

Part I.-The Emotion

Timothy

Loneliness

After a long day of work, I walked through the door of my condo,

Expecting to smell the aroma of dinner being cooked in the kitchen.

Seeing my beautiful fiancée Teresa and giving her a hug and kiss,

But the apartment was a desolate darkness with an empty aura.

Something was up, she was routine and meticulous to a T, I called out her name and didn't hear anything.

Maybe she went out to dinner with some of her friends, And didn't tell me, it happens, or maybe I forgot.

As I turned on the lights to my hallway and walked to my bedroom,

I turned on my bedroom light and everything looked normal.

I opened my walk in closet to go get a hanger for my coat, All of her clothes, shoes, bags, jackets and accessories were gone.

In that moment, it was a state of shock, I was trying to process it all,

All of this time, she had warned me that she would leave.

We had issues for a while and we were working through them,

She was serious about walking away from our engagement.
I looked on our dresser and there was her engagement
ring,

With a note, I was afraid to open and read to be honest.
The truth had to be read and as a man, I needed to know
how she felt,

My heart all of sudden felt alone and out of place reading
the note.

After reading the note, my body started to feel numb,
I started walking through the house to see if she took any-
thing else.

Nothing. Not one other thing than her belongings, that was
it,

She was the last to leave the apartment today and she did
it quietly.

The apartment was so quiet, you can hear my heart beat-
ing,

As I finally took off my coat, hung it up in the closet and
ventured into the living room.

I was no longer hungry, it was 8:00 at night, I was mentally
tired,

Physically drained and still shocked, sad, and feeling sor-
row.

The three Ss infiltrated another S, my soul,

There was no coming back from this as I sat on my couch.

My mom and sister warned me of this day coming,

But cocky, facetious me had bravado, pride and ego.

A woman like her wasn't going to leave a corporate amer-
ica financial manager,

Who made tons of money, drove a nice car and gave her

everything materialistically.

It's what she enjoyed, or so I thought, maybe it's not the case anymore,

She always said she wanted me around, not the things I could buy for her.

I sat on my couch in silence and stared at this note,

There was no reason to turn on the television as it would just watch me.

It would watch me stare at this piece of paper as if it would dissipate out of my hand,

I would rewind back to this morning, kiss her goodbye, come home and she'd be here.

Her days were dwindling with all of the things we'd been going through,

This note personified her moving on to greater pastures without me.

This note said that I needed to change my ways,

This note told me that she was mentally tired of long nights without me.

Coming home to eat the plate left on the kitchen counter,

While she slept peacefully and subconsciously heard me in the shower before getting in bed.

There was a reason for all of this, you all have to understand,

Hopefully you all will process this, but you'll interpret it based on your own experiences.