

The Sadness of MY Pain

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A lot of people can speak on what they read, but how many write or speak what they know? I do... I speak & write what is known to me. Especially when it's some^{thing} as pure & raw as my pain. This is the sadness of my pain.

You spend 17 months trying to get to know someone; you actually believe you know this person. Only you find out... that person has been lying to you... not just a little bit... but about the whole of the relationship I've been lied to... it does something to you... it breaks your heart. ~~It~~ Not only does it break your heart it causes a sadness that is like something most so like grief.

Man, this dude was writing my sister in Christ letters at one time too. Actually @ the same time he was writing me. It's my questioning him that led to the letter that sent me to medium custody. He denied it & when I told him I wanted to talk to the girl (my sister in Christ) he spit game. I wanted to believe him even though my spirit said don't.

Well, today... I finally went to her & asked. One thing I know is she's telling the truth. She got the letters to prove it. I guess I don't want to read them because it won't do nothing but put me on a rampage towards him. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." I do want to ~~hear~~ ^{hear} "I didn't write her like that"... because he did. I don't want to hear any more lies... if I do I think I'll be physically sick!

I just don't give someone my all & know that I have it can't take it all back. But, where do I go from here?

You see, the sadness of my pain is the places I dreamed her into and me. Now I get the same dreams - just a little different.

(2) I guess when the light shined on the matter of my heart it shows a varied, of emotions, a tainted part of my heart that (array) was done by this betrayal, and of course it shows the sadness of my pain

My pain that's quite my own. One I can not even express in words. One that hurts at my soul as I feel, the unraveling of such a good thing. One that hurts so bad that there is not even tears now.

This silence is deadly. Its slaying every thing I felt. Everything I wanted with them did not call for this. Now that it's here - I'm broken.

Though I be broken - I'm not defeated!
The sadness of my pain is in every day I look back & I see what might've been. The sadness of my pain is all that is to be. The sadness of my pain is back at this: how could you destroy what could've been between you and me?

Tell Me