

AN OLD MARRIAGE

Poems and Essays of a Young Mind

By: Jasmila Rosario

To the people who feel as though this world's love isn't what it used
to be

And to Mama Ginna, Dave & the whole Gremlin Gang; thank you
for being the people who taught me how to love and forgive myself.

I'm so thankful I have you guys in my life...always and forever,
Love Mila

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Book 1
(SELF TRUTH)

Honesty

I feel like a shit show. I feel tired and exhausted. I don't know if people are being truthful and honest or if all those times when people say "we missed you in class, it didn't feel right without you here," if that's any true. I feel like I'm trying to move so fast that each time I take a step it's just a rug being snatched from under my feet. I wanna be cared for but I don't know how to do that when I'm still struggling to take care of myself; I don't know what that means anymore. I don't wanna be seen but at the same time I don't care enough.....to try.

I don't want to be anyone but myself but I don't even know how to do that. I don't know what to do for myself more so dropping everything for the ones I care about.

As much as people say I'm not a burden, I don't know how to convince myself that it's okay to be me...because Mila is a great person, the protector over the broken child whose name resides as Jasmila; because she hurts for the feeling she has to go through.

I'm broken and I don't know how to fix myself...I'm tired of trying.

I want a boy to read to me like art. The way musicians read notes on a sheet. Who sees more than a bruised heart of words threaded together; in hopes the sound they make shows the true hurt they feel. I want to be romanticized like the girls on pinterest seem to be...their long blonde hair so seemingly draped over their backs. I want to be loved and cared for...

I want to be wanted, not as a chore but as a need...I want to feel as special as the girl I see happy in my dreams

I don't wanna be another story or character in someone's book and I sure as hell don't wanna be the after thought of what could have been the best thing to happen to a person. I just wanna be cared for by choice and not as a chore; and it hurts to think that I, the person who seems to be the happiest, is the most broken on the inside.

[Flower]

I can't fix her and I'm not okay.

I dislike that I'm not the average teen...that I would rather spend my time reading and playing in grass than talking to guys for a hook up just because I'm pretty. I don't know what I wanna do with my life. I wanna become a doctor, to help people in need but I would be lying to myself if I said that's my dream because it would be a chore.

[Lamp]

I'm a writer and I'm scared to say that

I'm a writer in a swarm of engineers and doctors; philosophists and psychologists. I'm scared to say it because most people don't find the niche in it. I want a guy who understands me for me and not for what others see me as. I want him to listen even after he gets home from a long days at work. I want him to pull me in close and not let me go when I don't talk. But also when I do.

I want him to read for fucks sake, not because I want to have something in common with the man but because thats really the only way I know how to talk.

Words by mouth are just broken promises

Me

Words on a page show emotion louder than anything that can be painted or played. I want him to recite Hemingway and Bronte to me because he knows those are the words of love; I want him to hear me read and feel out the things I like and and never see them as annoying or bothersome

I want understandance that I'm not perfect and I never will be; but it's enough that I'm trying my best

I wanna be the person people feel safe around, someone who cares to listen more than speak; I wanna be the person someone looks at and says "yeah shes amazing...cant find another her anywhere."

I wanna be a safe space for people but I also want that back in away...maybe not as much as I give but I just wanna be seen

I don't wanna be alone...

[Phone]

Book 2
(DEAR DIARY)

Versions of Us

I want him to brush my hair and call me pretty; I want him to stare into my eyes and call me his moon. To feel whimsical in his presence like when a dandelion gets blown in the wind

I want to feel the contrarities of love, the ying and the yang; the puzzling feeling of butterflies in my stomach when he pulls out a chair for me at a fancy restaurant. The feeling when he holds my hand and grips it tight; pulsing it 3 times in his hand in a way to say a small "I love you." The feeling of being hugged from behind as he ensures that I feel safe and comfortable in his embrace. The arguments and disagreements that lead to longfelt kisses that seem to wash over any trace of footsteps that may have reminded either of us about the stupid things we had just said

The swaying of our bodies as we try and figure out how to close the gap between us; the gap that has no purpose being as small as it is. In a world so big the moment we share seems to be the only thing that actually matters

You smiled down at me when I told you I loved weeping willows.

You smiled when I told you; I want to plant one in **our** house's
backyard.

How my childhood dream was to swing on the branches of my
favorite tree; a book in hand and the presence of you, the one I
loved pushing me from the back.

[Tree + Swing]

When I met you I had already started to think about **our** future; a house in the country, a house made of pure honesty and hope. With our future children running around playing in the fields. A truck in the driveway...you always wanted one of those and a wrap-around balcony that looked upon the creek...it reminded you of your grandfather's house, a place you grew up visiting. Only problem was you never envisioned me in it. I was nowhere in that house; not the living room, or the back garden, not the kitchen where family time should have taken place; not even **our** wrap-around balcony looking upon the creek which you said we would have coffee on. The places I dreamt of had you in them...my only problem was thinking we would share those dreams together.

They say time can heal all things but what can be healed when the world seems to be the cause of all the hurt we feel.

Love is something we all want to experience. As toddlers and babies our parents show us love by taking care of us. Something so overlooked we forget that same as our parents; this is their first life as well. Our teenage years are filled with what some of us may consider fun. Group hangouts, school work, sports and the occasional party on the weekends. As we grow up we feel love through our friends and while still fighting with our parents about doing chores around the house; we tend to turn away from the fact that in this life we call our first it's hard not making everything about ourselves.

I cannot speak for the love adults consume in their lifetime. The fun and heartbreak, the feeling of being lost; not being able to find an escape. I cannot compare my relationship with love to a person who has been married for 20 years. Marriage from what I've been told is commitment; small day to day acts that seem to be the center of affection. In contradiction some may say that acts of love should be grand; large enough to make a physical indent; of a smile or laugh. The reward of knowing that just for a small second you got to see your person smile.

Others may say that love is trust, solace, discipline, and accountability. Some may feel as though finding a best friend is what love is about. Being able to come home from a long day at work and being able to feel a sense of comfort in said partner.

[Child Growing Up Silhouette]

Like an ocean during a roaring storm; feeling the sorrows of love may not be an indication of becoming bored in one's marriage but the indication of getting used to being in love; and the comfort it brings. The bad and good, the happy and sad, the arguments and discussions of honesty. Love is a construct of finding oneself while also figuring out how to handle the realities of life. As much as I would want a man to sweep me off my feet...to love without problems and to live in the aesthetics of Erik Satie's work I know those things only happen in fairytales and mythologies.

A glass house can be seen as the body of love; a structure delicate enough to break at any moment. The comforts of the world breaking away in the cause of feeling scared and anxious about being broken first. The want to need someone's love is much greater than any other hurt in the world. A pounding heart and an aching soul; love is more than pride...something so selfless that being accepted in love can seem like a trick of deception.

[Broken House]

Many poets talk about love; it seems to be a topic of relation. Like Pride and Prejudice; the idea of letting the person you love the most go seems to be the hardest sacrifice in one's life. Love is a deception of both time and space. A maddened drug so addictive a small amount; seems like the endless spiral of one's thoughts. Making it the only thing that can be thought about even after heartbreak.

[Jar with Spider Web]

“Why would I still feel love for a person who has wronged me? Why have
I let myself be intoxicated by the feeling of a person's warmth?

The touch of their hands
The smell of their shampoo
The mannerisms that you never knew you'd get so accustomed to
The sound and tone of their voice
Small things so cliché you have to ask yourself again...

“Why do I still feel love for the person who wronged me?”

WHEN THE SKY WAS BLUE; BUT YOU TOLD ME IT WAS GREEN I
BELIEVED YOU...

- WHAT A LIE IT ALL WAS

LATE AT NIGHT I THINK ABOUT THE MEMORIES OF US; TEARS FLOWING
OFF THE PEAKS OF MY CHEEKS WHEN I CRY TO GOD ASKING HIM IF I
WAS THE PROBLEM...THE REASON YOU LET GO FIRST

- MILA ROSARIO

[IN A CLOUD]

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TALK ABOUT LOVE WHEN THE THING I THOUGHT WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE LOVE WAS A LIE....A SELFISH LAUGH; THE CONSUMPTION OF
EMOTION. DRIVEN BY THE NEED TO ONLY WANT AND NEVER GIVE.

- MILA ROSARIO

[MARTINI GLASS + DRINK // AND 20\$ BILL]

BROKEN HEARTS CRY

STRONG SPIRITS WEEP

HEAD-STRONG MINDS

THINK ALONE

QUIET SOULS WONDER

WINDOWS TINTED CLEAR; LIKE THE
TEARS OF A YOUNG CHILD

A MOTHERS TOUCH IS AS SOFT AS A DIAMONDS DENSITY

- MILA ROSARIO

IF THEY ACTUALLY LOVED YOU IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO EASY FOR
THEM TO WALK AWAY
- MILA ROSARIO

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF "IF THEY COULD THEY WOULD" BUT MORE SO A QUESTION OF CAN YOU STILL LOVE THE IDEA OF THEM AND ALSO LET THEM GO. PEOPLE DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING FOR YOU; THEY CAN WALK AWAY AT ANY MOMENT. BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE FINE WITH YOUR PEACE NO ONE CAN BARE YOU DOWN A BLACK HOLE.

- MILA ROSARIO

[MUG FROM THE HOUSE]

YOUR EYES CRY BECAUSE THERE AREN'T ENOUGH WORDS IN THE
WORLD TO EXPRESS THE SADNESS THE WORLD HOLDS

- MILA ROSARIO

[HAND WITH PUDDLES]

YOU CAN'T GO TO THE LAKE AND EXPECT A BEACH, YOU HAVE BUILT
YOURSELF A SAND CASTLE

- MILA ROSARIO

[GREMLIN GANG PICTURES]

WE ARE NOT MEANT TO RUN THE SAME PACE AS SOMEONE IN FRONT
OF US BUT TAKE THEIR ROUTE AND MAKE IT OUR OWN

- MILA ROSARIO

FALL IN LOVE WITH THEIR EYES BECAUSE EVERYTHING ELSE WILL
CHANGE

- MILA ROSARIO

You never threw
away the flowers
I made you; the
lock of bonds
brung together
by the love that
was once shared

A limelight in a
corner which
now seems
dimmer and
dimmer as
months pass

Posters on the
board which
seem like
haunted and
abandoned
buildings – in
search of being
explored again in
hopes of feeling
alive

Love is a mystery; one that I have yet to master...maybe one I
never will
[on computer]

[tables with laptop open and the individual parts are gonna be on
sticky notes]

It sounds pretty outside...the droplets of water hitting my window; the storm is screaming but it's calm. The same calm I felt after you left my life; it sounds pretty outside like the morning you said

“It's better if we were just friends, I don't think this is gonna last.”

It sounds as pretty as the wind that howls in the meadows; the wind that creates ripples in a pond. It sounds so much more pretty without you there...I honestly find it very calm, relaxing, as much as it pours the suffocating feeling of the water drowning me; is calming

Tap, Tap, Tap

Rain down pouring like the emotions I felt that morning when I woke up...the suffocating feeling is gone; being washed away by the feeling of not being as lost. It sounds more pretty without your screams; maybe this was the thing we both needed...the suffocating feeling that pushed us both over the edge...just know it's calming now

I'm finding my happiness without you

[Window with water running down the window]

I'm not afraid of new love; or finding the next person who I hope can show me love: I'm not afraid of caring for another person.

I'm scared of the pain you left me with; the doubts you set in my mind when you broke things off. I'm afraid to open up to a person who might just take my heart and undo the knitted stitches of healing I've spent so long reattaching.

I'm afraid of the tears that my eyes form when I think of you...the shiver I feel through my body when blue eyes look my way. I'm afraid of the new hands that might hold me; the lies and betrayal. I straightened my hair for you because I thought you would find me more attractive; I changed my hair and glasses to become a mirror of the girl you had a crush on in middle school. Her long straight hair that fell over her shoulders and glasses that took over her face; I changed aspects of myself because I loved you.

I'm not afraid of love, I'm afraid of the doubts and thoughts you have set in my mind...ones that run wild like a child finally set free from the bonds of reprimand. So much excitement it gets by the feel of not being in the exact mold it's told to be in.

I wanna learn how to dance in the rain; ironic isn't it. The thing we
all wanna get away from is the thing I wanna be drenched in. I
wanna dance in it; jump in its puddles; and laugh about how dumb
we both look, hair wet and clothes soaked.

I will always choose for my clothes and hair to be soaked by the
memories of fun; the happy laughter of learning how to enjoy a
short life

[Bridge from Bartram]

My eyes are broken clocks, my soul like the hands of time

I cannot compare my writing accomplishments to someone as Jane Austen, Emily Bronte, or Hemingway. Writers who have lived and made a mark. Authors who were seen as mad minds of their time.

I do believe that my accomplishments with love have also not been as great. My first lesson lasted 2 years; 2 years of fun laughter and enjoyment. At least that's what it looked like from the outside to others. When learning a lesson there are parts we may want to rush...

My lesson taught me many things but one things for certain. It takes a special type of person to get to know me as a whole,

it takes a gentle soul to touch
and understand the hurt and
pain of my love.

Dear J.W Bradley,

I'm starting this process again. The process of getting to know a person I have just met. In many ways I feel as though the universe is playing some type of sick joke on me, in other points I feel like the giggles and laughter that fill my room are sounds of my true joy.

I feel happy and giddy being able to talk to this person but I'm scared. Deep down the moments of silence cut through me like a knife.

What if I'm rushing?

What if I get hurt?

Maybe he's just agreeing with me because he feels bad for me?

I don't want to be easily disposed of when a person gets bored

I get excited when he texts me.

I get excited when he calls me randomly...hearing his voice indefinitely makes my day better.

Talks about everything and anything fill our conversations, weirdly natural in many senses. Talks about future goals, novels, school studies and funny inside jokes flow between us.

I like him a lot but it feels dumb to say it out loud.

From yours truly,

Mila

I bought the play I hate the most...Romeo and Juliet

Something about this play kills me on the inside, the fact that Juliet seemed to have no freedom in following her heart always turned me away from it. The way she had to live through her father's word always laid an unsettling feeling in my stomach. Love isn't something that must have rules, to love is to be unconditionally and incandescently happy in one's presence.

While other girls might want to love pink again; I want to love roses. Called not by a different name but to be thought of as sweetly. Like Juliet's unconfinding confession to Romeo, I want not to feel the belonging ideas of this world, but to retain perfection in someone's eyes without such a simple name. For this world's idea of love has been shattered;

Like the play that was once read with hate, the ideas of love in Shakespeare's writing has shaped the small heart of a hopeless romantic; yearning and dying to not only be seen as a Capulet; high and mighty but as a delicate rose whose petals and roots are shriveling up in the angst. Fighting the battles of the world and the newfound definition of "love."

Dear J.W Bradley,

I've been hurt yet again, like the words I spoke before life as it is right now is a trick in itself. I don't understand how one can have so many aligned interests and ideas and yet have distance be the primal reason for ending shared conversations. I feel like a hamster wheel, going round and round in hopes of actually stopping and settling.

I feel uneasiness in senses of always being thrown away and getting the short end of everything. As much as this is not in your concern or problem and life will always move forward I feel like I'm being left behind even when working at my own pace. Like Gatsby himself I am reading my books backwards and forwards; it all just seems like a grand circus act. The person who at most I had great conversations with slowly pulled away in a chance to save me from hurt, unbeknownst to them the silence of the prior day had eaten me alive slowly...painfully slowly.

From, Mila

Mother nature is crying for me, as I am crying to her. My cheeks
have been red internally for the longest time now.

I'm re-reading a book, one that has recently become my favorite

“The Great Gatsby”

As much as Gatsby was said to be a great man, a lot of people could say the same about you. Only difference is that Gatsby got shot for reading his book backwards,

only time will tell who had the
gun in our situation

[Gun with a flower being shot out of it]

Dear J.W Bradley,

I haven't been sleeping well lately, the world feels like it's spinning way too fast. I've been thinking about you, if you're happy and alright. If you're chasing your dreams like we talked about...it's a shame you haven't responded to any of my letters, then again you weren't much of a reader anyways.

I learnt a new word today and I quite think it fits you very well; apricity.

It's a noun not used by many average people; maybe not used at all. Like old case files it casually sits between the pages of a dictionary; founding to be used in complex sentences. The meaning of this word may not stand out to you but in the context of our thoughts, feeling the warmth of the sun even on a cold winter day can make ones day.

I'll let you go now I assume your quite busy; taking care of business as always you always ran around

From, Mila

Dear Micheal Clapper,

I hate that you have bewitched me body and soul, I hate that you have made me fall in love with literature, the fun in reading words on a page and creating and involving myself in a world not real at all. I sit here late at night on my bed thinking of my future. Maybe sharing the joys of literature with people is something that I would like to do, sharing the excitement of words on paper, an author's life choices that made them the person they are in books we read of them.

You made me fall in love with sneaking books into class, the joys of being told off in a funny manner for reading in an English class. You made me fall in love with characters and words on pages. I know from our year together I have failed your class. In many ways I feel as though I'm part of the dead poets society, being engulfed by books, as well said we are part of the human race, we are filled and full of passion.

“Carpe Diem,” –for we are not of this world's judgments but of this world's pure and undoubtful amusement. We seem to forget that the world isn't meant to be understood moreover be known from experience. Life was meant to be felt and moved through with nocince.

I can't seem to figure out if I'm ready for the world or if I'll still feel like I'm scraping by and drowning in a pool filled with the devastations of this world. For not knowing how to swim I have come to realize that I talk about the ocean a lot. In much honesty I'm scared of the ocean itself; maybe the reason why I talk about it so much is because I can relate to her. We as people have only explored 5% of the ocean itself; same as her I feel as though people only get to know me for the 5% I show to them. Like Fyodor Dostojevski's white night...a book made up of only 82 pages his name was only mentioned once. While his love for her grew like vines on an old brick wall. The mention of her name 138 times.

138...

138...

138...

138 times he mentioned her name. The pain of her name rolling off his tongue, on to the inked pages of a deceased oak tree. The torture of having her in distant view but not being able to fully grasp *her*. *The string of being so far but so close, the torturing feeling of seeing and knowing you can't have or hold*. I don't talk about the ocean for fun but like Fyodor's white nights; his love and passion ran further than that of what we have all explored.

“We do not read and write poetry because it's cute; we read and write poetry because we are members of the human race and the human race is filled with passion.”

- N.H Kleinbaum

I'm having some fun right now. Being lost and taking a train to an unknown location. What was seemingly supposed to be a fun adventure with friends to the gym became a test of self confliction. A test of being alone and comfortable in a place you don't know anyone.

Honestly speaking life is just a whole lot of not knowing anyone but still making connections with people you want to be around.

It's easier for me to write, then to speak.
It's easier to think about the past than it is to stress over the future.
It's easier to blame another person for your faults than it is to take
accountability for them.

Dear Amore,

I'm afraid to lose you and that's why I keep holding back. I'm afraid that I will give all myself to you and you will pick up and walk away from me...use me and push me on the ground like I'm worth nothing more than just another person. But I know this isn't you. You are gentle, kind, respectful and most of all patient; you know me like no one else. You make me laugh and giggle, your smile makes me smile and forget the faults of the world. I speak your name to everyone I meet, tell them about the greatness that you have brought to my life, the sparkle you have brought back into my eyes. But most importantly, the want to try: not feeling ashamed or fearful of being a beginner, in something I have yet mastered. You care and feel for me at times where I am blinded by my goals, when tears flood my face in frustration; and anger. You see the bigger things, I can't seem to see for myself.

My feelings like shadow puppets on a wall. My hands are the mold that I'm trying to be for you, the independent, kind, smart and not broken person who you like.

Dear Moore,

I can't fathom how much you have changed my views on people, your kindness and willingness, to be the joy everyone experiences. While these are our final months I just want to express my gratitude and love for you:

You got me through one of the hardest times; my first breakup
For that I will be forever grateful

Book 3
(HERE LIES A SOUL GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN)

Child-hood

Love is supposed to be unconditional...well that's the definition that I have come across in these past couple of weeks.

The child of a parent owes nothing to the parent at all. While this may seem to be the obvious thought I have found seeing myself not in other peoples relationships with their parents but like a shadow that is experiencing light for the first time. As much as I would like to say that my family is the most picture perfect family in the world, and that we never fight and we have so much fun in each other's presence...that would be a lie.

My mother specifically, a woman who I thought was an angel, kind hearted and sweet ended up being the biggest liar in my life. A clown not with a painted face but a porcelain mask. One stuck with the same emotion of smiling to everyone but me. I have always said the same phrase all my life;

“My mother is nice to everyone in the world but her own daughter”

[broken portrait]

I say this not to bash her but to point out the flaws and insecurities she tried to bestow on me. While my mothers childhood wasn't the best, her hurt and fault have never stopped her from becoming the same person she didn't want to become.

My mother was raised to depend on a man for everything. And while she tried her best to run from this idea; she also put the burden on me; to follow and obey the roof of what is being dependent on a man. My whole childhood consisted of most remarks being made calling out my weight and lack of femininity. While this is only the brim of what was told to my face by my mother the list extends in memories and scars.

Like a child's laughter when you play peek-a-boo; tales as old as times; reverbed to become wives tales when the innocence of being young and youthful is stolen away by the underlying pressure of the question “what do you wanna do with your life?” Riding out on the thoughts that maybe if you work hard enough you'll make someone else but yourself proud; but what does it mean to be oneself when you've lost your inner child.

I've spent way too many years of my life telling myself that I couldn't cry because I just had to get better. I had to work harder because there was always gonna be someone better than me who didn't care about anything but making sure I never got what I wanted.

The Boy of Nightmares

Dreams are things we all experience. Happy dreams to sad dreams we have all had dreams, but not The Boy of Nightmares, he wasn't your average boy, he was created by circumstance; only talked when he saw fit, spent his days staring out windows daunting at the same grey clouds that hadn't changed since he'd woken up. Wearing a knitted vest false in the shades of grey and black. "Ew look at him," they said his face being the main thing people talked about most, sunken eyes, tired from what could be said was days filled with nightless nights, black hair that seemed to engulf light; a self-portrait painted only in Vantablack; he didn't care much for people or at least that's what he told himself, when characters on pages were the only friends he actually had. Quiet and subtle, sunken and dark, a phantom lost to rumors and tale.....circumstance. That's all he was, a figure of most's imagination, a thought lost in everyone's mind.

Louis Garnin a boy made of circumstance the frights of their
screams

they all screamed but he didn't care, his and his own thoughts alone were enough company for him. The Boy of Nightmares was not always not loved. He was created by circumstance. That was just the person he was to others. He would walk in the meadows that swayed by his house, with flowers so beautiful it was an amazing escape from the place he called reality. As quiet as he would like it to be, there were always pests in his way; hiding in the meadows was a girl, Sandra Cane to be exact. She always followed him from school to the meadow, from the meadow to his house,

she didn't care about The Boy of Nightmares or what people called him, she was just curious on why he was the way he was. From her point of view he didn't have friends, he didn't talk; for all she knew he probably was always sad. So she followed behind him not too

close, not too far but close enough where she could find him every time.

Saundra liked Louis, and Louis liked being alone. But that all changed one day. They walked in the meadow as they would always do. Louis in front and Saundra just a couple feet behind him just enough that she could see where he went. Louis suddenly stopped walking, which made Saundra stop walking too. He wasn't mad or upset and with an expressionless face he walked up to Saundra and said, "Why do you follow me?" Saundra didn't say anything; all she did was stare right into his eyes. It was the first time she had heard him speak, she wasn't scared of him but she stared. He eventually turned around and kept walking and again she followed, it had become a daily routine in her life. From school to the meadow from the meadow to his house from his house to her house. This cycle was eventually broken not by them becoming friends but because Saundra had to move far, far away. One last time she went to the meadow and come to find Louis was also there, in the field where flowers bloomed where butterflies swayed in the wind showing their pretty colors to anyone who looked close enough. Saundra had been holding a bunch of flowers behind her back, she was going to give them to Louis in regard to what she thought was a friendship. Turning around Saundra was shocked in Louis hands a tiny butterfly layed, he picked it up and to Saundra's darling eyes he ripped it in half. As the now left butterfly laid on the floor Saundra had dropped the flowers she had picked. A bed of butterflies scattered out, all dead and lifeless, "Do you still like me now?" Her chest tightened and there were tears in her eyes, confusion filled her head and no words could leave her mouth.

Saundra ran as fast as she could, how could he do such a thing, the tiniest being only wish for a life of fulfillment, with colors so beautiful many sit in awe, how could he do such a thing that was the only thing in Saundra's mind.

She's taught me to succeed in areas where I've been afraid to thrive;

To believe in my thoughts and stand grounded;

To be honest and truthful;
transparent and rife; not to think of myself as dumb or
unknowledgeable;
but to move disingenuously through life.

We still argue but it feels
different; a caring sentiment feeling
that comes from disagreements on how
things should be done

Not arguments where I need to feel as though
I have to be the mature adult one;
But ones that end in conversations
filled with....remorse...no
that word feels rather harsh
more of a mutual understanding

that she's always gonna be there even when things get hard

Best,

Mila Rosario

(05/07/2026) : 9:06

Trauma: as defined by my mother were the experiences she had growing up that I could have.

I hadn't suffered enough in my life to know the definition of what trauma held; I hadn't birthed and raised a child while dealing with a toxic family; I hadn't

When my mother kicked me out of what she called “her house”,
a

place

she said

was supposed to be

“our sanctuary”, the words
didn't come out biting me for a reaction

Not a pin; or a drop; a word or reaction that I hadn't seen before
I would say this time it stung more seeing the anger *on her face*
a metal water bottle *in her hand*

This felt *final*....

*The punctuation on the end of her sentence, used far more
complex and direct than I've ever heard before;
A knife cutting the air in half between us*

*Setting a fire and watching it burn
Burn red and black
With the remaindence being ash*

**“I’m not you”
Mistakes**

I need you to forgive yourself
Forgive the past
 présent
 and future

Forgive yourself for the mistakes you have made; the expectations
you have set and the goals that need time to bloom

Forgive yourself for the mistakes and ideas you have conjured in
your mind and spirit and love a life the mirrors one not of someone
you think is better than you but one that loves fully without
transaction

Forgive yourself for the work you think others don't see

Forgive the expectations and goals your future self has yet to set;
that seem to be horrid or unreachable...calysed or strained

Learn to live not only in the moment but for how you have changed
and grown so much without notice

Acceptance

To talk about acceptance I would have to speak on my own vulnerability; the mistakes I've made but also the changes that have come from self reflection and being honest with myself. In order to speak on my vulnerability I would have to tell you a story about love...the challenges of facing my own fears of being the person who wanted to walk away first but couldn't.

These are those poems:

I loved the color of your eyes; the ocean subtly in them

I loved the dots that made up your face; connecting like a
constellation

We met through our friends; that was our first mistake

Same classes, same lunch, same paper to pen; walking up the same
steps that led us to our shared destination

Walking by your house now seems like a distant dream;
The tree you planted with your family now seeming like a memory
not quite my own

Losing and loving you was hard; accepting the faith of knowing
that now you're gone is harder; seeing you in class seems
to be the hell of my days now. I can't talk to you—not a word
can formulate how much I miss
talking or hug you

Oh how i've missed your hugs

[Gravestone + Flowers]

I still talk to *our friends*. They seem to be the only thing keeping me together right now; it's crazy to think that the people we both share are keeping me sane but it isn't my honest truth...

maybe I just keep telling myself
that because I still haven't accepted all of this– the ending of
us

A weird sensation of feeling nothing towards you has hit both my mind and soul. Maybe....all I really knew was that glance from across the room: looking at you gave me a sense of self. A weird sensation that I never thought I'd come across

I forgive you, I hope you know that

I've come to realize that accepting my faults and your own as well have helped me move on and live more happily. We were dumb and immature, following what others told us rather than what we believed to be true. I would hold you against it but it would come back and bite me in the ass; feeding wood to a burning fire.

I have forgiven myself for not healing, but I also thank myself; the experiences that made me realize that forgiveness is hard, are but experiences I needed in order to move on and be free

When I first started writing this book I was hurt and felt sorry for myself. I spent countless nights and hours crying trying to glue myself back together: as my mother would say it now:

“a breakup from a relationship you thought would last forever hurts more; not because you feel like you weren't enough, but because deep down you knew that they took and threw away your love without thinking twice”

I never lost feelings for you, I just realized you didn't want me; but
know I will always love you