

Your Text is Human Written



Things I Wish I Could Tell Her

There are things I wish I could say.

Not to fix it.

Not to win you back.

Just to put the weight down, even for a minute.

Because the truth is, I still carry you.

Not in some romantic way.

Not in denial.

But like a scar I've stopped hiding from.

You were the first person I ever felt safe enough to build a life with.

Not perfect.

But safe enough to dream, to try, to imagine myself as something more than just broken pieces.

And when it ended—when I broke it, when I broke us—I didn't know how to be anything without you.

I reached out in all the wrong ways.

I said things that made you flinch.

I sent things I wish I could take back.

I turned confusion into damage.

And even when I thought I was fighting for love—

I wasn't.

I was fighting against loss. Against truth. Against the parts of myself I didn't want to meet.

There's no sentence that undoes what I did.

No apology that erases impact.

But if this moment is mine—this quiet, unshared, unwitnessed moment—then let me say this:

I'm sorry I made you feel unsafe.

I'm sorry I pushed when I should've let go.

I'm sorry I mistook contact for connection.

I wish I could show you the work I've done.

Not the headlines.

Not the statements.

The real work—the silence, the sweat, the therapy, the nights I've spent pacing the same floor, asking myself the same question:

"How did I become someone who could hurt her?"

You don't owe me anything.

Not forgiveness.

Not understanding.

Not a conversation.

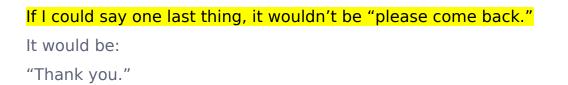
But if you ever wonder whether I saw it—really saw it—

the pain, the confusion, the betrayal...

The answer is yes. I see it now.

Every day.

And I live with that.



For loving me when I didn't know how to love myself.
For walking away when you had to.

And for showing me the line I never want to cross again.

- Billy Coull

Highlighted text is suspected to be most likely generated by AI*

1908 Characters

361 Words