



Sometimes you are so blindsided by trying to see past the bad, yet you end up seeing it regardless.

I don't believe it's possible to completely stop caring about someone. It takes time, yet sometimes all you feel is hatred towards the people who betrayed you.

I got a wave of depression. I saw pictures of him. I miss being "happy." I miss having the feeling of being in someone's arms. I miss the feeling of someone placing kisses all over your face. I miss falling asleep in warm arms. I miss the calls every night before bed. I miss the good morning texts every morning. I miss the small meaningless gifts and letters. I don't miss him. I don't miss the way he was. Not the screaming. Not the getting in my face. Not the punching objects. Not the gaslighting. Not the lovebombing. I miss the way I thought I was loved. Not the way I was hated.

I saw it in your face, the deep spite, just to see me cry. How horrid of a person are you really? I made a version of you in my head that never existed. My spite turns into gratitude. Oh how you did me a favor.

**ANONYMOUS**



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