

Soft Words for Hard Feelings

He's Gone and I Can't Fix it

(for the grief that keeps circling back)

He's gone.

And the world didn't pause.

Didn't rewind.

Didn't let you explain or repair or say the thing you needed to say
at the exact moment it might've mattered.

And now you carry it—
this terrible weight of *almost*
this ache for what could have been
if only you'd seen it sooner, said it better, held on tighter.

You tell yourself you ruined it.
That it was your fault.
That if love was real, you wouldn't have faltered.
Wouldn't have pulled away. Wouldn't have been human.

But you were.
You *are*.

And being human means sometimes we love clumsily.
We get scared. We misread the moment. We run when we mean to stay.
And sometimes, heartbreakingly, we don't get the chance to circle back.

That's not because you didn't love him.
It's because life is unspeakably cruel sometimes, and it doesn't always leave room for the
redemption arc we *would've written* if we'd had the pen.

But here's what I want you to hear — not with logic, but with your bones:

Love doesn't disappear just because the story didn't end the way you wanted.

It was real.
Even in its unfinished form.
Even with the flaws and silence and mistakes.

You didn't ruin it.
You *lived* it.

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And now you grieve not just him,
but the version of yourself you were trying to become — the one who might've finally said
the right thing, at the right time, if only time had given you more.

But even that version of you —
the one carrying the regret,
the one who stays up wondering if he knew —
that version still *loves* him.

And I promise you:
Somewhere, in whatever unknowable space his spirit occupies now,
that is felt.

You don't need to fix the ending to prove the love was true.

It was.

It is.

And nothing — not even death — gets to take that away from you.