How BEAUTIFUL She was
HBSW A LoveD Story Act I

She didn't know how beautiful she was because the man she LoveD
Had more complaints than compliments, so the confidence in her appearance didn't exist
The man she LoveD never told her she was gorgeous
With her self-esteem on empty, she went to the mirror and picked herself apart plenty

“Are my eyes too wide?
Should I squint?
Are my lips too big?
Is my hair too short?
Should I wear a wig?”

She didn't know how beautiful she was because the man she LoveD,
Never noticed her depression
She displayed dismay
He never appreciated the effort
She would cook five nights out of the week
When the man she LoveD arrived home each meal was complete
He'd sit and he'd barely eat then without a single word not even goodnight he'd go to sleep

She would stare over the pot and wonder,

“Was the food not hot?
Was there too much salt?”

She finds a way to blame herself, the man she LoveD is never at fault

She didn't know how beautiful she was because the man she LoveD
Showed no affection, just rejection
He wouldn't touch her under the covers
He’d never comfort her under the comforter
His opinion of her mattered more than that of her own but lost and alone is how it felt to be in love with a man who only loves himself

"Is it the love for the man or the love to help fix something that’s broken, that keeps me holding onto someone that hurts when held"

She contemplates as her tears begin to grow and the bath water that her body soaks in begins to overflow

The man she LoveD arrives home later that night to a house that isn't a home and the love of his life is nowhere in sight

He enters into the kitchen to see no dinner, just broken dishes
He walks into the bedroom and doesn’t smell the scent of her perfume
Until today, the bathroom never seemed so far away, he calls out her name
To no avail, he walks nearer
Opens the bathroom door and sees writing in lipstick upon the mirror,

"You never compliment me!
You never tell me I'm pretty!
You're so self-serving, I swear you don't deserve me!
I hate that I love you so much because you've hurt me!
You used to make me laugh, now you make me mad!
Look at me! Do you know how many guys would love to be in your shoes?
But silly me, I'm still here sticking with you!
You're a selfish person the only feelings you care about are your own, If you had any!
You're killing me! I've never felt so alone!
I'm staring in this mirror wondering what's wrong with me!
When I'm perfect!
You're the one with the insecurities!”

Caught off guard and so confused, the man she LoveD didn't know what to do
He broke out in a sweat, fell to both knees to grieve and noticed that the floor was wet
He pulled back the shower curtain and seen a beautiful person
Unable to wake up, face covered with makeup, eyes closed and her body cold she was drowning in her sorrow
With the man she LoveD looking on in misery and disbelief,
Her eyes slightly opened and on the last breath that she took she whispered to the man she LoveD,
"How do I look?"

HBSW Act II: The Prelude: The beginning

In front of a crowd standing proud, take a bow
As a queen wearing a golden-yellow colored gown
Strolls down a rose-petal covered aisle expecting her first child
The beginning of a fairytale, the ending of a farewell
From atop a spiraling stairwell,
The sound of wedding bells revealed a trail of tears that fell from both eyes as he lifts her wedding veil
Her beauty is praised by guest fully engaged at the exchange of appraised wedding rings newly engraved
Hand in hand holding a gaze
Face to face as they embraced
A glass is raised, a toast is proposed
As they posed for photos to be arranged in a frame
A smile is displayed then fades replaced with strain
Feeling faint
She drops her bouquet, he spills his champagne
She collapses to the floor, wood grain still rose-petal paved
Grips her stomach in vain as she complains of labor pains
Isn't it funny how the things that once made us smile now make us frown?
A stained wedding gown, broken wedding vows
Shattered wedding pictures taken down now lay in a pile facing the ground
So It seems,
No stitches nor seams, No operation nor alteration
Could mend this broken heart
At the altar this relationship was altered
Until death do us part.

HBSW Act III: Till LoveD Do Us Part

He's panicking, the love of his life is stiffer than a mannequin
Fearful of being accused he's hesitant to call a medic in
With a glimpse of hope
He grips ahold and consoles her cold almost soulless mold
Dripping wet, faced with death, he tries to save what's left of a heartbeat in her deflated chest
Clueless
He kisses her full lips and begins to fill her lungs with wind
Foolish
But her silhouette rejects his regretful breath

Left as a reminder her designer eyeliner runs down her blushed cheeks as the tears lined up
Naked & sedated
Face painted with pain & foundation
A liquid concealer couldn't conceal her depression
A Mascara couldn't mask her terror
Now she's covered with this mask forever

His confession,

"I've never seen a sad face look so pretty
One could only imagine the butterflies I would feel inside if she smiled
Being alive alone tortures the mind and leaves the heart tired
Her casket,
A porcelain bathtub filled with tears,
Hers and mine"

The room is consumed with borrowed gloom
He rests his tired head on her hollowed womb
Her complexion
Flawless
Not a scratch or wound but emotionally she's battered & bruised

Exhausted,
Holding his hands beneath the running faucet
Destroyed from rejection
Void of an expression
He stares into the makeup smeared mirror into the eyes of a killer and breaks his reflection
He lived in denial, she's dying in his arms
His mouth covered with her lipstick, her blood on his palms
All she needed was an answer
The man she LoveD had no response
Until now, he's never noticed her perfection
Blinded by his hell he's never noticed her heaven
Overwhelmed with the consequence of beauty being overlooked
Slowly losing consciousness and noticeably shook
All he's left with is her question
"How do I look?"

HBSW Act IV: She Loved Me Not

"Walking through this kitchen I'm reminiscent
I used to blow you kisses, now I'm throwing dishes
Anxiety stricken,
Thoughts racing through my mind fast as I fill this empty wine glass
With every sip and swallow of a prescription, I'm drifting, we've grown distant
I'm your wife! why does It feel like I'm your mistress?
We live in the same home but the attention is long distance
To spark an interest, against this, fogged up mirror I'm applying lipstick
As this bath water runs I become undone
With heavy eyelids and blurred vision
I await the man I LoveD".

HBSW Act V: Dearly BeloveD

"Something sacred has turned Into hatred"

After a night so unkind, the sun finally arrives and peaks through the blinds
The man she LoveD is awakened, to a rose fragrance
Head aching, heart racing
An emotional wreck as he slept
Eyes bloodshot, Stomach in knots
His clothes wet from a cold sweat
As he wept…

"Maybe it was all a dream"

Until he's startled from the scene of beeping machines and the sight of his BeLoveD
Sound asleep and still
She thought that sleep would heal
But time revealed,
She chose the type of sleep that kills
Comatose fulfilled from an overdose of sleeping pills

As the tension builds his tear-ducts fill

Slowly he approached
His hand a bloody pulp
Devastated and repulsed
Awaiting the results

The love of his life is barely holding on to a pulse

“It feels odd,
Kneeling beside this hospital bed
Scarred
With my hand wrapped in gauze
Praying to God, staring in awe
At my BeLoveD”
Once removed of her clothes
Nude and exposed
Now clothed in a hospital robe with tubes in her nose
As she inhales and exhales her frail chest swells
Not a scratch or wound just an empty womb
In a room filled with heart-shaped balloons and flowers that she can't smell

“We’ve put pressure on something precious
It seems things have become mismanaged since the miscarriage
After advances made to become parents perished
This marriage was disbanded

She gave me the key to heart then replaced the lock with a combination
Now were having this awkward conversation
Its complicated, remaining calm and patient
Face in palms
while she's laying on her death bed suffering from the complications”

Unable to be repaired
More than he could bare
He raises his head from prayer to a blank stare
The love of his life takes her last gasp of air
As her eyes rolled into the back of her head
Once pronounced husband and wife
The love of his life is pronounced dead…

HBSW VI: The Man She LoveD

Disrobed, upon her Throne…

The mother of your first born should be adored
Not mourned
Thorns and torn rose-petals

Surround a woman scorned
Stitched and sewn
Disowned, Face adorned
Drenched in the stench of bitterness, his cologne
Sticks and stones break brittle bones
Sick and lone, losing weight
Her skin-tone, A bluish-grey
Bloated, Afloat
Soaking in hopeless bath water
Soothing aches, losing faith
Left her stiff and froze
Still exuding grace
Her pose, decomposed
The man she LoveD she still awaits…

HBSW Act VII Until LoveD Do Us Part (Finale)

Trembling, yet frozen, from a view of violence
Complete silence turns into police sirens
resembling red roses and blue violets
Though violets shrink and roses wilt
Leaf by leaf, petal by petal

“If love is a house, this isn't a home that we've built”

Brick by brick
The feeling of guilt caused this foundation to tilt
Caught red-handed
The seeds of doubt were planted
Taken for granted
The granite became slanted
Then left abandoned

His bandage,

Blood soaked

Still draped in the same garments

The man she LoveD arrives home to a house that is now haunted

By his own conscience

Widowed,
A tangled web he's weaved
If these walls could scream…
The reek of gasoline sets the scene

Stumbling through this kitchen he's reminiscent, of blown kisses
As he enters into remnants of broken dishes

Atop a countertop made of marble
All that remains is a wine glass lipstick stained and an emptied pill bottle

Barely able to stand with matches in hand

He falls then crawls, into the bedroom,
The scent of her perfume has been replaced with smoke fumes
On hands and knees
He finds it difficult to breathe
In this smoldering heat
Covered in ash
As he inhales and exhales the smothering gas

Poisoned,
He escapes into the bathroom
He's been avoiding
The bath water that her body once soaked in is now boiling

His appearance,

Gray-haired
Scruffy-bearded
Staring into this blurred broken mirror
A broken man with a swollen hand and broken spirit

In despair, gasping for air
Grasping his hair
Both hands clasped together in prayer

Burdened,

“Home is where the heart is but this roof is burning”

To call this suffering devastating
would be an understatement
As his frail frame pressed against the pavement
Barricaded as the ceiling caves in
The man she LoveD is suffocating

Her hurt is now his hearse
Forsaken without reconciliation
A self-inflicted incineration
Vacated and vacant
A wedding, miscarriage and a cremation

With his life slowly fading,
A heaven or hell awaiting
How beautiful she was went without saying
As he exhales his final breath as deep as his regrets
The man she LoveD quietly stated,
“She was breathtaking”.