

The phases of my heart

Freedom is what we all seek. Both humans and animals. I remember watching a documentary about how animals, in one way or another, attach their souls to their owners, even if they torture, enslave, and deeply hurt them. It may seem silly, the fact that when a dog is finally free, it doesn't try to get as far as possible and let everyone behind, they stick with its owner, because it was taught that violence was equivalent to love; that love sometimes hurt. As much as I tried to comprehend the dog's behavior, I couldn't figure it out, but deep down I felt like I relate to it. Then it hit me; the dog and I weren't that different in the end.

Him. He was alluring and a very bright man. He had me wrapped around his finger with his soft and gentle words, I loved the way he made me feel even if I knew those were the exact unmeaningful words he said to other loving and sad souls, but the important thing is that he was mine, and only mine. We had our own ups and downs, like every relationship, but everything was still magnificent. I was in my hurting phase, and he dragged me out, he found me in my deepest times, and that's what made me fall in love with him. I was in my loving phase. I remember him saying that he adored the color red, so I thought he would really appreciate some lovely bright red roses. He liked them, but he liked more the blood dripping on my face. I decided to ignore all the minor signals, and it was too late when he went physical. No punch could hurt me more than the feeling of still being attached to him, no matter if I woke up the next day in a hospital room. We weren't a stable couple, but he returned like autumn, where every time I would always fall again for him. The void in the relationship had already been created and it only grew bigger day by day.

The breaking phase. I was finally free, so why wasn't I flying away? My feet felt heavy, so heavy that I couldn't even wake up from bed. Maybe he was in love with the feeling of power he had over me, not with me. Sometimes I wished to have never met him, so I wouldn't know the feeling of knowing him but not being able to be around him. I knew that I deserved better, but all I ever wanted is for him to be the better I deserved. I didn't have friends or family to support me at that point in my life, and part of that was my own fault. I only had one close friend with whom I'd actually share something that personal, but that happened to be him. Well, I thought he was my friend. For months my eyes remained swollen because of balling my eyes out every single day. I'd sit next to my staircase and cry for hours. That's when I realized

that I should focus on the step in front of me, not the whole staircase. Sometimes you think that you want to disappear, but what you truly want is to be found. Once you start loving someone, you never actually stop, but I've learned that nothing is for forever. A bittersweet fact of life is that sometimes we have to let people go even if a heartbreak is one of the worst pains, but also because something is ephemeral, does not make it less important or meaningful. I'm always going to carry him with me but I'm also the only one who can extract the trauma and turn it into lessons. I felt a tug on my heart but I knew I had to heal my heart.

The healing phase. What happens when you think the one who broke your heart is the only one who can fix it? You learn to not look for healing at the feet of those who broke you and to forget and move on. It's sad, of course, to forget. But it's also sad when you're forgotten, when you're never alone but feel lonely, to remember when no one else does. It hurt to forget the spark of his eyes, the depth of his laughter, the beating of his heart, or the stroke of his touch. But what made me forget all that was how I used to curl up my fingers unable to resist the pain he caused me, the money I spent on bandages, or the fact that I wore sunglasses on the coldest days. Till this relationship, I was living in a bubble so it taught me how love should be, and that the only pain you should feel is the stomach ache when you're nervous around them. Some days I wonder if it really was a mistake letting him occupy that much space of my heart because of the hurting process, but if I didn't do it I would never have known what love means. Love is when your heart is like a garden and he is the sun that makes you blossom like a dazzling day in spring. When he makes you feel like you're a blessing so divine that not even the vastness of the universe could ever contain the beauty of your being. Your lips against his should feel like an apocalypse, not a relationship. Now I understand that hardships are an inevitable part of life and that I shouldn't be scared to love again. I also gained my family's and friends' trust after I left them because of him, and I learned that solitude can also be your best friend; when you're alone with yourself, your thoughts and beliefs. You must enter a relationship with yourself before anyone else. And always remember, if you were born with the weakness to fall, you were also born with the strength to rise. Look at that, my feet don't feel heavy anymore.