whiskey words & a shovel

II

r.h. Sin
whiskey words & a shovel

II

r.h. Sin
other books by r.h. Sin

Whiskey, Words, and a Shovel
whiskey words & a shovel II

r.h. Sin
absence and peace.

your absence taught me

how to live without you

time away taught me

to find peace

in being alone
human flaw.
we hide behind the human condition
of making mistakes
using imperfection as an excuse
to hurt those who love us
expecting things to go back
to how they once were
after apologizing
reminders.
you kill your future
by mourning the past
sin’s request II.

I want to undress her soul
and feel her aura against my own
I’d like to get to know the things
deep within her
my eyes have already grown familiar with her physique
I’d like for her to undress her soul
and allow the universe inside of her to speak
I welcome the moments where I can literally taste her aura
those moments where my own soul can explore her
exits.
ex is short
for exit
this is what I’ve come
to realize

stop leaving the door open
for someone
who no longer
deserves a key
tangled.
how quickly we become twisted
tied and tangled
within each other
lost in a translation
that only we can comprehend
I understand your complex
emotions
flowing, crashing like waves
within the ocean
open for me to enter
so good, I refuse to leave
we get each other
we know exactly
what the other needs
best revenge.

I remember that feeling

the cold air dancing on my hands as they were the only thing to be exposed

I sat there on the balcony of the apartment we shared

I took a deep breath and yet this heaviness remained sitting within my chest

it was in that moment that I’d do anything to watch you crawl in pain

it was in that moment that I’d do anything to make you feel the way I did

but then I realized that the best revenge would be to become more of everything you failed to appreciate, everything you’d one day search for after the world had its way with you

and when you returned

I’d be gone

enjoying myself, happy and peaceful with someone stronger than you were
the search.

I set out in search of love and what I often found was chaos and destruction

hearts filled with malice and souls that resemble winter

eyes that wander and lips that lie

I set out in search of everything that I could’ve given myself and I know that now
all lies.
they were all lies, she thought to herself while picking up the pieces of her own heart
silence, my friend.

I’ve been hurting and I can’t find the words to explain what I truly feel

and if I could

I don’t believe you’d be able to comprehend the words within my soul

this is why I say nothing

as if silence is my only friend
encouragement I.

stop teaching women how to think like men, we rarely think

don’t encourage her to become the very thing that continues to destroy her

don’t encourage the type of behavior that makes men appear weak

encourage women to be more of who they were meant to be respectable, valuable, loving, and strong intelligent and beautiful

encourage her to be the type of woman that sends weak men running the other way
a war with self.
it’s difficult
it’s been painful
it’s been weighing you down
you know it’s time to let go
you know you deserve more
you know he’s not who he used to be
blinded by love
your emotions betray you
every time
it’s the constant battle
between
what you know
and how you feel
fantasies.
she’s an angel
with a filthy mind
early December II.

I remember thinking that I’d never get to speak to you again and so I wanted to tell you every single thing that I could

for the first time in my life, I wanted to be completely transparent

and even though you were just a stranger, you felt so familiar

I didn’t know you but I knew you from somewhere

maybe another time, a time where most of our conversations were pillow talk

or most of our interaction was in the midst of silence, lying awake, late nights

afraid to sleep because that would mean temporarily leaving one another

I don’t know, I just wanted to tell you everything

everything that you missed while being distracted by someone who wasn’t me

everything you missed while in the arms of someone who didn’t deserve to hold you

everything you missed while confessing your love to someone who failed to reciprocate the things you expressed
that night, early December
read closely.
you miss the person you thought he was
you’re in love with everything he used to be
you hold on because your love is unconditional
you’re up, thinking about him wanting his attention
maybe a text, a call, maybe you just want to lay up and cuddle
but he’s always doing this
he’s rarely around and it hurts
that’s what keeps you up at night
you’re hurting right now and he’s probably asleep
understand this
life is too short to lose sleep over a living nightmare
I know you love him but you have to love yourself more
see, anyone not willing to respect what you feel is not worthy of any type of emotional response
how many tomorrows will you spend waiting for a man who only deserves a place in your yesterdays
your future is uncertain because
your focus is on your rearview
mirror

you can’t get to where you need to
be

focused on everything that
belongs behind you
long distance.

I’d kill the distance
to get to you
tainted love II.

you spoke of love

but there was hatred in your actions

you spoke of love

and yet all I felt was pain

you spoke of love

until I stopped listening to what turned out to be a lie

in the form of everything I wanted to hear
11:50 p.m.

it’s hard, it’s always been difficult

but I just think we’re looking for the type of love

that doesn’t destroy us in the end

the type of love that helps us evolve and grow

it’s important to realize that this type of love is only attainable

once self-love is achieved
rare.
love is rare
heartache is too common
sadly, searching for love
often leads to more heartache
enough.
you can’t keep blaming yourself
for someone’s inability to be the type of mate you deserve
I used to do that often
lost in my own feelings
made to feel as if my all wasn’t good enough
when really
I had the terrible habit of falling
for those who weren’t good enough for me
because I was unaware of my own value
cracks.
here you are covered
in cracks from falling
and not being caught
cracks from loving
someone incapable
of reciprocating everything
you gave them
and yet here you stand
still beautiful
still worthy of the love
you’ve always given
I wrote this for you
flames.

you felt like hell but I stayed there

in flames for a love that never did exist

in flames for a love

you weren’t capable of giving
broken beautiful.
she was quiet
but her silence screamed
her silence told a story
where words often failed

her heart like winter
dry air upon her lips
as she exhaled
after taking in
all she’d been through

broken yet stronger
hurt but wiser
a few cracks in her foundation
and still
she remained beautiful . . .
love 722.
you drive me mad
but make me laugh
imperfect, our love
but perfect for me
losing to gain.

we lose things to gain more and sometimes what we lose isn’t a loss

in time, your heart will heal

in time, your heart will be ready once more but only for someone who is ready for you
masks II.
what I wanted was the most
honest parts of your soul
and what I received
was everything I tried
my hardest to avoid

people wear masks
too large to fit
and in time
you begin to realize
that the face you see
isn’t really theirs
in between sleep.

my mind knows what my heart continues to ignore

I’m tired but I can’t find sleep

lost, between the hours of 1 a.m.
and 3

restless under the same moon as you
eyes, the truth.

smiling with sad eyes

I’ve seen what you’ve
been hiding
after 3.

it’s after 3 a.m.
and I can’t sleep
my mind won’t quiet down
and my soul can’t help
but wander

lying here, still
appearing peaceful
but there’s chaos
deep within me
struggling to close my eyes
a smile.
I don’t remember the time
where a smile actually meant happiness
sadly, so many of my peers
only smile to hide things
encouragement II.

stop teaching women how to
find a good man
and start encouraging them to be
the type of women that no-good
men can’t even approach
memories.

be careful who you make your memories with
love and lies.

your detailed text messages

his one-worded response

you make yourself available

but he never finds the time

you’re always calling first

he refuses to call at all

but you’re stuck

because you fell

he claimed to love you

but in fact he didn’t fall
still learning love.

I’m still learning about love
and what it means
to physically share myself
with someone who cares
for my heart
and my soul
I’m still learning about the type
of intimacy
only shared between two people
destined to be a part of each
other’s life
I’m still learning how to touch
and how to feel
I sometimes struggle with
the emotional side of it all
because I’ve only known
to remain unattached
after the act
nightmares.

and you were a nightmare

wrapped in something beautiful

a disaster presented as a gift
different, yet the same.

different person

same pain

different person

same lies

I hate the moments between meeting someone and leaving someone

there’s this brief feeling of trust before the paranoia that seeps in

once you begin to realize that they’re just like everyone else you’ve met before

different person

same bullshit
resolutions.
changing for the better
ready for something better
reality.
you’re unhappy
you’ve been feeling neglected
you’ve been taken for granted
and yet you still find ways and
or create several excuses as to why
you stay
in reality
you’ve been holding on
to nothing
so if in this moment
you decided to walk away
you’d lose them
and at the same time
you’d lose nothing
you’d gain peace
you’d lose them
yet find yourself
be there.
I don’t want to be this way
I hate the way this feels
sometimes I just want to quit
sometimes I refuse to stop
I’m all over the place
and I just need you to be there
oh, broken soul.

you’re a mess

you’ve been broken

you’re guarded

you have baggage but I’m not afraid to stand beside you

I’m willing to help carry whatever it is

that may be dragging you down

I’m willing to climb the wall you’ve built

I love you for who you are

even when you think your soul isn’t good enough to reap the benefits of my love
falling short.

you weren’t strong enough to catch me

and that’s fine

you weren’t brave enough to love me and that’s okay

I forgive you for failing at pretending to be everything

that I wanted

I forgive you for falling short of my expectations
the unforgettable.

you’re unforgettable

women like you don’t come around often

your presence is electrifying

not for the weak of heart

maybe that’s why he couldn’t keep you

maybe he just wasn’t strong enough to hold you

know that whomever you are wherever you are

there is someone searching for a love like yours
the Lexington.
I thought I knew the sound
of love
until it was delivered
in your voice
I thought I knew what it felt like
until your hands touched
my own
that early evening
in midtown Manhattan
I thought I knew passion
until it happened
when we kissed
I felt love, a bit of lust
I felt your skin
and I felt this
this tingle in my spine
the relief in my chest
you made me moan
you made me grow
you took away a life of stress
and somehow
everything I thought I knew
was within you
the whole time . . .
my scars.
these scars
remind me that I survived
everything meant to
destroy me
sleep.

you know what’s painful

sleep is no longer a means of rest

it’s something most of us do in order to forget the things that tear us up emotionally

something that most fail to achieve

lying there wide awake

drowning in an ocean of their own thoughts

we’re all the same

we’re all seeking relief
Natasha’s interlude.

you were so young
yet so strong
an unmovable force
even in the uncertainty of your own life
you made certain to instill hope
in those closest to your heart

you played many roles
in your youth
and you’ll continue to
so as a tribute
to everything you’ve been
and all that you’ll become

to the big sister I never had
to the mother of a son
the wife of a soldier
and the daughter to a King
I love you
on most nights.

you’re in love, heartbroken or both

lying there restless

watching the night bleed into the morning

wishing you had more hours to rest
your mistakes.
don’t beat yourself up
for being too good
for them
don’t be so hard on yourself
for choosing someone
incapable of appreciating
everything that you are

sometimes you have to
choose badly
in order
to be able to identify
what is good for you
release.
sometimes crying means
letting go
sometimes the only way
to empty yourself of a person
is to shed tears
often pretending.
sometimes it hurts
to be strong
sometimes it hurts
to be the one who seemingly
never needs help
drowning in your
own emotions
pretending to enjoy
the rain
while hoping
for more sunshine
good-byes.

this here is the end, my
departure, my good-bye
wanted to stay
pushed me away
but I’ll be fine because I tried
see, you’ll wake up and regret it
didn’t give me enough credit
I was throwing several hints
it’s a shame you didn’t catch it
you’ll wake up
try to call
but nothing is what you’ll get
time’s up, no more chances
walked away, this is it
the blueprint.
just be good to her
remain loyal to her loyalty
and reciprocate her love
forget not.

never forget the people who
made you feel as if your best
wasn’t good enough

never forget the way they
mistreated you while you gave
them what was considered your
all

remember their faces and ignore
that I miss you

I’m sorry and I love you

when you’ve walked away for
good
most nights.
in a dark room
my mind’s lit
a dark dreary soul
cold in search
of the type of warmth
that only can be found
on a half-made bed
between the legs of a lover
who knows my pain
mentally fatigued
from giving a fuck
feeling stuck in a place
where caring drains the soul
and on this night
I’d like to feel nothing
but sweat running down my chest
pressed against a lover
who knows my pain
I just want to feel at ease
as the breeze
from that old dusty-ass fan blows
my mind so far in the gutter
dirty from thoughts of you
as I begin to grow
and I just want a lover

who knows

how it feels to feel like me
potential.
in love with your potential
suffering from the reality

my mind knows
what my heart ignores
easily forgotten.

I don’t have exes
just a few mistakes
a list of regrets
and things gone up in flames
from the bridges I’ve burned

love that felt more like pain
and truth that turned out to be lies

I don’t have exes
just a few individuals
that pretended to be more than they were
individuals who fell short of something appealing

I don’t have exes
just a few people
who were easily forgotten
soul relatable.

and to the women

who wake up tired emotionally
restless during the night
unable to sleep
drained both physically and mentally
smiling in an effort to hold back the tears

you are beautiful
you are good enough
you are strong
you are survivors
they only treat you
how they feel
about themselves
tired.

I just want to know love
like I know hate
I just want a love
similar to my own
often off, my emotional switch.

I’ve always given myself in small doses and sometimes nothing at all
careful not to share the best parts of myself with someone who could turn out to be the wrong person
protective in terms of my heart and soul
understanding that most of the people I meet will fall short of my expectations
and so I’ve learned to expect nothing
sometimes my emotional switch remains off
you can’t get hurt if you feel nothing
**survival.**

you can’t force something to be more than what it should

sometimes the people we love can’t comprehend what we feel

and there will be times where you’ll have to walk away from the very person whom you’d do anything for

it’s not giving up

it’s simply survival

and I hope it’s you who survives
drown.
overwhelmed by a sea of emotions
sometimes you have to drown
to learn how to swim
used to it.

I was so used to being hurt
that I continued to allow you
the opportunity to destroy me

I’d walk away, only to return
giving you permission to burn
through the foundation
that once represented us

in flames
I learned the lesson of settling
for someone
who had grown comfortable
with breaking my heart
encouragement III.

stop teaching these women how to deal with no-good men and motivate them to avoid these types of men altogether

teach them self-esteem and self-assurance

teach them self-love and respect
on my way text.

roses blooming
the sun setting behind the ocean
rain gently falling upon my skin
head rubs and light kisses on my neck
hands clasped, refusing to let go
lavender fragrance
a slightly cool breeze
these are things you make me feel
everything that you are is
everything that I need

I love you
I know when your heart is heavy or when you’re stressed or when your mind is all over the place
I’ll take you away
when I come home
broken but magic.

there’s still magic in a heart
that’s been broken
oceanus.

our souls became the ocean
immediately crashing against
each other
so wet as we collided only
to become one
forced together by nature
this mix of you and I
was supposed to happen
diving into love
emerging within each other
sunsets then rise.

she was the sun

the way she fell

into the night but managed to
rise every morning

brighter than before
masks III.

and that’s what it always boils down to

you meet someone

they’re everything you wanted

you fall

only to discover their true self

you’re in love with a mask

and even after that mask is removed

you hang on to the possibility of that person wearing that mask once more

essentially, becoming the person you fell in love with

no judgment, I get it

I understand, I’ve been there

I know how difficult it can be

the restlessness that follows the act of falling for the wrong person

the aftermath of realizing that your love was only conjured up by a false representation of what you thought you needed

but losing something fraudulent makes room for something real
guarantees.

being a good man or woman
doesn’t guarantee you true love

loving someone

doesn’t make them the one
seasoned love.
I don’t want puppy love
I now require something
seasoned
something stronger
straight like my favorite liquor
I want something
homegrown from seeds
within my soul
watered with truth
and loyalty
I’m not a child
and I no longer have the need
for childish things
give me imperfect
but give me your best
I want your love
in its purest form
I want you
sadly.
sadly, one of the hardest
loves to find is the love
your heart deserves
yes, you.

you deserve to be someone’s only choice
emotional CPR.

we try our hardest to force life
into things that must die and
that’s what hurts the most
in search of heaven.

love doesn’t feel pure anymore

it’s become all about what we can do for each other in terms of physical pleasure and often defined by material

I can’t say that I miss it

the way it used to be

because whatever it’s been

I’ve never had the opportunity to claim it, to have it, to hold it

and that’s the story most of our hearts tell

searching for a love that resembles heaven

yet somehow we end up in hell
stubbornness.

your heart is stubborn

sadly, it clings to the things

that break it in hopes

that those things will save it
one day.

one day you’re going to regret
hurting her heart

one day you’re going to regret
destroying the woman with a
heart that deserved to be loved

and your regret will always
come at a moment too late

for once her heart is completely
shattered

she’ll learn to pick up the pieces
without you
forgiveness.

I’m still trying to forgive myself
for all the things I failed to
become
I’m still trying to make peace
with all the broken pieces of my
past
self-blame.

passing the single mother in the grocery line as she looks over at the magazines with a tagline that reads

how to keep a man

as she begins to base her self-value on whether or not she can keep men interested

a thought occurred to me

maybe it’s not her

maybe it’s not her at all

maybe it’s her choices

choosing men who just don’t fit into the plans of her future

maybe we should write more articles that help encourage self-love instead of self-blame

maybe that’s the cure

maybe self-love leads to choosing a man capable

of reciprocating everything

she’s willing to share
harsh reality.

it hurts to watch the person you love
become everything you should avoid
it’s difficult to watch the person you love
treat you as if they hate you
and even though it hurts like hell
you continue to hold on to who they were
instead of accepting what they’ve become
it’s the harsh reality of falling in love with the surface
and unexpectedly having to face the truth in who most people really are
exes.

I should just change my number
my friends tell me that I should just block you
I should send you to voice mail but I don’t
I held on to you, hoping something would change and I guess this is my way of forcing you to feel what I felt
hoping I’ll answer your call
hoping for something that’ll never happen
good vibes only.
give silence to negativity
understand that those who wish
to harm you in any way
and or disrupt your peace
don’t deserve the energy
it takes to respond
to their actions
you’re valuable
stop engaging with those
who can’t afford you
after hours.

no matter how painful
being alone may actually feel
nothing hurts more
than lying next
to someone each night yet
restless
because it feels as if
you’re sleeping alone
strength.

truth is
you’re not okay
but you will be
you’ll hold on
but you’ll let go
it’ll be difficult
but you’ll do it
you’re feeling weak
but be strong
one hell of a woman.

she couldn’t be tamed,
rebellious lover

refusing to settle for less than
she deserved

there’s this fire that burns within
her

the type which could never be
put out as she used it to light her
own path

she, unchained and free, willing
to push the envelope and rip it
open if she had to

strong in every sense of the
word

valuable even when others fail
to notice

one hell of a woman to fall for

one hell of a woman indeed
sent, text message.
you either be consistent
or become nonexistent
painful truth.

I’ve come to realize

that those who smile the most

usually shed the most tears

in secret

and those who laugh the

hardest

are usually the ones who cry the

loudest
in silence.

I want to tell you all the things

that sit unexpressed within my heart

but I’m afraid

you won’t be able to comprehend

my love and so I remain silent
hawaii 722.
I think your love is as vast
as the ocean
and you’ve been with men
who feared your waves
but I’m not afraid to try
to dive
to taste
to face
the future soaking in your love
past loves.

you have this perception of love
that is false

you talk about it, you write
about it

as for the stories you tell
yourself are all fiction

you pretend to know what it is
or how it feels

when you know nothing of its
touch

you loved the idea of something
they could never give you

yet you fool your heart

into thinking they deserved

a place there

you keep fooling yourself into
thinking that chaos is passion
and that somehow the
destruction of your heart in the
process of loving the wrong
person was beautiful

those past loves were all lies
a life spent
with someone who constantly
hurts you
is like death
from womb to tomb
some people spend most
of their lives
either surviving heartache
or dying from the weight
of emotional distress
shit, I just want to love
and live while doing so
unchanged.

I think a woman’s heart
is made of something
out of this world
as much as it’s been broken
she survives
as much as it’s been broken
the value of her love
goes unchanged

this is what I realized
while looking into the eyes
of the woman who fell for me
despite a past of having her heart
mishandled and broken
she trusted me
she trusted me enough
to fall into my arms
the rules.

respect her mind
feed her soul
protect her peace
guard her heart
she became.

your eyes became stars and
what used to be your body
became the galaxy
which is now a place I wish to
live
I’d like to be inside of you
lost with no gravity
traveling within every part of
you
tired of new beginnings but I’m
willing to start with you
over and gone.
unfortunately for you
I won’t be standing
where you left me
and you won’t be able
to text me "I miss you"
when you finally
become bored with
the person you left me
for
I no longer seek closure
no more bitterness
and my heart is no
longer cold
for I have found the
love
you were incapable of
providing
and I have found
warmth
in the arms of someone
better
interlude for the survivor.
the pain means you’re alive
the scars mean
you’ve always survived
misinterpreted love.

I don’t know, maybe I thought or believed the words you whispered on that foggy morning in the nude lying next to me wearing nothing but my arms as I held you after we become one in a moment that felt like forever. Those words felt like life as I lay there slightly drained as I used up whatever energy I had in trying to please you.

Maybe I thought that those three words would extend the moments that we’ve already experienced with each other. You uttered them to me with ease without a speech, simply straight to the point, making it easier to comprehend. Now as I sit here with just a memory of how it was, I realize that those three words meant nothing to you but everything to me.
love of self.
you belong to you
sometimes your soul mate
is yourself
and everything
you’ve been searching for
can be found
deep within your own soul
a time of love.

thank you for seeing
the stars within my soul
when all I saw was pain
scars and darkness
always worthy.

marry the woman they say is broken

remind her that no matter how hurt she may be

she’s still worthy of the type of love that can move mountains

and when she shows you the scars that have been left upon her heart by the things scattered within her past

kiss each one of them and remind her

that despite it all

despite what she’s gone through

she’s still the most beautiful woman in your eyes
words and actions.
saying I want something real
while holding on to something
with someone
who continuously lets me down
someone who constantly
makes love feel painful
someone inconsiderate
selfish and negative

I’ve been saying I want true love
while holding on to something
with someone toxic
unsupportive, unreliable
incapable of telling the truth
so much tension, arguments
all this verbal abuse

saying I want one thing
while accepting the opposite
too much.

too tired to sleep

too hurt to start over

too depressed to say a word

I’ve been there

it gets better

just give it time
an outdated love.

you’re in love
with how you remember them
not with who they’ve become

you’re in love with
an outdated version of how
things were

you’re attached to an idea
that no longer exists

this is what happens
when those we usually avoid
pretend to be everything
we’ve always wanted
too late.

no one misses you until you walk away

no one appreciates you until you’re gone

no one understands this until you’ve given up on waiting for things to get better

no one listens until silence is the only thing left
encouragement IV.

instead of teaching women how
to keep a man

let’s encourage them to be the
greatest thing to and for
themselves

a woman’s value is not
validated by her ability to attract
and or keep a man
loveless.
loveless relationships
cause people to love less
that’s the problem
with being hurt

you avoid love
altogether out of fear
of more hurt
heavy heart.
every day
a war zone
you’re constantly fighting
for your own sanity
in search of peace
smiling instead of crying
laughing instead of breaking
down
you deserve a break
this night is yours
tonight your heavy heart
deserves the light
moving on.
I walked away
I moved on
not out of hatred for you
but for love of self

the more you respect yourself
the less likely you are
to hold on to someone
who fails to appreciate you

people deciding to not show up
is the reason
I decide to go missing
no freedom.

there’s no freedom in loving the wrong person

you spend most nights, locked away in your own mind

overthinking and driving yourself mad

to love the wrong person is hell on earth, death in life

an emotional prison
fraudulent emotions.
most people find themselves
in love with the person
who is keeping them
from finding true love

sadly, we’ve become a
generation
content with being in love
with a love that isn’t real
hell here.
hell on earth will always be trying to maintain a relationship with someone who is too weak to remain loyal to the idea of a forever with you
women like you.

and she just sat there
cold but beautiful
broken but deserving
so much chaos in her soul
but still in search for peace
I think every woman with a past
just wants a future
where everything is different
better than what they’ve known
I think women with a wall up
are at times
the ones who love the hardest
and it’s women like that
I find the most attractive
flaws and all
there’s still magic in her eyes
cracked, sometimes shattered
but there’s still value
within her heart
and still.

your heart is fractured but it’s
still valuable
awake.

but sometimes

nightmares occur

while we’re awake

and sometimes those nightmares
come in the form

of those we love
loyal.
I’m too loyal
to myself
to entertain anyone
who can’t remain loyal to me
together but alone.

I think the worst time to feel
as if you’re alone
is when you’re standing
next to the person
you love

and that’s the reality
for so many people
being taken
but feeling single
in love alone
gallows.

your past lingered
like a rope around your neck
and so I kicked over the chair
beneath your feet
winter Marie.

grasping at her skin, eager for entry

somewhere deep, somewhere warm, away from the cold

I took her and then I wore her out like a jacket in the winter
the lesson.
not everyone you love
will stay
not everyone you trust
will be loyal
some people only exist
as examples of what to avoid
her interlude.

and there she was
lying there alone
eyes fixated on this page
this book
these words
her emotional mind state
unknown
but I knew
and I wrote this for her
I wrote this for you
you’re going to be fine
why we stay.
that’s the problem
instead of using our strength
to let go
we’d rather hold on
to what was
ignore what it’s become
while destroying
what it should’ve been

we want so badly to be loved
by those filled with hatred
we continuously search for peace
where only chaos lives
self-care.
betrayal makes the heart fragile
handle yourself with care
the emptiness.

you just get so damn empty

sharing yourself for the sake of keeping them interested

giving them your all and yet they act as if it’s nothing
she is you III.

and I could still hear her heart breaking

the eerie silence

followed by a soul cry that was so loud

it could have awakened

her ancestors

a pain so deep that not even the ocean could match its depth

waves of disappointment and lies

forgiveness, second chances, and betrayal

would drown her in that moment

I witnessed that as I hung my head

wishing there was something that I could do

my arms stretched open but she’d never see them

point of view blocked by someone she loved

the very person who deserved none of her heart

I witnessed her heart shatter into a million pieces as I struggled to watch

but even after all of that

even after the tears drowned
whatever joy she had left
she found the strength to pick
up the pieces and that was truly
beautiful
she is strong, she is you
Tati’s interlude.

this is for all the thank-yous
you deserve but rarely get
this is for all the moments
when you grow tired of the bullshit

delicious
this is for the drama
that looks for you
this is for anything, anyone,
or anybody who plans on stressing you
may they continue to fail
or fall beneath you
where they belong

there is strength
beneath your surface
there is love in your heart
and there is patience
in your soul

you are and will forever remain
stronger than the things
or those who come against you
comparisons.
I compared her to the moon
because even in darkness
she remained beautiful
I compared her to a sunrise
because I’d awake before her
to witness the opening of her eyes
January 28th.

for me, love has always been
like winter

it comes and goes
whiskey wordplay II.

eyes swell
telling a tale
of hell and chaos
souls looking to collide
with another
but left alone
with a slow song of sadness

the madness of searching for
something beautiful
in a scene filled with destruction
and pain
it always rains for those
longing for the sun
craving change in terms of love
but so often it ends the same
and as exhausting as it is
we’re all looking for the same
damn thing
no chance.
ask yourself
why you miss me
and you’ll understand
why I’ll never let you back in
weaknesses.

their inability to remain faithful
to your loyalty

is a reflection of their own
emotional handicap

and has nothing to do with you

stop blaming yourself for their
weaknesses

and start preserving your energy
for someone who is strong
enough to reciprocate the love
within your heart
keep in mind.
sometimes the devil promises us
a piece of heaven
sometimes darkness
disguises itself as light
be careful, be strong, be wise
lack of love for self.

they hurt you
and you think nothing of it
they hurt you
and you try harder
they hurt you
and you apologize
they hurt you because
they don’t love themselves
self-harm.

loving the wrong person is self-harm
the future.
I hope something real
finds your heart
I hope your heart discovers
the truth about the type
of love that you deserve
cracks in foundation.

w’re always stitching together the good things

w’re always stitching together the moments of peace and joy

that’s why it’s harder to let go

that’s why it’s harder to move on despite the chaos that plagues our soul

we’d rather remember the good and suppress the bad

we see cracks in the wall, in the foundation of everything we’ve built and instead of demolishing this weak structure of a relationship

we paint over, gloss over, and try to rebuild what no longer deserves our energy
we.
we run out of second chances
we get tired of excuses
we get tired of being taken for granted
we get tired of arguing
we get tired of making an effort
we get tired of losing sleep
we get tired of entertaining the bull
even good people with big hearts
who love hard have their limits
not love.
we see chaos
we feel pain
we know loneliness
and yet
we call it love
burial.

unhealthy relationships are dead things

waiting to be buried
we fall.

. . . but that’s the thing
we fall in love with untrue
versions of others
we continue to fall
failing to realize their unwillingness to fall
beside us
then hang on
for dear life
in hopes of things changing
they rarely do
they almost never do
the wrong lover.

constantly, we find ourselves torn
between holding on to the possibilities of change
and realizing that what we hoped for was just a dream sold by yet another soul too cold to make good on empty promises and a love that never actually existed

I know that feeling all too well
stuck under the spell of brown eyes and lips that lie
but failing to realize the signs until it’s too late
and that’s the fate we all suffer in terms of choosing the wrong lover, I’ve been there . . .
the journey.
the path toward peace
is filled with chaos
tough is the journey
but the destination
is worth it
decisions.

you can’t help who you love
but you do decide
who has the potential
to be loved by you
nothing.

it’s going to hurt like hell

you’ll have days

where your peace will be compromised

your heart will be tested

and you’ll feel as if you’re losing the one you love

but is it really a loss

if the one you leave behind

did nothing to make you stay
avoidance.
you are rare
I mean
there’s something
inside you
that can’t be found elsewhere
avoid anyone who treats you
like you’re ordinary
avoid anyone incapable
of seeing what
you’ve always seen
in yourself
warrior heart.

she has the mind-set
of royalty
and the heart
of a warrior

she is everything
all at once and too much
for anyone who
doesn’t deserve her
she is you
she’s always been you
deserving.

she wasn’t being needy

she was simply in search

of everything she deserved
choosing yourself.
walking away
doesn’t mean you stop caring
for those you’ve distanced
yourself from
sometimes you come to the realization
that it’s time to take care
of you and sometimes
that means leaving
behind people
who stopped giving a damn
about you
the woman.
I’ve been searching for you
the woman with a past
deserving of a better future
the woman who knows
how it feels to have her
heart broken
left alone to piece
herself back together
the woman with the type of love
that most men fail to
comprehend
the woman who knows
the true meaning of loneliness
betrayal and deceit
that woman deserves to be loved
and I’d like to be the one
to reciprocate what she’s
been brave enough to share
you are not your past
and I’d like to be a part
of your future
that fear.

the fear of not being good enough makes you try harder for those who aren’t good enough for you
be patient.

if you’re brave enough to let it die
you’ll find new life
in something beautiful
with someone
willing to treat you better

and the patience
you’ve invested
into the wrong people
is just enough
to preserve your heart
for the one who deserves it
at this moment.

you miss the way he was when you first met him

you fell in love with everything he pretended to be

you won’t let go because you’re waiting for things to change

you’re reading this now and this is exactly what you needed

I’m not judging you for staying but I do want you to know

that you deserve so much more
conflict of the heart.

I wanted you to come back
but didn’t want you to come back
that’s what hurts the most

wanting something
that has proven to be toxic
magic.

one day someone will look at you with magic in their eyes because that’s what you are
emotional reaction.

more and more I’m learning
that I have complete control
over my reaction to the actions
of others
and I refuse to allow myself
to provide an emotional reaction
to those who are not worthy
of my energy
I refuse to be broken
by those who have always
been too weak to stand beside me
I refuse to be torn down
by those who sit below me
now.

it’s time to take the love he
could never appreciate and give
it to yourself
thank you, the end.

dear woman, thank you
dear woman, thank you

thank you for being brave enough to love

thank you for being brave enough to try once more
even when that love goes unnoticed

thank you for smiling through the pain

thank you for the strength that you’ve displayed

may your will to survive be the inspiration for this piece

in this moment

you are my muse

thank you
index.

3:33 p.m.
11:50 p.m.
2013
absence and peace.
after 3.
after hours
all lies.
always worthy.
and still.
an outdated love.
a smile.
a time of love.
at this moment.
avoidance.
awake.
a war with self.
be patient.
best revenge.
be there.
broken beautiful.
broken but magic.
burial.
choosing yourself.
comparisons.
conflict of the heart.
cracks.
cracks in foundation.
decisions.
deserving.
different, yet the same.
drown.
early December II.
easily forgotten.
emotional CPR.
emotional reaction.
encouragement I.
encouragement II.
encouragement III.
encouragement IV.
enough.
exes.
exits.
eyes, the truth.
falling short.
fantasies.
flames.
forget not.
forgiveness.
fraudulent emotions.
gallows.
good-byes.
good vibes only.
guarantees.
harsh reality.
hawaii 722.
heavy heart.
hell here.
her interlude.
human flaw.
in between sleep.
in search of heaven.
in silence.
interlude for the survivor.
January 28th.
keep in mind.
lack of love for self.
long distance.
losing to gain.
love 722.
love and lies.
loveless.
love of self.
loyal.
magic.
masks II.
masks III.
memories.
misinterpreted love.
most nights.
moving on.
my scars.
Natasha’s interlude.
nightmares.
no chance.
no freedom.
nothing.
not love.
now.
oceanus.
often off, my emotional switch.
often pretending.
oh, broken soul.
one day.
one hell of a woman.
on most nights.
on my way text.
over and gone.
painful truth.
past loves.
potential.
rare.
read closely.
reality.
release.
reminders.
resolutions.
sadly.
seasoned love.
self-blame.
self-care.
self-harm.
sent, text message.
she became.
she is you III.
silence, my friend.
sin’s request II.
sleep .
soul relatable.
still learning love.
strength .
stubbornness.
sunsets then rise.
survival .
tainted love II.
tangled .
Tati’s interlude.
thank you, the end.
that fear.
the blueprint.
the emptiness.
the future.
the journey.
the lesson.
the Lexington.
the rules.
the search.
the unforgettable.
the woman.
the wrong lover.
tired .
together but alone.
too late.
too much.
unchanged .
used to it.
warrior heart.
we .
weaknesses .
we fall.
whiskey wordplay II.
why we stay.
winter Marie.
women like you.
words and actions.
yes, you.
your mistakes.
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