

# Broken-Hearted

By justaddkatie

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All of my stories are available on lushstories.com ONLY! If you steal my stories, I'll call you a dirty pirate hooker to your face and send wishes of Chlamydia your way. Plagiarize at your own risk! ~Katie (justaddkatie)  
  
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*Written for my friend Shannon ...*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/brokenhearted.aspx>

I'm broken-hearted. I think about the last week, the last month, the last year ... and my heart breaks. Talks overflowing with hurtful words, tears, and confusion swim around in my mind. Fingers pointed. Questions left unanswered. And after everything that's been said and done, I still don't know what to do with my broken heart. . I want to know, NEED to know ... where the fuck have you been? Don't you know I still need you? I've turned to you in some of my deepest darkest hours and I've been with you during yours. We told each other things that we've never shared with others. But I don't mean enough to you that you'd send me a quick, "Hello, I'm fine."? . Is it because I broke that promise I made? I told you I'd stay true to you, but I couldn't. I can't say I'm sorry enough. I can't go back and make that promise right. . Is it because you gave up on me? You quit. You took the easy, comfortable way out, leaving me in a perpetual state of utter abandonment. . Is it because we're different? Everything about us is different; our beliefs, our upbringings, our goals, and our dreams. At one point, I celebrated our differences. Now, I tend to resent them. . Is it because I couldn't meet your needs? I tried. I did all I could but I was never enough for you. I was never enough. . Is it because you couldn't meet my needs? You couldn't for a day, an hour, a fucking minute, let me be in the right? You couldn't spend five measly minutes to make me feel special or needed or wanted? . Is it because of my home life? My husband watching me like a hawk, my parents treating me like a child, my secrets that mentally consume me from one moment to the next? . Is it because I have what you want, or more so don't want, that's got you avoiding me like the plague? . Is it because you're okay with being alone? Is it because you're comfortable with where your life is? . Is it because I know I'm not

supposed to be here? Is it because I know I'm not supposed to be with you? . Does it matter? A broken heart is a broken heart, and I can't put mine back together.