



Heartburn

Written by
Su



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*To all the people who will always remember them for
longer than they have known them.*

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Heartburn

A Collection of Poetry

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Acknowledgments.

I am one very lucky individual that is surrounded by many great friends. I am bewildered by my luck to live in a world with over seven-billion people in which I have found a group of people who are always willing to extend their kindness, who always make my pain lighter and life a lot better.

Andy, I will adapt my writing to reflect your communication style. Thank you, my guy. – *High-Five!*

Aphrodite, it's incredible how a year can be so long and so short. We had the pleasure of spending an amazing summer together. You came into my life just like Spring. Thank you for all the life you bled into mine. You always make sure to never make me feel judged, and you lead with empathy first. Thank you.

This collection of poetry wouldn't exist without one: Dan Barker. Dan has always had an unwavering belief in me. The support and love I have received from you; I will never be able to repay. Through the depths of my heartbreak, you have always remained my voice of reason, you always showed me steadfast love and our friendship is a true treasure to me.

Guy, I could not begin to thank you for all the free therapy you have provided. Just like I have written in the previous paragraphs; you are so incredibly kind-hearted. You are so incredibly eloquent, and I'm lucky to have had your help in navigating so much of my emotion.

Dumi, I don't even know how to begin to thank you for every single thing you've done for me. The last year has been incredibly hard, I have cried to you more times than I want to admit. I can honestly say, in all my best and worst moments, you have offered me an avalanche of kindness and understanding. You made me laugh in all the moments I thought I couldn't. Your compassion and your friendship has helped me overcome so much pain. I am incredibly thankful to have you in my life. Thank you for everything.

Monica, I cannot begin to count the amount of teary-eyed calls at 2:00 AM I have shared with you. Thank you for always being there for me, and always extending grace as well as your undying and unfiltered thoughts with me.

Patrícia, I couldn't write this without including you, after all you are my best friend. I knew you before I even knew myself. I have had the pleasure of having you next to me in so many highs and lows. I have failed and I have won, all right beside you. You make my life

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better. You remind me of love, because no matter how much I was hurt, I knew how hurt you were watching me, yet you never faltered in choosing to extend your love to me. You have always chosen to lead with love and kindness, and have never judged me.

Each and every person mentioned above have made me a better person, just by being in my life. In the context of this specific heartbreak, they were the light that guided me through it and watched me come through the other end. I can't make this longer than the collection of poems and I'm sure I can't list all the people who have incessantly listened to me speak about this particular heartbreak, so, thank you to *all* of my friends.

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Easily Lovable

You made me sure I knew just how easy to love I was;
The kind of love that ignores all flaws,
The kind of love that makes you forget about heartbreak.

I imagine mornings filled with coffee that I pretend to love;
Mornings filled with back rubs,
Mornings filled with sorrys for last night.

But most of all mornings where we look at each other like we
drew the galaxies.

I am so easily lovable, I know.

You made sure I did, so where are you now?

Lukewarm

They say 'you'll find someone that will fulfil you, someone who just wants you, someone who can't wait to hear about your day'.

All I wanted from you was lukewarm and you couldn't give me that.

Or you did.

You gave me burning hot,
You gave me galaxies and constellations I now orbit around.
But the flame is easy to keep when I stand in front of you;
In my glory,
My smile wide and bright,
My spirited conversations:
Engulfing us in a parallel reality, then:
You gave me burning hot, any other time:
When you can't even offer me lukewarm.

I want to beg,
I want to say goodbye,
I want to forget you.

Because of that, I sit here hypothesising the 'whys',
I fantasise that cold is all you can give.
Indecisive, unresponsive is all you have
Because after all,
What if we got everything right beside the time?

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'Right person, wrong time'

I've heard that recited a couple-hundred times.

But looking back,

Everyone who I've kept,

Everyone who has kept me,

Have appeared at the wrong time.

When I couldn't exude charisma,

When they couldn't be themselves.

But we all stayed.

We all chose to stay.

You though,

You get to keep me in the ice cold

Because you know I'll thaw quickly enough for you.

Ugly Love

I thought there was something romantic
In having a painful kind of love;
The kind of love that for so long feels all-encompassing
and then right there:
When things are looking up,
The grass is greener,
The hugs are warmer,
It falls apart.

All you are left with are the memories and tears,
The hours that Stretch into days
Where you check your phone on every phantom vibration;
Wishing and hoping that they said:
"Hey, I have not been able to get you out of my mind",
and in that moment,
All the suffering becomes beautiful.

But in all of those moments we forget
How we tried to convince
Not only them, but ourselves
That er are indeed worthy
Is there anything more ugly than that?

Goodbye

I know I can't say goodbye
So, will you do it for me?

Hold me in your arms,
Kiss my forehead one more time,
And bid me goodbye.

Don't let me spend one more second on you.
On what you could be
On who we could be

I'm not strong enough
I don't know if I ever will be.

So please,
I beg you,
Say goodbye.

Mere Mortal

I want you to look at me in the way I look at you. The way can only look at people you have developed a certain kind of affection for.

We look at them as beyond mere mortals. All of a sudden, they are special adventures. How could they not?

You watch them in the moments that they never will. The moments they laugh without inhibition, the moments in between. You get to watch them experience our world.

Watching them leaves you without choice; how could you not want to watch them? How could you want to walk away? How could you tell them to go?

But it seems like you both were not pulled into the same affection. You were not bewildered by me. You *could* walk away. You *could* see me go. In fact, you were *ecstatic* to see me go.

Deepest Condolences

I knew it was the beginning of our end
When I last saw you.
You walked in,
My heart fluttered,
This time it wasn't of passion
It was fear.

I knew it was the end because that night
Your glow disappeared
All the things I thought were certain about you
No longer were.

The dance we used to rehearse too well
In between the four walls of your apartment
Was now out of time.

That night I knew it was the beginning of our end.
I knew it was over when I looked over my writing,
The feelings that were so illicit
No longer existed
I tried to keep on writing
But all I could write for you was my
Deepest condolences.

Excuses

I truly cannot begin to count
The excuses I made for you
I would like to say you fed my excuses;
That you were a master manipulator,
That you know what you were doing
But you truly didn't.

You didn't need a master plan,
You didn't need to feed my excuses
I wasn't a bad habit,
I wasn't a special treat.

White Socks

'I'll rock your world':
You said, placed between me,
White socks, still on.

I held my breath and waited

Since then,
I've had corduroy trousers;
Who made,
Walls tremble,
World's collapse,
How shook me into new existence.

Grey socks
Who adored,
Grey socks,
Who remembered French toast.

Blue shackets
With undying disposition,
Blue shackets,
With strong hands.

This is not to denounce you,
You were safe,
You were comfortable,
You were the best;
Or I thought you were.

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Until I moved my body elsewhere
Until other pieces started to adorn
My bedroom floor.

You rocked my world
But not in the way you wanted.

Heartburn

I asked you if love was a choice
With all conviction;
You said no.

I argued my case;
Love *was* a choice.
I knew it had to be because:
I chose to be sat across from you that day;
I chose to give you time,
I chose to message you,
I chose to chase the fleeting feeling of happiness.

The happiness that was;
Only ever present in the moment leading up to you
Because every other moment;
You left an unrecognisable taste,
You left a burdening,
You left heartburn.

You argued your case;
Love *wasn't* a choice.
You argued persuasively,
You appealed to the part of me;
The part that was silenced
Silenced by the part that chose to be here.

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You asked me:
If you could choose, would life not be easier?
I mumbled along confidently.
I meant nothing.

I might not have known then but now I know:
No,
Love being a choice is *harder*.
The truth is,
You'll always be choosing between who to love:
Yourself, or them?
I hate my choices.
I hate heartburn.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Su is a *twenty-something* year old woman. As a true romantic, most of Su's writing falls under the genre of romance. She's a veteran of *twenty-something* years of experience of feeling emotions. Su tries to convey her romantic 'ups and downfalls' in her writing, with true, raw and honest emotion.