

THE
YEAR
I MET
MYSELF

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G. T. NICOLAAS

Other books in this poetry saga

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Book 2- Twelve Moons And Heartbeat.

Book 3- The Year I Met Myself.

Book 4- Unapologetically Me.

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For Martin

Foreword

Welcome to the art of productive procrastination, also known as "taking time to yourself to figure things out." You've picked up this book, which means you're either seeking wisdom about life's big questions, avoiding something more important, or both.

Congratulations, you're in excellent company. In our relentlessly connected world, suggesting that someone take time alone to think is revolutionary advice. We live in an age where "finding yourself" has been reduced to a personality quiz that tells you which type of bread you are (sourdough, obviously, complex, requires patience, and slightly intimidating). But here's the thing about taking time to yourself. It's messy. It's not the Instagram worthy retreat with perfectly arranged succulents. It's more like being alone with your thoughts while they argue about whether you should text your ex, learn Portuguese, or finally organize that closet that's become a textile archaeological site. This collection understands that self discovery isn't

a straight line from confusion to clarity. It's more like a drunk person trying to walk home, with lots of zigzagging, occasional stops to contemplate street signs, and the vague hope that you'll recognize where you are eventually.

Love, life, goals, these aren't destinations you arrive at with a satisfied "Finally!" They're ongoing conversations you have with yourself, preferably with good coffee and the understanding that your future self will probably judge some of your current decisions. But that's okay. Find a spot where you won't be interrupted, and prepare to meet yourself on the page. You might not emerge with all the answers, but you'll definitely have better questions.

Turn the page when you're ready. There's no rush.



The Dawn of Self-Love

I've been searching for love in all the wrong places,
In others' eyes, in their warm embraces,
But the mirror showed a stranger's face,
Someone I'd forgotten how to grace.

The words hit hard like morning light,
Cutting through my endless night,
"How can you love another soul
When your own heart's not yet whole?"

I'd given pieces of myself away,
Hoping someone else would stay,
And fill the void I felt inside,
But love's a river you can't divide.

The truth came crashing like a wave,
I am the one I need to save.
No prince, no princess, no perfect friend
can heal the wounds that I must mend.

So here I stand before the glass,
Ready to let judgment pass,
To see myself with kinder eyes,
And love the person I comprise.

For in this dawn of self-embrace,
I find the strength to claim my space,
To love myself completely free,
Then share that love authentically.