



The Core As I Now See It

by Melody Bertucci

Dear Anton,

I have been so lost in my downward spiral of hurt emotions. After fourteen years of believing what we have, what we had, was real, built on honesty, love and care for each other. I now see, it was nothing more than a twisted spineless lie. This is still an amazingly, agonising shock to me. My ground was shaken, and my heart was shattered into millions of pieces, that day. The day when I met six year old him. But in a fucked-up way, all I really want to say is...Thank you!

That's simply it. You see in the depth of absolute darkness that one sometimes stumbles and falls into, that's when one manages to arrive to the core. The core is where all profound emotions are both expressed and found. It's where life's irony comes to play hand in hand, with harsh realisations of reality and eventually the truth. And the truth, is that sometimes we are too afraid of being alone. So much so, that we settle for a partner that doesn't see our worth. A partner that instead of lifting our spirits, they bring them down. A someone that we allow to walk all over us, simply because we fear the silence of loneliness, the absence of affection.

But that's the thing, I was with you so therefore I was technically not alone, but I still felt all those things. I felt more alone and isolated than ever. I constantly put myself down. I tried to make excuses for you, with friends when they sat me down and voiced their concerns. My self-esteem had become non-existent. My anxiety worsened and got the better of me.

It started making itself aware to me during the most inconvenient of times, like during a food shop or even simply when I spoke to someone. The anxiety attacks became fiercer and more frequent. All because of you. But you were too busy to notice. You were busy working late apparently, but instead you were occupied living your second life.

Giving her and your six-year-old son, that I knew nothing about until a few weeks ago, everything that I was craving from you. As a result of how you managed to break me, I've been able to reach the ultimate low, the rock bottom, or 'The Core' as I now see it. I've been able to see my own self-worth. To enjoy the company of...me! Me and myself. And I love me. I love me more than you've ever done. I realise now that I'd rather be alone, than with someone so weak, pessimistic, toxic a deceiver like you.

So please, don't write. Don't come. I don't need it. It's not why I've written.