read this when it hurts

ten pages from the broken poet

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BEFORE YOU START

these are ten pages i wrote for the nights it hurts the most.

read one, then put your phone down. come back for the next one when you need it.

and if one of them sounds exactly like you, send it to someone who needs it too.

— the broken poet

in english they say, “goodbye.”
but in poetry we say,

i will still turn around
every time a stranger
laughs like you.

and for one small second,
before i remember,
you are home.

in english they say, “almost.”
but in poetry we say,

we were one brave sentence
away from forever,

and neither of us
said it first.

someone once told me

the ones who leave quietly
were leaving
long before the door.

it was in the texts
that got shorter,
the plans that stayed “maybe”.

you didn’t lose them overnight.
you just finally
noticed.

the people who love you right

won’t make you
decode them.

you’ll never have to read
their silence
like a weather report,

or lie awake
wondering what “k” meant.

real love
is easy to understand.

if they were meant to stay,

you wouldn’t have had to be
quieter,
easier,
less.

the ones who are meant for you
don’t hold auditions.

they just
keep showing up.

in english they say, “i’m sorry.”
but in poetry we say,

i see it now,
the bruise i said
wasn’t there.

i’m learning to hold my words
the way you always
held me.

carefully.

a little reminder for tonight:

the thoughts that feel loudest
at 3am
are almost never
the true ones.

go to sleep.
let the morning
tell you the rest.

how beautiful it was when christina rossetti wrote,

“better by far you should forget and smile
than that you should remember and be sad.”

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

so if you’re holding on
out of loyalty
to what it was,

you can put it down.

smiling again
was never
a betrayal.

Christina Rossetti, ‘Remember’ (1862)

you don’t have to be okay by morning.

nobody is timing this.

heal the way the tide comes in:
a little further,
then back,
then further again.

it’s moving,
even on the days
it looks like it isn’t.

how beautiful it was when emily dickinson wrote,

“hope is the thing with feathers
that perches in the soul,
and sings the tune without the words,
and never stops at all.”

EMILY DICKINSON

so if you can’t find the words tonight,
that’s okay.

something small in you
is still singing.

it hasn’t stopped once.
not even now.

Emily Dickinson, ‘Hope is the thing with feathers’ (c. 1861)

IF ONE OF THESE FOUND YOU

it still heals

sixty more pages like these, for the nights it still hurts.
out now on kindle.

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it still hurts

my book, for the things you never got to say. one
question on every page, and the rest is yours.

get it on amazon

be gentle with yourself
tonight.

@the._broken._poet