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Cover design: made by the author using Canva

Illustrations: made by the following artists on Canva: pixabay, Nadiinko, Victoria rusyn, graphix’s images, vintage illustrations, One Line, By Rikaru, jirwan73

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ISBN 978-82-303-6254-9 (Hardcover)

ISBN 978-82-303-6241-9 (Paperback)

ISBN 978-82-303-6213-6 (EPub)

ISBN 978-82-303-6253-2 (PDF)

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About the author

Susanne Zazzera works as a biologist in Norway. She finds much inspiration from the natural world, which is clear in her first publication “The metamorphosis of you”. She started writing as a way to heal after heartbreak, and regularly posts her poems on Tiktok under @for\_the\_healing. In her spare time, she also enjoys painting and spending time in nature.

Foreword

Like so many before me, I have experienced how incredibly painful heartbreak can be. The only thing that seemed to help was reading poetry. It made me understand that my feelings were validated and that I was not alone in my situation. As I coping mechanism, I also started to write. Some of the poems in this book originate from my first heartbreak, which happened over five years ago. Over the years (and after many heartbreaks, big and small) I was eventually left with this collection that you are about to read.

I hope you find comfort in my words.

The Metamorphosis of You

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The butterfly goes through

four stages in life

and it is only during the last one

it has the ability to fly

Maybe this is how it works

for us humans too

**Phase 1 - the egg**

**falling in love**

I catch myself dreaming of you

when I close my eyes

my head on your chest

our hands intertwined

your soothing voice assuring me

that there is nowhere else

you would rather be

and in this fleeting moment

time stands still

and everything is just

right

The smell of newly brewed coffee

on a Sunday morning

the softness of newly washed sheets

when drifting off to sleep

the tightness of a hug from a loved one

you haven’t seen in a while

the sound of birds singing melodies

outside your bedroom window

the sight of the sun rising

leaving the sky painted with colors

the feeling of warm water

embracing your skin in a bath

These are the sensations I long for

but none of them come close

to the feeling of

your hand stroking me

your gaze catching mine

your voice softly speaking

None of them come close to

you

She asked me

what is your perception of love

and immediately I told her about you

because to me

you are the embodiment of it

you wear love so gracefully

it flows through you so effortlessly

emanates from your very being

and turns everything you touch into gold

When you look at me

the butterflies in my stomach

twirl in anticipation

After being on my own for so long

I had forgotten how someone

can make you feel so small

Looking for their approval

in everything you do

desperately wanting them

to notice your efforts

smiling every time their name

lights up your screen

Fearfully hoping

that this time

everything will be different

In my next life

I wish to be a butterfly

that way

I can always be with you

Land on your shoulder

when you need companionship

and show you the way

when you seek guidance

I never planned on catching these feelings

but now I am drowning

desperate for your love

and I hate the sensation of needing you

because I had just learned

that I am enough on my own

until my eyes meet yours

and suddenly

I am not anymore

I knew I had fallen for you

when my thoughts automatically

drifted to you for comfort

you were the first thing

on my mind after waking up

and the last thing I saw

before falling asleep at night

you followed me everywhere I went

There was no escaping my feelings anymore

I found myself in a place

where simply holding hands with him

felt scarier and more intimidating

then spending the night

with any other man

I felt more naked and vulnerable

just from his eyes meeting mine

than I had ever before

by any man undressing me

To me

love is not some grand gesture

it is not planning a surprise vacation

or picking out an expensive ring

It can be, but mostly

love is bursting out in laughter

because your partner makes a funny face

It is sharing a slice of cake

because there was only one left

it is sensing when they need space

and when they need a shoulder to cry on

it is even admiring how soft and sweet

they look when drifting off to sleep

It is the small things

the subtle things

that shows just how much love

you have for each other

I am afraid to lose myself in you

to lose the person I have grown into

these past years

independent and confident

I am afraid I will put my life on hold

turn down opportunities

or drift away from my friends

because I have done so before

stopped focusing on myself

for the sake of us

I think we both knew

it wasn’t destined to last

yet it felt so good

to be held in your arms

touched by your hands

and kissed by your lips

I had never felt such warmth

from any man before

it scared me just how much

I wanted you to stay

**Phase 2 - the larvae**

**Breaking**

I wonder who came up

with the phrase “heartbreak”

because to me it feels more

like my whole being is breaking

every fiber of my body

and every inch of my soul

is fighting to endure the pain

Like an egg cracked open

I am now left entirely

naked and vulnerable

forced to protect myself

from the outside world

and the people who hurt me

But also, with a sense of curiosity

for what this new reality may bring

The recipe for heartbreak:

A soft heart and a gentle soul

I was not expecting

how capable I was

of loving you

or how incapable you were

of loving me

There are days

when I want to scream to you

just how much you hurt me

expressing my feelings of rage

and betrayal

But then there are days

when all I want

is rewind to the moments

when I was laying on your chest

and you peacefully kissing

my forehead

It confuses me

just how much I hate you

and just how much I love you

all at the same time

You must have known

how deeply I had fallen for you

when I held you in my arms

or cooked your favorite food

when I looked at you in awe

and kissed you good night

you must known when I told you

I loved you

Maybe you knew

but chose to ignore

or maybe you didn’t believe

that anyone was capable

of loving you the way that I did

Truthfully,

I don’t know which is worse

I am very much

a suffer in silence type of person

but the suffering that followed you

was anything but silent

The worst part

was knowing it had to end

but not being strong enough to end it

Being unhappy

yet still thinking the alternative

would somehow be worse

You were like a burning house

and even with the damage

I still called you home

I sat and watched as the walls fell apart

because even though they were breaking

I had nowhere else to go

I guess I didn't realize

that the smoke from your fire

would eventually collapse my lungs

and make it painful just to breathe

It was so confusing to me

that the same hands that

embraced me with love for so long

were also the same hands

that would eventually break me

how could the same person who patched me up

also be the person who stabbed me

Isn't it ironic

how when you were grasping for air

because you felt trapped by my presence

I was grasping for air

because without you I could not breathe

You were so blinded

by the way they had hurt you

I think you forgot to see

just how much you were hurting me

in the process

Your name

has carved itself on to my skin

like a tattoo I am starting to regret

but can’t yet afford to have removed

I remember when we ended it

he told me I deserved someone better

and I wondered for how long

he had held that belief

how long he had known

I should have been treated better

yet not willing to treat me

the way he said I deserved

I wondered how long

he had neglected my needs

all the while knowing I had them

all the while knowing

they could be met

I wondered how long

he had known that there would

be someone else out there

ready to give me all that he didn’t

but still not willing to let me go

How was I supposed to know

that love was not meant to feel like that

when all I had ever known

were the small crumbs of

affection you would spare me

I am done

giving my heart to people

who are undeserving of my love

I am sick

of fighting for affection from men

who see me as disposable

I am tired

of draining myself with lovers

who have no intention of loving me at all

Forgive me for confusing

your lust with love

Forgive me for believing

you wanted my soul

when you were simply

aching for my body

I wanted you to hold me

and tell me it would all be ok

But then I remembered

you were the reason I was not

and no amount of comfort from you

could ever make me feel ok again

There once was a girl

so pure even the water envied her

her soul was soft and gentle

and like a flower, she bloomed

more beautiful each day

But the thing about flowers is

people pick them

place them in their homes

claim them as “theirs”

as if they can possess something

that was never meant to be owned

as if they can tame something

that was always meant to be wild

But then one day

they forget to give it water

the leaves begin to crumble

and the petals start falling off

so, they toss it away

and replace it with something new

I tightened my grip

because I wanted you to stay

but as my fingers closed in

you slipped away

When you left you took

a piece of me with you

I have been searching

for that piece ever since

In drunken nights

and short lived distractions

but no empty bottle

and no passionate kiss

has ever come close to the

feelings you used to stir in me

Still, I continue the search

in hope that something or someone

may one day come close

Was it always your intention to leave

once you got what you wanted

or did you change your mind along the way

These are the questions your silence left me

and your silence is so loud

I can’t hear anything else

Is it too much to ask

for someone who recognizes

that there is more to me

beyond my body

That I have qualities

making me capable of

achieving remarkable things

Is it too much to ask

for someone who does not

take me for granted

but appreciates me for all that I am

and is excited to love me

and all that I ever will be

I have this habit of confusing lust with love

Every time someone new

finds their way into my life

I foolishly believe that

we have the same admiration

for each other in our eyes

I have no fear that they may look at me

differently from how I look at them

and I have no doubt in my mind

that the words they tell me

will hold true now and till the end

There is not even an ounce of insecurity

when they treat me in a way

many may label “too good to be true”

because in my heart I know I deserve no less

than what the best man can do

Even after being deceived by men

who never had my best interest at heart

It is still a foreign concept to me:

craving someone’s body

but pretending to want a soul full of art

I don’t know how many of these

I have left in me

How many times I can lift myself up

after being disappointed again

how many times I can start over

after another person leaves

Asking the same questions

to different faces

hoping for new answers

I started to realize

it was never about

what I felt for you

it was about how I felt

about myself

in your presence

safe, wanted, loved

Those were the feelings

I started craving when you left

and it didn’t matter anymore

that you weren’t the one

giving them to me

I told him I missed him

but the truth was I only told him

because I wanted him to say it back

It wasn’t him that I missed

I missed having someone miss me

**Phase 3 - the chrysalis**

**healing**

It is not talked about enough

The need for rest and isolation

the need for healing and restoration

the need for processing and reflection

Instead of always jumping

from person to person

bringing past problems to new situations

The cycle will continue

until you make a home within yourself

and when it is time

emerge from the chrysalis

But until then

give yourself the love

you so desperately seeked from everyone else

I thought you broke my heart when you left

but the truth is

I broke my own heart by staying

when you left

I could finally return home to myself again

I am loved

by the people around me

for my empathy and ambition

I am loved

by the moon and her stars

for recognizing their beauty and importance

I am loved

by the butterflies in my garden

for being provided with sweet nectar

But most importantly

I am loved

by myself

for taking care of my heart

cultivating my crafts and tending to my soul

for writing poetry and creating art

for dancing in the kitchen and singing in the shower

I am loved

and that is enough

even if it is not by you

I had so much love to give

when you said you didn’t want it

I was not sure what to do

But then a voice told me

give it to the one who needs it the most

so I gave it to myself

I don’t know why

we pride ourselves

in not caring for each other

as if it is something to be proud of

to have a closed-off heart

as if it is desirable

to be unable to feel

It takes courage

realizing that someone you love

is also breaking you

and therefore, letting them go

Removing them from your life

when every limb in your body

aches to be by their side again

Like an addict craving drugs

you long for their presence

yet fully aware

that the euphoria they give you

will only last for hours

and that the excruciating pain that follows

will never be worth the high

I thought losing you

would mean the end

of my happiness

ironically

I can’t remember a time

being more content than now

Where does the love go you ask

when the person you used to gift it to

no longer wants it

well, let me tell you darling

It goes towards the gentle people around you

to the sight of sunsets and rainbows

the smell of flowers and herbs

the sound of music and laughter

the feeling of the sun on your face

to all the beautiful things in life

but most importantly

it goes towards yourself

When you have been disappointed

so many times

because your heart has shattered

again, and again

and the parts no longer seem to fit

after desperatbly trying

to piece them back together

you start feeling numb

careless, indifferent

no longer able to feel the pain

And although it might protect

your fragile heart from breaking

it will also stop it from loving

You cannot feel the warmth of love

without the risk of getting hurt

you see they come in pairs

so, to accept love

is to accept the risk

of reliving the pain all over again

I used to hate you

for the pain you made me feel

but now I hate even more

that the heartache you inflicted

numbed my ability to feel anything at all

What pains me is knowing that the people who hurt me continue to do so, not by intention - but by scars they left. They live their lives happily unaware of how their actions and the words they spoke still affect me. As if their lack of effort somehow reflected my worth. Even after years of healing, they hold power over me. Still, their ghosts imply that I am unworthy of love.

While healing from heartbreak

you are grieving the loss of a person

who is still among the living

You may feel bad for hurting so much

when they are still alive and well

but even though they didn’t die

their love for you did

and they decided that walking

this earth without you

is better than having you by their side

So, please be easy on yourself

when you try to belittle your pain

Beware the men

who give you compliments

only when they want something in return

Beware the men

who are generous

only when they get their will

Beware the men

who tell you they love you

only when your feet

are placed on top of their shoulders

I have spent many restless nights

cursing your name

wondering how you

could break me so easily

Eventually, I realized

although you were in the wrong

I was not the helpless victim

I had convinced myself I was

I chose to stay

when I knew I should have left

and that was my mistake

After a while

the anger started to fade

and I began to realize

that although I didn’t deserve it

I still had responsibility

for accepting *too much*

and expecting *too little*

from you

What do you do

when you crave intimacy

but at the same time

fear getting too close to someone

What do you do

when you don’t want to be alone

but also don’t want to depend

on anyone ever again

What do you do

when you desire love

but the very thought of it

also makes you shiver

What do you do

when the thing

you want the most

is also your biggest fear

They never tell you about

the aftermath of a broken heart

they never tell you

that there will come difficulties

beyond getting over

the person who hurt you

That you will have fears

about falling in love again

or that will hold yourself back

because the memory of the pain

has carved itself on to your skin

and even the slightest touch

is enough for you

to be reminded of the wound

and start pulling back

Forgive me

if I cannot give you everything all at once

for I have been hurt one too many times

to pour myself into people

not capable of handling my heart

Be patient with me

and you will see

just how much love

I have to offer

The hardest part of healing a broken heart

is not getting over the person who hurt you

it is learning how to trust again

Forgiving past lovers is difficult

but not doubting the words and actions

of new ones feels impossible

Breaking down the walls

that once protected you so fiercly

when doing so puts your heart at risk

Being vulnerable with someone

when your entire body wants to resist

because there is always a chance

it might end badly again

*that* is the hard part

And if you want to leave

then please leave now

Please leave now

before I tell my mom how your fingers

fit so perfectly inside my hand

please leave now

before i let my friends know that the colour

of your eyes suddenly became my favourite

please leave now

before my mind dares to imagine

how perfect we could be together

please leave now

before my heart becomes so full of you

that I can barely call it my own

Please leave now

because if you do so later

I’m not sure how I will be able to cope

At first

I wanted you to promise me

that you would never leave

I wanted you to assure me

about how we were supposed

to stay together forever

that you would never grow

tired of loving me

even with a face full of

wrinkles and my hair turning grey

But then I realized

love does not work like that

because it cannot be forced or coerced

and If it is

then that is not love

We value flowers for their beauty

forgetting that even the least pretty ones

still provide leaves for hungry caterpillars

and give nectar to starving butterflies

Seek a love that doesn’t chain you

but instead sets you free

a love that doesn’t blind you

but makes you see things clearer

I hate that I feel like

I have to water myself down

in fear of being too much

I hate that I feel like

I have to pretend

to not care as much as I do

or let you wait before I can reply

so I don’t come off as too interested

Like that is not the whole point of all this

to find someone you don’t have to hold back with

someone who loves that you have so much to give

There will be days when your pain

makes it impossible for you

to leave your bed in the morning

and your only mission is just to survive

Then, there will be days when you laugh

and shake your head in disbelief

because you can’t understand

why you even used to like them

But still after that

there will still be days when

you are reminded of the pain

and it will be too much to handle

so you fall to the floor once again

and this time you feel guilty

because you thought that by now

you would be healed

But please remember

healing does not happen in a straight line

and nobody can tell you

how you are supposed to feel

not even the voice inside your own head

If he wants to go

let him

Hold the door open for him

and say your goodbyes

wish him only the best

even if that was not what he gave you

But don’t keep the door open

he was not for you

and that is ok

do not let him fool you

into thinking he might be one day

he showed you his true form

believe him now

or you will regret it later

The first week will hold more pain

than you have ever encountered

you will try to keep your mind busy all-day

only to be haunted by their ghost at night

After a while

the breakdowns will hit less often

until one day they happen so rarely

you almost forgot you used to have them

Eventually, you start to forget about

the person you once thought

you could never live without

but even with them gone

their ghosts still affect you

Because now you must learn

how to trust again

how to love again

and it will be the most terrifying thing

you ever had to do

**Phase 4 - the butterfly**

**ascending**

As she grows

the snake sheds her skin

to make room for the new version of herself

like her, you must also learn to say goodbye

to the old versions of you

Peel them off your skin and let them go

they serve only as a reminder of the past

look back to see how far you have come

but do not try to shrink yourself

to fit your old form again

it will only be painful

like wearing old clothes

that have become far too tight

At some point

your body cannot grow any further

then it is time, not for growth

but for a full transformation

This is the time you mold yourself

into something else entirely

this is the time you evolve so much

your old way of living becomes unrecognizable

the way you used to view the world

becomes nothing but a distant memory

the way you used to wish for

and entertain certain situations will feel strange

Now everything you do is rooted in love

love for yourself

but also love for the people who hurt you

because you know they served a purpose in your life

so, you thank them for the lessons

and you let them go

New year’s resolution:

For the upcoming year

my goal is to allow myself to love

to love without judgment

to love without fear

And equally as important

to let myself be loved

because I am deserving of it

I trust myself to be strong enough

to walk away from any situation

where my needs are not heard

or where they are heard but not met

I promise to create boundaries

and speak my truth

even if it hurts even if it means

I have to let people go

because I deserve a love

without manipulation

without indifference

I am ready to heal, to grow, to love

This is the year

I don’t allow anyone to use me

to silence me

or put out my fire

this is the year I shine so bright

some might have to clench their eyes

but they will also be grateful

for the warmth from my fire

To the people I hurt

I am sorry

I am sorry I was not conscious enough

to recognize I was hurting you

I am sorry I could not see

that the way I behaved impacted you

I am sorry I was too preoccupied

with protecting myself

that I forgot to protect you from me

I know now that what I did was wrong

I used my own pain to neglect yours

They say hurt people hurt people

but today I break the cycle

today I refuse to continue

to give my pain to others

Instead, I will mend it from within

I hope you heal from the trauma I caused

When you hurt me

you don’t have to worry about how I feel

because I will take that hurt

and turn it into art

But you however

you will have to live with the fact

that you hurt someone

who showed you nothing but love

and that I think

is much worse

I will no longer be the chill girl

The girl who puts up with your bullshit

just to keep you around

the girl that accepts way less than she deserves

just so she isn’t left alone

I will call you out

when you cancel our plans last minute

when you show up too late

leaving me wondering where you have been

I will let you know

when you are not giving me enough

because I deserve someone who will

When a child falls from a tree

she may grow up to believe

that all trees are dangerous

and she might even refuse

to ever climb again

The same can happen to us

when we experience heartbreak

the memory of the pain

stops us from trying again

because we are afraid of

what might happen if we fall

But it is only as you learn how to climb

you get the knowledge and experience

to know which trees

are safe enough to explore

They tell you you’re soft and sensitive

as if it is an insult

as if feeling all the emotions of the world is bad

but I would rather feel everything all at once

then to feel nothing at all

I used to think that I would love you forever

that even after years apart

my heart would still have a piece of you in it

and even after finding someone else

you would still be on my mind at night

But here I am

you haven't crossed my mind in a very long time

and when you sometimes do

it is not in a longing kind of way

but as an appreciation of how far I have come

sine you

A letter to past lovers

I don’t know if you will ever read this

but if you happen to stumble upon it

at some point in your life

I want you to know

that I have forgiven you

It took all of me to get over you

and it took even more to find the courage

to trust enough to love again

still, things come up for me at times

when I am reminded

of your actions and the words you spoke

you probably thought little of it at the time

and you probably weren’t aware

that some of the things you did

would haunt me for years to come

if only in small and subtle ways

Now I know

that they were only a reflection of you

and had nothing to do with me

I hope you heal too

so that the next person won’t have to

I don’t know why

I tend to fall so hard so fast

and I don’t know why

I get so broken when they leave

I don’t know why

I feel everything so deeply

it's as if the universe

took the emotions from a whole city

and poured them all into me

Maybe it's because

I am strong enough to hold them

or maybe everyone else dimmed their feelings

in order to survive

and then forgot to turn them back on

You deserve a healthy love

A stable love

a gentle love

a consistent love

a grounding love

a comforting love

a healing love

a calming love

an abundant love

I paused for a moment

and I thought about the way that I loved them

softly and consistently

How I held them in my arms

and hoped that their dreams would come true

how I wished for their traumas to be healed

And suddenly I realized

I was proof

my very existence was proof that

the love I sought existed

that it was possible to find unconditional love

because I myself loved unconditionally

She learned to live without you

she learned to love herself again

to enjoy moments alone

to not look for you

in every room she enters

or every pair of eyes that meet hers

to be content with knowing

it could not have happened

in any other way

I think the biggest lesson

was learning

I didn’t need anyone else

that I was ok on my own

and even though

some days may be lonely

the majority are not

Because I no longer worry

if something I do or say

might drive anyone away

and I no longer worry

that someone will not meet

the expectations I have for them

I am free

not because I can do what I want

but because their lack of effort

is no longer weighing me down

because I can be myself fully

and no man will ever be able

to take that away from me again

When we demand an apology

from the people who broke us

in order to move on

we give them power over us

We want them to explain their actions

what they were thinking

or how they could be so cruel

but the reasons they have

will not make a difference

the only closure you need

is knowing they knew it was wrong

but chose to do it regardless

There will come a time

after you've had enough time to process

you realize just how much you put up with

it will make you pull your hair in frustration

you wish you could go back in time

just to scream to your past self

to leave that person or situation

But you only did what you thought was right

with the awareness you had at the time

you must understand

you can’t blame the butterfly

for not being able to fly

before it had time to develop it's wings

Plant a seed and observe it for some time

it might appear not to have grown at all

but trust me when I say

some progress is not always seen

Because belowground

the roots are establishing

collecting and storing nourishment

to make sure the plant has everything it needs

before it can make a big leap toward the light

But what if it ends badly, she asked

Oh darling, but what if it doesn’t

what if, for the first time

you actually end up flying

You have been waiting for a while now

for that special person

for someone who yearns to touch your soul

instead of your body

someone who undresses you

not with their hands

but with their gaze

for someone who gives you warmth

not form their skin

but from their gentle heart

I know sometimes it feels like they will never come

because the world is full of people

who wouldn’t hesitate to spend the night with you

only to leave as soon as the sun rose again

but sharing your company with them

will only make you feel even more lonely

and having them fill your time

will only make you feel even more empty

I know it may be difficult

but I promise you this

every time you reject the people not meant for you

you come closer to finding the person who is

Up until now, I had thought of myself as a victim. I was confused about why I was always so unlucky with love. I told myself I don’t deserve to be treated so badly, because I gave them so much, yet all they did was take what they could without ever giving anything back. And although I didn’t see it at the time, I was the very person holding me back, by allowing people like that into my life, because I had become so certain that no good men existed anymore. I settled for the unworthy because I thought it was better than being alone. I didn’t realize I had a choice. I didn’t realize that even being alone, all alone, was better than ever allowing them to stay in my life. And I didn’t realize healthy love was actually an option. You see, it was never about meeting the right person, it was about opening myself up to the idea that the right person was out there and that even if I didn’t find them, I would still be ok on my own.

At first it scared me

falling for you and losing control

because suddenly

I had so much love

and when you have so much love

you also risk losing it

it can be taken from you at any second

by a stranger driving at night

by an untreatable disease

or even by the very person giving it to you

You can never be certain

how long it will last

but not knowing when it will go

is far better

then not having it at all

All my life I was thought

that love was supposed to be hard

It wasn’t until I met you

I realized just how soft it actually could be

When you asked me

what I was looking for

I gave you a vague answer

because I didn’t want to scare you

how could I tell you

when you were still just a stranger

that I was looking for someone

Someone who would go to

the ends of the world with me

someone who would not hesitate

to choose me in this lifetime

and for all to come

I was so startled when you told me

you were looking for the one

that you were far too old to be playing games

because I was so used to men

with the intention of doing just that

it took me by surprise

the level of maturity and bravery you had

you were not afraid to speak your truth

even before you knew

it was my truth as well

Thank you for loving the parts of me

I deemed unlovable

because of past relationships

Thank you for being patient with me

when I needed time to trust you

Thank you for never pushing me

or making me feel guilty

for not giving you everything at all once

Thank you for giving me the space

to be able to grow on my own

Thank you for letting me be sensitive

and emotional around you

Thank you for reassuring me

and not making me question

how you feel about me

Thank you for doing everything

the others never did

And all of a sudden

there it was

The mature and healing love

I had been searching for all this time

and for the first time

I could see so clearly

why it was never meant to be

with any of the others

Sometimes I forget

that I am safe with you

that I don’t have to question

your intentions

or your feelings toward me

that I can bring up our future

without fearing it might scare you away

that what I say will be heard

and that you will listen

because you want to learn

how to love me better

sometimes I forget

that you love me

the same as I love you

Sometimes I forget

because with the others

I was always on edge

prepared that they would tell me

things I didn’t want to hear

that I was only a stop along the way

but would never be the final destination

For the first time I felt safe

because even if their love for me fades

the love I have for myself never will

and the choices I make

will no longer be out of fear of losing them

but the fear of losing myself

It frightens me

how close I was to never meeting you

because a piece of me had given up on finding love

for a while, I didn’t even think it was possible

to find someone so kind and beautiful

I thought men like you only existed in fairytales

But still here we are

living our happily ever after

Even before I knew you existed

I was looking for you in everyone else

time after time

I was disappointed

because they didn’t have

your witty sense of humor

or your kindhearted spirit

some had many of your good qualities

but they were always accompanied

by others that were not

That was until I found you

the one my soul recognized

as having everything I was looking for

and then even some more

With our souls intertwined

I surrendered in your arms

and I knew I was safe

because your eyes spoke of softness

and your hands of warm embrace

The recipe for heartbreak:

-A soft heart and a gentle soul

But maybe

it is also the recipe

for the strongest of love

Dear butterfly

you completed all the stages

that many before you couldn’t

you transformed

into someone stronger, wiser, and braver

now, you can spread your wings

But make no mistake

you are not fully healed

and you never will be

your wounds have become scars

and with time they shall fade

but the scars will never fully vanish

you carry them with you

everywhere you go

they remind you of what you survived

they are not a sign of weakness

but that of strength and courage

so take great pride in

 the metamorphosis of you

Because despite it all

here you are

ready to fly

A final note

The phases of metamorphosis may confuse you

into thinking that healing is linear

and that once you are over the person

who broke you

you have fully formed your wings

ready to find another transformed soul

But you might still need time

and more people might hurt you

before you are ready to fly

It might take months

it might take years

but you will get there when you are ready

and even after forming your wings

there is no guarantee

that they will not get damaged or even fall off

there might come a time

when you must go through all the stages once more

and that is ok

just know that this book will be here

to comfort you again

Acknowledgments

First, I want to thank my friends and my family for buying me icecream and lending me their shoulder. For giving me advice and sharing their wisdom, even when I didn't want to listen. For being there for me when I needed them the most.

I also want to thank the people who follow me or read my poems on TikTok (@for\_the\_healing). You have encouraged me to keep sharing my words and you have made me realize how many people actually experience the same feelings.

Next, I want to thank my exes and failed situationships. Even though it hurt like hell, without you, this book would not exist. And of course, I want to thank my dear partner Alihussein who inspired many of these poems. The very catalyst of my own metamorphosis and the one who made it all worth it in the end.

Last, I also want to thank *you*. The very person holding this book. Whether you bought it on your own or because your friend basically forced you to as a “you’ll feel less alone” kind of gift.

- *Thank you.*