I never walked away, I never let you go through anything alone. I WAS THERE THE WHOLE TIME NOMATTER WHAT!! and you don't care. How could you be so heartless and cold? How could you do this? You took everything from me and made it seem like my fault when it wasn't. It was all you. Your selfishness and ego. I can't do this. I can't live like this. You won't even give me closure. Think about everything I've said, written. Done for you over the years and tell me why some stripper gets the best of you????? I made you into who you are today and you gave it all to someone you don't even know. I'm gone. I can't do this anymore at all. I really can't. I'll always love you but you never loved me once. Goodbye.

The empire

I will not continue to help you build an empire while you continue to bury me under the foundation.

Autumn

Walk with me on this crisp autumn day. Hold my chilled hand and warm my fingers. Smell the chilled air and feel the gentle breeze. Gaze with me upon tall, tall trees who's leaves are of all vibrant autumn colors. Views so beautiful that every blink is that of capturing a picture, a moment in time; our time. Memories to be made and shared, feelings of laughter never to be forgotten.

This year is different though. From all the others. As I stand in the chilled breeze as the sun hits my face, I close my eyes. All of those memories and shared laughters flash back just like the beautiful pictures we took of the colors together with each blink of an eye. The tears pour like autumn showers relentlessly as my heart beats as harsh as winter thunder. But the pain, oh the pain flashes like relentless lightning with each strike lighting my soul on fire with fury even further. No, this year is not the same. This year I bury the memories of you like I bury the deepest darkest of secrets within my soul. This year I let go so that I may finally move on.

When

When the pain is so overwhelming the only thing you can put on paper is tears. The only thing you can say is silent screams and muffled gasping from your hand over your mouth. When you can't breathe but are somehow still alive. When you can't eat and you can't sleep and you don't want to hurt yourself but don't want to wake up. That's when you know. That's when you know if you don't finally let go, it's going to kill you; you won't have to kill yourself.

I saw you

I had faith in you when you didn't even have faith in yourself. I saw angels in your eyes when all you saw were demons. I saw love in your heart when all you saw was pain. I saw your potential when you had already given up. I saw the beauty when all you saw was the beast. I saw your value when you didn't even think you were worth a penny. I had your back when you thought you were alone. I loved you with all I had when all you believed is how you thought you were unlovable. I saw forever and you said you saw always when all you really saw was for right now. I breathed life into you when you couldn't do it on your own and I gave you praise nomatter how badly you screwed up. I told you it would be ok when we both knew it wouldn't. And I comforted you in every way even when I shouldn't have. I saw greatness where you saw failure. I gave you peace when you were in chaos. Mostly, I gave you all of me, when you gave me none of you. I ran toward you and you walked away like it was nothing. You were my world and I was your moment. I'd give my life for you still, and you're not willing to give a second. I gave you life and you gave me death. Yet I still said I love you with my very last breath.

You

You make me face my faults and let me know that it's OK to have them. You encourage me and try to help me. You make me feel as though what I consider to be my flaws are actually what makes me beautiful. You make me feel so secure about every insecurity. You make me feel hopeful about every doubt and make me feel strong about every weakness. You helped me realize every mistake only teaches you how to make the right decisions. You make me realize that second chances and starting over is possible wether it's someone giving you a second chance or it's you giving it to another. You taught me that it is possible to love myself even when I don't feel I'm worth it; that sometimes it can take someone else's love to help you find your own. You taught me what if's and regrets are such a waste of time; so now the only regret I have is all the time I spent questioning and regretting. You taught me how to live when all I wanted to do was die.

Loss

Mourning the loss of someone who is still alive is one of the most painful things you can go through. Someone you never wanted to lose, someone you never wanted to live without and aren't sure you can. Someone who was your home and now you have to figure out how to move on and move out of that home and live alone. In a brand new place. Scared, confused, broken and left to feel like you're dying. So you cry, scream, throw things, break things, punch things. You cuss out God, you tell off the universe but that quite literal crippling pain never stops. You can never quite catch your breath and if you're lucky enough to its only for a brief moment. In that moment you take a deep breath, say I got this and try to continue. Then the loss hits again, sometimes even harder than before. You're filled with so many questions and never any answers. Why is this happening? What did I do to deserve this pain? Why did you leave? God Why did you take him from me? Why did you take the life we were supposed to have? Will this pain ever end? Why don't you care? Why wasn't I good enough? These thoughts eat you alive even more so because this person is still breathing and you ask them all these questions and there's still no answers. No closure. No ending. Just left broken hearted and answerless. Your actual death might've actually been easier sadly to say. Atleast then i wouldve been forced to live without you. It wouldn't have been by your choosing. Although i would NEVER wish you any harm. Just happiness; no matter what. But mourning you while I'm in your arms has killed me instead.

Rocky

If heaven was a place on earth, It would be in your arms. If home was a feeling and not a place it would be in your love. Your heart is like the air I breathe. It is an absolute necessity to survive. My whole life I have always felt like I needed a safety net. Not another person but something, anything, anywhere to escape to just to feel safe and secure. To forget about life and all its problems and know that as long as I'm there I'm going to be just fine. You, you walked in my life without warning and somehow became that place; that anything that could make me feel safe and secure. That thing that took away all of my problems. You became my heaven, my home and my safety net and so very much more.

More than I ever could have possibly imagined or even hoped and prayed for. Your love brought me back to life when there wasn't even an ounce of hope keeping me alive. It was you. Not the Dr's, not the machines, not all the medicine in the world; it was simply your love. My whole life changed the day I met you and has done nothing but continue to get more amazing everyday that you have been in it. The past 3yrs; the ups, the downs, the absolute hopeless times and the most amazing; you my love kept me going. You gave me hope, drive, encouragement, faith, love and a reason to keep fighting. You never fail to remind me I'm worth so much more than I ever thought I was and you never fail to remind me that I'm so much stronger than I ever knew. You told me I brought you back to life; well my love it is you who not only brought me back to life but gave me a reason to keep living. Your love is so much more powerful than you'll ever know. Your faith is so much more encouraging than I could ever possibly explain. Simply your existence is an endless power circuit for life. It is a generator of power, strength and life that is absolutely indescribable and endless. It never runs out of fuel. You are worth more than any words, songs, poems etc than you could ever imagine and I wish so dearly that you knew what you mean to me and my family for keeping me going. Your worth is absolutely priceless. It is eternal and anyone who can't see that is not even worthy of a moment of your time. I will forever remind you every single day what you mean to this world, to me, to my life in general. I hope one day you can see yourself through my eyes because even if only for a moment it is powerful enough to bring you to your knees. I am not only thankful and grateful that you, a complete stranger walked into my life and showed me what love and life truly is all about when I could never see it for myself. But I am forever in your debt simply for your love. Please, never doubt your worth because to some of us you are worth more than anything else in this world.

The grass isn't greener, it's dead

You thought the grass was greener on the other side so you jumped the fence and tried to live there. You finally realized it was only greener because it was filled with weeds. You quickly came back over that same fence and realized the greenness of the grass is not what matters but the love that is put into keeping the weeds away. Unfortunately you brought some of the weeds with you. You pull and pull and pull and they grow back quicker than you can clear them out. You quickly realize you ruined the perfect yard over the looks of another's. You get mad, you get upset but not because both yards now have weeds but because you realize you ruined the perfect yard for the looks of the others not love of the property. You blame the neighbors, you blame the other property owners but nothing can take away from the fact that you know it was your fault. You forgot to keep watering you're own grass, tending to it, planting beautiful things in it. The flowers in your own yard can only be as beautiful as the seeds you implant into it. When you plant old, rotten seeds you get nothing and when you forget to keep planting anything at all? It all dies.

That's exactly what you did to us.

What I want

I want you to want me. I want you to admit that you can't breathe when I'm not around. That you can't imagine your life without me and it takes your breath away at the thought. I want you to need me in a way that isn't needing me to do things but just needing me to exist. To be whole.

Inner demos

Hey, it's me. How are you? I've missed you. It's been such a long time.

Hey! How are you, I'm great thanks for asking. It has been a long time but that's ok because I've been working on myself. How have you been?

I bet you have been. I assure you im doing better than you. Aren't you dead yet? You're worthless. You'll never be good enough. You can't win. No one loves you, shit no one even cares. You have no friends. You're family just pretends. Everyone would be better off without you; the whole world would be better off without you and nobody would even notice if you were gone.

Um, excuse me why would you say those things? My life is going great thank you; I work hard for what I have. My sobriety, my children, my relationships, my happiness.

Haha maybe you didn't hear me but you'll never be good enough. You'll never stay sober. You're efforts will continue to go unnoticed just like no one notices your existence. Your good deeds will be undone by someone with more to offer. You're love will go unreturned and your loving gestures unappreciated.

OK ok, I'm sorry but I'm trying. I'm trying so hard. What else can I do? I'm changing who I am, what I do and how I approach things. I guess I'm stuck. Please help me not put me down.

That's not why I'm here. I'm here to tell you the truth. You're a failure at everything. Your exterior beauty is nonexistent and your interior beauty is not worth anything. No one cares. You're too fat. Then you're too skinny. You're out of shape or you look gross from being to in shape. Your breasts are not big enough and your ass is to small too.

You have no style because you're broke. You'll never afford to buy what you actually like so just stop trying. You'll never be able to afford nice things or things to change your body. Your charity will never be enough.

Your kids will never love you or look up to you. No man will ever truly love or want you for you. No man will appreciate you the way you appreciate them. No man will ever return the love, happiness and joy you try to give to them. You will be used and abused because that's all you're worth. Just deal with it already. You have no talent, your goals are unaccomplished and your dreams are out of reach. I will say this one last time and maybe now you'll listen, you are worthless and always will be so just give it all up now. How have you not ended it all already? No one wants you here. YOU don't matter.!

Whoa, wow, who are you to say these things? To tell me I don't matter? I try with everything I have. It is good enough. I am good enough. My life will mean something. I'm trying so insanely hard.

Oh honey just give up already. Don't you get it at all by now? Who am I to say these things to you? Oh my darling, I am YOU!

Thoughts in the night

My pillowcase, it smells just like you. Lately it seems to be the only way I can sleep.

It's so hard that you're gone. Every move, every taste, every smell, every show and every song just reminds me of you and the things that we do.

Constantly reminding myself that for some, comfort can be mistaken for love, loneliness can be mistaken for missing someone, and tears can be mistaken for all of it because we're safer not drowning in our own thoughts by ourselves so the one who understands us is the best escape we have; The only one we know.

This home is no longer a home but just a dark and dreary temporary shelter. One with no light or warmth; just cold damp floors, a chilly breeze and terrifying silence.

The only sound heard are the screams of my soul echoing throughout the empty halls and bouncing off of the bare walls.

As I curl in a ball and pray not to wake up in the morning, I find myself trying to forgive you. How can you blame someone for not feeling the same as you do? You cannot; you can only blame them for giving you false hope knowing the whole time they didn't feel the same. How can you blame someone when you know they tried? You know they tried so hard to convince themselves they truly loved you in hopes their heart would follow? In the end it just didn't?

I cannot hate you because the love is so vast and powerful it leaves not even a crack for hate to squeeze through.

I find myself praying. Praying you'll realize that I am not the person you ever thought I was. I was not perfect by any means but I was not a cheater and a liar. That my love was pure and true. That I never did the things you thought and I deeply did not deserve in any way how I was treated yet still fought to show you so you'd love me.

I am not mad at you, I am mad at myself. I let myself stay in a situation I knew would be the death of me all because I could not get my brain to overpower my heart. Or maybe rather that I did not want it to. As I sit and stare at these now blank walls, dressers, closets and bed, I find so many things running through my head that I cannot make sense of any of it. It is all so overwhelming. The demons are screaming so loud I cannot hear myself think. The pain is so crippling its as if all my ribs have broken and punctured through my heart and lungs. Unable to breathe, feeling my heart slow down and my body start to go numb; I pray. Dear lord, please just take me now for I cannot bare to be on this earth in this shape any longer. Please end my pain so I do not have to. Please watch over my children and family and fill them with your joy and love. Most of all please watch over him. For you are the only one who can fill all the voids I tried to fill. The only one who can fix all the problems I tries to fix and the only one who can give him all the love he never received and could not accept from me. Please fill his life with everything he deserves and everything I tried so hard to share with him.

Amen.

I've prayed this prayer repeatedly yet i feel no relief.

If anything the pain proceeds to remain and only get worse. It is truly like peeling my skin off with my bare hands and feeling every ounce of it inside and out. Never blacking out. Never getting a moment of relief. The void where my heart and soul used to be is such a horrible, painful, empty everlasting feeling because I gave every last inch of them to you. I cannot replace those. Nor would I want them

back as horribly shredded as they are.

Please excuse me as I continue to try to figure out how to walk amongst the living while I am completely dead. Excuse me as I learn to mourn the death of my life that was planned, my family that I so badly yurned for and the death of two people that are still alive. One whom I cannot be with and the other I simply cannot be.

Anger vs. Emotion

It's easier to be angry than it is to be sad, and as you get older it becomes harder to realize there's a difference. Pain is insanely hard to heal. It is a long and painful process. It makes you feel as though you're weak and vulnerable and completely out of control. It can feel like you're literally dieing inside; and anger? Anger feels as though you can punch a few things, scream and shout and it will just all fade away. It feels more controllable. Like somehow your powerful and strong. No one wants to feel weak, vulnerable and as though they have no control over themselves or their actions and feelings and life. But unless you're strong enough to know that sadness and vulnerability is in fact control then you'll never heal. You'll never grow to be strong and powerful and have control over all other aspects of healing. You will remain stuck. Remain an angry butter soul instead of blossoming into the most beautiful version of yourself possible.

Beyond the line

Tell me why it hurts. Tell me why it hurts so badly to breathe that the pain keeps my breath away. Tell me where the line is. The line that nothing dares cross, not even the evil that inflicts such pain so that I may cross it and be far beyond that line. For the unknown is much less painful than the knowings of this so called love.

Lay beside me

Lay beside me in the darkness when it feels like light is no longer existent.

Lay beside me when the world so cold and so cruel decides to chew you up and spit you out.

Lay beside me in the silence where all we hear is the gentle rhythm of our hearts beating effortlessly as one.

Lay beside me and let me hold you so that you know you are not and forever will not be alone.

Let my love flow through you like the electricity between us until you feel it in your soul.

Lay beside me.

Love me harder

Love me harder on the days I can't remember the name for anything.

The days I cannot focus

The days I can't remember why I got up or walked into another room.

Love me harder on the days I cannot find a single reason to love myself.

Even harder on the days I cannot look at my own reflection.

Love me harder on the days I feel like I can conquer the world.

When I'm so full of confidence and passion.

Full of excitement and joy.

Love me harder on the days I love myself more than anything else and stop and glance at every reflection.

Love me harder on the days that I'm still here.

That I'm still living and breathing.

Heart beating and eyes full of light.

Please do not wait to love me till tomorrow for tomorrow could be too late.

Love me hardest right now because I need it today.

I see through you

I see through you. I see through your cruel, cold hearted ways. The way you can just walk away like we never happened. The way you jump girl to girl like no one ever meant shit. That's the problem you see. You can't be with me because I see the real you and I loved you anyways, and you couldn't handle someone truly loving the horribly broken you. Someone willing to stand by your side through absolutely anything. You didn't know how to love back and that was ok because I was willing to be patient while you figured it out. So you ran. You ran so far that you couldn't even look back. But that feeling in your heart when you hear my name? That way your stomach goes into your throat when you see my text? The way your soul breaks when you think about our memories? That my dear is love. That is an unbreakable love that most don't even find in a lifetime. But you threw it away like garbage for what? For fun times with random women? For freedom to do wrong? I actually feel horrible because I know in my bones when you look back at the damage you've caused you will break in ways you never even knew imaginable and I will no longer be there to pick up the pieces. Or will I?

If I wanted to kill myself

If I wanted to kill myself I would climb your ego and jump to the vast emptiness of where your heart should have been.

Hold my hand

Hold my hand. Hold my hand and walk with me. You do not have to say a word. Just your presence and touch is enough. Hold my hand while I battle my own demons at the moment because I do not want to talk out loud or bother you with them. While I pull myself together untangling every thought, negative memories or feelings that is somehow all connected on the same string and I am spiraling from corner to corner twisting and turning and jumping through loop after loop trying to get it straight. Hold my hand while I'm at peace; When the waters are calm and the sand is cool and there is not a problem in the world. Hold my hand when my world is falling apart and when it is beautifully whole. Hold my hand and walk with me in silence because your presence screams louder than any word or sound you could possibly make. Your hand in mine and mine in yours. It is like they were literally created to fit just perfect isn't it? Hold my hand when I want to break down and when I'm floating on cloud nine. Say things to me silently that instantly calm my heart and make my soul have purpose. For those silent whispers give me the strength to carry on. Hold my hand because the silence is vibrating through your fingertips up mine and into every chamber of my heart. Simply, just hold my hand.

Those who love you are the ones who kill you

You sat there and watched as my soul bled; instead of pulling it out you grabbed the knife that punctured my soul in the first place and started twisting and carving even more.

Excerpts from her heart

One day honey you're going to mature; things will start clicking in your brain and you'll start realizing exactly what you have done, how badly you have hurt and broken people, especially me. I'm just warning you ahead of time; that person that you'll become who starts to understand and realize that, will be in absolute mind and soul crushing pain from the weight of your wrong doings; and you'll have two options. You will let it ruin you and you will continue to do whatever numbs you and bounce bad decision to bad decision doing the same shit and causing more damage and pain even to yourself. Or, or you will finally say enough is enough and you will learn to let yourself feel it for little moments at a time; because you will know letting it all hit you at once and staying in that pain for too long will kill you. That you will finally go get the help that you so desperately know you need and you will begin to grow and turn into the person that I always knew you could be. The pain of what you've done in your past will ALWAYS haunt you. I'm not gonna lie. But the amazing thing is that you can take that pain and hurt and ugliness and you can turn it into something so joyful, beautiful and magical. You just have to be fully committed to actually putting in the work. Even when it gets too hard and even when it's inconvenient. You will learn to NEVER EVER do anything to cause someone this much pain again. Because you will finally know how absolutely suicidally soul crushing it truly is and you will never want someone to feel that same way. It takes work. It's hard. It's emotionally draining and painful. But God damnit it is soooooo insanely worth it and beautiful. And I know from the bottom of my heart that you can do it. After everything you have done to me? I still believe in you. I just wish you did too.

Look deeper

They not only witnessed her destruction but were the ones to destroy her; then they sat and wondered why she saw nothing but darkness. The moon shone gloriously through her eyes and her smile still brightened a room. They forgot to look past it deep down to the cracks. They forgot that the stars shone their brightest when they were about to die. They watched her death with bewilderment and anger all because they failed to look beyond the surface.

Fragments of a shattered mind

I opened this love before I was ready to be surprised by it.

No, no i opened this love before you had even put anything inside of it. I was so involved in the words you used to describe it, I forgot to even shake the box and make sure anything was even there.

So there I was; left with an empty box, because it was only filled by promises. And promises only fill the space with air if there's nothing there to back them up. Actions are the bodies way of giving presents to fill the void of spoken and unspoken promises. I guess I just was not worthy enough to deserve them. Wait, I guess you just weren't mature enough to give them.

All I ever wanted was for you to love me

Let me show you.

I said like I was sorry.

He ignored me.

I touched his body and grabbed around his waste.

He turned around and looked at me, like show me.

I slowly touched and went down his body with mouth barely open and that look in my eyes.

Eye contact the whole time. He looked at me, licked his lips and said; show daddy how sorry you are.

I wasn't but I wanted to please him. I wanted him to love me. I got on my knees and didn't even touch his pants. Mouth slightly open I grabbed him and pulled him close.

He fed me.

He fed me until HE wasn't hungry anymore.

I drank him. I drank him as though I was dehydrated.

He suddenly loved me.

The anger was gone but the distance was not. It didn't matter how dirty I felt even though he was the only one. All that mattered is he suddenly loved me. He loved me as though I mattered.

For 1 minute. I mattered. For 1 minute, he loved me. I just didn't love myself. But he didn't care. He didn't care as long as he got what he wanted. It wasn't until years later I realized what I wanted mattered too.

Make it stop

It's like, just when my lungs finally start to fill with air, when the blood starts flowing at a slower pace through my heart, when my words aren't so painful to speak, something punctures my lungs, rips the valves from my heart open and I find myself once again choking on my words. Loving you is the culperate I have finally caught that keeps killing me. I never wanted to love you; in fact I have tried so insanely hard not to; but how can you rip a beating heart from your own chest and live through it? That is what I have yet to figure out.

The fight within yourself you do not know if you can win.

Wasted days hiding in the house so people cannot see the pain. Made up excuses on last minute canceling of plans for the umpteenth time due to suddenly feeling ill because there is no way I can be seen like this, and no way to hide it this time. Being rude to people I care about, making up reasons I no longer want them in my life at all, and blocking them, even though they truly did nothing wrong. Just knew me before he did or were the opposite gender. Hours spent caking on make-up I normally do not even wear to try to blend in the bruises. Figuring out how to turn pain and tears into silent screams and 'I'm sorrys' until I am finally alone. Learning to think on my toes to explain yet another random bump or bruise that was not able to be hidden. Learning to blame myself for things I know in my heart of hearts I did not do, or is not true just to make him feel as though he's right, and I am somehow worse than him, and below him. Learning to wear my hair certain ways and tilt my head so my neck is not to be seen. Learning to walk on egg shells and keep my mouth closed unless spoken to, so I do not accidentally irritate him or say something innocent that he can twist into something evil and ugly. Blaming my health issues like my seizures and saying, "oh, yes I had another one and just bumped my head again, I'm ok thanks for asking". Training my emotions to go numb while my face remains happy and smiling when someone secretly asks me if I'm ok, or "if he did this" because they KNOW I'm lying, and I HAVE to convince them I'm not. Forcing lies out of my mouth to seem like they're truly coming from my heart, so the secrets stay buried down deep under lock and key. Purgering myself to ensure that he comes back home to me instead of locked away for another 8yrs for attempted manslaughter, on me. Sitting for hours making up beautiful stories of things we've done together that he had planned just for me. Jokes that he's told me just to make me laugh because he didn't see me smiling at that moment, and the sound of my laugh is like music to his ears. Posting cute little nothings that he does just to make me happy or see me smile, because seeing me sad breaks his heart. Bragging of the little things he does that would make other women swoon and fall instantly in love. Bragging about how I found the perfect man; he actually listens to me when I talk, and truly cares about what I have to say. He always asks me how my day is and waits to actually hear the answer. He always makes sure to randomly text me throughout the day, just to let me know he's thinking of me, no matter how busy he is at work. He sends me love songs to listen to because he speaks best through music. All things that I brag of knowing it'll make all other women jealous, and make me look so extremely lucky to have found this man, to be marrying this man. Scream proudly from the roof tops how insanely in love with me my man is, and would do anything to keep us together; to keep our family; our future safe. The cute way he always compliments me or hugs me from behind while I'm washing the dishes or cleaning, and kisses my cheek just to say "thank you baby, do you know much I appreciate you?" The way he brushes the hair from my face and holds my chin so gently in the palms of his hands; kisses my forehead, nose, chin and then ever so softly my lips, looks me in my eyes and tells me he loves me and that he promises everything will be ok, when he knows I'm having a really hard time. The way he tries so hard to understand my mental illnesses and does everything possible to not only understand, but help me with them. The way he always has my back even when I'm wrong, and waits to talk to me about it in private calmly, so I don't feel attacked or embarrassed. The way he understands my PTSD so he tries to never make sudden, quick movements close to my face or scream and cuss at me to make me shut down and terrified. The way he knows just what to do when I wake up screaming, crying and in a panic attack from a PTSD night terror. Just holding me, letting me hear his heart beat so mine will calm and synch up with his; all the while not being bothered at all that I woke him; that he's exhausted, he's still just quietly saying I love you baby, it was just a dream, I would never let any of that happen to you again, it's ok now, you're safe, I'm here. The way he takes care of me after a seizure and carries me to bed, never leaving my side. Helping me drink water, give me my

medication and lay with me to let me know I'm not alone. Reminding myself constantly that all of these are lies so that I can hold onto just a little piece of reality that I have left. Reminding myself that the only times even a couple of these things have ever happened was right after the absolute worst of times, and only because of guilt; just to keep me holding on. You would think the lies would be harder to keep straight than the truth, but in reality it is the total opposite. I have told so many lies to make him seem like this amazing man that any woman would be lucky to have, but they don't. No, no, I am the woman blessed enough to have him; that the lies became my truth and my truth became a mysterious puzzle that's hard to remember let alone put together. Even worse, in all honesty every other woman DOES have this amazing man that I portray him to be but I have lied so many times, made up so many excuses for his behavior, that I have begun to not only blame myself for that also, because he tells me everything he does is my fault anyway, but believe it and almost accept it. It's as if I am almost ok with it as long as he still comes home to me, because I love him so entirely. I have been so broken down that everything I know is now opposite. My truths are now my lies and my lies are now my truths. My morals have been altered to amend to his behaviors. My values have been demolished, just so he will love me. I still hold what little parts of them that I can though. I do not lie. I do not cheat or stray. I do not get emotionally, intellectually, or physically involved with other men. Or women for that matter. My life is still my children and him; while his life is everyone and anything he feels like at that moment. How did I get here? I walked away but I am still here. I am here in the sense that my world has stopped as his keeps going. My world is frozen in time as if we're still together just a long distance relationship or something. It's like when you're married and God forbid you lose your spouse. Your life continues on, you mourn, You grieve; but you act as though you are still married. You are still loyal and faithful to that spouse even though they are no longer there. It sounds crazy I know. I believe that is what true love is though. His was not true love but mine is; and true love is crazy, insane, it makes no sense sometimes. It is beautiful, it is ugly, it is easy and it is also the hardest thing you will ever do. True love is not just a feeling it is a choice you make every single day to wake up and fight for that person, and what you have together. If you wake up and look over and just feel like, "agh, I don't even like this person today. Why are the feelings gone?". Then you have that choice to make and either say ok; This has gone stale for now and now I fight. Now we sit and talk and we fight. We start dating again, we start the romance and the cute little surprises again. We bring back the flames that burned so bright to begin with. Or? Or you take the easy choice and you walk away like it's nothing and try to find it with multiple others, knowing it will end up the same and you will never even love them or them love you as much as the one you walked away from, just because it was the easy choice at the time, and you refused to face yourself and make the effort to change. Even though they were willing to fight by you're side the whole way.

I am here. I am fighting; and I am fighting alone.

No. I am not fighting alone I realized. I am fighting myself. I am fighting the part of me that knows without a doubt, that just because I am in love with him, walking away was the best and healthiest decision of my life. That it saved my life. I am also fighting the part of me that because I am in love, I want to stand by my words and stand by his side because when I said them, they were not just words to me. They were promises from my heart and soul. I am fighting the part of me that wants to change him or thinks I can. That wants to wake him up before it's too late and help him get help and change. I am also fighting a part of me that already knows it is too late. The damage he has done might not be visible and permanent on the outside. But it is most definitely permanent on the inside. Emotionally, mentally and now I have found out physically. Those scars can never be undone. They can never be reversed or forgotten. Yet I still find myself praying daily that a switch will flip and he will just love me, but love me the right way. Knowing he never will.

The love is not lost. It is however forever altered.

Reaching

You saw me drowning so you reached out your hand; but you keep it just far enough away that I'm struggling to reach it.

You watch as I struggle to reach out further and further, but I'm sinking so quickly there's no way to reach you.

Instead of leaning further towards me you just sit down on your knees and wait; arm still stretched. You just watch and you wait. Almost calm.

You've always just watched and waited. It's like you enjoy watching me struggle and suffer. Yes, usually I can find the strength to pull myself to the surface and above it all but the one time I'm just too weak, you still just sat there and watched.

With blankness in your eyes and emptiness in your heart, you watched.