

The silver lining between heartache and healing.

“A healing journey.”

Erin Martin

**The silver lining between  
heartache and healing.**

*Journaling turned poetry.  
A healing journey.*

## Colofon

Copyright ©  
2022 Erin Martin  
Cover design:  
Erin Martin

The silver lining between heartache and healing. Journaling  
turned poetry. Erin Martin

Eerste druk,  
november 2022  
ISBN:  
9789403679501

Published by:  
Mijnbestseller

[www.fromlove.eu](http://www.fromlove.eu)

All rights reserved. This book or parts thereof may not be reproduced in any form, stored in any retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means— electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or otherwise—without prior written permission of the publisher.

*To my dearest friend Nancy,  
thank you for reminding me how powerful I am.*



## **Introduction**

The silver lining between heartache and healing.

A small poetry collection that is the result of a challenging time, where I turned to journaling. I found myself struggling to put my feelings into words, which made me turn to an old habit of mine. I wrote them as a poem. It seemingly became a wonderful example of the downward spiral, painful rock bottom and slow climb back up, of a healing journey.

The reason I release these personal words, is in the hopes that someone, somewhere, can find comfort in the idea that they are not alone in these emotions, and I hope that those same individuals can take an example in finding the silver linings, as I was able to do, eventually.

For those who are not experiencing this pain, may this be an insight to the people around you that are facing loss, heartbreak, low self-image, or are simply going through a hard time. Perhaps, this can give you an idea of what a wounded mind looks like, and maybe this can help you find patience and understanding.

Also for you, who have already passed this point. You could look at these poems as you would look at an old friend. I hope you find gratitude in the idea that you moved on from this stage, be proud of how far you have come and the lessons you learned while overcoming your shadows.

This collection is not about wallowing in your pain, it is about looking at it, studying it and learning from it.





## **A moment to talk about journaling.**

I feel that, as a collective, we are becoming more and more aware of the importance of healing mental blocks. Monitoring our thoughts and behaviors, trying our best to handle the things that trigger us, or adjust the qualities we do not love about ourselves, so we can grow.

Amongst other things - such as positive affirmations, living a balanced life, meditation, and more - there is journaling. I have always been good at noticing the things I am grateful for. However, when it came to putting my deeper emotions on paper, I found myself stuck. As someone who tends to focus on the bright side, the difficulties got swept under the rug. In wanting to be positive all the time, I ran away from the negative, instead of facing it.

As a result, all my silver linings got tangled, because one side got too heavy.

A series of events caused me to spiral back to a mental space that I had not been in for years. Old wounds that I had not fully dealt with got triggered. I ended up feeling as if I was going through that old, and new pain, all at the same time.

I tried journaling, again. Not in the way I was used to, not in a way of writing down gratifications or scripting. There is a place and time for that, and it was a time to face my demons instead. So, I explored them.

Now, I love the idea that I can turn my pain into some form of art, and I think a great idea for anyone who struggles with journaling, is finding alternatives in an artistic way to explore your feelings. There are so many ways to explore, you simply have to find something that suits you.



Every poem came from a certain place within myself.

Pg. 13 From a place of people pleasing.

Pg. 29 From a place of low vibrations.

Pg. 47 From a place of pain.

Pg. 73 From a place of catching breaths.

Pg. 83 From a place of silver linings.

Pg. 99 From a place of loneliness.

Pg. 113 From a place of acceptance.

Pg. 125 From a place of progress.

Pg. 141 From a place of love.



**1.**

**From a place of people pleasing.**



### **Measure my worth**

I have come to the conclusion that when I see my worth, it is more often a time someone *chooses* me first.

Preferably someone who is mad at the world who will pick me over anyone because that means, it is what I *deserve*.

I can not recall, when things got so complex that I would try and save them, when *they could not care less*. And when they do not reply to a dozen of my texts, the feeling comes close to their fist on my chest.

Can I call this love, I know the feelings run deep but is it for who that they are, or just that they have to *choose me*?





**Works for you.**

Early hours in the morning, I just got home  
when a car comes to a stop not far from my own.  
I do not sneak a peek, I know who it is  
I can simply allow him to walk through my door.

A car in the AM, that would be you.  
Lately, the earliest hours are when you come through.  
And although I do not love, to spend most evenings alone,  
I am happy to steal your drunk kisses at dawn.

We will dance a few hours, then I leave for work.  
You are gone when I am back,  
and I would not know where you were.

For you, I will choose those mornings that we use to collide  
over less lonely evenings with someone else by my side.