Before/After

Before there were texts .

Waiting for a reply like a puppy does their human,

smiles with each text returned,

Assisted with mile long conversations that never ended.

Before there were dates.

Happiness streams with wonderful eats,

Enjoying each others presence joined with presents,

Saddened to leave, but filled with memories.

Before there was his smile.

Light filled rays that uplifted dark and gloomy days,

Medicine for you soul, Warmth with abundance,

Accompanied with shining white teeth as bright as the sun.

Before there was happiness.

Jokes that made the days go by,

Contagious laughs and giggles,

The only joy was his attendance.

Before there was commitment.

Scared to take the risk,

Pressured with assurance,

Pleasured but skeptical at taking a chance.

Before there were adventures.

Darkened caves evolved from old age,

Sunny hills with hikes that bite,

Movies play under rainy days.

Before there was his touch.

As soft as unmolded clay,

Made my bones weak with a delightful stomach pain,

A touch that made all my desires go away.

Before there was his kiss.

The flavor of Raspberry bliss reminiscing on my lips,

Strong enough to forget all thorns on my rose bush,

Lips intertwined creating soul ties.

Before there was Love.

Fulfilled sexual sensations,

Accelerated heart beat races,

A quarrel between two soulmates.

Before there were dreams.

Told to him on talks that had no means,

Sacrificed worlds to build my fantasies,

Each thought met with positive critique.

Before there were surprises.

Birthday cakes to match the sunrises,

Baby bumps to void the humps,

Each one better drawing us closer together.

Before there were holidays.

Christmas shows under mistletoe,

Thanksgiving dinner accompanied by family and foes,

Halloween nights with wonderful frights.

Before there was sadness.

Miscarriages that run in the family,

Lies uncovered, ripping wounds beneath the surface,

Weeping woman, saddened eyes were my scars.

Before there were lies.

Gaslighted when confronted,

Backed up my by narcissistic tendencies,

Made to make me feel weak.

Before there were infidelities.

Blamed for the reason,

Multiple mistresses with no witnesses

Accusations against the victim caused by guilty pleas.

Before there were Doctors.

Judging eyes looking deep inside,

Multiple test to figure out what was wrong inside,

Dying slowly leaving me hurting inside.

Before there were pills.

Each one swallowed pieces of him followed,

Weakening strength and delayed wakes,

Watching him grow old while I remained in my prime.

Before there was fear.

Heart attacks and body aches,

Migraines for his migrate,

Scared of loneliness drowning in my sorrows,

Before there was acceptance.

Apologies for his treasons,

Facing his truths,

Regretting decisions made during his life in his final days.

Before there was guilt.

After there was pain.

Misery that dragged through the days,

Depression with migraines,

Feeling of emptiness drowning me in agony.

After there was resentment.

Hatred for being left abandoned,

Angry cause my heart disbanded,

Saddened with a cold gloom never to be happy again.

After there was loneliness.

A lone wolf ripped from their mate,

Unsubstantial to live,

An unbroken bond broken leaving me aching.

After there were drugs.

A Euphoric feeling forgetting my past,

Hallucinating a lost lover keeping me addicted,

Killing me slowly inside out.

After there was a Funeral.

Embarrassed Widowed attracting ridiculed eyes,

Dressed in black hideous cries underneath the vail,

A final goodbye lowered six feet half of me died.

After there was Rehab.

Relapsed finally broken beyond redemption,

Withdrawals from a dependency,

Breaking an addiction finally letting go.

After there were Distractions.

Dating to clear my mind,

Meaningless lust trying to fill a void,

Late nights on the town building kidney failure to forget my pain.

After there were recovery.

Therapy sessions healing my trauma,

Learning to adapt to my new life,

Reaching goals meeting expectations breaking barriers just for new one to form.

After there were memories.

Daily routines ruined when I call his name,

Weeping widowed cries pondering on the good days,

All making me wanting to forget every moment spent to erase the pain.

After there were Alcohol.

Waking up with strangers with the night being a blurr,

Drinking away my feelings under the midnight moon,

A surviving addict addicted once again.

After there was holidays

Lacking a hunger for the thanksgiving feast,

Christmases with no Mr and Mrs,

July 4th’s behind the doors closed off to the world.

After there were dreams.

No desire to strive or chase,

Ambition has lost it’s race,

Most forgotten by wake.

After there was progress.

Learning a new meaning to life,

Activities for my post partrum tendencies,

Beginning to see a purpose willing if I would take a leap.

After there was peace.

A new man a new family,

9 year addiction free

After there was acceptance.

Acceptance for what I have done,

Peace and forgiveness for the bad doing unbefore me,

A once loving fiance slowly killing her husband.

But even after that I lived, and she didn’t.