whiskey words & a shovel

I

r.h. Sin
whiskey words & a shovel
I
r.h. Sin
other books by r.h. Sin
Whiskey Words & a Shovel II
Whiskey Words & a Shovel III
Rest in the Mourning
whiskey words & a shovel I

r.h. Sin
thank you Samantha, my baby.

and so it happens, nothing is the same. everything altered by overtrusting and believing in someone who fed you beautiful lies, when all you ever wanted was the truth. this had been my biggest problem, a major issue in my life. investing all of my hopes and dreams into someone who never actually meant the things they said, someone incapable of keeping their word, and I’d only come to find out when everything had already begun falling apart. there’s this slow collapse happening around you, but you’re blind to it because you hold on to what little hope you have left. looking back now, I should’ve known better. the red flags were all around me, but I was blinded by a love that was tainted and promises that later revealed themselves as empty.

I was searching for peace in the middle of chaos. I was searching for a love in the midst of hate. I was promised a lifetime of understanding yet I stood face-to-face, constantly in battle with the person who should have helped me fight off sadness. I let this go on for years, I stayed when I should’ve left, and I’d continue to fight and not be fought for. there I was, thinking it could never happen to me but it did. the slow burning of everything I built upon a foundation that was sand, washed away by the floods of deceit. damaged at the point of betrayal but after I healed myself. after months of ignoring phone calls, refusing to respond to “I miss you” text messages, I found my truth and discovered a greater love for myself.

it all begins with you, everything and anything. it all starts with you. I realized this to be true as I continued to self-care, more aware of what I wanted, needed, and deserved. on December 3rd, in the middle of the night, I received a message from a young woman named Samantha King. I fell in love with her laugh over the phone on a Saturday evening; I fell in love with her eyes and her smile over a video chat. I fell so deeply in love with a stranger who lived in New York, thousands of miles away from me. on the 19th of that month, we’d go on to become a couple and with my second visit to New York months later to meet her, I’d end up staying.

originally, this book was released on the 25th of December 2015, and it fills me with great pleasure to share this updated version with you. this list of events, summed up in the form of poetry and prose. my past is yours, the present is ours, and the future awaits us all.

thank you Samantha King for being brave enough to let me in. I write to you in thanks, not only as your partner but now your fiancé, someone who is in desperate need of your existence and presence for the rest of my life. in these pages, I tell a story of pain, but in my life, next to you, I am overwhelmed with joy. you are proof that there is good waiting for anyone who has lived a life of pain. you are proof that soul mates exist and that they can be found even in situations where one has given up hope. I’m so happy that I found you, or maybe you found me. regardless of it all, you helped turn my grief into happiness. you helped turn my nights into morning once more.
notes to the neglected ones I.

young girls neglected by their fathers
forced to grow up
like plants without sunlight
without care, without that love
and so they search for that love
in the arms of boys who are incapable
of loving them in ways
which they desire

this urge to be loved romantically
created by books, movies, and music
filled with fairy tales
far from their own reality
boys pretending to be men
promising love to young girls
who are not yet women

young girls broken down
first by their fathers
then by boys who will one day
be completely irrelevant
but the pain that they cause

will somehow manifest itself
as something greater than
they’ll ever imagine

young girls weighed down
by the weight of things
they should have never had to experience
life events that should have never occurred
but they did and they will

young girls neglected by their fathers
forced to grow up in the coldest conditions
this is a note to the neglected souls
notes to the neglected ones II.

no one taught you

to love you

and that’s your biggest problem

searching for validation

in people who will never

accept you for you

being made to feel

like you’re not good enough

trying to prove yourself

to those who will never

be good enough for you
taken away.

who robbed you of innocence
who told you things
you’ve never heard
who made empty promises
swearing to God
that they’d do something
they never actually intended to
who was your first
who took your virginity
with meaningless compliments
and a love that wasn’t genuine
who made you feel things
your heart wasn’t prepared for
who fooled your heart into falling

I’ll tell you who
the same person
who later abandoned you
after getting what they wanted
the same person who pulled
at your heartstrings
with the intent of playing you
like some horrible symphony
and the saddest part of it all
you’ll cling to the good memories
as if there were any
you’ll take these dirty walls
and paint over them
with the brightest colors
known to man
but the pain will always be there
can’t be life.

sadly, so many people
are setting the bar really low
in terms of their personal lives
working a job they hate
can’t be life.
content with struggling
settling for relationships
that aren’t actual relationships
life for so many is not living at all
and that’s the problem
you get what you allow
watching others live life
instead of living your best life
and they wonder why everyone
is self-medicating
suppressing their pain
pretending to be happy
instead of trying to cultivate
a lifestyle that brings them peace
with lightning.

she is a storm
a magnificent force
writing her life’s story
in lightning
14kt.

woman
you are a poem
written in ink
derived from gold
painful roots.

you planted seeds
bearing dishonesty
and pain grew in my heart
start to finish.
	his is the part of the book
where shit gets a bit weird
you’re reading this to yourself
without the realization
that I am now talking to you
directly, until now

repeat after me and this more
than once if you need to

I am grand
I am powerful
I am electric
I am incredible
I will survive this
I will be fine
understand yourself.

you are the light
that most men
will never deserve
silence tales.

she could tell stories of hurt
with silence
her smile was broken
so was her heart
and yet I still knew
she was perfect for me
truth of self.

to be honest with myself
I was never what you wanted
I was just the one you settled for
try, fail
try again
fail more
I just wish you could
have fell more or feel more
death knocks on our door
eviction notice and I’m hurting
which is why I wrote this
our story, our book
I’m done reading, time to close it
if love trumps all, then why the hell
is he our potus
and if I’m overrated
then why am I the most quoted
been valuable all my life
but none of my lovers seem to notice
and so it’s fuck love, claiming I’m done
but I don’t mean it
true love exists
it’s just that we don’t ever see it
self-sabotage
it’s like we do it to ourselves
but I’m through like needle and thread
when I was just trying to help
no words.
silence says the things
we struggle to say
the experience.

you’re an experience
more than a woman
you are lightning striking earth
your presence is electrifying
under stars.

meet me here
beneath the stars
near the moon
in the dark
I’ve been waiting
for someone like you
you are.

I know you
you’re the girl with the broken smile
you’re the woman who searches the night
for peace
you’re the woman
most men don’t deserve
you’re the woman
someone needs
infinite us.

I assure you
that when this life ends
I will find you in the next
no matter what the circumstances are
our love is forever
everlasting, never-ending
out of hurt.

your words
sound like hate
when the heart
is hurt or angry
split.

you were never the one
this was never love
and we were never meant
to live happily together
you were simply necessary

I had to be hurt by you
in order to find my strength
my hope for you.

and I hope you find
what you’re looking for
more love of self
and someone brave enough
to lose sleep with you
holding you in the thickness
of the night
when you’re restless
I hope you find the love
that you deserve
and spoken words
that’ll make you swoon
a hand to hold
and lips to touch
first thing in the morning
when you wake up
I hope you find the truth
and nothing less
something that’ll bring you peace
something that’ll make
your heart smile
first day of February.

your child is not a weapon
your child is not some tool
that you should use
to hurt others

it hurts my heart
it tears me apart
to witness your inability
to appreciate the efforts
of those who only wish
to love your child
as if that child was theirs
your child is not some weapon
and yet you use this child
in that way

not realizing that you’re only
hurting yourself
by destroying the bond
shared by others
just to protect your own
and that’s how they control you
they make everything appear impossible
they force you to believe
that you’re almost average at best
they force you to forget about your magic
and with this, you forget about your worth
we are more prone to accept a little
or nothing as opposed to having it all
we’re content with small sums
of what will add up to being without value
in our last days of life
our desire to achieve more
has been buried beneath
the ideals set by those
threatened by an above-average ambition
don’t let them control you
don’t let them define
and or set your limitations
just be.

woman
be strong
be educated
be opinionated
be independent
you will only offend
the weak
you will only frighten
the closed-minded
and you will never
be appreciated
by those who don’t
deserve your presence
and that’s completely fine
similar foes.

no matter the gender
no matter the sexual orientation
no matter the color of skin
we are all haunted
by the same emotional devils
we are all running from similar demons
but you’re used to it.

you’re so used to being mistreated
that you allow your heart
to remain in dirty hands
you’ve gotten so used to being hurt
that happiness scares you
into staying in a relationship
that will further break your spirit
put your phone down.

social media
has made us less social
we observe the lives of others
instead of living out our own
dreaming instead of doing
liking what we see
while hating what we do
all nothingness.

limitations self-imposed
choosing to conform
to the idea
of not having your own ideas
we work to further the agenda
of others
neglecting our own dreams
to labor behind the efforts
of helping people
bring their dreams
to a reality
content with being the worker
sitting below the boss
content with being a spectator
with minimum participation
our version of living
feels more like death
as we pretend to be satisfied
with nothingness
fifteen.

I sit here in a dark room
on the 15th floor
the rain beating at my window
the city skyline
becomes my nightlight
as I type these words at 11:13 p.m.
on a cold Wednesday night
my heart breaks at the thought
of you reading these words
with a heavy heart
my heart breaks because
you most likely picked up
this book because your heart
is hurting
I understand you
I see you without seeing you
I feel the scars on your heart
like braille
somehow reading the stories
that often go unread
within the pages of your soul
mother of pain I.
insecure mothers
jealous of their own daughters
chipping at their self-esteem
attempting to kill their dreams
young girls forced to survive
into womanhood
18 years old
the age at which
they can finally escape
the death grip of an insecure mother
mother of pain II.
daddy’s girl
abandoned by her mother
everything she’s become
given to her by a father
who filled the void
that her mother left
12:16 after midnight.

I was forced
to survive
in your absence
I was faced
with the realization
that I never needed you
days.

you’re always apologizing
for the behavior that’ll never change
one day I’ll stop listening
one day I’ll stop believing you
all but nothingness.

we grew apart
we stopped trying
we were no longer us
we became nothing
I’m trying to get better
at walking away
from unhealthy situations
involving my heart
winter begins.

come winter
a cup of coffee
and a woman
with a free spirit
is best for you
child within.

the child in me
will never forget
the pain of being left behind
by the parent
who was too selfish
to stick around
silent thought.

forced to feel like
my all was less than enough
I struggle with the idea
of anyone loving me unconditionally
t.b.h.

sometimes I wish you waited for me
instead of wasting your efforts
on temporary distractions
until I arrived
I worry.

you love people
then betray them
how am I not
supposed to fear you
after you claim to love me
how am I not supposed
to question your loyalty
when you’ve cheated
on people
you said you loved
found in solitude.

I’m attracted to the silence
of your absence
at first, the fear was loneliness
but I found my peace
being away from you
insanity driven.

women are made
to appear crazy
by the very men
who drive them
to a place of insanity
fed up.

to be totally honest
I got tired of going through
the same shit with different people
we’re guarded.

guarded because I know betrayal
guarded because of lies
guarded because of pain
guarded because my love
is not for everyone
connections.

connect with someone who makes time to connect with you
earliest lesson.

my parents taught me
that marriage means nothing
when there is no honesty
loyalty and effort
marry someone
who complements your soul
among stars.

every night
the stars
envy her
every night.
girls
like you
deserve a love
that makes
it easier to sleep
during the coldness
of night
midnight noise.

nothing is louder
than overthinking
after midnight
never ready.

you weren’t ready
for someone like me
and I had to accept it
final departure.

I left you
I walked away
you had so much potential
but refused to use it
his issue, not yours.

it’s not your fucking fault
you can’t change a man
you can’t make a man
love you correctly
that’s not your fucking job
understand that most men
won’t know what to do
with a woman like you
and that’s okay
you my dear
are not for everyone
blind and confused.

I think it started
beneath the false sense
of security you provided
I was manipulated
into trusting you
unable to hear the lies
that at first presented themselves
as the truth

the thought of being in love
is blinding
the thought that I’d found the one
filled me with so much confusion
and I’ve been struggling
to find my way out of this
first or many.

he was your first
you were one of many
my eyes ache
witnessing girls give everything
to boys with nothing
my own whisper.

my mind whispers
to itself
all those lovers
but none of them
loved you
full of emptiness.

maybe the heart cracks

to empty itself of things

I no longer need to feel

and it’s become obvious

that I no longer need

to feel for you
same phrase, same results.

and so she thought
that it was love
but he’d used those same words
on every broken girl he met
taking what he wanted
giving nothing
leaving them empty
modern barter.
bargaining using sex
either way
you get screwed
hung up, hung over.

I’ve been growing impatient
trying to survive on empty
your promises were like rope
wrapped tightly around my neck
the chair beneath my feet
the only thing holding us up
hers.

some silence is loud
year 2008.

I remember what you don’t
I recall what you refuse to
I fight, you sit and watch
I yell, you tune me out

everything we are
became everything we were
our love, fractured
broken beyond repair
wet works midnight.

midnight nears
and the moon shines
its light
directly toward my pain
and so
I’m unable to hide

my phone in hand
as if I’m holding on to hope
awaiting your texts
anticipating your call
as if to prove that I matter
to you

it won’t happen
a thought that sounds like a whisper to my heart
a pistol aimed at my head
bullets made of disappointment
penetrating through my smile
a smile that I originally thought
was bulletproof

today was difficult
and tonight is equally the same
as my body trembles
under the weight of my own heartache
midnight nears and I’m alone
with the moon
regretting the day that I allowed you in
some whiskey wordplay.

so many men
fear your strength
and the fullness of the waves
in your ocean
so much they’d prefer puddles
and that’s fine
the pain in remembering.

the memories hurt the most
y they destroy bits and pieces
of our existence
draining us of our energy
keeping us up at night

sometimes I get tired
of thinking about the things
I don’t want to think about
sometimes I get so fucking tired
of everything that reminds me
of you
1 a.m. restless, always.

these memories are silent killers
the way they creep up unannounced
disguising themselves as innocent
knowing damn well
they intend to cause harm
and if that’s the case
tonight, you’ll be the death of me
under the moonlight.

I remember lying there, quiet
fading into the silence of
our four walls and a window
that gave permission to the moon
as it watched us from afar
thinking to myself
you can’t force someone to realize
that you’re what’s best for them
the illusion of good mornings.

she was his morning coffee
enough to keep him awake
until he found someone else
to consume with his bullshit
my energy misplaced.

loving you was draining
instead of wasting
my emotional energy
I decided to forgive you
and move on
mountains underwater.

mountains submerged by water
dreams drowning, promises scattered
at the bottom of the sea
a reversion of my rights signed
and now my soul feels free
a California lie.

screaming bullshit
until my voice gives out
and silence is all that is left
a mountain of dreams
still in boxes awaiting transport
under siege by friendly fire
people I used to trust

the ship carrying me begins to flood
the ship carrying me
now sits at the bottom of the sea
the ship carrying me was too weak
to hold my dreams
the captain was a fraud
he could never match my drive
I am safe in New York
no more California lies
something for this night.

tonight won’t be easy
and you know that
I know it hurts
but the pain is necessary
everything meant to break you down
will build you up
and you’ll become stronger
a broken beautiful muse.

broken, I cut myself trying to help you
piece it all back together
your fragmented heart
on the bathroom floor
the door was closed and I could hear
you weeping even as I was sleeping
curious to the sound
awoken by your efforts to hide
what you could no longer keep hidden
broken, yet as I looked into your eyes
I saw strength
we were different people after that night
beyond your past.

come
allow me to help you
bury your past
let us give life
to our future
past and present.

constantly
I’m always moving on
you’re always coming back
leaving for long lengths of time
only to reappear
when you fear you’ve been replaced
the never-ending cycle of what we were
the constant mistake that we’ve become
now cold.

it was your love
that caused this
it was you that made me
this way
suddenly being heartless
was better than being heartbroken
being cold was better than the warmth
you failed to provide
all of us.

all these people
with pain in their faces
bruises on their souls
and cracks in their hearts
we have found ourselves
trying to survive the death
of what we thought was love
fighting to make sense of a reality
that is now a lie
it’s easier said.

sometimes I wish
changing my heart
was as easy as changing
my mind
good hearts.

the only downfall of having
a good heart
is that you find yourself
constantly searching for angels
inside of demons
and they wonder why the good
know so much pain
devoured.

devour her the right way
and her back will rise off the bed
she’ll bite her lip
and her thighs will shake and tremble
devour her the right way and she’ll begin
to flood the surface of your lips
and the sheets on your bed
snowfall in Queens.

oh, how the snow
makes the cemetery
look alive
the heart vs. the mind.

I hate it
the way the heart
takes too long
to figure out what the mind
already knows
this peacefulness.

first
I missed you
then I learned
to live without you
I found comfort in your absence
I made peace with being alone
memories in midnight.

midnight belonged only to us
she was always down
and I was always up
she on her knees
willing to motivate me
watching my own funeral.

you were the death of me
no wake, just a funeral held
in memory of the person I was
before you deliberately destroyed me
forcibly making me a victim
in your path of destruction

what was there to love
nothing is what I’ve come
to realize

but only as I lie here lifeless
screaming but not being heard
reaching but you refuse to reach back
I now know that I was in this alone
my relationship with you
now my casket, a tomb
awaiting the burial of the person I was
gift of the broken.

it hurts but I find myself pretending to be fine
"I’m okay" has become my favorite lie and my smile is usually a mask that hides the truth in what I feel I’ll say nothing because you’ll think I’m weak I’ll say nothing and let my silence speak the gift and curse of the broken being able to hide behind lies of happiness the gift of being strong in a moment of weakness
It’s easier said than done
is a fucking excuse to stay
with someone who doesn’t even care
about keeping you
let’s be honest, I know it’s difficult
to leave behind the person
you care about
but shouldn’t it be harder
to hold on to the person
who doesn’t care about you
the all of nothing.

all of those friends
but you’re always alone
whenever real shit occurs
all those lovers
but you don’t even know true love
all those bodies
but nobody’s there when you need
them the most
all of this is all of nothing
November 22nd.

she’s full of pain
but filled with fight
before any proposals.

the idea of getting married
scares me
but not in the way you’d think
my fear stems from realizing
that I am truly alone
and that I’ll have no family
in attendance
my fear is in being reminded
that I have nothing more to offer
than myself
and throughout time
that has never been enough for anyone
including my family
sometimes mirrors lie.

I don’t really recognize
the person I’ve become
a year can change a lot
it has seriously changed me
restlessness.

no more losing sleep
over someone
who can’t even find time
to consider me
going to sleep
because you no longer
deserve my thoughts
the afterthought.

and so it happened
I set fire to every memory
we’d made then smiled
watching us go up in flames
his last resort.

I think there’s something sad
about the fact that he only reaches
out to you
so late in the evening
in his own way admitting
that he could care less about you
with each passing hour during daylight
horny and bored
he chooses to pursue you
in the evening, under the moon
under a **blood moon**.

stuck in the gaze
of the blood moon
its red eye shines
its light on me
and I am ashamed
for I have given in
to your pleas
and empty promises
I’ve given up on myself
by giving you another chance
to hurt me
I’m trying for you.

I want to dance with you
but my knees have been bruised
and weakened
by all the moments in my life
I spent kneeling for a prayer
that consisted of my desire
for someone like you

I’ll fight to hold your heart
even though my spine
has been weighed down
by a life of despair
and disappointment

how brave is it
to love completely
as if you’ve never been hurt
and though I’ve been
an emotional wreck
I’ll try for you
because you’re worth it
fragments.

I tried
you left
stay gone
from start to finish again.

just when I’ve reached my end
you return
expecting us
to begin again
the burial site.

and so I suppress
these feelings with whiskey
I bury you with my words
then cover what we were
with dirt
using a shovel in my journal.

sometimes nightmares are people
staying away means staying awake
being alone brings me closer to peace
surrounded by bars.

you’ve become like prison
I’m planning ways to escape you
midnight, often.

the morning rarely comes
stuck in a constant loop of darkness
the moon my only friend
I’ve gotten used to the silence
that surrounds me each night
closing my eyes, trying to forget
I remember everything I don’t want to
I’ve been hurt more than I’d like
trying to remain strong
my knees weak
from the weight of it all
my nights are war zones
at midnight, I go to war
when angels fall.

angels fall to earth
forgetting about their wings
holding on to things
they should fly away from
pride in brown.

my brown skin
will not be a burden
my brown skin
will not be my enemy
I love me
regardless of their hate
no entry.

I burned our bridge
then built a wall with no door
many maybes.

maybe your arms
were too short
to reach me

maybe your heart
was too weak
for mine

I struggle to comprehend
your inability to love me
as much as I loved you
cracked glass.

you don’t see how beautiful you are
because you’re relying on a broken mirror
she kept dancing.

the ground beneath her shaking
the foundation she stood upon
began to crumble
unbothered by the destruction
she danced like flames
at a bonfire
icy roads in Pennsylvania.

roads paved in ice
we slide calmly
through the snow
our backdrop
an empty white
the forest reaching inward
branches stretched toward us
as if to hold our hand
guiding us to our destination
even in the most dangerous
of conditions
we are safe
hopeful romantic.

I assure you
that when this life ends
and the dust settles
I will find you
in the next
no room.

do not let temporary people
and the sadness they bring
make homes out of you
necessary evils.

I believe you were
simply necessary
I had to get hurt
by you
in order to find
my strength
after ruins.

I reached my breaking point
every part of me fell apart
sitting here in ruins
I’ll rebuild without you
these words I.

I think I’m just trying
to write away my pain
as you turn the pages
in this book
you’re reading away yours
these words II.

you’re reading this
with hopes of finding something
that’ll give you a peace of mind

you’re reading these words
in hopes of settling the dust storm
that has been living in your soul

I hope you find your clarity
in my words
I wrote all of this for you
witnessed.

I’ve seen women fight
I’ve seen women break
I’ve watched women fall
I’ve witnessed women
pick themselves up
I’ve observed women
be everything and still get treated
like they’re nothing
and even through all of that
I’ve seen women get through it

I know it hurts
but you’re strong my lady
you’re going to be fine
confusing.

he loves you
but hurts you
he misses you
but never shows up
I get it.

you’re not happy with him
and I know this because
you’re reading this now
while questioning his commitment
my own value.

I began to see the true value
of my own heart
this is when walking away
became a bit easier

loving you meant
that I didn’t love myself
control yourself.

men are often using the words
"I miss you"
in an effort to manipulate
a woman’s emotions
remember this always
open your eyes.

when you read the words
"I miss you"
pay more attention
to the actions that follow
instead of allowing your heart
to feel things
for the person who at one time
broke it
know and understand.

the words
"I miss you"
will always sit
upon the lips
of the man
who tried
to break you
but failed
imbalance.

the most loyal hearts
are broken by betrayal
a solid regret I.

never make a woman
regret investing her trust in you
a solid regret II.

today wasn’t easy
tomorrow will be even harder
I’ve accepted my fate
my punishment for allowing you
to reenter my life
without good reason
your hidden motives
and bad intentions
revealed to me once more
after you took what you wanted
leaving me to feel empty
and filled with the regret
of believing in you again
share this with him.

listen, she loves you
she adores you
be more considerate
of her feelings
be more understanding
of the things she expresses
because if you were to lose her
you’ll have lost everything
perfect match.

more than anything
my heart longs for
a lover who will always
appreciate my worth
and match my effort
a real man.

has a man ever asked you
if you’ve eaten today . . .
has he ever given you a compliment
without expecting anything in return . . .
has he ever congratulated you on your achievements
and pushed you to aspire to do more
has he ever claimed you as his queen
not with words but with his actions
has he given all of himself to you
to the point where
he could never share anything with another woman
has he ever done or said anything sweet to you
not because you asked but because he knows
that you are to be treated like the queen you are
have you ever had a man be consistent in the positive treatment
that you’ve been longing for
does he make you smile even without having to do a thing

have you ever had a man who is afraid of losing you
because you are that valuable to him

this is a real man
have you been with a real man . . .
dirt.

buried alive
under my own
expectations
heart rate.

the pulse of my heart
has been screaming
for you
a standard.

treat her like you’re afraid
of losing her to someone else
search party.

I am trying to find myself
under the rubble
of my own heart
the mind, her eyes,
talk about her mind
compliment her eyes more
she’s too rare
for average compliments
1:04 a.m.

everything is poetry
when your heart is in flames
11:11 p.m.

she wants a man
who doesn’t want
anyone else but her
dried up.

we were roses
slowly dying
fighting to bloom
summer ’11.

searching for something
to numb the pain
I’m tired of pretending
it doesn’t hurt
the death of an indie.

I was wrong about you
hiding a mountain of lies
underwater
but the truth always rises
to the surface
true colors.

it’s funny how much a person’s
ture colors shine
after they’ve gotten
what they wanted from you
exhibits.

watching you in the museum
is like witnessing art
observing art
savage.

the heartache made me
so fucking unforgiving
note this.

in you
lives a love
that most people
won’t be able to comprehend
hate the process.

it takes too long
to realize
that they’re no longer
good for you
challenge.

hashtag
stop wasting
your time
on him
a tweet.

you’re way too valuable to be in a relationship with someone who has proven incapable of understanding your worth
living in denial.

do not live in false hope
you can’t find love
in places filled with hate
just stay.

I’m just a fucked-up lover searching for someone who will understand my scars and never leave my side
thirty-six notes.

it hurts
and I just want
to stop thinking
about you
fifty-six notes.

it feels hopeless
and yet you’re still
hoping for something
that’ll never happen
reading regret.

you’re the chapter in my life
I should’ve skipped
2007.

I hope those lies
burn your lips
pain to remember.

we’ve become a set of memories
I’d like to forget
distorted.

our relationship
a room filled with broken mirrors
I barely recognize myself anymore
deadly habit.

my most dangerous habit
is overthinking
pillars of salt.

you were salt
hiding in a bag
labeled sugar
all in the end.

don't work
to nothing
I’ll dig deeper.

the parts seen and unseen
the portions of you that require me
to dig deeper
appreciating every inch
of your existence
there are several layers to a woman
and some men are simply stuck
on the surface
but I’d like to learn you
discover my rightful place
within your mind and heart
allow it and we’ll begin
see I’m no longer who I was before
my mind under construction
growing closer to completion
as I transition to a place
where I’ll have the opportunity
to explore you
and hold on to everything
that those before me
were willing to walk away from
I’d like to love every part of you
that those in your past were too blind
to acknowledge
the parts within you
that they failed to appreciate
allow me
no fun.

drugged by the culture
you struggle to fit in places
where you don’t belong
you struggle to understand people
who don’t deserve your effort
innocence robbed
by the party scene
loud music
drinks flowing
surrounded by all these people
and yet you still feel alone
you’re only here
because your friends
wanted to go
in fantasy.

that’s the problem
you’re living in a fantasy
that involves him being
more than he actually is
you’re in love with a dream
that will never become a reality
because he refuses to be
the man you deserve
genuine love.

love me when things are bad
love me when the storm arrives
love me when I’ve lost all hope
love me through my imperfections
willing.

the heart is broken
but the heart is still willing
and that’s what makes you strong
the essence.

sweetheart
you’re a star
never apologize
for burning too bright
wet Marie.

with two fingers
a few strokes
she began to overflow
and I was willing to drown
for her
demolish temptation.

she knew I was taken
she knew I was in love
she offered up herself
but I declined, I said no
see, pussy can only sway
a weak man
strong men refuse to stray
my love for my lover
is so much stronger
than anything anyone else
could ever offer me
more.

she’s not easily impressed
shallow compliments
have no meaning
it takes a bit more work
to flatter her
she needs more
she deserves more
2:30 a.m.

I think the heartbreak
changed the temperature
of my heart
your lies became more like bricks
which I used to build this wall
the barrier that sheltered my heart
and kept my love safe
was also the very thing
that kept new love
from getting in
the whiskey fights,

I yelled because I actually cared
I only argued with you
because I gave a fuck
and now I’m silent
nothing left to say
no more fight in my heart
this is when you should worry
more consistency.

I demanded consistency
and you consistently destroyed
the best parts of me
I guess I should have been
a bit clearer
about what I was asking for
alone now.

no one wants to be alone
and so they find themselves
in the company of someone
who makes them feel lonely
there is loneliness
in being with the wrong person
the brave.

she wore her scars within
beneath her skin
and you’d never know
her pain
as she’s chosen not to complain
being hurt, being silent
having courage as she fights
through it alone
so much strength in a woman
so much strength within you
inconsiderate.

young woman
do not compromise yourself
for someone who refuses
to do right by you
overly entitled.

a lot of men feel like
they deserve everything
from a woman
who deserves more
or someone better
I wonder.

what happened to actually
making an effort
for the woman who
continues to prove
that she has your best interest
at heart
the good man.

I care about a woman’s experience when she’s with me
I care enough to ensure that being with me feels easy and secure

how could you not care about the impression you leave with the woman you’re with
love and excuses.

love should have never been a reason
to hold on to someone
incapable of loving you
many devils.

but sweetheart
you’re an angel
don’t let these devils
undress you
the nights.
each night
the same old shit
you wait up for a call
that’ll never come
while he misses out
on the opportunity to speak to you
I know it’s hard
feeling the way you do
I know you’re restless
lying in bed
while reading this book
but remember the next few lines
in this piece

you are strong, intelligent
you are worth it, you are beautiful
and you deserve so much more
than you have allowed and accepted
July ’15.

I once heard that the tongue
gives life
and so I spoke into her
flames within.

there are flames
within my soul
so deep where no water
can reach me
and I continue to burn
I enjoy the sensation
even though it hurts like hell
pieces of peace.

it’s amazing
the way your broken
gives me peace
you’ve been hurt
and yet
you’re still able
to make me feel whole

without judgment
I accept you as you are
scars and all
imperfections visible
you’re still beautiful to me
a search for love.

so many angels
are going through hell
in search of love
dating demons
temporary highs.

you were only meant to be temporary
I wish I knew this before
I spoke you into my future
the slow death.

slowly, death crept up behind me
and as my grip got tighter
holding on to you
was killing me
the book of ashes.

together we wrote the book
on our relationship
and tonight I’ll burn the pages
deserving more.

you always end up trying
to please someone
who isn’t even satisfied
with themselves
you’re constantly searching
for a love within someone
who doesn’t even value themselves
you’ve been wasting your time
holding on to someone
who doesn’t truly care about
keeping you
the great wall.

maybe she built that wall
in front of her heart
in order to save herself
from the pain she’s become familiar with
maybe she’s protecting her heart
from anyone not willing to climb
that wall
to claim the love
which she refuses to give away
so easily
into the chaos.

I followed my heart
and it led me straight
into the chaos you always were
I nearly lost my damn mind
the lines.

there’s just something
about her
the type of high my mind craves
she’s the feeling of late nights
after hours on Fridays
she’s my good-time girl
whenever I’m stressed out
she helps me cope
like an actor doing lines
she’s always been my coke
the inside.

her tears
rarely visible
the sound of silence
as she screams on the inside
scars and bruises
in places you’ll never see
often overthinking
filled with words
she’ll never speak
going through hell
she’ll never tell
she has a guard up
refusing to believe
the bullshit stories
her man tells
not forcing.

I can’t force you
to be faithful
loyal
and honest
I can’t make you
appreciate everything
that I am
but I can force you
to live without me
as I invest my time
in someone better than you
the life lessons.

through relationships
I learned that someone
who is yours
can never be taken away
and if for any reason
you lose your lover
to someone else
that person never deserved
to be claimed by you
moonlit.

you’re the moon
just lying there alone
you shine in the darkness
your power
is in the night
this moment.

somewhere
right now
someone is searching
for everything
that you’ve wasted
on someone
who never deserved you
everything that you once thought
wasn’t good enough
will one day be appreciated
by the one deserving of you
vanishing.

I became a ghost to you
you missed me
sometimes you felt me
but you could no longer see me
I’ve learned to vanish
from those who fail
to appreciate my presence
some whiskey with dinner.

the truth was no longer
on the menu
and love was no longer
being served
this is why I left the table
I’d rather eat alone
all the little things.

if you don’t love the way
her eyes squint when she smiles
or the way her lips curl up
whenever she’s filled with laughter
stop wasting her fucking time
still beautiful.

you’re not perfect
there are scars
on the surface of your heart
I’m convinced that you’ve experienced
a set of painful events throughout
your life
as you’ve become
what people refer to as broken
in my eyes, you’re the most beautiful
arrangement of broken
I’ve ever witnessed in my life
looking at you, thinking to myself
there’s my future, she’s the one
fear of falling.

my biggest fear
is having my peace of mind
compromised for a person
who is comfortable
with telling me lies
my heart placed in the hands
of someone who refuses
to meet my demands
settling for a love
that feels more like hate
these are the things I fear
and yet I find myself
playing with fire
making mistakes
claiming it all as fate
until I find myself in love
with someone who causes
my heart to break
I fear loving the wrong person
and so I choose to not
love at all
and that’s the scariest part
possibly I’ll never fall
fake care.

I dread the winter
not because of the weather
solely because of a person
my peace interrupted
by the troubles that live within them
silence transforming itself
into tension
me wanting to get away
while they fight for some attention
I should be excited
but I’m not
I should be happy
but you’ve robbed me
of that very thing
being forced to share my space
faking a smile on my face
because that’s what good people do
sacrifice themselves for others
but I’m tired of being that person
I’m tired of being the one
from distance.

I can love you
but only from a distance
some people are more lovable
when they’re not around
our love 22.

I love our solitude
we live in this peaceful bubble
we’ve cultivated a garden
filled with roses
that bloom, nurtured by our peace
our silence gives me comfort
this is easy
this is us
sin-ergy.

and just like me
you’re a sinner
I’m your accomplice
on your knees
against the wall
on your back
I’m always there
a reminder.

just because you’re broken
doesn’t mean you’re not beautiful
a moment of weakness
doesn’t define your strength
the perfect aim.

I'll walk away
and I won't miss you
this .45 fits perfectly
in my hand
and my aim is so much
better than it was before
some optimism.

it hurts like hell
every minute of every day
but it’ll get better
one day you’ll understand
that everything meant to destroy you
only made you stronger
masks I.

there was something so damn special
about you in the beginning
you were rare but time revealed
the most honest parts of you
it turns out
everything about you
was a lie
and you were just like the others
never a loss.

at the end of every day
I find comfort in knowing
that I’ve only lost the people
who never deserved to stay
poetess.

you walk around here
with your head in the clouds
writing about a love
that never existed
a love claimed by a man
who only used the word
to get what he was after
you, calling it a relationship
when all he did was
stick around just to sample
what he’d never truly commit to
taking all of what he could
before leaving
this is the reality
of what you claim is love
great regret.

in all seriousness
I thought this was real
I believed in you
and that’s my greatest regret
before and after.

I am no longer
the person I was before
I allowed you into a place
untouched by the hands of anyone
before you
I held the door open
just so that you could walk in
and make a home out of me
you took my willingness to allow you close
and destroyed the walls of my heart
you took the trust that I gave you
threw it away as if to say
I wasn’t good enough
before you, I was different
after, I’ll never be the same
constant.

that’s the problem
you’re constantly
searching for heaven
where only hell exists

you’re constantly
searching for peace
within a place
where chaos resides

you’ve been expecting love
from the same individual
who offers
nothing but hate

hope kills
when invested
in the wrong relationship
she, flame.

she was the flame
that no one could put out
burning brighter than the sun
refusing to be taken lightly
she was driven by
all the things that caused her pain
and what failed to weaken her flames
became fuel
she is you
I want you.

show me the woman
with scars on the walls
of her mind from overthinking
cracks within her heart
from loving the wrong person
pain attached to her soul
but I’ll fight for the chance
to love her
a woman like her.

lying there
wearing nothing but regret
eyes swelling with water
as if her heart
was being sunk
flooding, slowly going under

midnight has rarely
been kind
to women like her
forced to relive
what would become
a major mistake
in trusting someone
with pieces of herself
far too valuable
for most men

but no one knows
until it’s too late
and sadly, the truth
only reveals itself
in the end
forcing the soul
to be filled with
so much resentment
and tonight is just like any other
a woman with regret
a woman fighting
to get past whatever it is
that keeps her from smiling

and somewhere amongst the pain
is a silver lining
because women like her
always find ways to survive
deep within.

your strength
is your magic
never lose it
emotional hostage.

he kidnapped her heart
held it for ransom
took what he wanted
with no intention of loving her
the reasons why.

and that’s why she stayed longer
than she should have
because it hurts to watch
something you love
transform into
something you hate

she sits and waits for it
to return to its original state
in denial as she ignores the fact
that what she sees was always there
limitations imitations.

we could have been great
this could have worked
but you insisted on being mediocre
you placed limitations on us
so I chose myself
I chose to move on
knowing that I deserved more
my theory.

you can’t keep a man
who doesn’t deserve you
this is why they leave
this is why they rarely stay
some word porn.

she wants to be taken
mentally starved by a mind
incapable of stimulating hers
my knowledge and understanding
like food for a dying soul
I became the only thing
she could think about
rooftops, lying wide-awake
and vulnerable under the bright moon
in lust with the way I speak
my open mind
opening her up
every word, like a thrust
or stroke as she invited me
to spill my words on her canvas
letting go entirely.

maybe that’s all she wanted
acknowledgment
to be appreciated for all the things
she did
someone who cared enough
to make an effort
the type of appreciation
that could be felt
a man who could love her
in the same fashion
as she loved him

I don’t think she was asking
for too much
all that she demanded
was simply what she deserved
you served her a bunch
of lies
and expected her
to get full

starving her of the truth
but one day it happened
the woman whom you
only wanted to break
reached a point where she
could break no longer
though you thought
she’d hold on
she finally found the courage
to let go
passive-aggressive.

I’ll sit in silence
I’ll say nothing to you
but if you continue to
place me as a secondary concern
you’ll lose me without warning
she’s an artist.
she was broken
but somehow
she found peace
in the pieces
scattered across
the floor
she’s an artist in the way
she pieces herself
back together
to create something stronger
and a bit more beautiful
than before
one of those days.

it’s almost as if the sun is
peeking through the dark clouds
I should be happy
but I’m not
lust under moon.

I don’t think it was actually love
I was just obsessed
with the way you made me feel
on satin sheets
under the moon
June ’15.

what was meant to be
a celebration of sorts
sadly, now feels more
like a funeral
the transformation.

I was more in love with
who I thought you were
and I hated
what you became
reaching.

open your eyes
don’t be blinded
by your heart
stop holding on to someone
who is obviously reaching
for someone else
losers with benefits.

the fucked-up thing
about using someone for sex
is that you’re probably
being used just the same
by someone who doesn’t deserve
a portion of anything
you have to offer
using them while wasting yourself
pretending to win
yet constantly losing
crown me 722.

she crowned the tip of my head
with the lips between her thighs
my Queen made me King
your sharp tongue.

lies like razors
you claimed to be
telling the truth
yet I watched you bleed
from your mouth
Sin’s choice,

realizing that I didn’t
have the courage to love you
in the way you needed
I let you go
because you couldn’t
I did it for you
pitch dark,

after the sun has set
and the moon decides
to present itself
after midnight is when we
often remember
the things we try
our hardest to forget
December 22nd.

you are the most beautiful
type of broken
I’ve ever seen in my
entire life
and though your heart
is in pieces
you deserve to be loved
and I’d like the opportunity
to be with you, always
an observation I.

the women who smile
the most
are often the ones
who experience
the deepest pain
she doesn’t wear
that smile to deceive others
she smiles because
it’s a symbol of strength
often we pretend.

please notice
the sadness in my eyes
but if you ask
I’ll claim to be fine
an observation II.

maybe it’s because you’re strong
maybe you hold on
because you’re capable of
loving him unconditionally
and maybe he’s just too weak
to appreciate it
the wound.

completely broken
I cut myself
trying to get close to you
several attempts
I almost bled out
for you
us, our future.

come here
I’ll help you bury
your past
we’ll give life
to our future
a sober thought.

I’ve been missing you
more than the usual
either I’ll run out of bullets
or improve my aim
that’s where my head is at
walking toward the future
I’ve lost count of how often
I took you back
the morning after.

it happens
you wake up one morning
and the feelings
you went to sleep with
are no longer there
you picture life
without that particular person
and instead of feeling worried
you begin to smile
what you felt continues
to fade
Sin’s request.

I want everything
he took for granted
I have this desire to explore
the parts of you he neglected
but first I’ll work for it
everything within you
is not to be given easily
but earned
repetitive.

found pain
searching for a love
you couldn’t deliver
distance between self.

you know, I’ve been losing me
for a while
my reflection appears partial
as I often feel less like myself
and further away from the person
I’d like to be
my truth.

in all honesty
I never miss
what I walk away from
there is no regret
in walking away from someone
who gave me a reason
to leave them behind
burning bridges.

I’m the one who burns bridges
just to light my path toward
a better direction
I’m the one who uses failed friendships
and relationships as stepping stones
toward my future
under skin.

her scars, invisible
she was hurt in places
no one could actually see
lustful and lust filled.

our love was weak
passion only exchanged over the strength
of a climax experienced in the back seat
of a vehicle or on the floor
next to the mattress
we rarely slept on
body talk.

in a sense
we rarely talked
communicating with our bodies
the arch in your back
told me everything I needed to know
journal entries.

it has always been easy for me
to get a warm body in my bed
but finding someone
who deserved to lie next to me
was something I struggled with
your painful truth.

you pretend that it’s love
because the truth is too painful
and being alone is unbearable
shortest story.

he moved on
she stayed there
waiting
afraid to be alone
though loneliness was all
she’d ever felt
while being with him
no explanations.

hurt me
and I’ll leave
without warning
I don’t owe
an explanation
to those who mistreat me
love of self.

one day your love
for self
will outweigh the love
that keeps you holding on
to someone who chooses to hurt you
one day the love of self
will be your strength
that love will be more
than enough reason for you
to walk away for good
the next.

I don’t grieve the ending
of any of my relationships
because I know what’s to come
will be better than what I’ve had
a restless soul.

it rarely gets easier
the late nights under the moon
restless, unable to retrieve peace
slowly losing yourself
so far from who you were
and though it doesn’t get any easier
you find yourself strengthened
by the pressures of the world
your potential.

you were everything
I should have avoided
but I stared into your potential
instead of paying attention
to our reality
the truth is, you were never
the one
and I can finally admit it
view finder.

I think I got tired
of looking at you
through pictures
I was eager to double-tap
you in real life
same thing again.

it’s always hard at first
good mornings aren’t possible
most nights are spent
digging through the rubble
of your own anguish
sadness swells and turns into
bruises
today is just one of those days
tonight, it’ll all be the same
the 17th of December.
light snow falling
outside my window
your head rested on my left arm
my eyes fixed upon an imperfection
on our ceiling
I’m a bit nervous because
in two days
I’ll drop to one knee
possibly two
asking you to spend an eternity
on this earth with me
my heart rate increasing
as told by my fitbit
my palms are sweaty
drenched in silence, overwhelming
and now my dry lips
whisper ‘‘ I love you”
my heart longing for our future
your head rested on my arm
so full of love.

submerged by you
like ice cubes
drowning in whiskey
I’m in need of everything
you have
I’d like to be wherever you are
the midnight motion.

I am tired, restless to say the least
my eyes heavy, refusing to close
sadness weighing down my eyelids
but not enough to see me sleep
the moon stares at me
watching from afar
as I break off into the night
like the sun setting behind the ocean
cold air fills the sky
matching the temperature of my heart
love escaped me once again
pain is all that is left
my bones aching
under the pressure of depression
heartache mistaken for insomnia
the only cure would be to dream
but I’m alone, here beneath a full moon
unable to sleep
close to the reaper.

the closest I’ve been to death
was lying beside someone
who had all of a sudden
stopped loving me
our room like a tomb
killing ourselves while holding on
to the nothingness that we became
I did this to myself.

I’ve committed a crime
on my own soul
mistaking you for the one
mistaking your lie for truth
unable to see this for what it was
blinded by potential
in love with love but never you
what we became.

the greatest lie we tell ourselves
involves a love that is tainted
and a relationship that becomes toxic
strangely beautiful but broken.

I saw the flaws
and devil paws
imprinted on your heart
cracks caused
by being involved
with a demon selling dreams
and telling lies
to capture your love

used and abused
then left near a curb
next to day-old filth
overwhelmed with guilt
and an ocean of regret
your would-be grave
as you fought sinking
to the bottom

the broken woman
as labeled by others
would soon become
the woman who made me whole again
all of everything, you are.

strong, unapologetic, and free-spirited
everything a man like me
everything a man such as myself
has been looking for
here, this moment.

and maybe, just maybe
we’ll look into each other’s eyes
and see our future, together

my heart has been longing
for someone like you
where we end, for now.

the day is December 18th
the year is 2016
and I woke up next to
the most beautiful woman
in the world
my muse has loved me
and I have loved my muse
this book in its entirety
would have never been possible
if it weren’t for the support
of Samantha King
healing the wounds
left behind by my past
giving me new life
new hope as she’s loved me
in recovery

whiskey words and a shovel
documents my highs and lows
your highs and lows
our highs and lows

this book is a literary documentary
of what happens when love is tainted
and what could be
when love is pure

thank you Samantha King
for encouraging me
thank you for being the lighthouse
to my ship

here’s the funny thing
I associate Samantha King
with a lighthouse
because she’s been my guide
she has helped me navigate
the chaos that had once been my life
and tomorrow
the 19th, I will get down on my knee
or knees and ask her to continue this journey
with me

no matter how broken you are
no matter how tired you feel
no matter how weary your soul becomes
there is someone out there
willing to love you completely
but you must first love yourself

with whiskey
I buried my emotions
with words
I once lied to myself
pretending to be okay
telling everyone that I was fine
when I wasn’t
and with a shovel
I took all of the pain
I had experienced at the hands
of someone who pretended to love me
and buried it deep
in this series of books
I dig up that grave
in hopes of helping you
find clarity and peace

I love you Samantha King
and thank you to the readers
until the next time . . .
index.

#:
1:04 a.m.
1 a.m. restless, always.
2:30 a.m.
11:11 p.m.
12:16 after midnight.
14kt.
0722.
2007.
2417.

a.
a broken beautiful muse.
a California lie.
after ruins.
all but nothingness.
all in the end.
all nothingness.
all of everything, you are.
all of us.
all the little things.
alone now.
among stars.
an observation I.
an observation II.
a real man.
a reminder.
a restless soul.
a search for love.
a sober thought.
a solid regret I.
a solid regret II.
a standard.
a tweet.
a woman like her.

b.
before and after.
before any proposals.
beyond your past.
blind and confused.
body talk.
burning bridges,
but you’re used to it.

c.
can’t be life,
challenge,
child within,
close to the reaper,
confusing,
connections,
constant,
control yourself,
cracked glass,
crown me 722.

d.
days,
deathly habit,
December 22nd,
deep within,
demolish temptation,
deserving more,
devoured,
dirt,
distance between self,
distorted,
dried up.

e.
earliest lesson,
easier but difficult,
emotional hostage,
every night,
exhibits.

f.
fake care,
fear of falling,
fed up,
fifteen,
fifty-six notes,
final departure,
first day of February,
first or many,
flames within,
found in solitude,
fragments.
from distance.
from start to finish again.
full of emptiness.
g.
genuine love.
gift of the broken.
good hearts.
great regret.
h.
hate the process.
heart rate.
here, this moment.
hers.
his issue, not yours.
his last resort.
hopeful romantic.
hung up, hung over.

i.
icy roads in Pennsylvania.
I did this to myself.
I get it.
I’ll dig deeper.
imbalance.
I’m trying for you.
inconsiderate.
index.
in fantasy.
infinite us.
insanity driven.
into the chaos.
it’s easier said.
I want you.
I wonder.
I worry.

j.
journal entries.
July ’15.
June ’15.
just be.
just stay.

k.
know and understand.

l.
letting go entirely.
limitations imitations.
living in denial.
losers with benefits.
love and excuses.
love of self.
lustful and lust filled.
lust under moon.

m.
many devils.
many maybes.
masks I.
memories in midnight.
midnight noise.
midnight, often.
modern barter.
moonlit.
more.
more consistency.
mother of pain I.
mother of pain II.
mountains underwater.
my energy misplaced.
my hope for you.
my own value.
my own whisper.
my theory.
my truth.

n.
necessary evils.
ever a loss.
ever ready.
no entry.
no explanations.
no fun.
no room.
notes to the neglected ones I.
notes to the neglected ones II.
note this.
not forcing.
November 22nd.
now cold.
no words.

o.
often we pretend.
one of those days.
open your eyes.
our love.
out of hurt.
overly entitled.

our love.

painful roots.
pain to remember.
passive-aggressive.
past and present.
perfect match.

pieces of peace.
pillars of salt.
pitch dark.
poetess.
pride in brown.
processing.
put your phone down.

reaching.
reading regret.
repetitive.
restlessness.

same phrase, same results.
same thing again.
savage.
search party.
share this with him.
she, flame.
she kept dancing.
she’s an artist.
shortest story.
silence tales.
silent thought.
similar foes.
sin-ergy.

Sin’s choice.
Sin’s request.
snowfall in Queens.
so full of love.
some optimism.
something for this night.
sometimes mirrors lie,
some whiskey with dinner,
some whiskey wordplay,
some word porn,
split,
start to finish,
still beautiful,
strangely beautiful but broken,
summer ’11,
surrounded by bars,

L
taken away,
t.h.t.
temporary highs,
thank you Samantha, my baby,
the 17th of December,
the afterthought,
the all of nothing,
the book of ashes,
the brave,
the burial site,
the control,
the death of an indie,
the essence,
the experience,
the good man,
the great wall,
the heart vs. the mind,
the illusion of good mornings,
the inside,
the life lessons,
the lines,
the midnight motion,
the mind, her eyes,
the morning after,
the next,
the nights,
the pain in remembering,
the perfect aim,
the reasons why,
these words I,
these words II,
the slow death,
the transformation,
the whiskey fights,
the wound,
thirty-six notes,
this moment,
this peacefulness,
true colors,
truth of self,

u
under a blood moon,
under skin,
understand yourself,
under stars,
under the moonlight,
using a shovel in my journal,
us, our future,

v
vanishing,
view finder,

w
watching my own funeral,
we’re guarded,
wet Marie,
wet works midnight,
what we became,
when angels fall,
where we end, for now,
willing,
winter begins,
with lightning,
witnessed,

y
year 2008,
you are,
your painful truth,
your potential,
your sharp tongue,
check out these other great titles from Andrews McMeel Publishing!

whiskey words & a shovel

II
r.h. Sin

III
r.h. Sin

Dirty Pretty Things
Michael Faudet

milk and honey
rupi kaur

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER