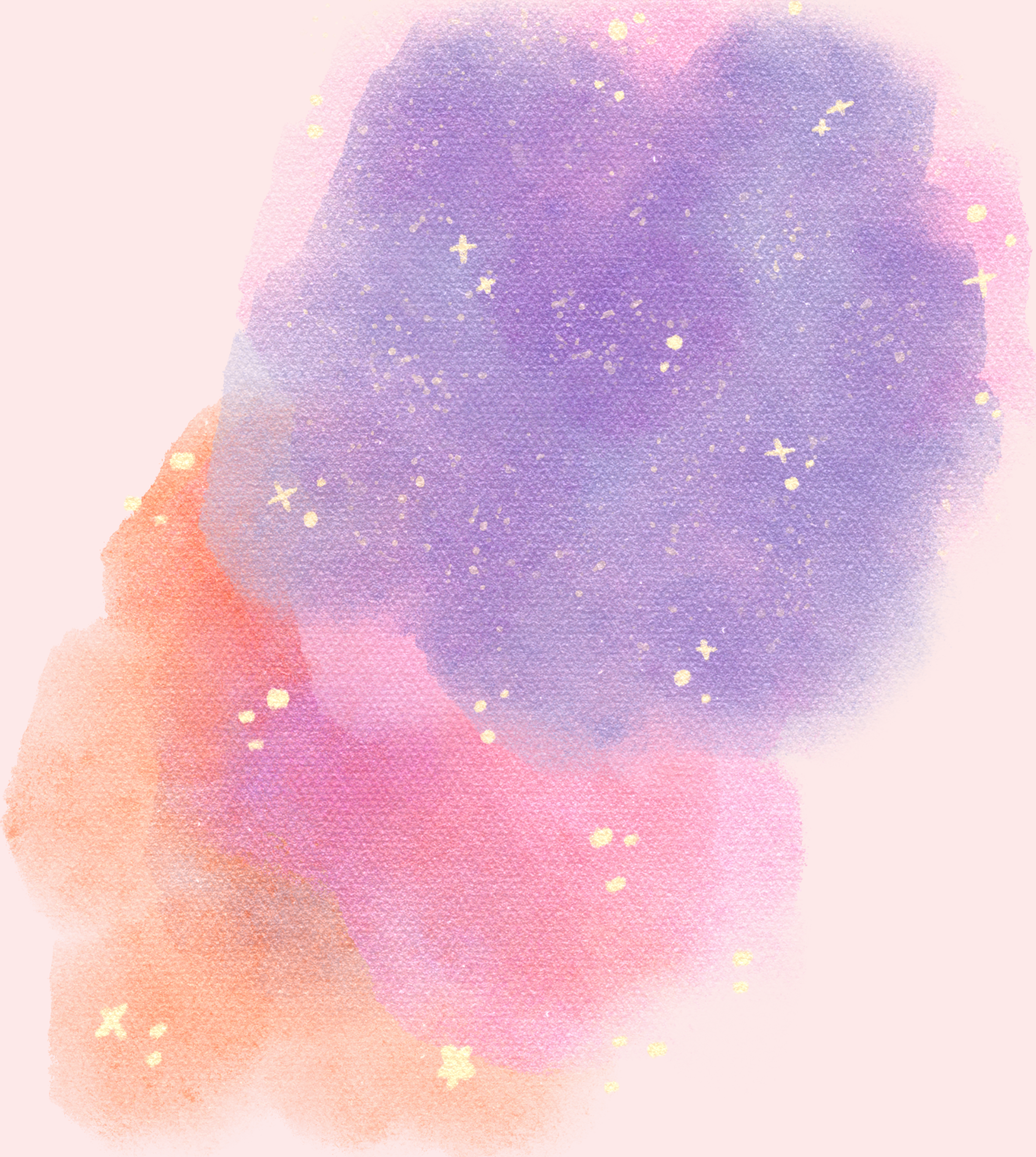


Life is
Hard...

A POEM BY:
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Life Is Hard...

Swipe right . . .

*We found each other in a pool of souls looking for love,
We looked for friendship and found love,
You were my best friend, and I was everything to you,
I could feel your love from miles away.*

You made sure I never felt insecure or anything less than a Queen.

*A chilly, beautiful evening in the city of dreams, you asked me to be your forever.
You couldn't live without me and wanted to spend the rest of your life wooing me, because
you were so lucky to have me in your life,
You dreamed of me many years before you met me,
I was your sun to your darkest night.*

Marry me!

*Life moved quickly. A year of dating, we were engaged.
A year later, we moved in together.
A month later, we were pregnant.
You were happy it was a boy, what you always wanted.
Our life was perfect.
The beginning of the perfect storm!*

*My relationship was covered by a shadow,
A shadow he allowed to enter and never leave,
A shadow he allowed to steal my joy and replace with pain,
Over the years we experienced joyful times—engagement, birth, marriage, travel, business
and more, but I was never allowed to enjoy it, because the shadow lurked behind the door.
To the outside world I had it all, a man who loved me, a man who gave me the world,
But on the inside, I was broken, screaming for an escape from the drama, the arguments and
the appearance of it all,
I craved a life of peace, quiet, and calm.*

Life Is Hard...

What does this look like? I asked myself. I got so caught up that I didn't even know anymore.

I mistakenly told myself this was the life I could create.

I could shape my normalcy, and this was it. It was okay!

I was locked behind bars of silence. SHH! Don't speak. Tiptoe around the truth.

Dare I speak!

Dare I speak, he would walk away, never to be heard from again, until the air was clear.

Dare I speak!

He would run to the shadows and wait for sunny days.

Dare I speak!

"We will not talk about this," he said, "angrily in the nights."

The sun came out and a baby was conceived.

Dare I speak!

We're having another child.

Dare I speak!

It's on you what to do. Silence falls on me. The silence sparks an argument fueled by rage.

Dare I speak!

By nightfall, the baby had vanished into the storm.

I was alone. You were hidden with your shadow.

I was brave. I was strong. Nothing could pull me under.

A mountain of smiles masked the truth covered up once again by me.

The apologies you managed were blinders to me.

I was blinded by the "I won't do it again"s, the "I'm sorry"s, the "she didn't mean anything,"

the "I don't know why I do this or treat you this way."

I was blinded by the vision I created for my own happiness.

You were just a phantom to my image.

You were . . . you were . . . you were . . .

Life Is Hard...

*I cried many times.
I prayed for the strength for us to be on the same page.
You entered the new year changed and decided to be true.
The shadow lurks and you fall back into your old habits.
Enough pain can only be delivered by one so much.
We separate for peace of mind.
I wait for remorse . . .
I wait and wait and wait.*

*He claimed to love me. He claimed to want me. He claimed to need me.
He pleased me within his comfort zone.
When I need him,
I wait and wait and wait.*

*He never comes.
The silence breaks just long enough for him to say "I'm figuring out my shit and I'll let you
know where we stand when I do."
You scream that I can't have male friends because you know their intentions.
You knew that because secretly you had crossed the line
with every female friend you've ever had.
You took away the possibility of someone treating me with compassion.
Sometimes a friend is all you need. A true friend.
Life is hard when you learn that I will no longer be tamed or silenced by you.
You feel big with screams driven by pure EGO.
You only talk to me when you want to.
You say we are a "we," but you move as an "I."
You've always had a cushion by your side, not ready to fully commit.
You don't know how to stand and be an Obama even though you asked for a Michelle.
Life is hard . . .
Life is hard . . .
Life is hard . . .
Because you never had a woman like me.*

Life Is Hard...

*Because you're confused and unsure how to move forward.
Because we can never agree.
Because you thought I would always be around as your doormat.
Because this chapter has come to an end.
I'm not sad because God sent you to me for a reason.
Not everything that glitters is gold.
Sometimes the lesson is buried in the pain and anger that you hold.*

*I have no regrets.
The words have all gone and only anger remains.
I won't give in to my rage, because for once you're not worth the energy.
This season taught me what I don't want in a man and what I deserve.
Give me long conversations about the future, life, and business.
I deserve someone to match the 150% I put in, no excuses.
To catch me when I fall, comfort me when I'm down.
Let's build a media empire together and leave a legacy for our children.*

*This season broke me for a minute and left me with amnesia about who I was.
I went missing for a couple years, far away from my passion, dedicating myself to him and
his.*

*I vow to never lose myself that much in a man or a relationship again.
I'm happy with myself again.*

*I will always have questions, one being "How did we get here?!"
Oh, I remember, you lost all respect for me.*

*Life is hard.
Life is hard.
Life is hard.*