

This is a poetic journal that reveals the inner turmoil in a disordered mind further fractured by betrayal and abandonment. The grief-stricken, autistic author struggles desperately to process multiple injustices and significant losses.

Proverbs of Pain:

**A Poetic, Empathic, Autistic and Otherwise Disordered Journey
Through Childhood, Marriage, Betrayal and Divorce**

By Kent Harvest

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Proverbs of **PAIN** **PAIN**



A POETIC, EMPATHIC, AUTISTIC AND OTHERWISE DISORDERED
JOURNEY THROUGH CHILDHOOD, MARRIAGE, BETRAYAL AND DIVORCE

KENT HARVEST

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Love Is Mined

I thought you had succumbed to love
That life was truly great
That we had been blessed from above
That we had cheated fate

I hoped that we would beat the odds
And shun divorcee hate
But in the end, your will not God's
Not love, an altered state

You didn't see me as I was
Strange errors in projection
Your heart and strong emotions buzzed
A father's blurred reflection

I guess when feelings run the show
We have a predilection
To bypass truth we used to know
And choose our own direction

2015

I learned the hard way that feelings trump commitment in most modern people. I was truly miserable but I was committed, knowing that with a little effort on both sides, something amazing could happen. When I found out about her infidelities, I felt like a fool; now I don't feel anything.

Not requiring women to grow up emotionally has shattered many a marriage. It's time someone told them that every feeling is not legitimate simply because they have it. Men are forced by society to grow up emotionally, while women unfairly get a pass to continue their emotional childhood well into old age. By being allowed to treat feelings as facts, they hinder their own development and the peace of everyone around them.

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Men are weary of being bandied about by every fleeting, illogical, overwhelming sensation that a woman has. How about you ladies surprise your husbands and boyfriends with an adult perspective for a change, without allowing your emotions to hijack the conversation and take it to outrageously illogical places?

Fine, Thanks

You asked how I've been doing
Since that fateful August day
The heart destroying moment
When you turned and walked away

The ache has since subsided
I've had time to cry and grieve
So you'll be glad to know
It only hurts now when I breathe

2015

How does one walk away from a life? It takes mind-numbing amounts of narcissism and utter selfishness to dismiss dozens of people who are devoted to you; all because of inflamed emotions via an illicit lover too self-absorbed with his own decadent desires to realize that he destroyed a family in his attempt to build one.

Nothing good ever comes from any endeavor entered into fraudulently. Pain, loss, and internal agony are the rewards of those whose joys and pleasures are purchased with the currency of another's misery and heartbreak.

Rejected Lineage

No one celebrates his days
His nights pass without flair
If not for endless pacing
You would hardly know he's there

Soft humming in the background
Playful turning on of lights
Inside he's just a little kid
A grown man without the rights

He almost wrote the letter "N"
Though no one gets excited
He'd love to go on outings
But he never gets invited

Grandpa yells about the fridge
He screams, "Get out of there!"
His siblings won't spend time with him
I guess they just don't care

I understand our Father's heart
Though mine has been undone
You can measure true devotion
Based on how they treat your son

2015

My son shares a few of my afflictions. He was secretly taken from me on the pretense of going on a visit. He's non-verbal and has his own struggles. I see him once a week but other than that, he doesn't get many visitors. People say they love him but their shoes tell a different story.
2015

This was written in the early days of the betrayal, when all I could do was ache. I took good care of my son... washing him, preparing his food, getting him ready for his job at a center for special needs adults. I did

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this on a few hundred dollars a month. I was losing my home and my mind. That year is still somewhat of a blur. It has been five years and I still struggle; not with losing my marriage, but with losing everything familiar. Structure is like air for autistic people. Many of us cannot cope if a chair is out of place when we come home. I wish someone could see my brain short-circuiting as I fight to keep my sanity. My mind keeps searching for all the things that have been taken. This is really hard.
2020

Condolences

The union, in the history books
A signature was all it took
An end to love's forever pact
The edict says I can't go back

So when bereaved, they place the call
When calloused kin "repeal" the law
In beds composed of treachery
Remind them to rest peacefully

Betrayal leads the list of sins
Pernicious weeds present as friends
Ignoring every vile taboo
Content to rend a life in two

To my dismay, when thusly played
Defied the lure of trial to jade
Though not before her sins were weighed
And heinous acts in full, repaid

2015

Betrayal (Divorce Decree) Finalized

If only those who betrayed others realized that their actions would be revisited upon themselves ten times worse than anything they could ever imagine. 2015

I used to feel so much pain. I hurt for what seemed like an eternity. Now when I think about her I don't feel anything. It is as though the past is slowly being erased; memories fading in the rearview mirror, becoming barely recognizable. I don't like being forced to forget a large portion of my life, but what choice do I have? 2020

Ode to Vashti

You took oaths to be my helpmate, but you constantly said no,
Then you cruelly walked away and you divorced me

Like rebellious ol' Queen Vashti, you said "I refuse to go",
Then three years ago today you did outsource me

And now you're looking back, as though you're sifting through a stack
Of bitter feelings that were caused by foolish choices

You regret the state you're in, and finding much to your chagrin,
That by deception you gave ear to wicked voices

You finally understand, if you had listened to your man,
The life you're living would be better than the norm

That love's not all soft and gooey, for its power to rightly buoy,
It must sometimes take an unfamiliar form

2016

Remembering the duplicity and rebellion of Vashti's despicable 21st
century, Jezebelian sisters.

Like most men, I didn't realize until it was too late that most women have
no sense of loyalty. Briffault's Rule should be taught in all of the schools.

Women will never understand how much guidance they need from men
to successfully navigate their shallow, barren, misbegotten lives.

Man in the Mirror

No walks along the Boulevard
No playing catch outside
No tenderness when life was hard
No playing seek and hide

No helping with my homework
You never had the time
No sharing of your poetry
So I could learn to rhyme

There was no special lesson plan
The only help you gave
The only time I heard the man
Was when you yelled behave

With soldier-like precision
A Drilling Sergeant's whine
Your goal and stated mission
To keep us all in line

Fast forward now I'm thirty-three
And barking out commands
I'm sculpting everyone I see
And no one understands

Replicated furor screams
But somehow it's not right
The image in your mirror seems
To make you want to fight

So don't be quick to criticize
The man that I've become
You modeled it before my eyes
You might say I'm your son

Some say they're finger-lickin'
But this I have deduced
That no one likes the chickens
When they come home to roost

2016

I sent this to a family member because I felt let down by their response to my losses. I was there to support them when they suffered the consequences of questionable decisions. I guess I expected the same treatment.

As humans, we are often unaware of the role we play in the destruction we see all around us. We somehow fail to realize that our lives and words are often the manual that some will read and aspire to emulate, while others unconsciously absorb our influence as a blueprint for a happy life. It is important to take responsibility for the consequences of our actions. However, there are often many hidden factors that influence our poor choices and bad habits. Our kids are always going to take our weaknesses and vices to the next level. Mom and Dad's "old fashioned" compromises are simply the blank canvases that our children use to paint their own unique picture of depravity.

The parents fret and fume then in frustration wonder why
The children, stunned, just look at them and casually reply
If you didn't want to view your darkest moments in 3D
You should have been more careful not to graft them onto me

I suppose that grief has a way of dredging up unresolved issues of the past.

Why you fussin' at me
When I been watchin' since the bottle
Why you cussin' at me
When I perfect the life you model

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Adults will sin at measured speeds
While toddlers laugh and waddle
They imitate our wicked deeds
And then pull back the throttle

Deuteronomy 29:29 2.0

You can't see your future
It's making you fret
So here is a proverb
Try not to forget

It's His job to teach
It's your job to mind
It's your job to seek
It's His job to find

Be humble and meek
Life won't be a grind
You're meant to be weak
And sufficiently blind

2016

Allowing God's Word to calm my fears about the future. Everything is gone. It feels like the end of the world.

Vanilla Please

Why do roads seem longer when
You don't know where you're going
Newly pregnant and a whale
But they say you're barely showing

The winds of change destroy your plans
For others hardly blowing
Your future says "extend your hand"
You whisper "I'm not going"

2016

I knew I would somehow have to forge a new life from the ashes of my old one. However, as an empathic yet disordered person, that task is almost insurmountable. I was barely holding the old life together, now it must be attempted again with no support or situational buffers. I don't want to go but what choice do I have? It really doesn't matter. I know I won't be missed.

Second Best
(I Love You "Two")

I saw you fluff her pillow
The care wore no disguise
You whispered as a willow
The love was in your eyes

A bed of special touches
On which devotion lies
It's how the jilted and unloved
Can tell they are despised

Preferential treatment...
Which all the world denies...
Familial impeachment...
In vain the wounded sighs

2016

There is a particular type of grief and frustration associated with the denial of favoritism. These subconscious preferences are often clearly visible to those destined to be crowned "Runner Up" before any race has ever begun.

Perpetrators never see it; affected parties know it will never be acknowledged. It gives birth to a perpetual sigh of the soul.

Transformers (Gore Defeats the I)

Life transforming moments
A father's death at five
A mother's distance torments
She's there but half alive

Alcoholic stewards
Distress and rage combined
Grandpa teaches new words
All coarse and unrefined

Auntie Elle is troubled
Her urges have her bound
Cousins' voices muffled
They dare not make a sound

Inner longings clamor
Speak truth but it's no use
Siblings grope and stammer
All forced to hide abuse

Hearts opened up to strangers
Then closed with deep regret
Pain obfuscates the dangers
They took what they could get

The patriarchal vacuum
A ghost that can be seen
A silent locust that consumes
That mars and strips us clean

2016

Life without a father is an incomplete life. Losing my Dad so early was hugely traumatic for our entire family. I can't speak for my siblings, but it felt like a black hole had been cut out in the center of my chest. It's still

there, but seems to have shrunk over time. If he had lived, he probably would have been an average Dad and probably would have ended up divorced like so many other good men. It still would have been nice to have one though. Growing up fatherless creates a loss of innocence that you never regain.

People should try a lot harder to make marriages work. Divorces usually occur when one or both parents decide they no longer want to be adults. They then purchase their second childhood with the tears, emptiness, and poor mental health of their emotionally distraught children. Everyone says, "The kids will be okay, they'll adapt." They won't, and don't!!

The majority will suffer for decades well into adulthood, never understanding how a parent's selfish choices sabotaged their lives and peace of mind.

Quiet Love

A family full of anchors
One fractured buoy of truth
Veracity's sick banker
A smile's impacted tooth

Entrusted with her worries
Despondence drowned in purses
Yet even broken buoys
Keep rising to the surface

Mom was the investor
She doled out hugs for lies
Anguish left to fester
If one could not compromise

Silence had an asking price
Conspirators got paid
But bogus baubles don't entice
So payments were not made

Resolute, yet broken
A garden full of weeds
Encouragement unspoken
And outrage for good deeds

Left alone to learn to feel
A pro since turning eight
Abandoned her Achilles heel
And left him to his fate

2016

Memories of what, at the time, appeared to be a normal childhood; later revealed as ample fodder for multi-layered levels of dysfunction.

Keeping Up Appearances

(My Judas)

Aches in her right elbow...
Twitching in her eyes...
Brittle hair that won't grow
Strange sensations in her thighs

Persistent, brutal migraines
Born of efforts to disguise
Her psyche taking great pains
To convince her of the lies

Prolonged, acute dysrhythmia
Mild tremors in the heart
Delusion hatched by worry
Paranoia off the chart

Aligned with the Accuser
Now compelled to play the part
Allowed his horde to use her
Self-deceptive work of art

She claimed he was abusive
Though she knew it wasn't true
But conscience won't collude
And now the bills are coming due

Crafting insincerity
Hardly counts as something new
Seedlings lacking verity
But look at how they grew

A lie is like a virus
Seeking something to infect
Deceit destroys a life
That only truth can resurrect

Proverbs of Pain

Erasing years of virtue
From the true and circumspect
Eradicating statues
Worthy conduct did erect

Though goodness, strength and
Loyalty may build a mighty nation
A single spark of falsehood
Can result in devastation

A man can toil a lifetime
Earning righteous exaltation
But woman can dismantle him
With one false allegation

Selah

One million little whispers
Dirty secrets that you keep
The worst and most destructive
Is the lie that lets you sleep

2017

Blaming those who are damaged is easy and often foolproof. We are easy to vilify because of our oddity and social awkwardness. Lying on the vulnerable is the absolute worst of offenses, especially when a sickness shared in confidence by the weary sufferer is used as a disguise to conceal one's duplicitous nature and actions. In other words, a lifelong, debilitating condition shared in the hopes of gaining comfort and support, contorted into a perverted excuse to justify infidelity and spousal abandonment.

Sorry if words are too fancy
I guess that's the way that I speak
I try to talk plainly
And never profanely
But pain causeth verbiage to leak

Weight on God

Exalted will of man...
Self-fulfilled desires...
Extinguished godly plans...
Quenching holy fires...

Disheartened Wisdom breathes...
Unheeded, dire alarms...
His precious Spirit seethes...
Upset with folded arms...

Bizarre and strangely odd...
A sight for all to see...
The book says wait on God...
I make God wait on me...

The angels hide their eyes...
And whisper "so unfair"...
And justly criticize...
The wait that He must bear

2017

Willful sin and poor choices can be an unfortunate response to tragic losses and life reversals. I certainly committed my share of both when blinded by the pain and rage associated with discovering that a beloved spouse was engaged in immoral activities with unprincipled men.

Overwhelming grief may also cause delayed obedience to divine directives. This is a problem because when God speaks, He is often transmitting time sensitive information. I probably delayed the writing of this book by a few years due to being absolutely possessed by the injustices caused by my enemies. I ruminated on my circumstances for hours at a time. I hated that I did it. It stole so much time and offered nothing positive in return.

Crying In My Dreams

Aren't visions in the night
Bucolic, tranquil and serene
Why then am I sad and
Sometimes crying in my dreams

I should be walking happily
By clear as crystal streams
Why then am I sad and
Often crying in my dreams

Storied recollections of
Compassionate regimes
Why then am I sad and
Mostly crying in my dreams

Counter resurrections of
My nightly muffled screams
Why then am I sad and
Always crying in my dreams

Instead of bliss and wonderment
Of joyful winning teams
Alas I feel so bad
While I am crying in my dreams

I'm overwhelmed with discontent
And dark depressing themes
Help me, I'm so sad
I think I'm dying in my dreams

Subsequent reflections
Alleging I go to extremes
I am not a cad
My life is trying in my dreams

Despising your trajectory
Accusal bursting at the seams
Indictment makes one mad
Wild charges flying at my dreams

Distressing misperceptions
Finding ways without the means
Angry? Just a tad
Resentment frying on my dreams

Ungracious interjections
Heaping gobs of low esteem
Invectives of a lad
Irreverence lying on my dreams

Long-toothed vivisections
Plasma flowing like a stream
Do loved one call you Vlad
The blood is drying on my dreams

Since you take exception
With accusatory schemes
I will rest unclad
And do this why-ing in my dreams

2017

When the woman I loved and was married to for thirty years planned her exit and abruptly walked out of my life, I almost lost myself. A few of the aftereffects were waking up in a cold sweat, and crying in my dreams. Exiting a long-term marriage abruptly is exceptionally cruel. It allows the cheating spouse the opportunity to grieve in advance, and prepare for the inevitable shockwave of mental agony associated with that level of treachery. The abandoned mate has no such warning and preparation. We are rocked by wave after wave of heart-rending grief, made more intense by intermittent revelations of misdeeds, and confessions by unprincipled men.

I have decided that most women do not love. I don't even think they are capable of love. Being decidedly emotional creatures with no real moral compass of their own, they simply latch on to the best provider who can cause them to exist in an elevated emotional state. I believe that whenever her security is threatened by loss of resources, or whenever she is forced out of her childish emotional bubble by a man who desires a true adult for a companion, she will quickly begin to weigh her options and plan her escape to the next clueless victim of her hypergamy.

In retrospect, I suspect this is an attribute of a woman with a Jezebel spirit. A "Jezebel" is woman who, by manipulation, seduction, deception and treachery, robs a man of his strength and creative energies, ultimately resulting in an aborted destiny. These women turn good men into passive, weak, confused, emasculated versions of their former selves. This spirit appears to inhabit the vast majority of American women. Individuals under the influence of this particular demon can always be heard clamoring for women to step into roles traditionally held by men. They are man-hating, vain, vicious, destructive, tyrannical she-devils who often end up miserable and alone with no idea of why no man wants anything to do with them.

Ass

It's been two years since you were here
Oh my how time does pass
I've learned to face my greatest fears
So you can kiss my a**

I had to sell our lovely home
I miss the lush green grass
I'm doing well all on my own
So you can kiss my a**

Incessant snoring, loud and clear
No longer doth harass
I now relax and sip a beer
So you can kiss my a**

My days are filled with caviar
And pheasant under glass
And though I drive an older car
Still you can kiss my a**

I found a loving, graceful doe
Who's kind and doesn't sass
She doesn't twist the truth she knows
Oh won't you can kiss my a**

I heard your life is wonky
I suppose this too shall pass
Oh yeah, I bought a donkey
So you still can kiss my a**

2017

I might have been slightly angry when I wrote this?

Acquiescence

She called me a mistake
But I still miss her everyday
Disgusted eyes said go away
I died and said ok

4.2.17

What do you do when a spouse leaves abruptly and quickly remarries? The answer is "thank God." Otherwise, you would have continued to be a laughingstock to those scoundrels who posed as decent human beings; people who would rather sit back and watch your life get destroyed instead of risking a potentially uncomfortable conversation.

If you think you are sensing a little bitterness you would be correct. I despise the vulnerability and weakness I felt when this was written. But I think it is important for those suffering similar betrayals to know that you have to be honest about what you are feeling. It is the only way you are going to get through it without being transformed into a lesser version of yourself.

My Love

My love will like my poetry
She'll help me write my songs
My love will giggle quietly
When sonnets run too long

My love will have integrity
With truth and grace ingrained
Not fickle like a baby
Who must oft be entertained

My love will lose a few nights sleep
But hard times she'll endure
Her promises, though hard to keep
Are kept with motives pure

My love will speak unvarnished truth
My love won't hide the facts
My love will pause and stand aloof
From females with no tact

She won't deceive or break my heart
To gain life's simple joys
She'll follow up and do her part
And discipline our boys

My lover will be faithful
So she won't return a flirt
A gift may make her grateful
But it won't undo her skirt

My love will be a realist
With balanced expectations
No grabbing wrists, or balled up fists
Or childish machinations

Proverbs of Pain

My love will know forgiveness
Freely given and received
Acquainted with repentance
So that peace can be achieved

My Angel won't be perfect though
These few things she will be...
Still feminine, and self-controlled
And satisfied with me

4.6.2017

Unsure that I would ever be able to love or trust again, I allowed myself a fleeting moment of optimism. Anger and suspicion of all females still attended and overshadowed the writing of this hopeful yet sad offering.

You Should Have Waited

Struggling to communicate
He stammered as he spoke
Defects that debilitate
To her he's just a joke

His clothes are plain and frumpy
Kind of weird and maladjusted
He's slightly off and dumpy
So she's fed up and disgusted

Four daggers to a shattered heart
"I'm leaving you tonight
You're weird and you aren't very smart
I'm sure you'll be alright"

In seconds, thirty years undone
He's cruelly discarded
"Oh by the way, you and your son
Are both semi-retarded"

His job and friends and kinfolk gone
He's lost and all alone
Big bro enforces family law
And disconnects his phone

Mangled thoughts assault his mind
He wrestles dark desires
Yet you refused to help him find
The peace that love inspires

Abandoned so that you could play
It's not your finest hour
God would have given strength to stay
But you didn't want His power

Proverbs of Pain

Forbidden dreams were coming true
But soon, the milk did sour
The devil always gets his due
He drools as sin devours

So don't you go a-blamin' chance
For every tear and moan
Was purchased five years in advance
With seeds unwisely sown

Reacting like a malcontent
Exposed by tantrums thrown
Your lover fails to pay the rent
And confiscates your phone

Rescinding all your vows was sad
Paid counsel did assist
Abolishing your children's Dad
While you maintained a tryst

The moral of this wicked tale
Must not be lost or missed
You should have let God's love prevail
And kept the toad you kissed

Selah

Life can change, or so it seems
From pain to picket fences
Sometimes tears turn into dreams
And ugly frogs to Princes

4.7.2017

I instinctively knew that my betrayer would one day come to deeply regret the selfish choices made at a very difficult time in our lives. Abandonment will always lead to shame, guilt, and regret. I'm still hurting, but I suppose it is better to be abandoned than to live connected

to someone who secretly despises you. That kind of person is dangerous and might possibly resort to more sinister actions as time passes.

***NOTE TO CHEATING PARTNERS AND HOMEWRECKERS:**

Your disgusting new lover is not falling FOR you, they are falling TOWARDS you. As the recipient of their devotion, you don't realize that the depth of emotion you are feeling is energized and intensified by the velocity at which they are fleeing unpleasant responsibilities and commitments.

Good luck with your future persecutors!

Secret relationships always contain a homewrecker and a narcissist. May each of you exploit the other as the misery temporarily visited upon your victims clings to you both well into old age. The bible says, "He who commits adultery is lacking sense." In other words, cheaters are fools. Deceiving and leaving a mate is the dumbest thing a person could do. They are always repaid with ten times the despair and heartache they cause.

Gone Girl

I remember when a girl was a girl
And not an actress
When civility in mother-of-pearl
Was common practice

The feminine would shun
All masculine apparatus
And a woman fell in love
With your heart, not your status

1.1.2018

Foolishly longing for days gone by, when feminine deceptions were not as obvious. I know there are women of virtue in existence. I also know they are extremely rare.

Never Never Land

NEVER should have married
I NEVER should have cared
NEVER should've listened
And I NEVER should have shared

NEVER should have loved her
I NEVER should have tried
Should have lived above her
Instead I slowly died

NEVER should have trusted
I should have known my place
NEVER should have entered in
Or run the human race

If ties that bind impede your life
And hinder wise commands
Cut loose the grind that is a wife
Take flight and NEVER land

3.2018

I suppose hindsight is always 20/20. People should come with labels; like “duplicitous”, “conniving”, or “Machiavellian Mommy's Girl.”

Marriage as God created it is a beautiful thing. But men should avoid modern marriage at all costs. Men are finally waking up to the fact that for 75% of them it will not end well. This should not be interpreted as a call to abandon difficult or useless wives. These females should simply be demoted from their place of prominence in a man's thoughts. They should be understood, tolerated, and loved. For those men fortunate enough not be legally bound to an emotionally undeveloped woman; learn a language, travel, and set goals, knowing that marriage to the modern female means the end of your dreams and masculine pursuits.

American Idol-ed

“Oh God why aren't you moving”
I demanded in my prayer
“I threw away my idol
Come on Lord, it's just not fair”

He smiled and chuckled softly
Then in wisdom did impart
“You launched it from your hand
But it's still lodged within your heart”

6.11.18

Finally acknowledging idolized attitudes, people, and practices that sabotage my life and grieve God's heart and Spirit.

A Love Decried

Was it love and true devotion
Well at first I say of course
Was I riding strong emotion
Like a jockey on a horse

While I sat there brokenhearted
Full of sadness and remorse
I believe desire departed
As I clutched devotion's corpse

Selah

In spite of clear causation
In my wishing and my hoping
I misread illumination
So I clung to what was broken

9.9.18

Lamenting my blindness to the true motives of deceivers in my past.

Being deceived into believing you are loved is extremely cruel. The person clings to an imaginary promise. Seeing love in every casual gesture, they build a life on foundation of lies.

Undesirable

It's none of your business
It's not your concern
Please give us some distance
Oh when will you learn

You aren't invited
None mention your name
Desire unrequited
Sir have you no shame

A pox on your presence
Oh yes we mean you
Obnoxious, your essence
Your face is taboo

We know it's distressing
It's fine if you grieve
We say you're a blessing
But sigh when you leave

10.29.18

Rejection is cancer of the soul.

Being forcibly divorced after dealing with a lifetime of rejection issues has the effect of validating every negative comment you have ever been told about yourself regarding your self-worth.

The worst thing you can do to a person who feels rejected is to make a well-intentioned, premature assessment that refutes their claim. Offering a different perspective before making inquiry as to how they arrived at their conclusion suggests a lack of cognitive ability in the sufferer. When people complain of ill treatment, they are looking for an island of truth from which to launch a counterattack against the effects of the painful reality that has assaulted their mind. Your agreement is the enclave that provides a safe place to reassess and even reconsider

their perception of an encounter. Until they are believed, it is futile to attempt to get them to reinterpret events or challenge settled conclusions.

Not being believed feels like a grave injustice and a major offense. The human mind will expend most or all of its conscious and subconscious energies in a wearying attempt to rectify this "great tragedy." Until then, I believe higher brain function will be impaired to the degree that rational thought and measured cognition are impossible.

Denying someone the ability to assess themselves and their environment correctly only worsens the trauma, and postpones the search for inner peace until a more intuitive or understanding individual can be found.

One word of encouragement is not enough to penetrate a guarded heart, and a single compliment will not dent the armor of the despised.

Stop Lion

Around each mall and corner
I see lions in a cage
Walking with their owners
Forced to mask a potent rage

Humiliated majesty
Compelled to play a part
She adds to this great tragedy
And makes him push the cart.

Honor bound, existing
As a knight whom none regard
Called to arms, insisting
That he mow and trim the yard

Everyday resisting
Bouts of misandry is hard
Dealt an ace of drifting
But he'll never play the card

Thrilled to slay the dragons
Breathing fire in her life
Circling the wagons
When a threat disturbs his wife

Longing for a vestige of
A long-extinguished pride
Anxiously requesting
Resurrection where it died

So let your lion roar
At every random passerby
And don't you dare ignore
The look of passion in his eye

Belittle his important role
And this is what you'll get
A passive man you can control
But one you won't respect

7.7.19

I have been noticing a host of lifeless, hopeless looking men at every store and mall. These defeated warriors walk around like zombies on a leash; controlled by clueless women who sucked the life out of these once fierce and noble creatures. I see and know many unhappily married men. I cannot find one happily married man outside of the religious bubble that tells him that being a good man means doing everything a woman wants.

Weak men gauge their masculinity by feminine standards... i.e., by a list of attributes that have the needs of women and children at their core. These men have been conditioned to sacrifice their dreams, and to only value in themselves the qualities that women desire.

Women are always clamoring for good men. Once they get them, they do their best to manipulate, emasculate, and control them. When left to their own devices, they ultimately transform them into weak, passive simpletons whom they cannot respect.

Full Time Fornicator

If you're going to do a thing
You ought to do it well
Lay aside half-hearted swings
And forge your road to hell

Discontent to play at sin
The plague made up her mind
To cash the part-time wife-ing in
And play the whore full time

7.7.2019

Recurring thoughts of a disgusting woman.

Weavie Wonder

I know she has a weave and
That her nails are very fake
But don't you make her grieve it
For her conscience very sake

Her image is a city
That cannot endure neglect
Her need to *feel* she's pretty
Is as your need for respect

8.11.2019

I was being hounded by anger due to having to start over in life after a half a century of investing in ungrateful people. I went out to clear my head and saw a woman wearing a weave in a grocery store. I was tempted to be critical because she looked ridiculous. Then I remembered that women need to *feel* pretty regardless of how unattractive they might be, just as men need to feel respected regardless of how small and insignificant *they* might be.

Update
(A Prophecy of Love to Be)

He found himself discarded
By a cruel and cunning wife
With treacheries, bombarded
So a fool could live her life

They both have now received
Two very different kinds of mates
She's now the one deceived
While he's been gifted what she faked

9.14.2019

I ran into an old classmate at a clothing store who told me about his marital situation. He had gone through an ordeal very similar to mine. His new wife was the opposite of his old one: beautiful, loyal, kind, and feminine. There is still no woman on my horizon. I'm still too broken, but intuition tells me to prepare for a real relationship with a woman like the one my friend had.

Tatt-o Tales

Loss and trauma's fusion
Used to hide within the mind
But now concealed intrusion
Is much easier to find

Internal tears residing
In the heart are nothing new
But now they're all abiding
On the limbs for all to view

Painting pictures of my pain
On canvasses of skin
Mildly toxic ink to stain
The flesh that bore my sin

Stories that I bled to tell
But where do I begin
Markings pave my road to hell
So you'll inquire within

Some say conversation piece
But it's not just for show
A confidential list of things
That I want you to know

Please tell me it's amazing
Then perceive my calm despair
Alleviate the craziness
And tell me that you care

The needle isn't sharp enough
To hide my Daddy's frown
His name across my forearm
Still can't bring him back to town

My Momma's quiet cooking
Masks the tears where sorrows drown
And sighs when I'm not looking
Tell my soul I let her down

A lover's act of treason
Sparks resentment and regret
I lie about the reason
For their nameplate on my neck

Unable to erase it
But the rebound's still upset
Reluctantly, I face it
And incur the extra debt

This epidermal wonderland
Holds secrets seldom shown
Believe me, help me understand
The hurt I wish they'd known

A few reply, but most ignore
Each multi-colored moan
The pain revives, I'll get one more
Then off to cry alone

Selah

The artist never says a word
He bathes in muted grief
Time hasn't healed, it only blurred
This ultra-low relief

2.13.2020

I watched a video about society's perceptions of tattoos on men versus women. I believe they are externalized expressions of internal trauma from unresolved emotional issues. It is very rare to find a heavily tattooed individual who is both psychologically and emotionally healthy. Tattooed or not, sanity is rare nowadays.

Blinded by the Sight

I lusteth by looking, intense
A stare too extreme brings the judge
In this I cannot ride the fence
For both, once embedded, won't budge

8.7.20

I'm judging and lusting
And both are disgusting
I'm praying for help to correct it

For judgment and lust
As igniters, combust
And incinerate lives undetected

Facts Can Lye

We noticed how angry and bothered you looked,
Upon hearing an unbiased fact

We all thought the hostesses gooses were cooked,
From the violent way you react

It's all you can stand, now you're raising your hand,
To be sure that the man knows his place

But when he explains, new perspective is gained,
And you end up with egg on your face

By waiting to speak, all the answers you seek,
Will reveal when the wise gets a turn

So bridle your tongue, be ye ag-ed or young,
And you won't have to suffer the burn

9.4.20

I saw a video of a woman reacting violently to information that had nothing to do with her. I think society has been successfully dumbed down. If you are going to be angry, at least do so for good reason. There's nothing worse than an irrational half-wit who can't stop to process the information that would completely invalidate his or her extreme emotional responses.

Deceiver

You saw in me, someone that you could deceive,
So you planted a lie and it grew

For you were instructed by Mom to believe,
That deceiving is what women do

Deception began; you then married the man,
As a way to secure what you needed

However, fidelity wasn't the plan,
All in spite of the God who decreed it

Selah

Marriage was so beautiful
Your poison has caused me to fear it
I was once so dutiful
But now I'm afraid to go near it

Thoughts of trying to trust again
But how could I ever believe her
Thoughts of pure disgust again
And loving a vicious deceiver

My sad heart informs me that it will never be able to love as deeply and wholeheartedly as it did the first time. I suppose that is why so many betrayed people feel like they never want to get into another relationship. I feel the same way, but fortunately for me, I know that the God of the bible can heal the paranoia produced by savage betrayal. I also believe He can repair an impenetrable, broken heart; therefore I have hope.

Maybe this love will be greater
My beloved might be a real person
Maybe she won't be a traitor
Perhaps with His help I'll be certain

Maybe her heart will be purer
With an innocence few have achieved
Maybe the whispers won't lure her
From the truth she was taught and believed

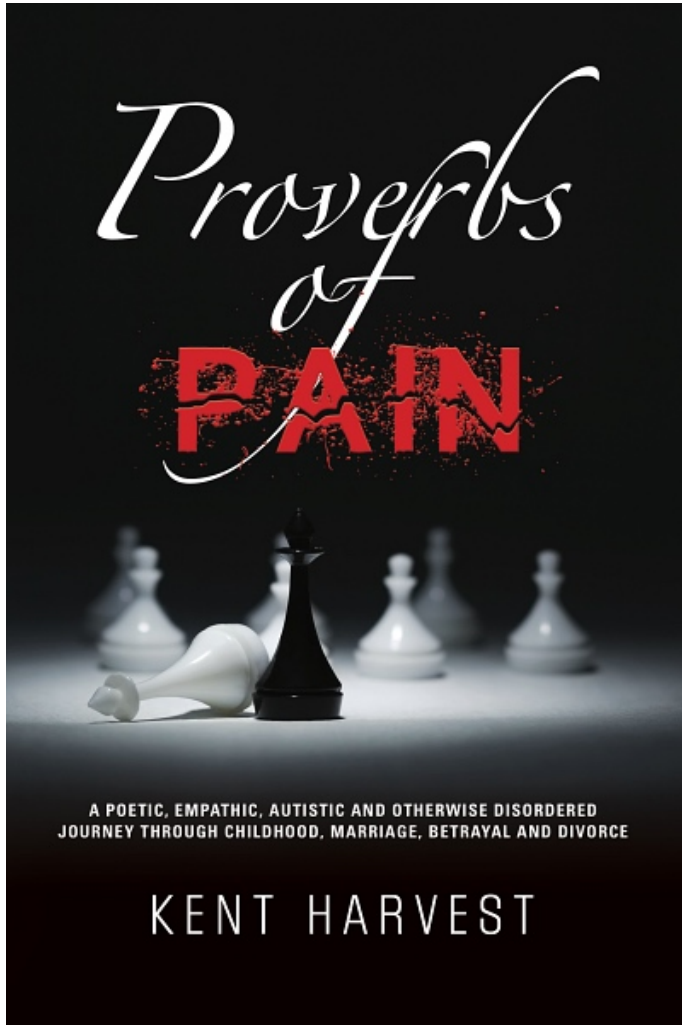
4.7.2021

You may not be as handsome or beautiful as you once were. You might not be as energetic and fun-loving as in times past. Maybe your earning potential has vastly deteriorated. Maybe you have not had that baby that you both have been praying for. Do not let seemingly impossible circumstances stop you from believing in an amazing outcome.

Someone out there is looking for you. But they are looking for the real you, not the fake person you created who is hiding under layers of make-up or false bravado. This person wants the vulnerable, semi-insecure you. They want that innocence that you try so desperately to conceal. Real people want real people because real people understand that other human beings are just as broken as they are, and will be more accepting of their flaws.

Ladies? He wants to know that you actually need him. He needs to know that you need his emotional support to navigate this hostile world we live in. Tell him you will be depending on him. Men? You can let the right woman know that you don't have it all together. Her natural response will be to come along side you and become someone you can lean on in difficult times. All the rest will see it as weakness. Avoid women who don't know that men are real human beings with emotions. Remember that most women are soulless narcissists. Don't live by or lead with your emotions. Be a man, but find a woman mature enough to know that you might have a few moments of uncertainty before your life is over. Immature women demand an indestructible "alpha lion" who never stumbles because narcissists need perfection to coexist. Not only does mature femininity understand that her man will need to be encouraged, she knows how to do it in a way that does not emasculate him.

Do not let the fear of being unlovable or undesirable become greater than your belief in the God who loves you.



This is a poetic journal that reveals the inner turmoil in a disordered mind further fractured by betrayal and abandonment. The grief-stricken, autistic author struggles desperately to process multiple injustices and significant losses.

Proverbs of Pain:

**A Poetic, Empathic, Autistic and Otherwise Disordered Journey
Through Childhood, Marriage, Betrayal and Divorce**

By Kent Harvest

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