

# Confessions of a Trampled Heart

*by Junella*

I wrote it after the end of a tumultuous relationship. I hope you guys will like :)

## Melancholy

*Chapter 1 of 3*

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Melancholy

The curtains have fallen

The audience have gone

The actors have withdrawn

And I am left alone

I look ahead to the road I take

But all I see is darkness

There is nothing I can turn to, to which I can cling

Plagued by my loneliness, aimlessly I'm walking

The light has gone

Snuffed out abruptly

My lantern has shattered

Along with my heart

So cold

So dark

So very much

Alone

A/N: This was written during one of the darkest periods in my life so far, during which I contemplated and very nearly attempted suicide. A lot of things weren't going well then, and the collapse of this relationship served as the catalyst that propelled me into depression. I finally found the guts to put this up when I showed this to my friend and she encouraged me to publish it.

## Ire

*Chapter 2 of 3*

This poem basically embodies what I felt after the pain has worn off: rage. Couple of curse words here which may be a little strong, but hey, isn't it satisfying when you apply them to someone who thoroughly deserves them?

Ire

That's it.

I'm done

I'm sick of being your punching bag

I'm tired of living in your shadow

I've had enough of your false pretences,

And your blatant lies.

You bloody fag

I treated you like a king

But to you

I was little better than a toy

Something

To entertain and amuse you

Something

To discard once you lost all interest.

Go to Hell.

I hate

Despise

Loath

Abhor you

Even the deepest level of Hell

Is much too good for you.

I don't give a damn about how you feel

Because you have never done that for me

I'm tired of making the first move

Of being the one who heals the rifts.

All the time and love

Wasted.

All the tears I cried for you

Useless.

I can't believe all that meant nothing to you.

Damn you.

A/N: I did feel irrational rage against the person who caused me so much anguish, once I dug my way out of the depression and self-doubting. I suppose it seems a little silly when one looks at it, but as I'm sure you know, it's hard to control your emotions sometimes, and plenty exhausting as well, so I chose to vent it this way.

# Closure

*Chapter 3 of 3*

There is always peace after the tempest, and I'm glad I finally found it, as long as it took for me to get there. Enjoy!

Closure

Your name resonates still

In the recesses of my mind

Your face still haunts

My dreams at night

But all that you are

Is nothing more than a memory.

I have accepted that

You are never coming back to me

I have realised that

We are not meant to be

I now know that

We are far better off without each other

But I still love you

As I always have

Bequeathing a corner of my heart

To the memories that we made

Forever.

A/N: Well, I suppose it is the end of this mini-saga. I finally forced myself to sit down and think long and hard, and finally realised that I was able to lay down the emotional baggage I've been lugging for a long time now. It's clichéd, but I now know that the end of a relationship does not equate to the end of the world, no matter how much one has been investing in it or how long it lasted. I suppose I owe it to the wonderful people around me who were always ready with tissues and a shoulder when I felt like crying. Gabriel and Adeline and the others (you know who you are), thank you so very much.