

April 2016

# A Reflection on What He's Done, and Continues to Do

Nicole I. Chavannes  
*Nova Southeastern University*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Chavannes, Nicole I. (2016) "A Reflection on What He's Done, and Continues to Do," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 13, Article 21.

Available at: <http://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol13/iss1/21>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact [nsuworks@nova.edu](mailto:nsuworks@nova.edu).

---

## A Reflection on What He's Done, and Continues to Do

### **Author Note**

Nicole has been writing since middle school, but not diligently enough to satisfactorily call herself a “writer.” However, seeing the wonderful work of her peers has motivated and inspired her, and she’s writing more than she has in years. Her passion for the craft has been mercifully re-ignited.

# *A Reflection on What He's Done, and Continues to Do*

Nicole Chavvanes

Back in those days when any man's implied affection  
    Could garner her fickle attention  
    She knew her worth was more  
And yet continued to wipe the floor  
    With her heart.  
She ignored the warnings in her head  
As she lied awake, alone, in her bed  
    Allowing these insignificant men  
    To occupy her thoughts.

She hoped and prayed for the day to come  
That her best friend would become The One  
    Whom she could hold close  
When the fears that strangled her took too strong a hold,  
    And the tears stung her eyes,  
    And her mouth twisted in pain,  
    And the only comfort she felt  
Was in the warmth of his embrace.  
And when that day finally arrived,  
    All she could do, again, was cry  
    And hold him harder,  
    Pulling him closer  
    Until her eyes were dry.  
And he did not just take the tears away;  
Her smiles – her laughter – that you see today?  
They are his, and his are hers, and they are perfect that way.