

Where the
Unbroken
Are Born

Where the Unbroken Are Born

The Truth You Only Learn the Hard Way

Jane Devyn



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Disclaimer:

This book is a work of philosophical poetry intended for literary and contemplative purposes. It is not intended as psychological, medical, or legal advice. The reflections expressed in these pages are poetic interpretations of philosophical ideas and should be received as personal and artistic exploration rather than prescriptive guidance.

*For Dwayne and Jason—
Everything I know about living I first learned from you.*

*For you—
May this book become a small seed for your dreams.*

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FOREWORD

Some books begin as an answer. This one began more like a pressure.

Not a theory. Not a message. More the need to follow certain thoughts and wounds far enough to hear what remained once the noise around them thinned out.

These poems were written from inside difficult things: struggle, doubt, endurance, the strange labor of continuing when nothing in you feels settled. They return often to the same territories — loss, love, fatigue, silence, identity, the self that breaks, and the self that keeps going anyway.

They do not try to solve those things. They stay near them.

If you have opened this book in the middle of your own confusion, your own aftermath, your own unanswered stretch, I hope some part of it feels recognizable, because now and then language can keep a person company in places that are otherwise hard to name.

That is all I wanted from these pages: not to instruct, not to soothe too quickly, but to make something honest enough that another person might find themselves inside it for a moment and feel less alone with what they carry.

If that happens here, even briefly, then the book has done its work.

WHERE YOU BREAK

There are parts of you you do not meet willingly.
You meet them when something fails,
when what held stops holding,
when the usual explanations
drop away one by one.

At first you keep trying the old names.
None of them fit.

Then there is only this:
breath, fatigue,
the stubborn fact that you are still here.

Stay.

Not because there is meaning in it.
Not because pain has come to teach you.
Stay because this is where you are,
and leaving yourself now
would only deepen the damage.

Some things split after too much pressure.
That is all.
Not fate. Not revelation.
Just a limit reached.
Just the moment what was forced down
can no longer stay there.

Look at yourself without arranging the scene.
Without the borrowed language.
Without the version that knew how to pass.

Look long enough
for the surface to stop helping.

→

There is something underneath,
but it is not beautiful.
Not pure. Not wise.
It is simply there.
Still breathing.
Still refusing erasure.

Remember the nights that would not move.
The ceiling. The stale dark.
The arguments you had with no one answering.

Remember how ordinary it was.
How little of it looked like heroism.

Still, you stayed through it.
That matters.

Do not turn suffering into identity.
Do not polish it until it starts to shine.
But do not lie about it either.

Heat reveals the grain in wood.
Wind shows a tree how deep it must anchor
if it intends to remain.

What breaks in you
may also expose what was never sound.
What falls away
may be what could no longer be lived inside.

Breathe.
Not deeply. Not beautifully.
Just enough.

Your body knows the difference
between extinction and transformation.