

P I E R R E A L E X J E A N T Y

T O T H E
W O M E N
I O N C E
L O V E D



To The Women I Once Loved

Pierre Alex Jeanty

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Coming soon

*The Missing Ingredient of Today's
love.*

When you can pick up a book, read it and become filled with clarity on things not even directly said I consider it profound. That is exactly the kind of thing that will happen when you read the pages of this book. Even knowing that you're not one of the women Pierre "once loved", you feel like pieces of them as he vividly describes their fears, their efforts, and their worth. The concept is genius because we all have feelings inside for the ones we once loved, but not many people take them and create something that can help inspire others; something that highlights our own flaws while highlighting the way another person's actions positively affected our lives. That alone is beautiful. So many women have touched the lives of men in some of these same ways but may never even know it. Poetry is sometimes placed into a box but this book allows you to see poetry in its many facets, in a transparent and beautiful way. I feel like the world needs more uplifting of women rather than tearing down. How can we create a better atmosphere for the next generation if we can't admit our mistakes and share what we have learned? Honestly this is a book you can read from front to back yet you still pick it up time after time to revisit the moments. You can feel the moments; you can feel the similarities in your own experiences. You can feel like the women who inspired each piece and the man telling the story. You understand that your encounters aren't foreign to others, just usually kept quiet and this book speaks. Once again Pierre has evoked emotion, given clarity, given hope, enlightened.

-Curtrice Williams

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words to express the qualities they
see in their women

**Too often, a man grows to value a woman who was
part of his life after her scent and her shadow are
long gone from his life.**

**I've made this mistake quite often in my past. This
is a recollection of the memories I once fought for,
and the women I learned to appreciate when they
were no longer lovers of mine.**

My love

Your name was the theme song of my heart.

You touched my heart without the assistance of your hands.

You touched me in a way I can't even find the words to describe.

If the letters of the alphabet were enough to describe you,

I would say:

Your lips were medicine to my naked soul.

Your touch is the reason I now know the feeling of having goosebumps underneath my skin.

Your tone spoke love to my ear lobes at almost every sentence.

Your eyes allowed me to see a version of me I never knew before.

You were a free spirit bound to nothing.

With you, I felt unshackled from the issues life laid at our feet.

Your entire aura elevated me.

Your existence alone inspired me.

The man I am today is influenced by the women I've met like you.

You are a blessing to this planet and angel in disguise.

Sometimes one of the greatest deeds a woman can do, is to introduce a man to an experience that sobers him up in a way only love can. This is an experience that will convince him to be more of a man to the next woman.



Princess to Queen

They often say that all women are “queens.”

You personified this very saying.

You connected with the king who was imprisoned within me.

My princess you were.

You treated me as royalty and constantly uttered words that caused me to grow more conscious of who God made me to be.

You reminded me daily of who is seated on the throne and who is The King of Kings.

Jesus, yes, he saved me and graced me with you.

A miracle you were.

All roads lead to you, and you were my favorite answered prayer.

Your life is a testament; it is a testimony of love that will forever hide itself within my memory.

Virtuous you were.

You lived a life with such boldness that it challenged other women to be unapologetically who they were made to be.

A lioness who walked with no fear...

Let the Proverbs continue to pave your road, and the Psalms never depart from your lips.

Though we were of a different yoke, I cherish you, and am grateful for the love you ministered to me and the seasons before our fall.

Every woman is born as a princess. Yet, not every woman becomes a queen. Being a queen requires growth, change, evolving, maturing; and learning to value, respect, and care for yourself and others. It involves being more selfless than you are selfish, and more loving than you are defensive.

A queen is a woman who knows who created her and the purpose for which she was created.

A queen is a woman who never stops growing into who she ought to be, a wise woman who is rarely in the midst of gossip, and who partakes not in drama and childish things. A queen is a woman who is strong-minded, intelligent yet humble, soft-spoken, and doesn't justify her weaknesses, but daily focuses on improving.

A queen is everything a princess has potential to become. Until a woman grows into the queen she is created to be, she will remain a lost princess.

Your Worth

You knew your worth.

You never allowed your desire for love to lead you to bargain with anyone who couldn't see that you were priceless.

You discerned carefully and discounted the image many men were selling themselves to be. Players, pimps... pirates looking for booty.

You didn't settle. You believed dust to be the only thing that should settle.

You had a love to offer that would never cease, like the waves of the ocean, and any man who was trying to get in the ship for the sake of relations and nothing more, you let drown alone in the tsunami of their lies.

You wanted consistency. You wanted effort. You asked for loyalty and reciprocity.

You treasured yourself and opened your eyes to see the true intentions of these pirates. Some men are looking to rob you of your purity and treat you as if you're nothing more than a piece of meat to a dog.

You love -you- far too much to compromise for too little.

Any man who couldn't offer anything more than his best, you turned from.

You refused to rely on your emotions to pick for whom you'd fall, but put your faith instead in the wisdom of God's guidance.

You never settled for less than you deserved even when what you deserved never came.

You knew your worth.



Passion to Love

You cherished love.

You lived with a willingness to risk your last breath for it.

A sweet irony it would be to die for the very thing that would make you feel alive.

You would risk your existence just to taste the purest form of love for and from the one.

You sacrificed so much in the name of love.

You were a soldier in the battlefield of romance.

You sought love with such passion that would at times suppress the hate that was within me.

Although I never gained clarity as to why you were such a fiend for the very thing many misunderstood, I often wonder whether it was because it was the very thing absent throughout your journey into adulthood, or you were just a “hopeful romantic.”

Never let that willingness to love die.

Although I defiled it with our experience and manipulated your hunger for love to achieve my agenda, I pray that your passion to love never ceases, and that you find another soul who feels complete with the love that you have to extend to them. Most importantly, I pray that you become connected to the author of love.

In Debt to You

You, my dear, challenged the boy in me.

Your independence made me doubt myself as a man. It drove me to look into the mirror and question my reflection. You drove me to challenge my masculinity.

Your strength exposed the weakness my foolish mind believed never existed within me.

You added new meaning to what it meant to be a survivor. Although I myself have run into some unfortunate circumstances, in comparison to what you've faced, they were speed bumps rather than roadblocks.

Your endurance as a lover showed me what, "loving hard," meant, and what love was supposed to be: a marathon for those who are willing to commit to finish a great race.

Your courage drove the coward in me insane, made the games I wanted to play seem as child's play rather than a strategy to conquer your heart safely.

You amazed me. As a man who is handicapped when it comes to multitasking, I have yet to understand how you can be both strong, and weak for a man.

My dear, you were my biggest challenge yet.

The dot you have on the timeline of my life has been a turning point in the history of the man I now am.

You having been a challenge to me taught me to overcome myself.

One of the greatest qualities in a woman is the ability to build up a man and make him better. A woman simply being a woman to a man who values her, can bring out the best in him. Eve was created to be a helpmate to Adam. He was incomplete without a partner. Eve was a compliment to him and added to who he was. They say, “behind every great man, is a good woman,” but also at the foundation of every great man, is the love of a woman.

The Calm

You were the calm

The calm that can sustain a man through any storm

The calm that can help a man walk through hell with confidence

The calm that was a constant reminder that faith was as important as breathing

With a heart full of peace and a voice that can put to sleep a roaring lion

You were the calm

The calm that can tame the wildest of the wildest beast

You introduced me to what peace ought to look like in a relationship. You were my peace of mind when I wanted to give every living creature a piece of my mind.

Besides the peace of GOD, you were the only force that silenced my mind when everything in this world was screaming at me.

You were therapy to my young mind. You taught me that panic and worries come only to conquer my peace and create more problems within my mind.

Patience you had, faith never departed from your heart.

Positive affirmations seem to clog up your throat and they attached themselves to every sentence you spoke.

Oh, how you helped this storm find his calm.

You are one of a kind.

The kind who is a realist, yet, with
an imagination that is without
boundaries.

You are a writer and a beautiful
novel.

You are a painter and a painting of
great value that can never be price
tagged.

You're so serious, yet, so silly.

Oh, so caring, yet with a bit of
carelessness in you.

You are tolerant and intolerant.

You are a woman good men dream of,
and the tough woman boys consider a
nightmare.



Simple You Were

Every fiber of you complimented the very word “Simplicity.”

Your simple ways opened my eyes to beauty that was never hidden, yet, felt as a stranger to my eyes and new to this earth.

Your simple spirit opened my eyes to the overlooked beauty of this world...

Things we fail to cherish yet valuable

Like seeing a bee pollinate a flower which to the complex mind is too simple yet to the naked eye it is life being prolonged and God showing off his talent.

Honey, I now see why men prior to me passed you up for women a bit more complex.

It's hard for them to comprehend such simple authentic traits.

For they were used to women who looked complex, yet, empty.

Women who appeared to be the most difficult jigsaw puzzles so they could feel accomplished once the puzzle was figured out, only to learn the bigger picture is nothing special

You, on the other hand, were an open book.

You didn't make them feel challenged enough or accomplished enough.

You made them feel normal, as if winning your heart was something that was as easy as simply loving each other.

Oh, so simple you were.

Even the simplest piece of clothing becomes of great elegance upon your skin.

The simplest of statements exited your mouth with such substance.

Your simplicity singlehandedly enhanced the value of natural beauty in a world built on artificiality.

Fancy dresses, expensive jewelry, popular make-up brands, designer purses were vanity to you.

A dead soul's treasure, you called it, “fool's gold.”

Never steer away from who you are, my dear. You have simplified the meaning and beauty of life in a way my pupils seldom recognize elsewhere. Simple, yet, complicated you were.

Instrumental

You were a beautiful melody
The unique sounds from the symphony
Soul food for the man who was starved of substance
Water to a heart suffering from a drought of love
You were a vowel amongst the letters of the alphabet
An exclamatory sentence can best describe who you were in my eyes
My heart would create the perfect beat in your presence
Our names even rhymed together
It's unfortunate that the tables turned
We allowed our sinful ways to revoke God's position as the DJ of our love song
The volume of our love slowly faded over time.
A classic I hoped we would be, but we became a one hit wonder

The Way You Made me Feel

You gave me butterflies.

With you, a rush of nervousness would flood to the core of my being and cause me to lose control of myself.

Silly I became around you

Laughter and joy I celebrated with you

You tamed the beast in me.

Oh, the beauty of the love a woman like you can offer...

Before I had a wild heart running through the jungle of life,

Preying on the stranded. I was an animal... A wolf masking himself as a sheep

But you caused this man to take off the mask and commit suicide

I am no longer the person who I was before.

I've fulfilled my potential as the real man I was destined to be.

Until this day, I've yet to meet someone who made me feel the way you made me feel.

I would not have met my inner child without you.

You made me feel and love like a kid again.

What can be admired about you the most, is your passion to discover yourself.

Your motivation to never grow complacent in your current growth.

You extract beauty from every trial and lessons from every error

You find peace in the midst of your fears

You strive to forever be a tree that is never moved from the river of life and the light of the sun (*son*).

You are an inspiration to the conquerors and motivation to the go-getters.

As an individual who has crossed your path, I admire you.



Overweight

I learned that there can be so much good under the extra fat

Such as an extra caring tendency, extra understanding, extra loving, extra heart.

Your being overweight was less of a threat to you than being overlooked and over judged.

The judging eyes of those who don't know you seem to think that the most important relationship you have is with food.

Oh, how wrong their assumptions are.

You eat less than you think about eating, and less than even thinking about yourself.

If being selfless was a diet pill, you would be on the other side of the pendulum suffering from anorexia.

Your excessiveness is far from being comparable to the excessive mockery and excessive verbal and emotional abuse you've faced.

Yet, you very rarely fail to be the bigger person.

Your size never defined you and what a pleasure it has been for me to see love from a person with such a big heart.

You, my dear, are beautiful in your own way.

Your size is what shallow people see.

Don't you dare believe like them.

Don't you dare think less of yourself because you don't weigh less.

You are beautiful and sexy in your own way, and you are worthy of love.

The love you receive should not be less than you deserve simply because you weigh more than what society calls "normal," and fall outside the box of what they've taught us is beautiful.

Well Equipped

You wore confidence as if it was your most favorite make up.

You put on dignity daily as though it was your favorite dress.

You wore a smile, even on the darkest days.

Wisdom was often on your lips like the red lipstick that would make it hard to control myself when you wore it.

You wore your heart on your sleeve without a fear.

Every day, I found it hard to believe that Wonder Woman wasn't a real character modeled after you.

You dress with the armor of God to fight every battle the day has to offer.

You, my darling, were a stand-up lady, one who deserves to take a great bow.

A woman like you, I pray, that one day my daughter become.

You are one heck of a woman.



She was Brave
Enough to
Love Him Unconditionally

She wanted a strong man, not one with
the figure and strength that
resembles the Hulk, but one able to
bear the pains that come with life.

She wanted a man who challenged her
to grow, rather than one who
contributes to the challenges life
places in her path.

She wanted a partner, a teammate, one
willing to support her as she
supports him.

She desired a man of integrity,
values, and of faith.

She wanted more than what her senses
find appealing but what can only be
felt by the heart.

She wanted a man who could uplift her
more than he was capable of lifting
her.

She wanted a strong man, but one of
strength greater than physical
strength.

A Heart like Yours

A heart like yours belongs in hands born to handle it-hands willing to protect it.

You are a masterpiece, handcrafted by the author of peace.

The creator of the universe beautifully designed you.

You deserve to be loved at the right pace, and to be with someone patient enough to endure with you.

Someone to hold your hands tightly while jumping the hurdles and running through the obstacles to be sure you're never left behind.

A heart like yours should belong to someone who will be healed enough to understand and value you enough to see you as a priority.

A heart like yours belongs to someone who will love you until the walls come tumbling down and who's willing to climb over that fortress and go beyond your strongholds.

A heart like yours deserves nothing ordinary.

It deserves something its beholder has never given to anyone they have ever known.

A heart like yours belongs in the hands born to handle it.

You are “Why”

You are the reason infidelity is known to me as a hideous crime.

It is the very reason the, “pimp,” in me flees like a runaway.

You are the reason faithfulness became normal to me, rather than a practice of those who caved in by boredom.

You opened my eyes to the beauty of monogamy.

Having you in my life caused the scales to fall off my eyes and help me treasure the beauty in commitment.

You were all I desired, all I longed for, and the only one for whom my heart beat.

The one woman who made me feel like all I needed was one woman.

Something about you made walking from temptation effortless.

The only explanation for the impact you’ve had on me is that, “you’re one of a kind”

And provided a kind of love a man need not go elsewhere to seek.

Finding Love

Love is not something you catch,

It is something that catches you.

(most likely by surprise)

It is something you fall into, and even when you try catch yourself, its power won't allow you to break your fall.

Love isn't something you trip into, it is something you prepare yourself to be directed into it.

Love is meant to find you if you're heading the right direction. It will be a blessing that is set in your path.

Never try to chase it. Chasing love is similar to chasing the wind-You will feel what it's like but never will you retain it.

Love is more than feelings. Love doesn't come and go.

Love is like allowing a caterpillar to reside within the chambers of your heart. As your heart continues to beat and days continue to be added to your life, it will evolve but never fly away.

Chasing love will cause you to choose the wrong vessels and attempt to suck it out of every soul to which you become emotionally attached.

Love is a force that can't be forced.

Let it find you. It knows your address and who it is supposed to deliver within your path will be shipped to you unexpectedly.

Be sure that your life isn't cluttered and that your heart is ready enough to welcome it.

You will find "Nemo," before you ever find love, let it find you.



Your soul isn't meant to be caged.

The love that you have to offer
should never be settled on.

The ability to compromise exists
within, but it is anti-settling.

The love you have to offer is a crime
against any desire of mediocrity.

It will kill within you the
willingness to settle and the lustful
appetite that stem from curiosity.

The love that exists within you
should never be manipulated to go
into the wrong direction.

Distracted

We were a match made in heaven until hell broke loose.

The pressure of disagreement bent us.

Our similarities weren't enough to sustain us.

They say opposites attract, but you opposed me on almost everything causing me to turn my eyes to the sight of the distractions.

Distracted by other relationships, questioning why we can't be like them

Distracted by the online models, asking why you can't be slim like them

Our chances to restore what we had was eaten away by my appetite for what wasn't mine and us being strong again became slim to none.

In the midst of my privacy, I became lucifer, demanding that you live in a box.

"None-ya," I would often reply when you questioned my selfish decisions.

My respect for you lessened day by day, until you finally had enough.

You left me having tried enough, but to me it wasn't enough for you to walk away.

I was blind. I started to wonder why you left; neglecting the recurring torment you endured in the relationship because of my selfishness.

I didn't value what I had, and that was the reason at the core.

Distracted by my lustful eyes and my selfish heart, I lost focus on us.

I failed to protect our relationship, my heart and yours.

I became distracted by my craving for more, more of what someone else had instead of what I had.

He is Darkness

He knows the sound of your moans and is familiar with your deepest sighs.

He recognizes the voice of your pain and the screams of your disappointments.

He is oh, so familiar with the rivers that come out of your eyes, sprung out of the well of your heart. He has seen them soak your pillow.

Around him, you have said the worst of words formed by anger and uttered with the names of your past lovers.

In his midst, you've raised war against depression. In his midst you've struggled with days oppressed by sadness.

In his, presence loneliness reigns, even when your shadow chooses to turn away from you, he was there.

He has heard your deepest secrets, your most sincere prayers, and most heartfelt words.

He is a friend, one who is there through all your trials and tribulations, yet, your greatest smiles and happiest moments happened away from him.

He is darkness.

Perseverance

You taught me what it means to fight for what you love.

You showed me great endurance in a manner that was unusual to me.

You fought for my heart until all the fight in you was gone without neglecting your brain.

You displayed to me what unconditional love should look like, if I were to stare at it in a mirror.

You loved me even on the days I found it difficult to even love myself.

You scooped down to help me up at my lowest.

You chained your heart to mine and stayed by my side even when all the signs gave you red lights about continuing our relationship.

You remained loyal, even when I became disloyal, and fulfilled the belief that many men are dogs.

You hung on longer than I expected,

Loved me more than I could ever imagine.

Some may have called you foolish for staying, but you showed me an aspect of love I've only read about in 1 Corinthians 13.

I saw long suffering, selflessness, bearing and enduring of all things.

We may have not prevailed because my once rotten heart found pleasure in promiscuity then, but you loving me redefined love to me.

It reaffirmed for me, "put up a fight for what you love." Most people fight as long they are winning, as long they're in the ring, and their punches are landing.

Through you I learned that love isn't there to win, and loving sometimes mean losing.

I sometimes wish I was mature enough to understand the magnitude of what you did then but it's unfortunate that I was blinded by my immaturity.

I thank you for adding new meaning to, "do not give up," in my life.

Who You Were

Once upon a time, you were uncomfortable with the idea of compromising yourself.

You were comfortable within your skin, within your standards.

Somewhere along the road, the disappointments, the heartbreaks, the failed attempts made you settle for mediocrity.

Ordinary, which was once a word far from your lips, settled within your heart.

You've learned to settle with what you've had, instead of seeking and waiting for better.

A terrible thing it is for a woman to decrease her value in her own eyes and put who she is on sale, discounting her worth.

Let not the bad you've had be all you ever have. Better is somewhere floating in the ocean of people on this earth.

It is unfair to the woman you are to remain the woman you've become-the woman who let the trials of this life convince her to give herself to anyone willing to accept her like a free trial.

Sweetheart, you must return to the woman who you were.

If they cannot meet your standards, don't lower your standards so that they can.

My Rib

Having you by my side was always a sense of urgency.

You gave me loyalty no different than what a dog gives to its owner.

My princess and my queen,

You were the perfect rib, made with such tenderness,

You were the sweetest person I've met in this lifetime.

Being a candidate for your love was the cherry on top of getting the opportunity of knowing.

Our love journey was never a piece of cake, it was hard but beautiful.

Being clingy to each other or feeling suffocated never once knocked on the door of our relationship, even when most of the hours of the day were spent together.

It was difficult for me to grasp the fact that you may be someone else's Eve.

The atmosphere of Eden I felt in your midst, like paradise on Earth.

If I ever have to sing the song, "She was the one who got away," I will repeatedly repeat your name in the lyrics.

What you deserve

You deserve more of their attention than their phone does.

You deserve quality time, not just time.

You deserve effort, not just routines.

You deserve to be treated as if you are a priority, not the last thing on their checklist.

You are special and you deserve to be the only option.

If that is too much to ask, you are asking it from the wrong person.

If begging ever becomes your last approach to receive those things which ought to be freely given, it's safe to say, you are out of your dang mind.

Begging to be loved is suicide.

It's like going sky diving from the Eiffel Tower naked of proper equipment, and expecting gravity to overturn the outcome.

It's like a queen begging her servants to serve her or a lion running away from its prey.

Insanity it is for a woman like you to come second or second to last on everything.

It would be an injustice for a woman like you to ever fall for a man whose words aren't soaked in integrity and seasoned with consistency.

An injustice, I say, to give your body to men who wouldn't dare walk next to you in public nor ever consider standing next to you at the altar.

You are more than, "wifey material."

You are more than potential.

You are a beautiful bride who ought to be waiting on her groom. Only a man willing to fulfill that position in your life deserves you.



Unapologetically you

You were unapologetically you.

Your faith in God was the rock of your foundation.

You strive to live such a peculiar life, it confused the average mind in the world.

You believed in the sacredness the Good Book states that your body possesses. You believed your body is a blessed temple.

You walked with modesty and abide in purity, something uncommon in this generation.

A rebel, you are a leader following the footstep of the chief, Christ.

Comforting words and smooth lies were sour rather than sweet to your ears.

Never did you compromise and hand the gift to your husband-to Mr. "Right Now."

Good looks never swept you off your feet, they were only temptations from which you learned to flee.

In a society where promiscuity is the norm, you deviate from it.

Abiding in purity

Instead of finding someone worthy enough to commit your body, you decide to wait for someone willing to commit their life to you.

Continue to stand firm in who you are and walk according to your convictions.

Even After...

Even after you've been fooled and manipulated countless times, you have yet to lose your mind.

Even after you've been emotionally and physically abused, you still have the courage to forgive.

Even after being heartbroken countless times, you continue to grow until the pieces come back together and continue being open to love without the doubt that it's something that will come through the doors of your life.

Even with all the bad you've faced in the name of love, you have yet to curse love nor call it a thing of the weak.

You understand only the strong have the ability to give and receive authentic love, and the journey of love requires endurance.

You are certain that what came before were mock trials, and that one day real love will penetrate you and bring to life parts of you that those who came before could never unlock.

You are morning coffee.

You are the sunshine and the sunset.

You are a flower and it's thorn.

You are strong and weak.

You are independent and dependent.

You are virtuosity.

You are substance.

You are art.

Miserable

It's a cold plate of misery to watch the one your heart hungers for hurt you. The one who you love push you away You feel sick to your stomach, unable to eat, while he won't swallow his pride. "*Will he ever understand how much I love him, will he ever comprehend what's truly going on?*" is all you continuously questioned in your mind. I'm afraid not, not until you understand that you have to love -you- more than you love him, and you won't comprehend this until most feeling you have for him vanish. He will not try to win your heart until he loses you. He won't know what he lost until he finally sees his loss. Unfortunately, you can't stop it. You can't stop him from not wanting to be with you, for not wanting to love you or value you. You can't control him or love.

Fortunately, you can control -you- and how much love you pour into yourself. Let your focus be on yourself and never let those who can't appreciate you distract you from being happy and great.

Getting sidetracked on the the road of restoration and self-appreciation, will land you into the hands of misery.

If you allow it, it will swallow you and feed you bitterness until you are impregnated with negativity.

Run from misery.

Run into progress.

Run into a better you.

Run away from the man who doesn't want to be with you.

Precious, You Were

You were more than enough.

Within the closet of your flesh lies treasure.

You were unique; your substance exceeded the value of the most valuable substances on this earth.

You were gold and diamond, a mixture of rhodium and platinum.

You were, and will forever be rare, unique in ways the common mind cannot fathom.

You were a woman. Yes, that's obvious, but you remained yourself and you can't be defined nor imitated.

You were a great pearl, a gemstone.

Kryptonite, you were to your superman, but also his Wonder Woman.

You were more fascinating than the pyramids, the Taj Mahal, Mount Everest, and other wonders of the world.

You were the 8th one wonder of my world.

Precious was every piece of you, every fiber of your being was nutrient to my naked soul.

And to another man you will be much more than that.

Now I Know

I made you feel like you were the crazy one, as if you were a psycho for being a strong lover.

I acted like the very thought of you losing your mind over me was illogical, as if the mind can't be so consumed by what it desires the most.

I now know. I now see how love defies logic.

I now know how it makes perfect sense for one to lose their mind over someone they are crazy about.

I now know how the flames of love will make an individual run wild, like a chicken with its head cut off.

It feels like I've been headless, my heart has been my instructor while my brain plays bystander, teaching me about something so foreign on common land...

My sober mind has finally tasted what it means to be drunk in love.

My soul has been introduced to what it means to love.

Now I know what it means to be crazy in love.

Now I know how you felt about me.

Love is a seed that has to be watered
with effort and consistency. Lack
thereof will cause the fire that once
existed between two souls to burn
out.

When being good isn't good enough

What they don't understand is that as a good woman, you get tired of being just that.

You get tired of being too good for the sorry men, and too much for the men who aren't willing to commit.

You get tired of being the woman who helps men become better for the next woman.

You get tired of being strong all alone with no lover to comfort you when you need a shoulder to lean on.

You get tired of waiting on your turn, something that seems to come right before never.

What they don't understand is that it's not about how good you are, but over time, we all want our turn.

We all want the chapter of our dating stories to cease and forever to start being written.

Over time, you want someone to behold your beauty and reassure to you that you are valuable.

You want to be held and comforted as silence complements the moment.

You want someone to have conversations with about nothing, but it means something.

What they don't understand is that you've grown tired of looking at loneliness face to face.

You get tired of showing up after love has left the hearts of those you love and showing up after you're no longer in the picture.

You've grown tired of being the trophy for mature men, yet always approached by immature fellas running game, in, "Mr Right" disguise.

They can't understand, because all they see is the smile, the strength, perseverance, the accomplishments, but all are clueless about the sadness, loneliness, emotional breakdowns...the failures.

She couldn't wait to give her heart to another man, a man who proves himself to be different from the others, a man who would treat her heart with care and understand she's fragile. Yet that was her downfall

She couldn't wait.

Re-Assurance

You showed me the value of reassurance.

I always believe it to be no different than letting a person know that without oxygen, death is certain.

My simple mind found it quite difficult to comprehend the simplicity that lies in reassurance.

How could me telling you what you already know resonate with you when it is buried within the soil of your brain.

A mystery it was to me, yet, every time I reminded you how beautiful you were to me, you had a glow that was indescribable.

Every time I reminded you how grateful I was to have you, peace seemed to enter you and settled itself within your soul.

You would look elevated.

Every time I reminded you that you are loved, it would excite you and put a smiling spell on you. It would serve as encouragement to you and prolong our good days.

Sadly, I would reply saying “what is known doesn’t have to be explained,” and forgot about Ziglar’s quote, “People often say that motivation doesn’t last. Well, neither does bathing - that’s why we recommend it daily.”

Reassurance, the river of motivation and what your soul needed to be washed with daily. It was rejuvenation that I failed to realize was needed.

I’ve always heard women fall in love with what they hear and many men use that to their advantage. I stayed away from being that guy.

However, I failed to recognize how that can be fuel to a woman who is in love.

Giving them what they need to hear, which the truth, is a reminder.

You opened my mind to this important and beautiful necessity that I will forever hold dearly.



Perfect Package

You and your child were the perfect package to me.

They warned me and said stay away from these single moms, because they come with baggage.

Although that can be true and scary, your baggage wasn't unattended.

We had conversations where we addressed their baggage claims and you claimed you were a good woman who made some bad choices, but out of trials comes blessings so there he came.

You talked about him with passion in your voice and compassion in your eyes.

Although it took two to tango, unfortunately, it became a one-person party.

I watched you gladly carry as much of the dad's share you could just so your baby could have the best life possible.

Never did I hear any, "me, myself, or I" in your speech. I heard plenty, "me, my child, and I."

You refused to settle for a man who wasn't willing settle for the role of being a father.

Never did you allow countless men to be introduced to him not only to download the wrong idea of what women were, but also to never pick up the wrong ideas of manhood from the wrong men.

It is a crime for a man to want you and not the fruit of your loins. It's like wanting to live without oxygen, wanting ice cream without ice cream, sex without commitment, and love without effort.

"I love you," to me, meant loving all of you, and that included those who were a part of you.

Vanity

Your beauty was precious to me.

I idolized it as if it was a god, and it was all my soul cherished.

The smoothness of your skin, and the light in your smile polished my confidence.

The curls of your hair and the color of your corneas reminded me of the sea on a beautiful summer day.

You were a diamond, the perfect jewelry on my arm. I valued how you looked more than who you were because your looks covered up my insecurities and who you were, revealed them.

Who you were reminded me how shallow I was for deep love, how selfish I was to commit, how weak I was when it came to being a man.

How you look embellished my persona, crowned me as a player, fed my ego.

Unfortunately, your physical appearance distracted me from the most beautiful part of you, the heart of gold and mind of a champ.

Unpredictable

Within her eyes you can see Eden, and smell of heaven, yet, you can also witness a piece of hell.

She was an angel every day of the week, but what type of angel depended on the day.

Peaceful and loving she could be at a moment, yet, a fallen angel walking within the frame of a woman the next.

Ugly situations existed as well as beautiful moments.

The presence of light never made darkness non-existent.

Without chaos, recognizing peace would be impossible.

Without struggle, victory would be nothing.

Without the bad, the good wouldn't be cherished, and without her flaws, she wouldn't be human.

A light, a rescuer, a lover, she was also piece of darkness. Sometimes a villain, she had hate sometimes down to her bones.

Hypocrites were the men who expected her to be beauty and perfection, when they themselves were perfectly flawed humans.

Her mood swings, attitude, rebellious ways make her a human being.

She is a woman.

She is an interesting species, a beautiful soul, a marvelous creation and significant individual.

She is not an object.

She was not created solely for the purpose of satisfying men's sexual appetites, but designed for a purpose.

In her is a life changer and a world changer.

Only a fool can conclude that she isn't a queen.

Without her, this world is empty of love, life cannot be created, affection isn't needed, patience and caring would be rare, men would have no one to impress and their reward for being great wouldn't be much. Never will she be subjected to boys in men's body nor be meaningful to childish males.

However she is still a woman, full of amazing traits, impactful strengths and weaknesses.



Status

They saw your status and thought it wasn't prosperous for us to have a relationship.

How could a woman of your class teach herself to settle for a man of my level?

A man rich in spirit, yet, poor of materials
a man willing to give his all, even though his all was far less than what you could afford

Spectators speculated that I was in your life because I needed someone to run to, and you needed someone to run on.

They were blind to the thought that love and happiness were the things you wished you could afford with your money.

How could they?

They never tasted love, nor, been monetarily rich, so, their hearts taught them to grow in love with what they couldn't have: the finer things.

You had it all, yet, the absence of love made you feel poor.

You craved more than companionship of someone of the same social status, you wanted a soul-to-soul connection with someone of substance.

You desired true happiness more than you wanted all the nice things other people coveted.

You wanted peace.

You wanted your naked soul to be cherished without the jewelry, expensive clothes, beautiful cars, etc.

What they believed to be settling, was you trying to grab the free things in life that were priceless.

What they believed to be a bad choice, was a choice you couldn't afford to not make.

They expected you to be ruled by what you had and asserted that it dictated who you're eligible to date.

You, however, saw past it all. You looked for the heart.

You looked at what you couldn't put a price on, but would help you experience the richness of life.

Don't need that

You don't need to be prettier. You do, however, need to quit comparing what you see in your mirror to what you see on the television screen.

One is reality, one is a presentation.

No need to be a little skinnier or have a more perfect body. Those models are products. Photoshop is unachievable beauty marketed as natural beauty.

You don't need to be a little shorter or taller, you just need to stand up for yourself and what you believe. Standing tall, you are short of nothing.

You don't need better hair, you need to use your head and have a good head on your shoulder.

You don't need to be more of a bad girl, you have to embrace being a good woman and understand what's popular is usually corruption. Bad is fun, but good is quality and it lasts.

You don't need to sleep with more men to gain more experience. You need to wake up and understand that practicing with different teams every time won't make you perfect for one team. The team you need practice with is the team you're guaranteed to be on forever. Get the ring first, then, get to practicing.

You don't need your skin to be lighter, darker or anything else. You don't need your nose to be different, your lips to be resized etc.

Embrace who you are. Learn to be comfortable with who God made you. Develop the mindset that the creator doesn't make mistakes.



I Truly Loved You

I loved you. I truly loved you.

You were the woman to whom my eyes, ears and heart were glued.

You were the beholder of my deepest feelings and greatest memories.

You were the woman who I would walk through hell for because you were my heaven.

I still wonder if I will wonder about you when I'm married with grandkids questioning what life would've been like with you in it.

For you I would fight World War III alone just to be with you.

I endured the worst of the worst refusing to let you leave my side—such pain it was to have you, my rib detached from my side.

I cherished the beautiful moments I had with you, the meaningless argument that led to the most heartfelt apologies.

I loved your kisses and your acts of kindness, and your words that built me up even when you were feeling down.

You held me down.

After we went different ways, it was a battle. I felt as if I had been detached from a conjoined twin.

For years, the footsteps you left on my heart made it almost impossible to look at any other woman, and I've yet to let another one walk in.

Wherever you are, I wish you the best.

You were the best I ever had, and sure you're the best the one for you has/will ever have.

Cold World

She grew cold and numb to the idea of love.

Her mind and body couldn't warm up to the soul's appetite for the very thing she's been served on a cold platter.

LOVE

She heard it so many times. Yet, the meaning of it seems to vanish faster than vapor.

The tears she shed were for the men who were no longer, but had promised forever.

The temperature of her heart would freeze the canal, which her tears ran through.

She grew cold with a frozen heart.

Every season was winter to her, and it was her way of preventing another fall.

Oh! How surprising it was to those who believed she was the sunshine.

When, in reality, they assumed it was just a cold front.

That is, until they began to experience the freeze themselves, and how empty of love she was.

She was miserable.

Yet, continued to grow colder, because what she had known to be love had wronged her.

The wrong men playing, "Mr. right now," eventually put out the fire she once had for love.

It was the reason why she grew cold, although the fire she once had for love was heartwarming.

She is in pain learning to navigate her way out of the strongholds, the fear, and the disappointments.

There will come a day that the fire in her reignites.

When she finally lets go of her experiences, the love she will have to offer

will be second to none.



Young Love

You were the youngest woman who captured my attention and pulled my interest.

Your face displayed such innocence. However, I soon learned it was actually stolen from you at an early age.

Your childhood was filled with memories that 'til this day, are hard for you to forget.

Horror stories, tragedy, and things that shouldn't be normal, occurred so often that to you, they became the norm.

People don't know some things about you.

If they did, they'd likely question the parenting of your parents.

Never was I able to hold that against you, but you couldn't forgive you. You operated with the mindset that something was wrong with you to have been taken advantage of and treated that way at such a young age.

Your words to me would hit my blood stream like venom from your tongue.

You learned to be this way from your experiences and the woman who made you. She spilled wickedness in you, yet, demanded that you be an angel.

A blessing she was, yet, a curse. So, you became the same to me: a blessing for my heart, but a curse to my brain.

Despite all of the flaws, I loved you and wanted you to love yourself.

You were young, wild, and free, and together we were loving, going wild and living free.

Free from who you'd been for most of your life.

You bit me, poisoned my thoughts, and hurt me.

You were a product of toxic relationships.

You couldn't help but be that person.

Immaturity guided our almost every step.

The fruit of 'us' was the harvest of great lessons, and mistakes which opened the door for change. Because of you, I've learned the power the past can have on someone and how important it is to forgive ourselves.

They said we were too young and I said we were too naïve, but we both learned.

It is my pleasure to know that because of me, you know a man will love you despite the darkest past and ugly secrets. Healing was the missing ingredient.

I pray you work on that recipe.

Where was he?

Where was he when you needed the type of hug that would make you feel as if all the broken pieces of your heart were merged back together?

Where was he when you needed hands to cup your face and swipe their thumbs on your cheeks to wipe away the tears?

Where was he when you felt as if you were the only soul upon this earth, barricaded by nothing good on any side? Why wasn't he by your side?

Where was he when you wanted that soft kiss on your forehead that would make you forget everything?

Where was he when your mouth was overloaded with words, your heart ready to vent? Where were his ears?

Where was he when you needed to be loved and supported?

He wasn't there, yet, you guilt yourself for not being there for him for the most insignificant things.

You strengthen your grip on him as he continues to fade out of your life, refusing to let someone who's not willing to be there, be there.

Where was he when you wanted his presence and needed his company?

Where was he?

Bully

You bullied me.

You pointed out my weaknesses and mocked my strengths.

You found flaw in my smiles and perfection in my frowns.

You teased my insecurities and reopened my scars to cut deeper and make evidence of the pain last longer.

You convinced me to give you my heart and treated it as trash.

You picked fights about nothing, so that “everything” could be your answer when I asked what’s wrong with us.

You redefined bitterness, and brought to life the words, “love and hate,” in action.

Oh, how I loved you, but the love changed to dislike, (since hate is a too strong of a word to describe it).

Your disliking of me drove me to not like myself.

You were my ride or die. It seems as if you weren’t in it for the ride though, just there for the death of me.

Lifeless I became because of you. My heart became a freezer.

You sucked the beauty from the words, “I love you” to me and made them words used to apologize.

To your friends and family you broadcast my shortcomings.

I felt as if my life was televised.

You made me feel inadequate and the day I finally walked away was the first day I felt alive again.

I learned from you that the wrong relationship at the wrong time can pull out the life in you.

Every bully is simply expressing their misery by trying to make someone else miserable.

It’s been a while since we’ve exchanged words, but I hope by now that bitterness has become better-ness.

Weak Men

You are the ultimate nemesis to weak men.

You threatened them in every way.

You are an enemy who knows their playbooks and recognizes their games. You are someone who is familiar with their trickery and who can quickly identify the lies.

You are no stranger to their tactics, their plans, decisions or intentions.

To them, you are a land of hot charcoal and they are snakes looking to dance their way through you.

Their insecurities are magnified in your presence, and their sweet nothings they speak are exposed around you.

You remind them of the lack of substance and truth their hearts possess and how their possessions are not enough to lure you in.

It was as if you were the world's best goalie and they were the worst amateur players in the world. A mountain of obstacles you were to those with the wrong goals, trying to achieve the wrong things.

You were too strong minded for their weak minded games.

You leave no room for a man to "be a man," as they say, which only translates that they were not man enough for you.

You exposed the boy in them.

You're not worth it in their eyes, meaning you know your worth and you refusing to settle for men who aren't even worth your time make you not worth it.

Weak men will forever be disgusted by your kind, because you are a lioness they thought would be prey.

One day

One day you won't have to wear a bullet-proof vest to protect your heart on every date.

You won't have to bite your tongue when they ask you what you're looking for hoping they don't mold themselves into who you say you want only to get what they want.

One day you won't have to keep your guard up, praying that they court you. You won't have to give out your number with the thought that you might be just a number.

One day you won't have to see it in sign language to believe it to be love. You won't have your heart resting within the middle of Jericho.

One day you won't have to sell yourself short hoping that will keep the relationship together.

You won't have to be loyal to checking on them to see if they are loyal to you.

You won't have to feed yourself lies to satisfy your hunger for affection, consistency, quality time or faithfulness.

One day you will no longer fight to hold on to toxic relationships, treating the wrong people as oxygen poisoning yourself to death.

You won't have a revolving door to your heart allowing thieves who come to rob you of all the good you have to offer walk in out of your life.

One day, you will quit wondering why it never worked with people before.

You will quit wondering what love feels like. You won't have to dream about getting effort, loyalty and consistency from someone.

One day you will marry your best friend, love will be real to you, and you will be on your journey to forever.

Hang on. That day will come.



Cavewoman

You were a traditional woman.

You opened my eyes to the importance of the godly structure of relationships.

You believed submission to be your duty, a foreign concept in this modern world.

You understood how the man ought to be submitting to God and willing to lay his life down his wife just as Christ laid his life down for sinners.

You allowed me to lead, inspire me to grow beyond the potential you saw in me.

Your soft answer during our turmoil would stop the wrath of my tongue.

You always defeated me with your kindness.

You fed me both physically and spiritually, providing proper meals and timely encouragement in much during much needed times.

Your humbleness would often kick my pride off his high horse.

Your independence you cherished but your heart truly desire to find the right partner to depend on. You allowed me to taste a bit of that role.

You opened my eyes to why God set structure of family and how keeping the structure organized with both partners playing their role right is vital and beautiful.

I not only thank you for the experience, but commend you for swimming against the flow of today's modern women.

Blessed is the man who gets the honor to have a woman like you.

Let your ways be an inheritance to your daughters, your lifestyle is scarce in this world and a drought of your kind is upon our Earth.

You can't compare apples to oranges nor should you
compare your past with anyone else's future.

Therefore, I beg you to quit comparing yourself to the
women who aren't you.

Comparing your bloopers to their highlight reels will
always keep you unsatisfied, my dear.

If there's any comparison that needs to be done, let it be
between the person in the mirror and the person you
desire and were created to be. Invest your energy filling
in the gap between your "now" and your future.



Misunderstood

You were misunderstood because they did not invest the time into getting to know you.

They scratched the surface and said you were too difficult to dig any deeper.

You were to them a woman of great needs with a mouth full of complaints.

I had to become an archaeologist to discover the deep things they failed to research.

Conversations about nothing we had, your past I cared to learn to know who you were.

I wanted to know both the old and new you.

As I brushed off the dust of your old experiences and began to analyze your history.

I began to see why you developed into the woman you were.

As I dove in more, with a magnifying glass staring at your core, it opened my eyes to the scars that shaped you, the accomplishments that molded you, the encounters your thought process came from, etc.

I learned that you're not as complex and difficult as you seem.

You were often not heard and misquoted. Your defense mechanism was often seen as an offense to others. Fear lived in the rooms of your heart.

At your core, all you wanted was success, love and happiness. You wanted to please God, make your parents proud, and have great friends. You wanted to talk about everything whether it mattered or not and wanted to create moments and experience life in every way possible.

In your silence was everything you
ever wanted to say.

In your smile was the reflection of
your heart.

In your sarcasm was truth that needed
to be expressed.

In your "whatever" were deeply-buried
thoughtful suggestions.

In your "okay," were cries to be
listened to and understood.

In your sighs were warnings.

In your, "its fine" responses were
wake up calls.

In your tears were your heart's
desires.

You Should Let Me Love You

I watched you love another man who didn't love you.

It was painful.

I watched you go to different makeup artists to cover up the damages he did to your face from beating you.

You both fought (literally) to make-up.

I watched you bury your dreams for him only to live a nightmare-straggling along with the burden of resentment in your heart.

I watched everything go wrong, but you'd repeatedly say, "I have to stick through the bad because I love him, right?" but you never saw the good.

Your mind was divorced from logic, and emotionally, you were married to him.

Unfortunately, you were blinded by what you thought was love. Because you loved so hard, you believe it was supposed to be that hard.

You never knew happiness.

It was painful to watch you torture yourself-wondering if one day they'll come tell me you're dead before you made your way into my life.

I waited, hoping you wouldn't wait until every bone of your body was broken and every piece of confidence in you was destroyed to move on.

I still hope that was your decision. I never waited to find out, nor did I see what would come of us because I saw in your eyes that it would be a while until you'd had enough.

The times you pushed me away, hinting for me to mind my business hurt me.

The food for thought I tried to feed you, you partially swallowed and vomited, staying trapped within the bars of denial.

Back I fail as you pushed and drove my focus to my own business, my own life and growth.

You didn't deserve to be treated this way, but unfortunately, we deserve what we settle for and can't be helped if we don't want to be helped.

When you give love another try with someone else, I beg you to let them love you. What you experienced was a fraudulent love. Real love will come from a

man who will knock on the doors of your heart like I would, and beg you to lock the door behind you. Lock the door of your past.

Distance Love

Home was within the walls of your heart.

Close we became, yet, we were so apart.

A plot twist, considering earth is filled with couples who are close in location yet, so far apart.

Distance never made it feel as if there was a gap between us. Love was an invisible string between us pulling our hearts closer and closer together, keeping our fire alive as we lived miles apart.

I never felt separated from you.

FaceTime was the only time we got some face-to face-time. It allowed us to face communication issues that have injured many relationships.

The calls felt like a class, you were my favorite subject and every time we talked, I was learning you.

Physical attraction was established, yet, never did it become the rock of our relationship.

Communication was water to our world and endurance was air to our relationship.

Loyalty was so embedded within our cores that death itself could not stand a chance against us.

The venomous words of the doubters and those who envied us traveled in and then out of our ears faster than a bullet.

They couldn't grasp it. They couldn't see how it was possible for two souls to be at such unity, yet, so far apart.

Never will they understand until they form a friendship, allow it to catch fire, and let the similarities to be fuel without giving the disagreements to put them out.

We did it, just that.

Grateful I was for our experience, it became evident to me that distance was like age, just a number, as long as maturity became the mother of the

relationship and faithfulness the father.

I had always believed distance to be a villain when it comes to love stories, but the unwilling hearts who can't dedicate themselves to play their role was the reason distant lovers experience such chaos.

Her words were often strangers to her
actions.

She meant every word she said, but
the clues were in how she said it.

Her "no," can mean "yes," based on
the tone of her voice.

And her "yes," could mean "no," based
on the mood she is in.

Her actions often betrayed her words.

In her speech were hints only a man
who has taken the time to study her
and master her habits could
understand.

Evette

Daughter of Eve,

It is treason to give your soul to any creature with an Adam's apple whose words you allow to slither between your ears, convincing your mind that your body should be compromised.

That is a lie from the pits of hell, from the tongue of Lucifer.

You are a gift to this Earth and your womanhood ought to be a gift to your Boaz.

Your temple is a place of worship, your husband's sanctuary. Never was it built to be a club with low entrée fee and loose rules.

Do not allow this world of sin to convince you that your gift can be a present to anyone willing to commit.

Sex sells, but that's with the power of false advertisement.

It's more than a tool for pleasure but a bonding force, able to create bonds, that can't be formed between you and the descendants of Cain.

Daughter of God, he beautifully designed you and perfectly wrote your love story.

Don't sell yourself short. Your love story ought to be a best seller, anything less is an insult to the best author of all time.

Falling for you was the cost of my
heart stumbling over a blessing, an
unexpected event at a perfect
occasion...

A joining of two incomplete
individuals looking to build a
complete bond and unusual love
story...

We went up against all odds.
You came into my life at my darkest
hour, and cracked open through the
layers of my hopelessness and fear
that covered my heart.
You filled every vein in my body with
hope. You opened me to love, and
opened my thoughts to the idea of a
soulmate.

My Anger

My anger would drive you to break into silence.

You had nothing to say and were unwilling to add fuel to the fire of the argument.

You never criticized the ugly paintings that were painted when my true colors came out.

Rather, you would analyze the beauty in it as a whole. Your facial expression would scream “stop and breathe” as words jetted out of my mouth from the depth of my heart, the yet-to-heal part of me.

Guilt would wrap its arms around my throat to choke my pride, the nerves that were hit would become numb.

I often felt confused during those times. I could never grasp your reaction. I never knew how positive you would be.

You would act different than what I’m used to and expected.

You would remain calm. Softly you would reply to me, sounding so distant from anger.

What I have figured out is that your kindness kills.

Your kind words and actions would cause me to stop questioning myself. It would cause me to chastise myself thereafter.

Thank you for bringing to life, the concept behind, “Kindness kills” to me.

You were a mime of love.

A mute lover

You defined "I Love you" through
actions.

You showed me what, "I love you" is
supposed to look like when it's truly
from the depth of someone's heart.

You were a demonstrator.

Humanistic love in the flesh

The way you treated me solidified
your loving words and spoke to my
senses.

Scars

They may never understand your scars.

How you've endure the worst of worst

How it felt to find out the monster every kid is scared of lives in your mirror

How someone out of your bloodline robbed you of your innocence, stealing your purity

How the imprint of that familiar face would easily be reminded when sex came to mind

How intimacy and sex became contradictory to you since its image has been tainted in your mind

How your parents separating split your heart into half; how love spilled out of one side and hate out of the other

Having mixed feelings about your parents and yourself

How your teen years consisted of others using sharp words to cut through your insecurities and create more scars from your childhood

How you gave yourself away in order to gain love yet you gain more hate for yourself

How the loved ones you want to accept you point out the ugliness things about you

How you walk through life so broken yet cover up the pieces with a smile.

People are often too busy in their own battle or too busy running away from their own struggle to care for yours

You owe no one an explanation. They won't understand.

She is Different

She preferred having her eyes lost in the night sky wondering about the stars, the universe and the creator

Her “Turn ups” consisted of tuning to romantic movies as she carefully fed her romantic appetite and documentaries to feed her curiosity.

Her partying consisted of celebrating her savior within the walls of a church.

Her “fun” was carefully staring at beautiful art pieces as they stood with their backs against the walls of the museum.

She preferred the “goal digging” lifestyle. Burying herself into her work, planting seeds of hard work without growing complacent. She craved success, chasing dreams, and living for purpose.



She is a super hero.

A life giver

A life changing energy lies within
her.

A caregiver who can loosen the grip a
man has on independence

A natural remedy that can put to
sleep the anger within a man

A drug that any man who desires a
quality woman will become addicted to

She is powerful.

A powerful force that is able to
resurrect the good man buried in any
man

A power to forgive lives within her,
one that can cause every skeleton
within a man's closet to feel
invisible and of no significance

A gift of servitude lies within her
that will grab the hand of a man and
guide him off the throne of his pride

The Best of Me

Your presence would remind me that I was a human being with a heart.

A soul capable of experiencing pain and touched by beautiful moments,
your presence reminded me that I was a non-fictional character who wanted his own love story, rather than a super hero whose purpose is to save the world.

Your presence would soften up the hardcore parts of me. You would put the macho man in his place, and wake up the sensitive and considerate gentleman in me.

Your presence would pull out the best of me, it would bring to life the romanticism in me, the loving and caring part of me.

The façade of this heartless beast would crumble at the sound of your voice. The shield I had around my heart because of fear would vanish in your presence.



My bride

They say one man's trash is another man's treasure.

I beg to differ. You've always been a treasure.

You are yet to be discovered by someone who's seen your true value.

Blind fools were the only ones to believe that you weren't priceless and worthy.

I see your value. I want to treasure you for the rest of my life.

The apple of my eye, my best friend, my darling, my lover, my bride and future wife

It is an honor for a woman like you to trust me with your heart.

You found beauty in parts of me that no one stayed long enough to discover.

I dream of the day I will receive you from your father.

I picture myself waiting for you, beautifully dressed in white, an angel walking down the aisle.

As you take steps closer and closer to becoming one with me, my eyes become blurry, my eyes watery, and tears of joy slowly fell upon my face.

As my heart beat violently inside my chest, I start a new covenant with you; one I will honor until we finish our race.

My bride, I cannot wait for our wedding day. I can't wait to commit my life to my only true love.

I will wait for you.

Thank You...

Meet the Author



Pierre Alex Jeanty, Founder of Gentlemenhood™ is a Haitian-American author, a poet and social media influencer who is devoted to making an impact through his writing. He primarily focuses on creatively sharing his journey, lessons and mistakes he made as he walked into manhood and into love. Pierre vows to share his wisdom to all in hopes to inspire men to become better. He also strives to be a voice of hope to women who have lost faith in good men. This is the vision of his brand and the agenda he follows as a writer.

Pierre was born in Port-Aux-Prince, Haiti where he resided up until February of 2000. He moved to the United States of America in hopes of finding a better life. Pierre learned English through watching cartoons and attending ESOL classes in middle school. In high school Pierre excelled academically and athletically, being one of the best cross country and track runners during his years. He attended Bowdoin College in Brunswick Maine where he dropped out after his 2nd year at the Liberal Arts College. He then focused on networking online which gradually turned into him turning his passion to express himself and write into his career.

Pierre is currently residing in southwest Florida as a Certified Life Coach and blogger aside from being an author and social media guru. His first book “Unspoken Feelings of a Gentleman” is still being recognized as a game changing piece of literature that is touching many hearts and minds and helping people better themselves.

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