

Writing Samples  
Jessamy Corazon

### **Closure.**

I've said it a million times that I wish I would've never met you. I wish it wouldn't have been you and if I could go back knowing what I know now, I'd never look your way.

But if I'm being honest, I'm glad it was you. I think I'm mature enough now to say it out loud. I'd never say anything bad about you. Though I can't say I haven't cried to my best friend about how twisted it all ended up being. Which is strange because I know in the moment you meant every word you said.

I'm glad it was you though, because I wanted love. I was looking for love and if it hadn't been you who I found it all in, then it would've been someone else. And I don't think that someone else would've been as gentle with my heart as you were. They probably would've made me feel lesser than and I don't think I would've had the strength to walk away like I knew even then I'd have to.

I was a kid. We were both kids. And we found something beautiful in one another, but we were both just trying to survive our own realities. We were never allowed to be kids and maybe that's what drew us to each other. With you I got to be a child. I felt safe to be excited about the things that made me happy and even though you'd made fun of me, I knew you loved seeing me happy. So I'm glad it was you. I'm also mature enough to admit that what we had is something I think of still from time to time. It's no longer something I long for. That version of reality isn't one I'd like to live in anymore. Now I long for something more than what you could've given me.

### **Maybe I Run**

But I run like I've never ran before.

I get a job and I run but with stability.

No plans of where I'm going to head the next week or month. I just know I'm going.

I'll stop by Canada and visit Ron for a few weeks. I've always wanted to travel with him. And maybe I even stay longer and we go on some random adventure. Maybe camping. Who knows? And then I head to Maine for a bit. I'll get an Airbnb along the coast.

Then I'll fly out to Europe. I'll stay a week in Rome. Attend Mass with the Pope.  
And since France is so close by, I'll swing by Paris. And while I'm at it, I'll go to Germany.  
Then I'll go to England and have tea at high noon just for the heck of it.  
After that I'll be ready to come back to the states. I'll stay a week or two with my aunt and her family in Ohio.  
I'll fly to Colorado and check out the beautiful mountains there.  
After that, I'll come home.

Because if we're thinking of this logically, what would I even do if I knew that things with a man I barely know were going to work out? If I knew now that we weren't ready for a life together but in a year we would be and would be married soon after, then what would I do now to prepare myself for then?

On the other hand, what would I do if I knew things here weren't going to work out after all? Would I behave differently in either scenario?

Because maybe I should do the same thing either way.

### **Another ramble**

There's a million things I'd like to say to you. Most you probably wouldn't like because I've spent so long angry with you. I can't even begin to explain the countless hours I spent trying to understand why anyone would think it's okay to treat anyone the way you've treated my mother. I would've much rather taken the blows myself, but instead I spent my childhood grateful that you let my mom live another day and contemplating how I'd make sure she lived to see the next day. I mean there were times I'd resort to hiding knives in my room or glasses. Not to use them myself although I'd be lying if I said it hadn't crossed my mind now as an adult. But instead so when you decided to start throwing things, at least you wouldn't be throwing knives or glasses. Remember how we had the complete set of 6 original Mickey anniversary McDonald's cups? And now we're down to only 2? Have you ever wondered what happened to the other 4? I learned to start hiding the glasses the hard way.

There was an instant where the cops came when you'd taken things too far out of hand. I'm sure you wouldn't like to remember this, but I have a point so just bear with me. You were swinging a wooden stick at my mom. I kept trying to pull the stick out of your hand and when you wouldn't budge I sat on mom's lap. I knew you wouldn't hit me. You kept swinging trying to dodge me

until you broke the stick and there was a knock at the door. It was the cops and mom sent me to my room. They came in to talk to me too at one point and I just sat in my chair clinging to Lucas Babucas. They asked me what I saw and I simply told them you had broken the stick with your shoe. That you have heavy boots and it just broke. I doubt they believed me and I doubt they didn't notice the things I was hiding under my bed, but they ignored it. They could've taken me to a social worker that night. You and mom would've never seen me again because you liked to get drunk and mom didn't have the courage to leave you.

The 13 year old version of me was terrified you'd end up killing her mom because she witnessed you come so close to doing so too many times. She was saving money and collecting evidence in case it came down to it, she wasn't going to go down quietly. You were not going to have custody of her after killing her mom.

The 8 year old version of me though, she still had a little hope for you. Though at 13 I had told mom that you had hope, it just wasn't for us to enjoy. Anyway, 8 year old Jess would be hurting that you feel as though you're losing everything. I can't even begin to imagine the pain of losing a child, but even she, at 8 years old, tried telling you after Eysson how grief is supposed to bring the grieving together. We were all hurting after losing both of the boys and instead of turning to mom and I for comfort, you only drank more. I spent so many years thinking I had done something wrong. I thought I wasn't good enough because you didn't think I was good enough to help you heal through your hurt. I studied harder. I made sure I was a straight A student even though I barely slept because you kept mom and I up with your antics. I studied for my spelling tests like you taught me because I thought that's what it would take to get you to stop drinking. My heart still hurts for the girl who thought she wasn't good enough for her daddy. But even she knew that if you kept up with your habits the way you were you'd lose her eventually too. She just had hope that you wouldn't let it go that far.

I'm 24 now and you've since taught me how to not need you because for many years I was afraid to ask you for help. Any time I did you made me feel bad for asking you. You'd get mad and tell me about how you don't know how to do what I'm asking you for. I learned how to do things on my own. It might not be perfect, but I get things done. I don't go to you first because you only escalated the situation. It still hurts me to think about how Jade was pregnant and you refused to help unload the U-Haul. You thought driving it was enough which I found funny because you weren't the one driving. Mom drove the U-Haul and she still got out to help.

I find it interesting how you claim my distant behavior came to you out of left field. I distinctly remember telling you 2 years ago during the summer and again after the cops came in March last year and I slipped on the glass from one of my syrup bottles you threw that I had forgiven you, but I needed to start creating distance between us. Maybe you assumed I was joking or maybe you didn't notice it until mom created distance too. I had to start doing what 8 year old Jessamy hoped I'd never have to do but always knew I would. I got tired of sitting with you at Great Pacific to update you on my life, telling you everything you missed while you were out drinking just for you to tell me about how you'd do better. Then to go home and find that "better" only lasted a month or maybe two if I was lucky. Then it was right back to your old ways. 16 year old me got tired of sitting with you so you could feed me more lies than cheesecake.

Then there's the fact that I never wanted you and mom to get married. I knew that was the worst possible thing you two could've done, but no one wanted to listen to me when I said it would've been better. I believe you both would have been better parents had you separated and agreed to dividing my time. Apparently I didn't know anything. I'd only spent years of my childhood studying psychology just to understand why you acted the way you did and why mom was the way she is.

I can't say that in the future I'll call you for help because I don't know how to do that whether you and mom stay together or not. It feels weird and it scares me. But I'm not opposed to keeping you in my life if in fact you do quit drinking. I make that choice not because I want to, but because of Mark 11:25.

*"And whenever you stand praying, forgive, if you have anything against anyone, so that your Father also who is in heaven may forgive your trespasses."*

It pains me to think of making the choice to push you out of my life, but I wasn't the one who made the decisions you made. Do you understand how hard it is to continuously forgive someone who keeps turning around and doing the same painful thing every single time? Who doesn't take the time to take into consideration the way I've already forgiven you and that should be your sign to start doing better? The only reason I believe it right to forgive you and give you the opportunity to stay in my life is because I know that I do that to God all the time. I mess up and I do it again. Though I could argue that at least what I do doesn't physically hurt those around me, but I know it pains God to know that He forgives me and I continue to think I need to be trapped by the same sins.

On that note though, I thought I'd also share one time that I read this thing something along the lines of how a calm father will raise confident children. A reactive father will raise anxious children. You don't raise strong children by making them afraid of you.

### **And finally**

I realized I wanted a simple life after all.

But not one I had to settle for.

Not one I had to beg for.

I don't want to be with someone who makes me feel ordinary.

I want to live a simple life with someone who helps me make it extraordinary.

I want to stay at home and wake up early to pack my husband's lunches.

Then, I'll clean around the house.

I'll sit down and write my stories. Get them ready for publishing. I'll be a great author.

And I'll start dinner. I'll make soup in the slow cooker so it's ready when my husband comes home from work.

Then I can work on my stationary line. I'll have a wonderful journal with different design options. I'll have beautiful notebooks and matching pencils.

My husband will enjoy reading all of my stories and he'll think I have a creative mind and he'll tell me he doesn't know how I do it.

I'll have best sellers too. My children's book line will be popular.

My husband and I will take long road trips and he will probably do the bulk of the driving. Not because I can't but because he feels the need to be the one leading the way. But he'll still let me drive because I enjoy driving.

I'll spend most of my time in the passenger seat, singing and crocheting.