10/1/11

Breaking My Heart

I haven't heard from James Miller since 9-14-11 and Im offically putting out an APB! Where are you at?! Its one thing to write me & go off on me then tell me to write back, it's a whole nother thing to go MIA... What you doing out there?

The obvious for me is that you are breaking my heart. Funny how I never thought my heart could break anymore, but it has. It breaks a little everyday. And it seems to me that you Mr. Miller think its a game.

My heart has been broken behind my actions that seperated me from my kids. It broke every time I chose to get high to bury the hurt I felt for failing to be the Mother I needed to be. My heart slowly healed over time.

When again maybe it hasn't.

My heart so fragile got into a relationship after my first trip to prison. I believed I was loved for the first time by a man. I was treated like a queen. Respected by anyone who saw me... then came the abuse. Outrageous abuse. It eventually cost me the son I was carrying & lost my heart over Rayshon Alizay Childress

My mother was dying from throat cancer at the time. I couldnt go to her and tell her or have her comfort me. No, that came from my roomboy Reds wife who held me while I cried & helped me to gather my strength to live another day.

Broken hearted - yeah I know what that is.

Six months after Raytron died I took my mom off life support. I was for the first time in my life full aware of nothing @ all. Numb, in shock, & desperate to flee the impending heartache to come.

Yes I ran! Hell its what I done all my life. It was not any different then. I tried to but run the pain of my childhood with a bottle, my teen years with weed, & the rest of the time I ran to whatever made me feel good as long as I didnt have to feel the pain.

Im done running.

I quit running a long time ago. I gave up on trying to find superfical highs to take away my broken heart & I turned to Jesus. He loved me through so much. Then He brought me you

James. Not by accident, but by divine appointment.

I've loved you from day one.

Never did I believe you would try to rip my heart from my chest. More importantly did not running from it. I'm not trying to hide from it. At this moment, I'm confronting it. Therefore, I am confronting you.

Do you purposely hurt me?

Yes, I believe you do. Why ~~other~~ else would you write me what you wrote, demand for me to write back, but be absent from my life for 3 weeks? To hurt me! To make me analize what I feel. To make me question my faith & Gods promises. All of these things I've gone through. Then came the tears, the sleepless nights, worrying & the inability to eat. None of that sh*t is right, but its what love does to someone.

Love breaks your heart.

Mine is breaking