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

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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 been re-ignited.

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MCM
Julie Saint-Fleur

I want to get lost in you without losing myself.
I want to like what you like and still like what I like.
I want to do what you do and still do what I do.
I want to touch your soul without losing feel of mine.
I want to run away with you and still be safe at home.
I want to be one with you and still be complete alone.
I want to forget time is moving without losing track of time.
I want to help you grow and still flourish myself.
I want to mean something to you and still mean something to myself.
I want to bring out the light in you without losing the light in me.
I need to know you want it too.

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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.