

The

LAST

P ♥ EM I'LL

EVER

WRITE abo^U+

Y ♥ U



THIS ZINE IS DEDICATED
TO EVERY PERSON WITH A
BROKEN HEART, TO MY
YOUNGER SELF THAT SO BADLY
WANTED TO BE UNDERSTOOD,
MY SISTER, MY FRIENDS, MY
THERAPISTS, MUSIC, VULNER-
ABILITY, HEALING, + EVERY
KIND SOUL, PIECE OF ADVICE,
AND LOVE I'VE MET ALONG THE WAY.

"I THOUGHT THE SUN WAS
GOING DOWN, BUT THE SUN WAS
COMING UP"



This was the first thing I wrote in my phone notes after we broke up. I felt like I was trapped at the time, in a bubble of misery from not knowing what the right answer was - to say goodbye and let us grow into our own people or try and make things work even though neither of us felt sure about the future. At the time, I felt that even though things were going to be sad, it would eventually be alright.

We broke up.


I don't feel the same anymore, about everything being alright, because I now know that post-breakup power dynamics can really get to your brain and make you believe the sun is coming up for the first time.

When, really, the sun had been coming up every day - I had just forgotten to look up and be thankful for it. And for you.



♥ it's hard to accurately ♥
depict heartbreak. we all have
our own ways of dealing with it,
each of us has moments alone
where we feel deep grief, moments
we'd never tell anyone about, very
unique ways of experiencing pain
& loss. it'd be impossible to show
every tear, moment of hopelessness,
triumph, phone call, piece of
advice, breakdown, but here's my
attempt.

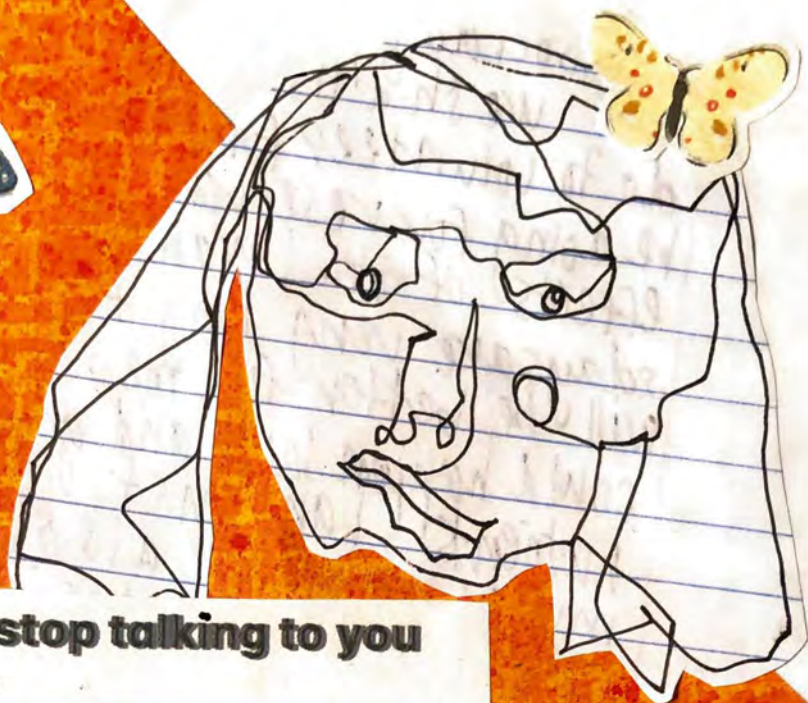




Our bodies are young and blue

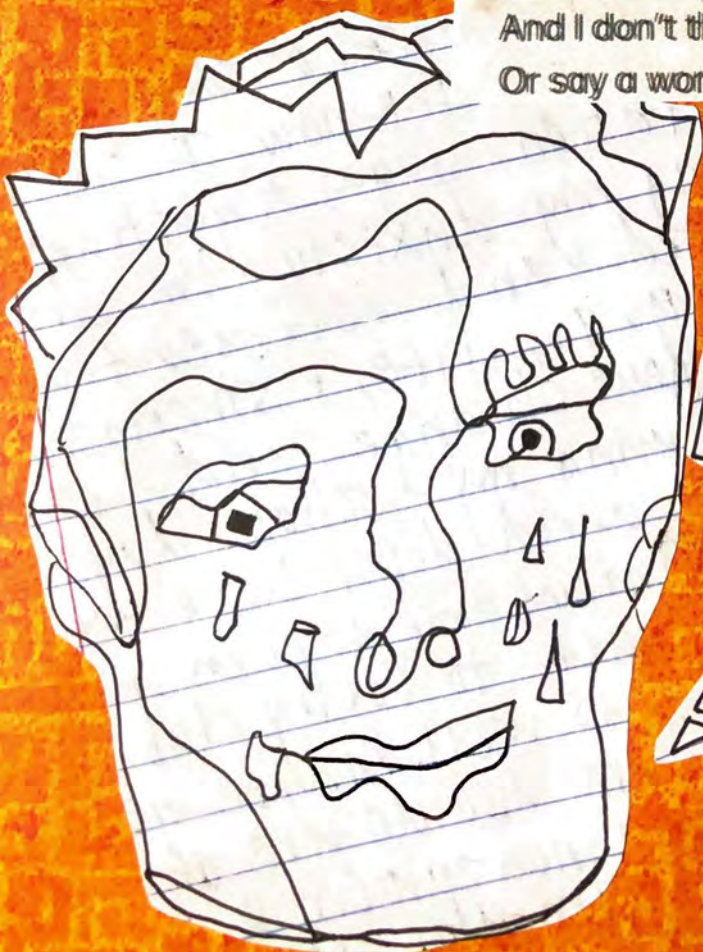
OCTOBER 6th, 2018

my Birthday. First birthday without you, since we started dating in 2015. It feels empty, a happy day filled with tears now. I feel sad that I'm sad, today, because I have a lot of people here for me and to celebrate my birthday with me. I am broken hearted and would give very much to have you here. I want to spend my day alone, grief is all that I feel, and you're not supposed to grieve on your birthday. But I am, I miss you very much.



**I could stop talking to you
forever**

And I don't think you'd ever reach out
Or say a word about it



Flowers With Red Trim

I wake up and get dressed
A simple enough task
but when you're broken hearted
everything feels like drowning

I grab the soft red floral underwear
That you loved so much
And I get sad

While I'm driving home later, on an empty road
I start to wish that you'd come to my
house and take them off of me,
My soft red floral underwear

Or maybe I'd just leave them on
And you'd admire me, in them
And I'd feel beautiful and the invisible broken glass shards
that cut into my soul every day would disappear
And stop haunting me

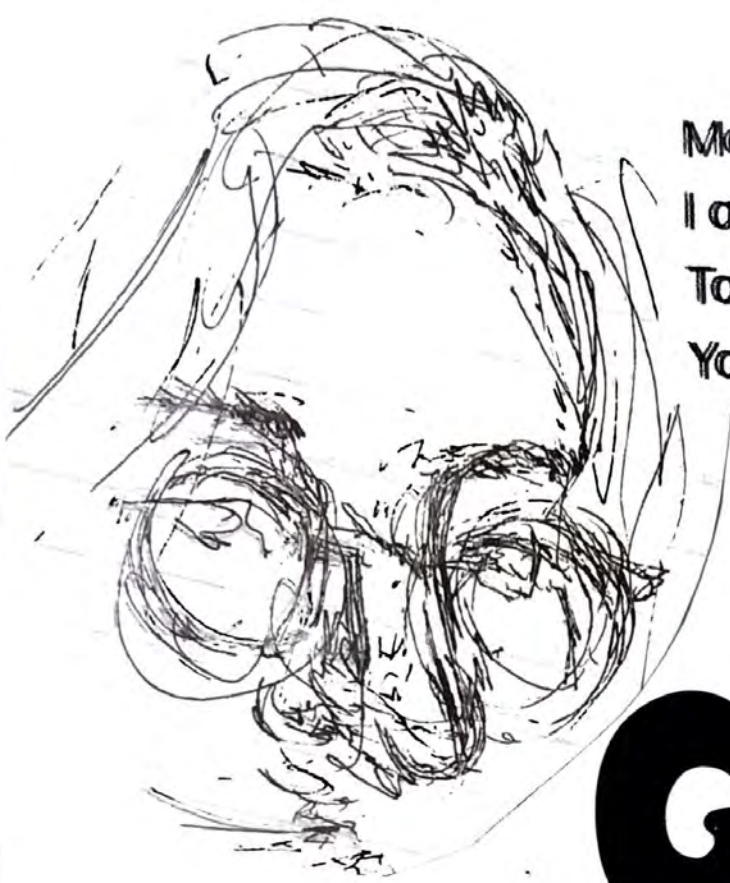
But you're not here
And my red floral underwear have a big hole
in the left side
And maybe I should just throw them away



SOFT



Grief



Maybe
I am romanticizing you
Too much
You are not New York city

GrEg

I will follow
YOU INTO
THE DARK



On Saturday, we switched shirts
In my childhood room, upstairs

How nice it was to be in your arms, again
to feel what's on mine on what's your's
A peace and contentment I've come to
recognize as love

I felt vibrant in your shirt - like I belonged
in the world again

Now it's a few days later and I'm in my
room at my new apartment
Laying in my blue bed with the shirt
You gave me pressed against my face

It smells like you and I'm comforted
by this, I feel good with it here by my side

I bury my face in it again to make sure
it's still yours, still smells like you
Then I drift off to sleep

A collection of decorative elements on the right side of the page. At the top, there are two black flower stickers. Below them, the word "HOME" is written in large, stylized letters, with the "H" and "O" decorated with colorful flower stickers. Below "HOME", the word "SICK" is written in large, bold letters, with the "S" and "K" in black and the "I" and "C" in red. Below "SICK", the word "FOR" is written in large, bold letters, with the "F" in red and the "O" and "R" in black. Below "FOR", the word "YOU" is written in large, stylized letters, with the "Y" and "O" in green and the "U" decorated with yellow flower stickers. Below "YOU", there is a yellow star sticker. At the bottom, the words "always" are written in a stylized font, with "a" in red, "l" in black, "w" in black, and "ays" in black.

HOME
SICK
FOR
YOU
★
always



I woke up last night, tired and achy
And I missed you so much

And I thought to myself, in a half-
delusional,
Half-dead-serious way
That missing you hurts more every day

Time has pushed me forward, forcefully
And I've heard that time heals and each
day
Gets
Easier

But so far each day hurts more
And I forget more about you

MA
ny
UP
S
&



dOWNS

It's Saturday afternoon
And I feel radiant

My Lacy Skirt (Illegal)

I feel like me,
myself —
in this stolen lacy skirt

HELLO ARE



no one new in your life knows
i exist. and there's so much
pain in being erased.



TRYING YOU

THERE

PLEASE TALK
TO ME

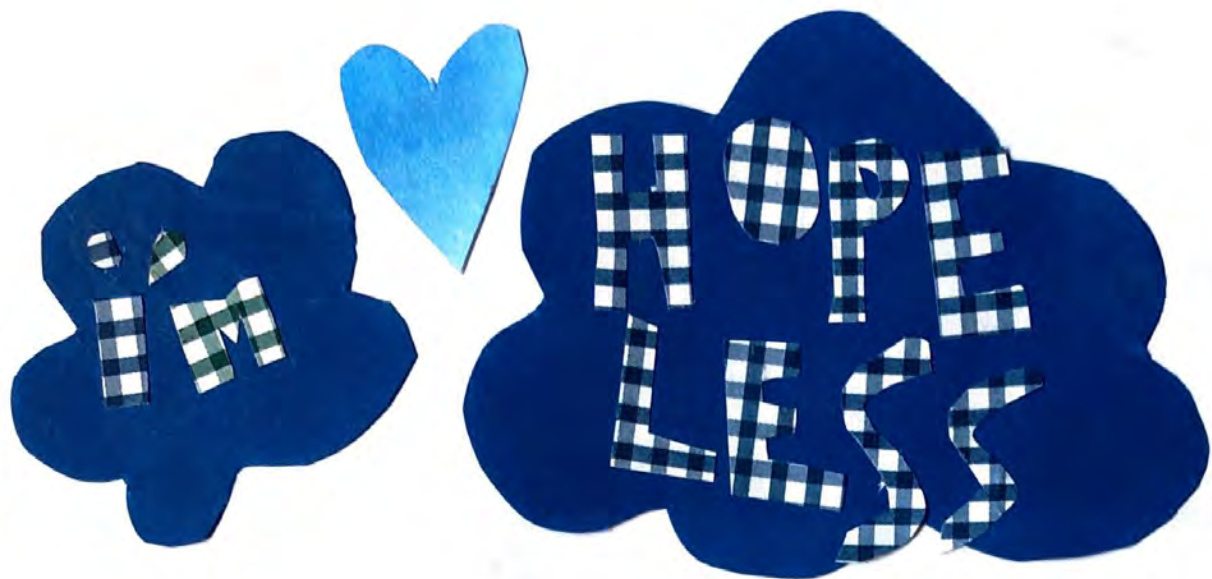
It's been 8 months since I've
seen you. I saw a photo of
you recently. You look diff-
erent. still very beautiful.



it's like your dead
and i'm grieving your absence
not only from my life
but from the world



and you are dead in my life
the life you brought has been
taken away
i struggle to carry on



There's a sort of hopelessness when you realize you miss someone
and can't do anything about the intense way you miss them
and wish they could hold you one more time

Everyone has their own life, pains, broken dreams, guilty pleasures

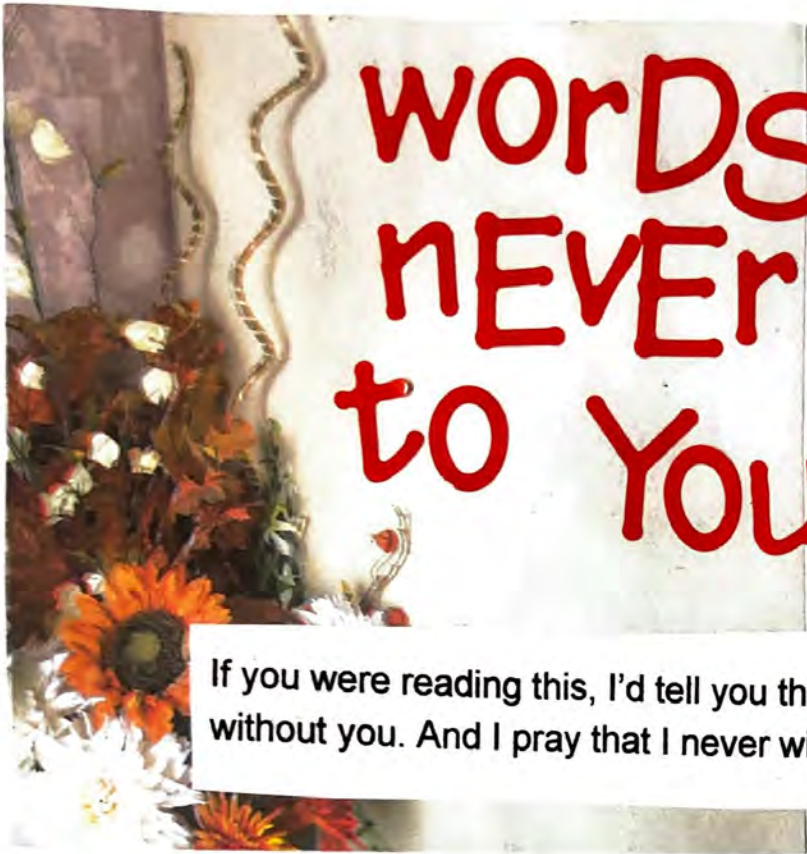
Grief is something we go through alone in many ways

There's not much comfort
Nothing to resolve or rebuild if it's one-sided

Through this, I've come to realize that grief is ugly and dark and hopeless

There isn't a silver lining
No Sunday morning light coming through your window that makes it better

The words 'GRIEF HURTS' are written in a large, bold, hand-drawn font. The letters are dark grey or black. Several yellow lightning bolts are drawn around the text, emphasizing the pain and intensity of the word 'GRIEF'. The word 'HURTS' is also written in a similar style.



WORDS IVE NEVER Said to You

If you were reading this, I'd tell you that I never want to live a day without you. And I pray that I never will.

I wonder what you're doing tonight. I wonder if you're happy.
I miss you.

I ate too much sugar today. My joints ache. I wish I could tell you

Is it supposed to be easier today? I woke up listening to the rain. I want to hug you. I'm sorry.

I woke up thinking of you. I got sad immediately.
My heart feels heavy

There is great pain in being misunderstood.
I cry because I bare my soul
And you still don't see who I am

Grief is love with no place to go
And I'll miss you forever

Just for You
to: _____

from: _____



A thousand Mary Oliver poems, phone calls with my sister,
and nights of crying in my bed until I fall asleep
from the exhaustion of hurting

Secret hours to myself, missing your crooked teeth and big hugs

Melting into memories that soothe me and then burn me, often

I still talk about you to anyone who will listen

Tasting your name in my mouth, trying to find its familiarity
which seems to have drifted away
Overnight

Afraid of the cliché ways I miss you,
knowing they're unavoidable - and cliché for a reason

Grief is the stickiest, saddest emotion I've ever known

Because of you
I believed in God
Loved all the flowers
Saw the light at the end of the tunnel
Felt my heart open up

Because of you
I loved school mornings
Drank too much coffee
Listened to soundtracks over and over
Found meaning in poetry
And love songs, too

crushed



I should be too, I am



But why does it still feel like a thousand cuts?

These are the kinds of days no one tells you about when you fall in love

It is dark and you miss someone who was once the closest thing to a soulmate
No one can change this for you, it is unbearable grief

The person I ache for is gone from my life

I drown in all the words I can't say to you



I don't know you anymore

Don't remember the parts of your face i used to love

Don't even remember the good parts of you

All i remember is how you made me cry
On your birthday last year



After holding me close
And telling me you still loved me
It's almost your birthday

Last year on your birthday your hands were in my hair
all over my body

And then you told me it was over



I remember you leaving

I said i needed to be alone, to pick up the pieces of the heart you just smashed

I felt empty

started to fill up with darkness
Drowning in all the emotions of being left
Being out of love



I cried on the carpet floor in my room
Hoping i would fall asleep and not wake up

It's one year later

Your birthday is in two days and you don't talk to me anymore

**Follow the thread of pain so
you can trace your pain back
to its roots and heal it yourself**

"You're moving on" i'm told

I'm sorry :/

I love you

**MY ROOT
FEAR: NO ONE WILL
UNDERSTAND ME
OR LOVE ME FOR
WHO I AM.**

THINGS

we LEARNED



IN counseling:



WHERE YOU ARE RIGHT NOW

"Things are different... and that's okay."

Change can feel upsetting and threatening for highly sensitive people

Keep one promise to myself every day

Moving through the stages of grief isn't always linear


It's easy to get stuck in

a narrative of heartbreak that

doesn't allow us to see our power and ability to heal

I have everything I need within myself

IS
OK



YOU WERE

ONLY

SEVENTEEN

So much of my youth was spent at Kenilworth Park. I still go there often whenever I'm back in Asheville - to skate, sit on the swings, and see my favorite tree. My first relationship began here. Kenilworth Park held us both for a very long time and the tree I love so much was always there, strong and stable. The tree changed through each season, just like I did - just like I have. And when I go there now - sometimes I feel very washed up in grief.

Sometimes I feel comfort, to look around at a place I've known since I was 16 years old - a place that has seen me open my heart to someone, break-down, grow in the most painful ways, sit for hours in grief, get high on the park benches with my best friends, from sunrise to darkness. It has always been a glittering safe-place for my soul.

This park has remained a constant for me since I've known it. I have shown up over the last 5 years in many different stages - always changing as life pushes me forward.

And yet here, I feel like time stands still.

And I can return to any moment in time and feel safe. I grieve. And I hope. I remember until I'm blue in the brain. I am grateful for this place in a deep down, aching sort of way - it is living and breathing and holds some of the most magical memories my patched-up heart has ever felt.

THANKS

TO ALL THESE PEOPLE,
PLACES, + THINGS:

KATE RHUDY'S ALBUM "ROCK N'
ROLL AIN'T FORME"

NYC

trips

poetry

MY THERAPIST

THE SUN, FOR ALWAYS COMING UP



FRIENDS

SLEEP

MY
SISTER

HEALING

MARY OLIVER ♡♡

your long hair looked good when I saw it in a photo last week
Your hands fit into mine like a missing piece
and I know they were meant to hold me

But now I have the power to heal myself
To move forward without you

And to hope you shine and feel loved all the days of your life,
This time without me

grief is hard.

**moving forward
is heavy AND
ONLY option. The**

KEEP going,

find the MEANing

**AND remember
to look UP.**

3/18/20

the last poem i'll ever

write
about you

blonde hair love

heart opening days

trust beyond words

love existing before the beginning

holding hands in darkness

sickness + health abundant

blue car, daydreams, October 25th

unconditional everything

transformation, light in dark

healing, hurting, and forgiveness

greatest gift, my heart, hope

naive, in love, other half

my dream, my best-friend

my broken dream

biggest wound on my soul

aching every day since

loving you still, always

we found each other in the dark



FINE