

Things That Make Hearts Break

perfect smiles
that disguise deceit
letting go
trust breached
and lonely souls
the dream deferred
buried kids
mothers with sad eyes
and no solace for tears
The other thing that breaks hearts
are promises that never come true
and lovers who disappear without saying a word
people just like you

Scared

It's hard to hold on
to something that you're scared to lose
When you're used to losing
Reassurance is an insult to my existence
when I need truth and healing to bring peace to loneliness's persistence
How can you reinforce something that hasn't been solidified?
Even if you defy situations from the past
there's no way of telling if we are moving too fast
and in these love games, I'm tired of crawling in last
Bamboozled by my barely beating heart
each time I decide to start
trusting again

I do not know if it's my intuition or insecurity-
that swirls around my stomach
manipulating my rationale mind
which causes me to believe that
you may be only displaying
the parts of you that want me to see
I've been in this position previously
I made the mistakes
and suffered the fate
What I need from you is time
Are you willing to wait?

Stay

I don't need you to console or, comfort me
I'm a big girl
and I have my own sheets
to collect my scorching tears
when they make their way down my cheeks
I have my poetry
to wrap its arms around me
and mimic any pain or,
emotion that you don't see

I don't expect you to feel all the bruises and bumps
that have formed from all those storms
that I've had to endure
on my troubled heart
I wish I could be pure
and nice
and Delicate
But I had to forfeit it,
for lovers are not as kindhearted
as loving someone can be

How can you love someone who hurts you?
That's always the question
But how can I explain?
That love is sometimes pain?
And not going insane
from all the drama is a claim to fame
Love is about commitment
You have to love like this until
one day you get loved relentless

I've already rode thru the lies and cheats,
the almost pregnancies...

That shit cut me deep.

Now
don't I deserve to feel
the warm ray of love that brightens
whoever is underneath?
Or, am I beneath having that conclusion?
Of true love and emotional safety

Was it something I did in a past life that idk maybe,
was deadly

and now I'm being punished
by completely loving a man
who lacks the depth to return it,
to love me back?
So, to answer your question,
I stay because I know it's not love,
but it's something like that

Who Am I? A Riddle

Who am I,
without
a friend,
a man,
a title
Who am I
without
a child,
a family,
memory or pain?
Who am I?

I am PEACE, BEAUTY,
LOVE personified