

# RELATIONSHIP BREAKUPS

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## **Abstract**

Breaking up a relationship is not easy. Those on the verge of breaking up with their spouses may use different verbal and non-verbal means to express their desire to end the relationship. The following poems attempt to tell the complex processes of, and the mediums used for, relationship breakups.

Keywords: relationships, poems, breakups.

## **Distant**

Why does it have to be  
complicated

The sun

    The moon

        The hills

            The trees

                    Distant yet

Close to our hearts

The grass bends  
As the wind blows  
The crickets sing  
In euphoria  
Fireflies loom  
In the sky  
But why does it  
Have to be like this  
End like this

When what I ask is only for you to

    listen

## **Remind Me**

Don't remind me  
Of the things  
Said and done  
For there is nothing  
You or me to  
Say or do  
To mend us

Don't remind me  
Of the questions  
Asked and answered  
For your question  
Need no answer  
For I know  
And you too

Remind me  
Of the bills  
And debts  
Time wasted  
Money spent  
Feelings deceived  
There are more on the list

Remind me  
Of the little names  
You used to call me  
Words you used to say  
Faces that you used to make  
When we used to be  
What it used to be

Don't remind me

**Type**                      **Send**

'I wanna break up'  
Type                      send

'I dun luv u anymore'  
Type                      send

Are we cowards?

This is better

Less    bruises

Less    talk

**Chinese Brush**

It's not a smooth line  
that this brush produces  
A line that shivers  
as it moves with the trembling force  
of the delicate fingers that once touched  
my back

A line that baffles *Sung* and *Chou*  
and puzzles both *Li Po* and *Tu Fu*  
But it's a line that manifests our visions  
and dreams  
a line that prophesizes our unbreakable  
bond

As you lift your hand, the line ends  
Your calligrapher's block persists.  
But it's not you; It's Us  
Us on a dead end

If you leave,  
I shall yearn the  
lingering faint-smell of  
your ivory-yellowed skin.  
Those squinted eyes you inherited from  
your tiny-feet ancestor

But go if you insist.  
Take your brush  
and never knock on  
my Door again.