

The Cycle

By: Mackenzie Pence

He told me my eyes were green
But my whole life I knew they were hazel.
He said they were big and beautiful,
So I believed him.

He told me my hair was unique
It was just ordinary hair with curls.
He insisted it was different and interesting,
And I believed him.

He told me my smile was bright
Although I knew at times it was fake
I felt it could be more genuine,
But I believed him.

He told me he loved me.
Something I had never heard before
He promised he meant it,
And I was glad to believe it.

And then, he told me I was boring
And that I couldn't take a joke,
That I wasn't fun anymore,
And I believed him.

He told me I am worthless
Not with his words, but his actions.
I knew deep down he wanted someone else,
And I didn't want to believe that.

He told me he was joking
When he said he didn't want me,
When he said he didn't love me,
But I didn't believe him.

He said he was sorry for telling me
And he didn't mean what he said.
So I believed him, and forgave him,
And then he told me all over again.