By: Lady Jewells

Looking back at a broken romance.



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Volumes of Laughter,

Endearment.

**Tangled Reflections** by Lady Jewells (2011) Reaching across time, My mind reflects on thoughts of us. We once walked our separate lives. For a time, we shared our lives. And soon we were intertwined. Maybe it was too fast? Or was it too easy? Or perhaps it was somehow overwhelming? Our perspectives â *Our own reflections â* are colored by emotion. As we untangled our lives â it hurt. Our own perceptions matter to each of us. In our hearts â we feel it. Through our own memories â Our curiosity now seems almost surreal. We remember times of happiness â the laughter and our love. We also remember the feelings of frustration, We remember our anger and the bitter emptiness. Nonetheless â separately - we now move forward. Divided â we will journey beyond. Reaching across time, my mind searches â thoughts of us remain. My Memories of us â are like timeless pieces of tangled emotion. Curiosities,

Uncertainty,
Agitation,
Animosity,
And finally, Humorâ
Though I now stand alone, I am not lonely. I am Aware.
**Written forAngie Patterson onAugust 25, 2011Breaking up at any age is just tough.***

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