

Jessica

Comfort in Chains

Before the storm of deployment, there was quiet despair,
The familiarity of a relationship long past its bloom.
He and I, a pairing of convenience over passion,
Bound not by love, but by the inertia of the comfortable.

Days melded into one another, a monochrome of discontent,
Each moment with him a reminder of what wasn't shared.
Our conversations shallow puddles, reflecting no depth,
No connection beyond the surface of coexistence.

In the eyes of others, I sought what was missing,
A spark, a laugh, a resonance that he and I had lost.
Yet, the thought of leaving, of stepping into the unknown,
Clutched my heart with icy fingers, leaving me immobile.

Trapped in the web of familiarity, I spun my own bonds,
Each thread a silent concession to fear of the new.
As I packed for a land far away, my spirit packed too,
Seeking escape not just from place, but from the past.

The deployment, a harsh cut through the fabric of my life,
Promised not just a change of scene but a change of self,
A chance to untangle from the web, to realize
There's more to life than the comfort of chains, more to seek than familiar pain.

Packed and Paused

Boxes stacked, a life condensed to cardboard confines,

Each label a question, each tape-sealed edge a doubt.

What to keep? What to discard?

The tangible remnants of a life half-lived whisper uncertainties.

As I prepare to leave, the familiarity of walls

That once felt like refuge now seem like a prison.

The known discomforts of a loveless home,

Set against the stark unknown of a future solo journey.

This room, these objects, a collection of years spent

With someone who was more stranger than partner.

Now, only a storage unit awaits their return—

A temporary hold for a life on pause.

The decision to leave churns inside like a storm,

A mix of fear and exhilaration, regret and anticipation.

Will there be something better beyond this upheaval?

Will the pieces fall into a pattern more pleasing?

As the deployment looms, a forced reset of my existence,

The question hangs heavy—did I choose right?

Yet, in the quiet moments between packing and parting,

I allow myself to dream of open doors, of renewed hopes.

No home to return to, but perhaps, a chance to find
A place not just to stay, but to belong.
Amid the uncertainties, a flicker of possibility grows—
That what lies ahead could indeed be better than what was left behind.

Uninvited

A window shattered—not by accident but intent,
my sanctuary breached by her and her shadow's presence.
Their stay, uninvited, echoing the fractures
of a relationship crumbling under deceit.

Every shattered shard on my floor, a stark reminder,
of boundaries crossed, of the sanctity of home defiled.
She moved within my walls as though they were her own,
Leaving behind the echo of footsteps that should never have been there.

I sought truth in our tattered dialogues,
yearning for her to own the breach, to start the mend.
Yet, in her eyes, a fortress of denial,
her stories twisted like the wreckage at my threshold.

Across the ocean's expanse, I extended conversations,
hope threading through each call, a lifeline cast in desperation.
She wore her victimhood like armor, deflecting blame,
her lies a barricade I could not dismantle.

Am I mad to expect remorse, to hope for reconciliation?

In the silence of my quarters, surrounded by a sea of doubts,
I questioned my own sanity, grappling with the pain
of a mother's betrayal too profound to dismiss.

With each untruth, our rift widened,
the chasm filled with the cold sea of her denial.
As I navigated through internal storms,
I learned perhaps some breaches are too wide to bridge,
and some windows, once broken, let in winds too fierce to tame.

Unreached Shores

Seven months at sea, no port in sight,
My heart harbored hopes of reconciliation.
Returning home with the weight of unresolved words,
Only to find her unreachable, our past a closed door.

She lived her last days in a 10 by 10 space,
A storage unit housing more than just belongings—
Her life compressed into corners filled with shadows,
Her choices, her pain, my unvoiced forgiveness.

I sought her out, an olive branch extended,
But she turned away, our rift widened by silence.
Her absence, a void I couldn't fill, a wound unhealed,
The chance for amends lost in the clutter of her confined world.

Less than a month later, the sea called me back,

Leaving me adrift again amidst my inner tumult.
No shore to land my grief, no soil to bury my regrets,
Only endless water, reflecting my fractured hope.

As the waves cradled the hull, so too did I cradle my sorrow,
Navigating through the swells of what could no longer be.
Each mile from land, a step further from her memory,
Yet closer to understanding that some distances can't be bridged,
Even by the longest journey home.

Adrift Among Waves

Cast out to sea once more, the deck beneath my feet a cold reminder—
I was a world away from any comfort, each step echoing in the vast emptiness.
Not quite fitting in, caught between roles,
I roamed like a ghost among those who couldn't see my pain.

The loneliness was palpable, as dense as the salt-laden air,
Pressing down on me while I stared out at the endless horizon alone.
The one person whose presence I craved was miles away, left ashore,
Leaving me to navigate this voyage unanchored, utterly alone.

The loss of my mother—a tempest that had struck without mercy,
Ripping away what little solace I had before I could even say goodbye.
Now surrounded by the indifferent expanse of the sea,
I was left to grapple with my grief, no land in sight, no hand to hold.

Each wave mocked my turmoil, a cruel mimicry of the chaos within,

A relentless reminder of all I couldn't mend or escape.
My heart tossed with the ship, adrift on an ocean of sorrow,
Each day a trial, each night a battle with the shadows of my mind.

How does one mend in isolation, encircled by faces yet utterly alone?
No one aboard could fathom the depth of my despair,
Nor offer a harbor for my storm-battered soul.
In this void, this relentless journey, I ponder—will I ever find respite?

Though lost, though severed from all I had known and cherished,
This lonely voyage has etched deep scars,
And as the ship cuts through the waves, I am left to wonder,
How will I ever be whole again? How can I heal when every wave threatens to break me anew?

Tides of Trial

In the aftermath of storms past, new beginnings took root,
With him, I discovered a love profound, eclipsing prior pains.
Yet, as swiftly as joy bloomed, a shadow fell upon us—
An accusation, cruel and baseless, threatened to unravel all.

Our days, once filled with laughter, now brimmed with tension,
Each moment tainted by the specter of an investigation looming.
The accusation hung like a sword, poised to sever
The delicate thread of our newly woven dreams.

I stood by him, steadfast in the turmoil,
Our hands clasped tightly as the world around us swayed.

With every question, every probe into his life,
I felt the weight of our shared struggle, the burden of proving his innocence.

The process was silent yet suffocating,
A background hum of uncertainty that colored our daily lives.
But through this quiet storm, our bond held firm,
Anchored deeply in the truth we knew and the love we shared.

When the investigation concluded, his innocence affirmed,
Relief washed over us like rain after a drought.
No charges to answer, no guilt to bear,
And in that moment, our love emerged, resilient and enduring.

Yet, the echoes of the ordeal lingered,
Leaving us to grapple with the remnants of the battle fought.
In the quiet aftermath, we clung to each other,
Wondering how deep the scars would go, how long the shadows would last.

Through the Rearview Mirror

Leaving behind the confines of my old life,
I stepped into a brighter chapter, unforeseen and wholly new.
In a home filled with love, alongside my heart's true companion,
I've found peace in the embrace of shared dreams and whispered promises.

The loss of my mother, once a chasm deep and wide,
Has slowly bridged itself into acceptance and understanding.
Her absence taught me the value of those still with me,

Strengthening bonds with family, turning grief into a foundation for growth.

Feeling alienated at work, once a source of deep solitude,
Unexpectedly catapulted my career to heights I never envisioned.
What seemed like isolation became a crucible for development,
Pushing me beyond the boundaries of my comfort zone into realms of unexpected success.

Through these trials, a new faith was kindled,
A relationship with God forged in the fires of my tribulations.
Looking back, it becomes clear—every hardship, every tear,
Was a meticulous cultivation, divine in its intent and precision.

Hindsight is indeed 20/20, revealing that nothing truly valued
Comes from stasis or the tepid waters of the unchallenged.
We must trust in a plan greater than our immediate perceptions,
Believe that what feels like pruning is preparation for new growth.

As I reflect on my life through the rearview mirror,
I see now that every painful cut, every moment of doubt,
Was but a careful shearing by the hands of the divine,
Guiding me to blossom, to flourish, to bear fruit in abundance.

In the tapestry of my past, every thread, whether dark or bright,
Has been essential, each woven with the promise of His wisdom.
This journey, marked by both tears and triumphs,
Leads me to a simple, profound truth: in His vision, everything is as it should be.