

My Painful Breakups And Support In Life

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toranvichara.com

*My Painful Breakups And Support In Life ~ Toranvichara

The article is based upon author's personal belief and experiences

Article Author:-Unknown

Added In:-22 Feb 2025 Sat

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"My heart is a big terrane where people have

*made their homes in. The home that burned will
always leave its smell"*

Break Ups hurt like someone set fire to your house and left you naked on the street shivering, not knowing where home will be. Not knowing if you'll ever get to see the house you grew so familiar with. The routines you did inside of it, the memories you made with it. All gone. To dust and to ashes.

Broken floorboards, the door burnt with just the hinges left. And the burning scent of charred flesh, wood and plastic.

What does one do without a home to go back to?

Everything burnt by the ever-present flames. The arms that embraced you become engulfed in the flames of heartbreak and devastation.

Who are you now? Who am I now?

After my first break up, I was struggling. Struggling with what? Everything I guess. I've always struggled feeling angry for myself. I've always tried

to justify or just sweep things under the rug as far as I know when it came to being angry at myself. So when that fateful day happened where my ex partner told me all the things I did wrong and how I made them question love. I was swimming in guilt yet was equally confused because it didn't sounded like the truth. However, again guilt was the only emotion that seeped inside my brain.

When I told my friend about what happened, she got so angry on my behalf. When I saw her seething so so angry. I had a moment of realization. What they said wasn't true. I had poured my heart into them from the moment we started being together. I have always loved intensely. With my heart, soul, and all the functioning parts of my body. My friends could attest to that (always). When I saw my friend angry, I realized I could also get to be angry. Then came the overwhelming hurt, anger, disgust I felt so disrespected.

From then on, I kept trying to understand, myself,

where did things go wrong, the levels of disrespect I endured, the hurt I went through. I kept talking and talking, verbalizing it in hopes of understanding the hurt I was put through was real. And I could be angry, feel hurt, from the actions that person did to me.

And then came the exhaustion the realisation that I kept talking about the same thing over and over again with my friends. I was embarrassed, I was so apologetic. I felt as if I was taking up so much space just to harp about the same thing over and over again.

While we (me and the same friend) were in the midst of yet another rant (from me) about the things I realised, I felt guilty for taking up so much of her time just to talk about the break up again. And I apologised to my friend, telling her how sorry I was for talking about it so much. What my friend said, will always always stay with me.

She said, *"It's okay bestie, Talk about it until it stops bothering you. I will listen to you always."*

It always makes me want to sob uncontrollably whenever I think back to the conversation. The sheer amount of love I get from my friends, the space they've constantly given me to talk about everything has been life changing. I don't think I'd be how I am if it weren't for my loved ones.

I felt this especially after my second breakup (a friendship one), (FRIENDSHIP BREAK UP HURT SO MUCH), this breakup hurt me and shook me to my core. I felt like I poured so much love into this person and it simply wasn't enough. I have always been lucky in this aspect, the people I've chosen to pour my heart into have always loved me back tenfold. So when I did the same to a new person after so many years. I was rejected. The love I gave felt like it was thrown into the abyss and all I could do was stare into the abyss in askance for any morsel of love I could get.

This breakup led me to question my entirety, the love that I was so confident in, felt like a facade. I started to question my existing friendships,

relationships (*you foolish little girl*) , I felt like I wasn't enough. That my love wasn't enough.

I still struggle with it, the loss of these people. However, I am forever glad that I had the support I needed. My friends vehemently reminded me of the traps (of self-blame) I had laid for myself to fall into. They shook me, slapped me, hugged me, kissed me, sang to me their declarations of love. How did I get so lucky to be loved so fiercely, so so tenderly, with so much care. I realized this person didn't have the capacity to love me the way I loved them. And that I already had people who loved me so much. That me questioning myself, questioning my loved ones was dishonoring the years of love, and trust they put into our relationships. But I only realized it after I was reassured by my loved ones that my love would always be enough.

The reassurance, the love my loved one's have poured into me makes me feel so full, so warm, and so so loved. I will eternally be so grateful to

be loved by people, to have the chance to love them just as hard.

So, Breaks up are so so hard, but surrounding yourself with the people who love you, who help you become who you are, who truly care for you makes it so much less of a burden.

There will be a gaping hole in my heart, always, loss is inescapable. It will always stay with me. But so will the spaces people have created in my heart. My heart is a big terrane where people have made their homes in.

The home that burned will always leave its smell, but I realized, I do have other homes I can take shelter in. Always.



Unknown

Hi, I am an Undeclared Author. I hope you like my article. I hope you to always be understanding, supportive and give your partner the love they deserve.

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