

I could be getting married to the love of my life,

Standing up at the altar looking like the princess of my dreams

But if the goofy boy with brown hair and chocolate eyes walked in

I would stop the whole ceremony

Only to gaze into his eyes one last time,

Before selling my life away to someone,

I never wanted him to be.

This kind of love is the hardest one to come by,

But once it's there

It's almost impossible to leave.

It's the kind of love when you know you can't be together.

The kind where you would do anything to be with this person yet, can't seem to get alone time.

This love is toxic.

It is ruthless.

This love is full of heartache,

It's mainly one-sided.

Or at least it feels that way.

It's stained glass.

This love is painful for everyone involved.

People try and get out,

But it never works.

There is always some part of you that is utterly broken from this love.

This toxic,

Putrid form of love.

I realized I loved you when your smile would make me smile.

Your laugh would make me laugh,

Your touch would make me want to shower you with kisses.

I realized I loved you when it was 2:00 am,

Thunderstorm outside,

My blue LED lights are on the lowest setting.

Sitting alone in my bedroom,

The left side of my brain conversing with the right.

I loved you long before I admitted it to myself.

You were the person I wanted to do crazy shit alongside.

The person I wanted to hand all my problems to,

The person I wanted to trust with everything.

I can't do the whole relationship thing,

My past is too fucked up for that.

Every one I try and get into a relationship with

I push away

Because I don't trust them enough,

Because I don't want anything to change.

I try to look out for myself because no one else has, and no one else will.

Not everyone can maintain a life of goodness,

Some resort to a life of crime purely because it's easier.

Even the devil was an angel once.

The world is such a lonely place.

You make things more bearable

I hate the way I look at you

I look at you like you're my whole world.

I hate it.

Do you ever want to scream?

Force all your problems into the world for everyone else to handle

But you can't,

You can't because you're too much of a people pleaser

So you stuff everything down and take on other people's emotions too.

Do you ever think about how it might be affecting me?

Do you ever sit back and think,

“Wow, am I hurting her?”

If you even have to ask yourself,

It is an almost definite yes.

Yes.

Yes, you are hurting her.

You're hurting the girl who once had an intense fire burning in her eyes;

The girl who once had a great love for the world.

One night, when she was sound asleep,

You broke into her one-bedroom apartment and stole her heart.

Once she realized what had happened

She didn't yell,

She didn't scream,

She didn't fight for it back,

She trusted you with that fragile heart of hers.

You promised to take care of it and make it feel loved.

You fulfilled that promise for a while,

But all good things must come to an end.

You threw her heart on the concrete floor of your raggedy basement.

You stepped on it,

Dropped a bottle of your finest wine on it,

You even invited people over to help crush that little heart of hers.

You took pictures of yourself smashing the already scarred heart into millions of tiny pieces.

After you finished playing with her heart,

You left.

Left the girl in all her agony,

Left her trying to pick up the pieces and put her heart back together again.

The heart you said you would never touch in the first place.

That's the thing about heartbreak,

Isn't it?

You think it's gone, but the second you see them,

All those feelings from several months ago come rushing back

Almost like they've never left,

But hidden,

Waiting for the perfect time to strike again.

She's the perfect girl,

The girl you would trust with your life,

Yet, you can't seem to give her your heart.

It's not that you're afraid she won't take care of it,

It's that you can't seem to trust yourself to fall for someone

Who deserves your love.

Step in my shoes,

Walk a mile,

And then, only then,

Will you even begin to see what it's like to live a life like mine.

Cut it off,

You deserve to feel lighter,

You deserve to breathe, at last, after years of torture.

- *Haircut*

I want to set your car ablaze,
Steal your favorite baseball bat,
Attach your name to illegal trade,
I want to tell your mother what you did to me,
The terrible things you said,
The way you made me feel,
The pressure you put me under;
I couldn't do it, though.
She wouldn't believe me.

- *Family comes first*

You get scared and cut the ties,

You feel needed, so you stick around,

Either way, you get hurt,

It's a pain you believe you deserve.

- *Self-sabotage*

I forgive you.

I forgive you for treating me so terribly all these years.

I forgive you for forcing me into being your emotional punching bag

Because it was too much for you to handle.

I forgive you for that night I accidentally slammed the door too loud in your parent's house,

And all the other terrible things you did to me.

I still do not want a relationship with you,

But thank you.

Thank you for teaching me about rock bottom,

And forcing me to get up whenever I fell.

Thank you for giving me hope at such a young age,

And knock me down when I became too old for you to love.

Thank you for showing me what not to do with mental illness,

How not to drown away my sorrows in alcohol or sex.

Mostly, thank you for morphing me into me.

You taught me how I should never act,

How I should never think or execute plans,

How not to treat a child, who still tries to love you,

Knowing what you did was wrong,

And trying not to care because you are the only stable thing in her life.

You are the only thing keeping her from staying up all night,

Worrying about the future or not having enough music to listen to while falling asleep.

I stayed up for hours passed my bedtime just so I could see you,

You were never home,

You lied about where you were, always.

Thank you for showing me how to be a trustworthy person,

Because you were the furthest thing from that.

You destroyed my ability to trust a man within ten feet of me

without knowing them for at least five years beforehand.

Thank you for morphing me into me.

You showed me what not to do,

How not to act,

Who not to be.

Thank you.

The One

You destroyed my ability to trust a man within **ten** feet of me

Without knowing them for **nine** years beforehand.

You gave me well over **eight** reasons to leave you behind.

But you kept showing up for **seven** years after.

Thank you for the **six** types of mental health issues,

The **five** months of wanting to do unspeakable things to your wandering mind.

Four years of wondering if I will ever be good enough for you;

Three days of crying on the bathroom floor

Wishing you were man enough **to** stay.

Yes, I'll kiss you when I'm drunk or high,

Or angry, or ecstatic, or a ball of emotion.

But, I want to kiss you when I'm the soberest I've ever been.

I want to kiss you in the rain after an argument

To remind you that nothing you ever do could make me hate you.

No words ever spoken could make me leave.

You, kissing me, sober, full of passion, is the only way to remind me of those things, too.

I've finally found someone who deserves the way I look at them.

I look at them like they are my whole universe, not just my world.

I've moved on.

I'm happy.

And you know what?

He looks at me like I'm his whole universe too.

Something that you could never do.

We were just two lonely people,

Who, when we were together,

Weren't lonely anymore.

We didn't make sense to anyone but us,

Maybe that's why we had to end.

You began wanting something other than me.

- *right person, wrong time*

You tell me there's nothing I don't know

"I know nothing," I respond.

You don't like that answer,

So you keep prying until I finally break.

Letting the words of how much I love you seep through my pores.

"I have loved you since I met you.

I kept it unknown for this long because I assumed you wouldn't feel the same."

"There's nothing that could keep me from loving you, ever," he replied.

With that, my heart broke;

Not for me, but for him.

He had no idea he learned to love the broken one with tainted glass.

The bad seed,

The ugly duckling,

The one who knows nothing about how to love another,

Who doesn't even know how to love himself.

"How can I learn to worship you if I do not love myself?" I questioned.

"We shall figure that out together,

But for now, let it be just us alone in this garden of wonder,

And let me stare at the one I will someday be able to call mine."

I wish to dance with you in the rain under this night sky,

I wish to kiss you under the starlight.

Until the rain clears up,

The clouds disappear,

And all that is left is you and I standing in our damp clothing,

Kissing under the starlight.

I never had someone to look up to,

Or to try and become;

So, as I grew up,

I became the woman I needed most when I was young.

introvert and extrovert pairs are the best to come by.

the introvert keeps the extrovert safe,

the extrovert keeps the introvert wild.

You are the only one to decide your worth.

Don't let anyone from your past, present, or future decide that for you.

Whatever they tell you,

Good or bad,

You are worth so much more.

She talks about you like you make the sunrise each morning,

She looks at you the same way.

You mean more to her than you could ever imagine.

- *girlfriends*

The sun rose every morning before you met him,

The sun rose every morning when you were with him,

The sun will continue to rise even though he is gone too.

I lost you and got myself back.

I win.

I saw you on the street today.

Our past rushed back to me like an unexpected tidal wave.

Dancing in the rain under the moonlight,

Stargazing while listening to sappy music on your driveway,

And waking up extra early to see the sunrise.

I realized I don't miss it,

I don't miss the sneaking around,

The unexpected facetime calls,

Snapchat's saved in chat,

The lying,

Crying,

And millions of mental breakdowns it took for me to realize

That I'm better off without you.

Seeing you on the street made me realize I made the right choice:

Letting you go.

I am so much happier,

While you look like you couldn't go on another day.

You wrote "I love you" on my back today,

We were playing a spelling game;

It was your turn,

I pretended not to know just because I wanted to hear you say it.

"It's too embarrassing," you repeated until I finally gave up.

Realizing you would never say it to my face.

Which made me wonder if you meant it,

You refused to say it

So how could I know?

All I am is a drunk thought to you

A whisper in a crowded room.

I'm the feeling you get when you see something you used to know but don't anymore.

I'm the feeling of a word being on the tip of your tongue and not figuring it out.

All I am is a drunk thought to you.

He's a boy you want but know you can never have.

Losing your innocence doesn't always mean sex

Or drugs and alcohol,

A lot of the time it's being in abnormal situations,

Forced to grow up,

Forced to become a mother figure to your younger siblings,

A mother to yourself.

Losing your innocence is being exposed to the tortures of the world with no one to cover you.

I think I can learn to love you.

Even with all the terrible things I've been through,

I think I can learn to love again

As long as you're the one I fall into.

Once upon a time is a cliché way to start a story,

But once upon a time, you were mine,

Once upon a time, I had everything I could ever dream of,

Once upon a time, my life felt like a fairy tale,

I guess fairy tales end when they do for a reason.

I don't believe in the right person, wrong time.

If it was the right person,

You'd make it work,

Against all odds,

It would be you two for the rest of the time.

Timing doesn't matter.

“Right person, wrong time,”

Is something people scared of real commitment say

To make others feel wanted.

I could never hate you.

You showed me what it's like to feel loved

After years of feeling like I was not worthy of love again.

The reason I fell for you so fast is that you made me feel something,

After feeling nothing for so long.

Anger is the emotion that protects you,

It protects you from feeling hurt over silly things,

It lets you stand up for yourself in situations where you feel used.

Your anger protects you because no one else will.

Everything has a promised ending.

I believe you were my soulmate.

However, some soulmates are not to stay in our lives forever,

Only our minds.

I love the people I know I shouldn't

I love them thoroughly and deeply,

I love them because they were once heartbroken

It turns out that heartbreak changes people,

It makes them break hearts so others can feel the same.

I love the people I know I shouldn't,

I always get hurt.

I want to fight for you,

But I don't want to fight for you if you don't want to be fought for.

You said you wanted me,

Have me.

If you want me,

I'm yours.

It's that simple.

He called me beautiful,

I brushed it off like it was nothing.

The last time someone called me beautiful

They broke my heart into a million pieces.

“Beautiful” is a word that scares me.

I wonder what nine-year-old me would think of my current life.

She would be shocked when she hears things I've had to go through

In such a short time.

And she would be shocked by the problems she faced at the time

Were minuscule events looking back.

I hope you never treat your next girl the way you treated me.

No one deserves to feel that pain.

I hope you don't look at her the way you looked at me

Because it's not real.

That look,

Like you're in love,

It's not real.

It's a facade to hide that you're thinking of leaving.

She does not deserve that.

I feel nothing

But so much

At the same time.

I'm empty,

But heavy.

I'm still trying to figure out how that could be.

Anger is my default emotion.

Anger is what I grew up with,

Anger was the only thing keeping me safe as a child.

If love was an object

I'd hold onto it until my head hit the grave.

I'd clutch onto it like it was the only bottle of water in a sandy desert,

The only umbrella in a rainstorm.

While that may sound selfish,

I wouldn't keep it for myself.

I'd grasp onto love until I found you,

You deserve that love more than anyone else,

Even though I know

With a heart like yours,

You'd give it away in a heartbeat,

To someone you believe deserves it more than you.

I never had a role model,

I did, however, have an abundance of examples of what not to be.

I was always scared he wouldn't love me as much as he loved her.

There was always some part of me that was scared they'd rekindle

And he'd leave me for her.

I didn't deserve that.

Now that we're over,

I realized you're not over her.

It's not that I was a pass time, so you didn't have to think about her,

You genuinely liked me,

Just not enough for you to stay,

Not enough to make you no longer desire running back to her.

You're heartbroken too,

Just not in the same way I am.

I wish you had met me before her.

Would you still want me?

Would you fight for me?

Would you turn her down to be with me?

Would *I* get your undivided attention?

Would *I* be your first love?

If I had met you before her,

Would you even consider me a friend?

Or would you have to go through what you did with her

To even give me a second glance?

I pray there is a world

Where my mother never had to face the tragedies she did.

A world where she would know when to step back

And when to keep fighting.

Even if it means I don't exist.

Yes, time heals.

But you have to put in the work to make it heal.

Start new habits,

Work on yourself,

Do everything to become the person you've always dreamed of being.

The person who isn't affected by the people in their life,

The person who knows what they want and goes after it.

Becoming the person you want to be is the only way to heal.

Time is just assistance.

We were never meant to last.

There were always forces keeping us apart.

I should have listened to them,

It would've saved us both an inevitable heartbreak

Neither of us deserved.

I miss you.

More than I ever thought I could miss a person.

I don't want you back, though.

I don't want more sleepless nights,

Wondering if you still want me.

I don't want to feel like a second option.

I miss you.

Just not enough to come back.

If you're going to talk about me,

Say it to my face.

Say that you miss me,

Say that you don't like that I'm happier without you.

You don't like seeing me become the best version of myself.

Say everything and more to me and me only.

Don't go telling your best friend while you both stare at me from across the room.

Don't pretend you don't notice me in a group setting.

Don't tell everyone you're over me,

Then call and say you want me back.

You had your chance.

You blew it.

I did everything I could to get you back,

But at that point, there was nothing I could've done.

You were too far gone.

So don't tell me you miss me,

Don't do those absurd things that make me second-guess myself

When I'm starting to feel some closure.

Say anything you want to my face,

I don't care.

It won't change a thing.

Please,

Please,

Please,

Don't treat her how you treated me.

Don't tell her the lies you told me.

Don't show her off how you did me.

Don't share the false hope you shared with me.

You treated me right,

Said things that made me appreciate you even more,

You told your friends all about me and showed me off to your family,

You also gave me false hope.

False hope for a relationship,

A future,

Anything more than a lingering kiss.

All I ask is you don't give her the same blatant love you gave me.

Please.

I used to write to fit words on a page,

To get good grades

And get by at work.

Now, I write to free myself.

I write to create a false reality I can fall into when needed.

I write to cure my mind of all its troubles,

Obsessively and compulsively.

I write to get everything out,

And leave it on the page.

I want to give you all my love,

However, it is not the right thing for me to do.

Love is mine to give,

Not yours to take.

I hate the person I am when I'm around you,

You bring out a side of me I never want to see.

I didn't mean to block all our memories out.

It just happened.

My brain knew what I needed to forget.

You needed to be removed in order for me to move on.

I don't miss you,

I miss the idea of you.

I don't wish you to use me for sex

Or to help your mental health.

I miss the idea of you wanting to be with me

Holding my frigid body in your hands.

I don't miss the torture you put me through.

I do, however, miss you.

We used to be so close so in love,

And crazy about each other.

What happened?

You grew distant,

You grew tired.

I pulled away because I thought it would help you.

When it didn't, I lost my mind.

I began taking things out on you,

Treating you like a lesser being.

I'm sorry.

Whenever I look at him, all I see is you.

Who's to say we don't all have a happy ending?

There is beauty even through hardships and breakdowns.

Beauty helps us conquer poor times and rise above,

We are limitless beings who

I am a form of self-sabotage.

I sabotage everything I do-

Whether I know it or not.

I need you.

It's hard when you're not here

You are the only person I could ever want at a time like this

However, you're the one standing behind the loaded

Propelling me into this tortuous venue.

Making me feel responsible for all the wrong in the world.

Not everyone will stay around forever,

Find the ones you love,

Hold them tight,

And don't let them go.