

Pain and misery

Kylie Musselman

Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

*This is dedicated to every heart break, every broken promise, and every inch, ounce of pain and
misery I've ever had.*

Acknowledgement

Thank you, to all of my exes who broke my heart.

Trevor. L.

Camden. M.

Shaylynn. D.

Austin. E.

Saffire. L.

Lukas. L.

Alysa. C.

Nicholette. K.

Dakota. M.

Laylin. D.

Austin. J.

Austin. M.

Jason. B.

Jason. G. M.

Parker. C.

About the author

These poems and letters have been, a huge part of my life. All of the people who have shattered my heart, caused me pain and misery, and caused me most of the disorders I have today. So I'd like to thank them for all of this.

Thank you,

Kylie \"Ky\" Musselman.

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Living Life As An Abuser Part Two.

Borderline Personalilty Disorder.

"I am **Borderline Personality Disorder**,
I will make you think you are **worthless**,
No one **loves** you,
Everyone **hates** you,
I will make feel like everyone will **abandon** you,
I will make you have constant **anxiety** about everything,
I will make you go from the **happiest** person ever,
To severely **depressed and hopeless**.
I will make you have **impulsive thoughts**,

And I'll make you **suicidal**,
I will make you attempt **suicide**,
I'll make you extremely **angry** in a matter of seconds,
I will make you feel **empty**,
I will make you feel **not worth it**,
I will **break you down** to nothing,
I am **UN-treatable**,
And I will make you feel like you are **nothing** to this world,
I will make you seem **unstable**.
But you **can't let me win** this war,
Because **you are stronger** than I am,
I am **Borderline Personality Disorder**.
And this is what I do."

Her.

"Her,

eyes *sparkle* like the clear blue ocean,

Her hair as *dark* as a starry night,

But her smile is as *breath taking* as a sunset,

Her dark circles are as *dark* as a nightmare,

Her freckles are as *cute* as saying I do in front of your loved ones,

Her body is *everything* you'd hope and dream for,

She doesn't see all of this,

She thinks she's,

Ugly, Stupid, Fat,

But she is as *beautiful* as a daydream,

And it's

Her.

The beauti-fullest woman in the world,

Despite her flaws,

It's always been,

Her."

I am depression.

"I am depression, Having me is extremely fucking difficult, especially if you've had it for a long time. You are in a constant mental state where your sad even if your happy, you will always feel like you need you kill yourself. Even if nothing bad has happened that day. Literally anything can trigger it, your like a spilling a glass and you keep on letting it spill on the inside. But you keep a straight face. Everyday you have to drag yourself out of bed without crying you have to make yourself get up. And when you get up and go to school, work, etc, your exhausted from just interacting. All you want to fucking do is crawl back into your safe place and sit there and cry all day. All you want is to escape from this cruel sick fucking world you call fucking life. But you still have that fake smile plastered on your face, you keep your chin up. And you pretend everything is alright. But late at night you sit and cry and let those demons out to play. I am depression, this is what I do."

By: Ky Musselman.

I Let You Go.

"I let you go,
We were inseparable,
Best friends,
And lovers,
You were my one and only,
But,
You use to mean everything to me,
Now we are strangers who knew everything about each other,
While you let me hurt,
I found someone else,
Who loves me unconditionally,
And not for my body,
For me,
I let you go,
It hurt a lot,
But here I am,
Without you,
Perfectly happy again,
I found myself,
I'm not broken anymore,
I finally find beauty in myself,
I know who I am,
Not who you made me into,
I am myself,
I can laugh,
Smile,
Be happy,
Once again,
I let you go,
For me,
I recovered once again,
I'm myself once again,
I am proud to be happy once again."

-Ky Musselman.

Leave me broken

"I was having flashbacks of an ex I still have everyday battles fighting myself saying, "Don't go message him/her." And it's still a struggle not to message that person because of how close we were and how much they were there for me and I was there for them. I now have someone who cares and loves me no matter what unconditionally, and I love him. So here is my little handwritten letter/poem called; Leave Me Broken."

Sunday. February, fifth. Two-thousand-seventeen. 10:00:06 AM

"Oh darling one day you will see, see that you will be okay, and that silly boy/girl doesn't matter anymore. You will see one day he/she never mattered, you will see you are better off without him/her. You will one day realize you don't need him/her and his/her cheating ways. He/she will realize he/she lost the best goddamn thing in the whole wide world, Because honey. You are the best goddamn thing in this world. One day he/she will realize he fucked up and played the wrong person, and he/she will realize he/she will never be the same without you. He'll/She'll see you holding hands with someone else, kissing them, loving them like you did with him/her. And he/she will realize he/she fucked up right then and there. Because he/she fell in love with you and he/she will never get you back. And it'll shatter him/her. To finally see you happy. To finally see you laughing without the pain in your eyes. To finally see you smile without you looking like your about to cry. It'll shatter his/her whole world. But you don't worry about his/her dumbass, because you are better off without him/her, you are stronger than this war in your head trying to say you're not better off without him/her. Leave me broken, so you can heal yourself own. And once you do, you will get over this, and you will become happy once again and find love once again. You'll see what love really is.

Darling you will be okay."

--? Kylie Sierra Harper Ryne Musselman Faiella-Willis Holbrooke. ?

Living life as an addict

"Bloody thighs,
Cut wrists,
Rope tied,
gun cocked,
pills popped,
Alcohol shots taken,
injected by needles,
Burned skin,
cigarette buds,
broken pipes,
Smoking cannabis,
knives covered in blood,
razors rusting,
These are the ways you are killing yourself,
You finally get clean of these things,
Your craving your way of dealing with pain after a bad day,
You relapse,
You break trust with everyone,
One day you take it to far,
And you die from,
Overdose,
Cut veins,
Severe burns,
Alcohol poisoning,
A gun,
Hanging yourself,
Used needles,
You're lucky if you survived this war,
And you finally got clean,
This is the life of an addict."
|Ky Musselman.|

Living life with an abuser.

He met you,
You guys became friends,
You guys fell in love,
He learned all of your flaws,
Weaknesses,
Turn on's and off's,
Your secrets,
Your scars,
Everything,
He changed you in appearance,
and in so many different ways,
Your friends noticed that you have changed,
Your friends told you he wasn't good for you,
You knew that,
Your friends wanted you to get help,
He beat you when he found out your friends knew,
Told you that you were a piece of shit,
He called you names,
He was nice the day after he beat you,
He beat you even more,
He put you down,
Then he left,
He broke you,
You went back and gave him another chance,
He broke you even more,
You lost your self confidence,
You lost your self esteem,
He left you again,
You started to cut again,
You became suicidal again,
You tried to kill yourself,
You succeeded,
He didn't want that that to happen,

He just wanted to make you feel pain,
He just wanted to feel powerful,
He wanted to control you,
He wanted to change you,
He wanted you to be there forever,
He was put on trial for first degree murder,
He was sentenced life in prison,
Your funeral wasn't good,
Your parents broke down,
Your friends started to cut,
and you,
You were just in a hole after everything you had been through.

This is the life of a person who is with an abuser.

Poem by: Ky Musselman.

My love.

I fell in love with him,
I don't know why or how.
But his eyes,
His beautiful hazel eyes.
They Glisten like no other.
His hair,
The beautiful plum color.
His smile,
Kills me on the inside when I see it.
When he kisses me,
Every fear of mine goes away.
His scent,
It's like heaven.
He keeps me sane.
He keeps me happy.
He's the one I love.
I love everything you do.
Including you.
I'm in love with.
Infatuated.
And
I'm glad I'm yours.

?_Pierce_The_Ky_

Silenced.

"I have been *silenced*,
I *can't* do this,
Please help me,
My world is *falling apart*,
I can't cry out for *help*,
Because of *Silence*,
I am *broken*,
People think I'm just *quite*,
But my *thoughts* are consuming me,
Feels like *knives* going into your skin each time you get asked,
"Are you *okay?*",
You *reply* with,
"Yeah I'm fine, *just tired.*",
You can't *speak* out,
Because your *thoughts* have been,
Silenced,
Please *help*,
You *plead* with your *eyes*,
No one sees your drowning in,
Silence. "

Since you've been gone.

"Since you've been gone,
I hate myself because of you,
But I still love you so much,
Since you've been gone,
I've been so depressed,
I can't get a grasp on life,
Because of you,
I am not whole anymore,
Because of you,
I started my addiction again,
I can't live like this anymore,
I can't live without you,
You made me whole,
You were my other half,
You are mine forever and always,
Even if we aren't necessarily on good terms right now,
I will always love you,
No matter what hell I've been through with you,
I would do anything for you still,
I would give anything to be with you once again,
Since you've been gone,
I've went back to self-harming,
Since you've been gone,
I was diagnosed with suicidal depression,
I still do love you no matter,
What you've put me through,
Since you've been gone,
I'm once again **BROKEN**.
9-12-13 I'll never forget."

|By: Ky Musselman.|

This isn't me.

I mean, I get angry. I know I can't help it. Everyone tells me, stop being so angry. But theres just a rage of anger inside of me and I don't know why, maybe its my perspective on life, or maybe it my self hate and pity for myself, or maybe even the fact that my father left me so broken and afraid of what life will throw at me, or maybe it was the abuse, or my substancce use that made me so mad, or maybe even the fact that I feel torn apart from reality so much that I just get angry because my own reality is what I want to live in, not this cruel cruel fucking world we all live in, but I will never know what my anger is all about ever until I find myself once again and not the person I have turned into. -Ky Musselman.

To my ex.

We met,
Little did you know,
I was your first kiss at the skating rink,
I was the girl who started your ways,
I was the one who made you sleep with tons of girls at such a young age,
We met on 3/25/2013,
I fell in love with you,
It wasn't until we we're thirteen we finally met once again,
And it happened all over once again the day I saw you once again,
We became best friends,
You said that you caught feelings first,
But mine had been here for years,
Little do you know,
I'd give up anything to go back to fall back in love with you and to have another chance,
Because little do you know,
I'm still madly in love with you,
I still want you as much as the day we met,
I'm the one who told you,
That you're beautiful,
You're worth living your life,
I brought you out of depression and helped you,
When I couldn't get out,
I told you cutting isn't the answer and someone finally believed me,
I taught you how to self love when I couldn't,
Because you are worth more to me than myself,
I'm the stupid girl who fell in love with you for who you are,
And I was stupid to let you get away once again,
Because I'm still in love with you.

Sincerely yours Dakota,
Kylie Sierra Musselman, the one who is still in love with you.

|-Pierce_The_Ky.|

To my first best friend.

"My dearest Meraid,"

Looking through my old photos today, I saw pictures of us during our younger days. We were smiling, laughing actually with no cares, as if we held the world in our hands. Seeing those pictures transported me back to a time when no one can separate us, not even that cute boy who both caught our eyes and made our hearts flutter for a while.

We were supposed to be together forever but that wasn't meant to be. The day you left for another city for your mother to accept a job she's have always wanted was devastating, knowing that you will not be there with me. You chose to stay to with her because you followed your own heart, as well as your mothers.

We haven't spoke since the last day of fifth grade but there is not a day that goes by that I don't think of you, Meraid Marie Jorgensen.

You are deep in my heart forever, as a part of me who is still fighting. Thinking we might cross paths again.

I do know one thing though. We parted ways not because we fought or ceased to be friends. We simply got older and this just meant we had more responsibilities to attend to.

I thought of writing to you now since we are both in our advanced years, presumably with more time in our hands. Maybe it is time to resume our interrupted friendship. I miss you my friend and I hope we will run into each-other one day once again.

Your Best friend for life,

Kylie Sierra Musselman.

The girl who let you sit with her when no one else would in kindergarten.

Much love Meraid.

-Kylie. ??

Us.

"It hurts me every time I hear your name,
Every where I go I see your face in everyone,
Every time I think of you,
The first time we ever met eyes,
Talked,
Became friends,
I think of our,
Memories,
first and last kiss,
Laughs,
Long night talks,
Cuddles,
First hug,
Our first everything,
And I miss it so much,
I miss us."

Why?

"Why the hell can he/she can be so perfect,
From when they look me into the eyes,
or to when I see them smiling,
even when they look away blushing,
Why the hell is he/she so beautiful? I ask myself.
The way they kiss me,
makes me feel so alive,
and not dead anymore.
When we hug,
It's like all of my sadness goes away.
When I'm in your arms all of my fears go away,
I ask myself,
Why is he/she so fucking perfect?
and then I ask myself,
Why the hell did I ever get so lucky being with them?
Why did they choose me?
Why am I so in love with them?
Why?"

|Ky Musselman.|

YOU.

"I loved *you* more than,
The stars love the moon,
I loved everything about *you*,
From your eyes that sparkled when *you* looked at me,
To your messed up smile,
To your dark circles,
To your cuts/scars,
I loved all of your imperfections,
That you hate so much,
I loved your messy hair when *you* just woke up,
I loved your laugh,
I just loved *you*.
It fucked me up so hard when I loved *you*,
I can never get anything back that I had with *you*,
Because *you* broke me,
I loved *you* when you didn't love me back,
And it fucked me up."

-Ky Musselman.

I'm tired.

"I'm tired of being suicidal.

I'm tired of being so depressed,

I'm tired of cutting.

I'm tired of burning myself,

I'm tired of smoking.

I'm tired of the pills,

And multiple suicide attempts.

I'm tired of me having to get high on pills, to make me feel some what happy.

I'm tired of the scars.

I'm tired of wearing this mask,

That doesn't show how broken I am.

But goddamn,

I'm so fucking broken.

I'm tired of being asked if I'm suicidal, everyday.

I'm tired of not being my old self when I was younger.

But this is me,

And its been for years.

I've just kinda learned to accept it.

And that's okay.

Because all of the pain has done this to me.

And deep down inside,

I'm still that same little girl who wasn't broken.

But,

Broken hearts don't match with happy hearts.

Because the man I called "dad",

Shattered my heart before anyone else.

And my mother allowed a piece of shit, man to come into our lives.

And every fucking night,

I'd get beat,

Put down,

And told I shouldn't live.

"YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABORTED, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOUR MOM DIDN'T."

He would tell me.

I've accepted everything that made me, ME."

To the teenagers who do it for attention.

" To the teenagers who do it for attention,
You want mental illness,
Here fucking take all of mine,
You want depression so bad,
You want to feel the pain and misery,
you want to lay in bed for days on in,
Have no motivation to do shit,
Not be able to function,
Shower,
Eat properly,
Sleep for hours on in,
Or have insomnic nights?
You want Borderline personality disorder?
You can have the feeling of everyone hating you,
Everyone abandoning you,
You pushing away loved ones.
You want the self destruction,
Or the feeling of needing to having to self-harm?
Do you want to reckless behavior?
Just because you get nervous before a test doesn't mean you have severe anxiety.
You want anxiety so bad?
Here take my countless nights of having anxiety so bad I'm clawing at myself?
Do you want PTSD so fucking goddamn bad?
Take other people's nightmares,
And terrors.
You want bipolar disorder?
Take it,
I can't handle it.
Stop self diagnosing yourself.
Do you honestly want all of this shit?
You just want attention,
And if you want all of this.
You are so fucked up in the goddamn head."

-Ky Musselman.

A collection of poems I've written in the last month.

"Baby love."

"Baby love, please don't go.
I love you so,
I love everything about us.
I'm addicted to you like nicotine,
But your worst than nicotine.
You keep me sane,
Happy,
You make me feel loved.
You make me want to stay,
And never leave.
You make my pain,
And misery go away.
I love you,
Babylove don't go."
-Ky Musselman.

"I'm tired."

"I'm tired of being suicidal.
I'm tired of being so depressed,
I'm tired of cutting.
I'm tired of burning myself,
I'm tired of smoking.
I'm tired of the pills,

And multiple suicide attempts.

I'm tired of me having to get high on pills, to make me feel some what happy.
I'm tired of the scars.
I'm tired of wearing this mask,
That doesn't show how broken I am.
But goddamn,
I'm so fucking broken.

I'm tired of being asked if I'm suicidal, everyday.
I'm tired of not being my old self when I was younger.
But this is me,
And its been for years.
I've just kinda learned to accept it.
And that's okay.
Because all of the pain has done this to me.
And deep down inside,
I'm still that same little girl who wasn't broken.
But,
Broken hearts don't match with happy hearts.
Because the man I called "dad",
Shattered my heart before anyone else could.
I've accepted everything that made me, ME."

"To the first girl who broke me."
To the first girl who broke me,
you were my first love,
I never said anything,
But I fell utterly in love,
Watching you get your heart broken for the first time,
To having you laugh at my stupidity,
To have you hug me,
And kiss my cheek,
I fell in love.
To the first girl who broke me,
Your eyes,
As clear as the blue ocean,
Your hair,
How beautiful it was,
So ginger,
And long.
To the first girl who broke me,
You were the most beautiful girl in the world,
I tore myself apart trying to have you love me,
You used me,

Bullied me,
Thought I was naïve,
I shredded my heart to make sure you would be happy.
But oh fuck,
I never thought that you'd stop being friends with me.
I was so broken,
I couldn't get over you.
But maybe it was a wake up call,
To get my shit together,
To understand we weren't going to last forever as friends,
That I'd never get the girl of my dreams.
I still think of you to this day,
I deleted all of our pictures,
I couldn't stop crying.
I couldn't help but listen to our favorite songs while doing it.
But you never loved me like how I loved you,
And you never will."

"She"
She's grace,
She's beauty,
She's all over the place.
But she's mine,
She's perfect,
Just the way she is.
And I love her."

"Happiness"
"Happiness is something you have to find in yourself.
It's that feeling you get,
When you see your significant other for the first time in a long time.
It's the feeling when you feel when your surrounded by people you love.
It's the feeling,
The feeling that everyone should have,
Most do,
Some don't."

And I'm one of those people,
Who has her happy days,
And sad days.
But I'm me,
And everyone feels the same way."

"Reasons why I want to be an educator"

"Reasons why I want to be an educator,
From the time I could even remember,
I've been in school.
I've always admired teachers,
They take so much pride in what they teach.
I've been in school since the age of three,
Teachers,
They see the best in every kid.
No matter age,
Weight,
And how smart they are.

They see the best, in anybody.

Reasons why I want to an educator,

I had a teacher from the sixth to the eighth grade,
She was a special education teacher.
She went around and asked everyone,
What we wanted to be.

Most people said doctor or NFL player.

I was the odd one out and said

"I want to be an educator."

She asked why,

I replied with,

"Everyone admires someone. I admire educators because they take so much pride in what they do."

She was amazed at that response.

The next year she asked the same question.

I responded with the same answer,

Kids changed up their answers.

Reasons why I want to be an educator,

Eighth grade year,

She asked the same question.

When it finally came to me I said,

"I want to be an educator, because I want to be admired. I want to have kids look up to me. I want them to be able to tell me anything, I want kids to love school and teaching. I want them to have fun while learning, because we don't have much of that. I want to be able to have kids love me as an educator. I want to love my job and love kids."

She told me,

"You are the true definition of an educator."

The last day of school,

She told me.

"You will be an amazing educator, Kylie. Best wishes in high school honey."

I'm now almost a sophomore in high school,

And I'm about to be student teaching,

for kindergartens.

And I know,

She would be so proud of me.

This is why I want to be an educator."

"I've been saved"

"I've been saved,

From myself,

And my thoughts.

I didn't know that one,

One single damn person.

Could save a broken little girl.

He lead my through the dark tunnel,

I call life.

And I thank him,

For everything he's done for me.

Thank you for being here for me,

Thank you for helping me through, my suicidal thoughts.

Thank you baby,

I love you Caden.

Thank you so much for saving me."

"Kylie." A poem dedicated to myself.

Her name is Kylie, she has a smile on her face. Even when she has a million reasons to cry, getting abused at home and bullied at school. Having to wear this goddamn fucking mask, to hide her true feelings from the world. Constantly thinking how stupid, ugly, fat, etc she is. But, she's the complete opposite. She's anorexic, and bullimic from little prissy bitches telling her she needs to loose weight. Constantly starving herself and then binging, she was out of control. She gets told: "go kill yourself." "Emo cunt." "Go slit your wrists." "Fat ass."

After multiple suicide attempts, she still doesn't get where she went wrong with them. She's up all night contemplating suicide, cutting her thighs and hips, having constant racing thoughts. Oh god her mind won't shut off, her anxiety attacks are getting to her, she's clawing at herself. Trying to cope with herself. She's needing some saving, someone save her.

Trying to find love, constantly thinking she's found the one. She gets cheated on or left for someone better that doesn't have mental problems. The last one made her almost die because of how deep she cut, God someone save her. She thinks to herself, " please just let me die. It's all I fucking want." But she doesnt get her wishes.

She's depending on her "Emo bands." To save her, people bash on them but they help her. They help her cope, she blasts the music until she can't feel a fucking thing at all. She wants to just be numb, no feelings. She wants to be dead, but how would her parents and siblings feel when she's in a coffin?

Someone comes along and vibes with her, treats her right. Makes her feel like she's worthy of living this life. That someone tells her, her self worth and makes her have self love once again. She doesnt have to wear this mask. She's still in pain but, she's some what happy now. All from this one person who saved her. He is her light. And she loves him so much.

-Kylie Musselman

The love of my life.

"There is this man I fell in love with.
He has these eyes,
They glisten in the sun light,
Oh god they are so beautiful.
His hair,
As pink as a dahlia.
His smile,
Is like a million diamonds shining.
His body is to die for.
He is a ray of sunshine,
He is a ball of happiness,
He is as beautiful as a flower,
and this man is all mine."

All I want is you.

"All I want every part of you,
I want to see you everything you are.
I want to see everything about you,
And I want to see what you are capable of.
I want to see you under all of that flesh and bone,
I want to see your true colors and how you are.
I want to see all of you,
Not sexually,
Deep inside of you.
All of your flaws and imperfections.
All of your side's and colors.
Because I am in love with you,
And I've never seen a creature so exquisite as you.
You are a beautiful creature,
There isn't anyone who is like you.
You are one of a kind.
And god damn I fucking love you.
I want to be with you forever,
You forever have my heart."

To my ex step father.

"This is for you,
All of the heart break.
The pain,
And the misery.
You tore me to shreds,
And goddamn you made sure
I lost everything I love and desire.
You made me loose every sense of hope in myself.
You broke my self-esteem,
You made me feel worthless,
And like I shouldn't live.
You broke me,
Made me sob every night.
Thinking I wasn't good enough.
You beat me,
Put me down,
Told me I'm worthless.
And watched me fail.
All you wanted was to see me fail.
You made me miserable,
You told me I would end up in juvie by the time I'm fifteen.
You told me I'm just like you and I should be ashamed of myself.
You made me suicidal,
And you are the REASON why I started self harming.
But look at me Steven,
I am doing so much better without you in my life.
I stopped self harming and I'm not in juvie.
I am in a much better place than I was.
Sincerely yours,
Kylie."

To my first love.

July 8th 2017,

1:25 pm,

"Man I am utterly in love with you,

But you destroyed me,

You destroyed yourself as well.

We are both broken depressed people,

And my god,

I thought we would be forever.

But I was wrong,

So wrong,

If it weren't for my mother.

We would still be here,

Rocking with each other,

Loving each other,

Helping each other.

If it wasn't for my mother ruining us,

I would still be your babygirl.

The one who held your hand through out everything.

The one that would help you along the way with both of our depressions,

And the one who loves you unconditionally.

You are the one I dreamt about in every damn dream I've ever had since I met you.

You are the one I fancide when we were friends.

You are the one man that I would do anything for.

You are the one person I would die for, kill for, and be there for the rest of my life.

I love you,

And when you broke up with me,

That was the worst day of my life.

Like honestly,

You heard me begging and pleading for you to come back,

I prayed to god,

And I'm atheist.

I prayed for the first time in my life.

And it didn't work.
Nothing worked.
I lost my other half,
My soul mate,
And the one person I've ever loved in my whole life.
I had real laughs and smiles with you.
I had true feelings for you.
And I've never had that with someone.
I usually get over someone in a day or two,
But I can't get over you.
I can't,
I love you baby so goddamn much.
And I can't live without you.
You saved my life,
Being friends with you,
Saved me from suicide. Having our small talks,
It helped me realize that life isn't so bad and I shouldn't kill myself,
Because maybe some day I could be happy with someone like you.
And it destroyed me.
You destroyed me.
And I still think you are an amazing person,
And you did nothing wrong.
I forgave you for shattering my heart.
And you still said we couldn't be friends.
I would do anything to be in your life baby.
But I can't.
I love you Caden.
I always have since the moment I saw you.
And I'll never forget you,
You'll always have a place in my heart and I will take you back in a heart beat.
Thank you for being a part of my life.
Thank you for being my best friend,
Thank you for showing me everything I know.
Thank you for teaching me self love.
And to finally find myself once again.
Thank You, I love you so much Caden Sterling Bankston.

Thank you.

Love,

Kylie Sierra Musselman, the woman that will always love you."

Living Life As An Abuser Part Two.

"Hi I'm an abuser.

I like to beat women,

Verbally abuse them,

And sexually abuse them.

I like when they scream and beg me to stop.

It makes me feel so damn powerful.

Having the whole damn world in my hands.

I like to call her a piece of shit,

And tell her she's worthless.

And then the next day get her hopes held high and make her feel like she's the best damn woman.

Then I like to tear her down.

I like when she's just sitting there and I just come up and pull her and then punch her.

I like the feeling of her blood running on my hand.

I like when she screams to stop when I rape her.

Or when she's try to push me off.

I like to control her,

I made her loose contact with everyone because they all will turn her against me.

I also like when I choke her out to a point that she can't breathe anymore.

One day she will learn to try not to stand up to me.

Hi, I'm an abuser.

And this is what I do to women."