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Astonishing Tales of Heartbreak

Toni Rendon

Providence College, arendon@friars.providence.edu

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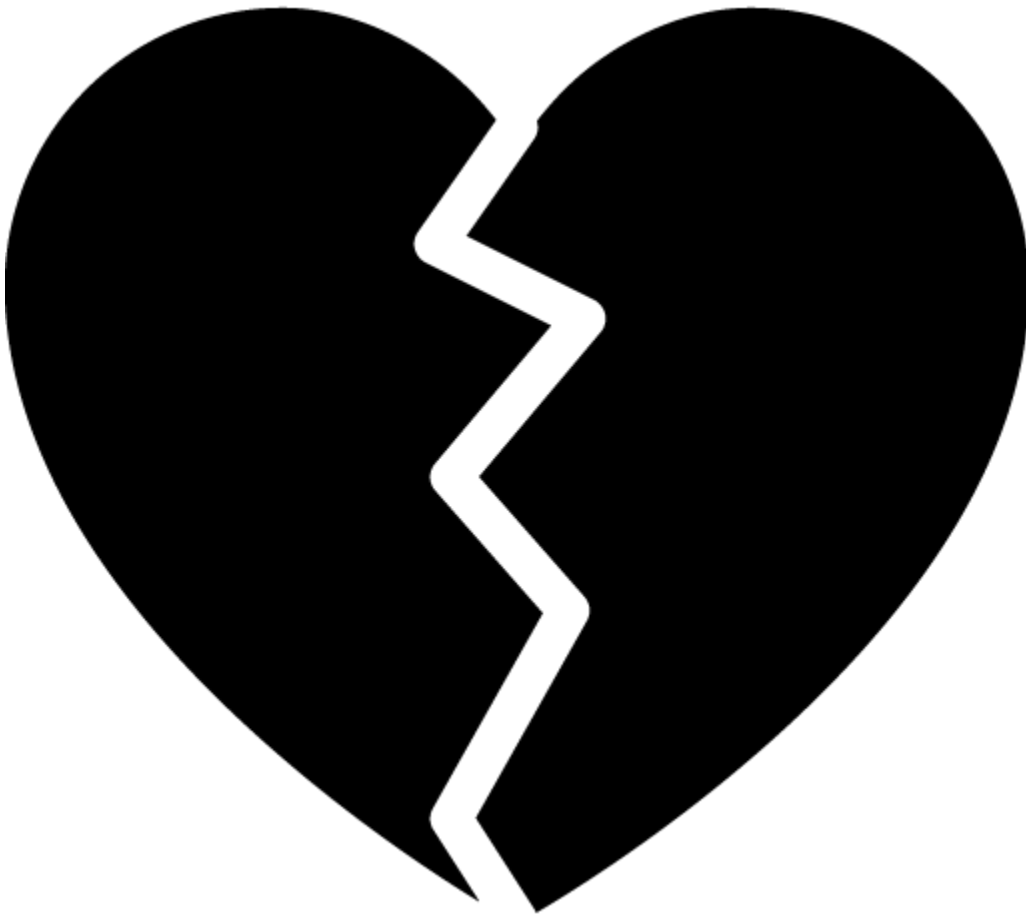
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Astonishing
Tales of Heartbreak



By: Toni Rendon

December 10, 2020

For my muse

Without you my heart wouldn't be broken

And my words would have no substance.

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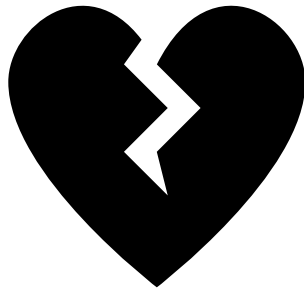
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Part 1

Poetically Broken



7AM

It was 7am when I let you in, not expecting it all to end
But it was obvious, like it came in with a marching band
The chorus was filled with words we should've never said
The ruckus echoing off the walls in my head
The words hitting me till I bled

"Where have you been?"

"I'm back now, so calm down"

"I know you're back I'm not blind"

"What's with the attitude, just say what's on your mind"

"There's been a rumor about you creeping along the vine

They say you're not mine"

"are you saying I lied or cheated, we talked about this

It's a dead horse why beat it?"

"Look me in the eyes and tell me you still mean it"

"How dare you question me, as if I'd ever leave

How many times do I have to say you're stuck with me?"

"How many times have you lied and made me cry?"

"Not that many times, but why do you care don't you 'hate' me?"

"Bringing up the past isn't that great"

"you didn't even want to date me"

"oh god now I never wanted to date you,

why is it so hard to say the truth?

That's exactly why I'm falling out of love with you"

"tell me that's not the truth"

...

Her Silence has been ringing in my mind since
This encounter has left me loveless
Now at I'm up at 7 am
Forever stuck in this memory
as I embrace the ghost on your side of the bed
Food doesn't taste the same, Music has no melody
The sky's forever a dingy shade of gray
My world's been thrown out of harmony
The days seem to blend into weeks
Weeks into that moment
And I haven't slept in peace
Since you took that part of me
I long for the days when we had never met
So, you'd never be able to pollute my head

It's 7 am and I'm wondering

Do you miss me yet?

Happy Place

I only need my happy place
When my mind begins to race
When I over think every little thing
And I beg and scream for a sweet release
Or at least some form of leniency

Instead, I choose to lose my mind
Because I do it gracefully
Even though it's detrimental to me
So, I don't get addicted to escaping reality
My sanity starts to flake like a pastry
I wish food could go back to being tasty
I wish the voices I hear didn't drive me crazy
I begin to think everyone hates me
The depression makes reality hazy
It's okay cause everyone's crazy

I give up and return to my everlasting daydream
In a thicket of trees
Where I can dance with the breeze
Among the falling leaves
Where even the most beautiful flowers
Can exist with the ugliest of weeds
Where my luck always comes in the shape of three
And I can bring myself to finally be happy

Here within the trees

My demons can't reach me
And I'm free from my mental slavery
For this is hallowed ground
And they aren't allowed
Here amongst the sweet scents
And the mellow music echoing through the leaves
I finally have a sense of peace

This peace nubs my brain
And substitutes my sanity
With an artificial happy
I've given up my Instability
For something reliable
It's helped me realize that this feeling
Ain't nothing to die for
But it leaves me wishing my sanity never left me
Because this feeling
Only casts a bright light
On my dingy reality

So here
I'll wait patiently for it
to come back for me

A Cry from The Heart (A Sad Symphony)

The music begins to swell
The conductor signaling they're ready
Rich music rings
Composing a tragedy

The violins cut ties
The cello leaving no eye dry
The brass brings up the past
The flute signaling the end
The piano starting the melody again

Reality crashes like the notes
The symphony echoes in the soul
The audience twirling like it's a ball
Waiting for the curtain to be called

But there's an encore
Hearts are begging for more
The audience picking up their pieces
Only to lose some and never break even

But this time the song sounds different
The orchestra is accompanied by someone singing

A cry from the heart

Echoes through the night

*When true love's kiss
Turns out to be a lie
It's a song sung in twos
When the singers realize
They had something to lose
It's a love song inspired
By a fading muse*

All this emanating
From inside a crying heart
Beaten black and blue

If the World Was Ending

Black snow tumbles from the sky, clinging to the clothes on your back as you push against the ocean of people. Running from falling skyscrapers. The combination of screams, car beeps, and glass shattering echoes in your head drowning out every thought except one.

Her.

Bloody fingers grasp photographs strewn across the floor. Covered by a sea of glass turned crimson from the deep cuts spoiling the white carpet. The symphony of catastrophe poured in through the windows, filling the lonely halls. These perfect fragments frozen in time blurred by blood and tears. Erasing years. Struggling to remember who used to stare back at you during those sleepless nights.

Her.

Is she okay or did she die when the bomb dropped? Did she make it out or is she trapped under debris struggling to breath? A bloody fingerprint hard for the scanner to read. Smudges on the screen, making it hard to comprehend. All you know is you have to send this text before the world ends. The words swimming in your head. On the last day you find yourself with no regrets, just a heart in your chest still beating for someone else.

HER.

Monster

Today I built a monster
made him from pieces found in the dumpster
rescued his mind from the gutter
And gave him the heart I recently discarded

He came to life with mixed emotions
guess from the start he was entirely hopeless
I just didn't seem to notice

I introduced him to my mother
And he shocked her
She cried
“What did you do
that's just a nightmare you”
I said “he's pretty isn't he
But there's still something missing”

It's almost as if he's too indifferent
He needs a sense of conviction
Some belief to live with
Some reason to not want to kick it
So, I built him a wife in my ex's image

But that ended no different
She ripped his heart out and bit it

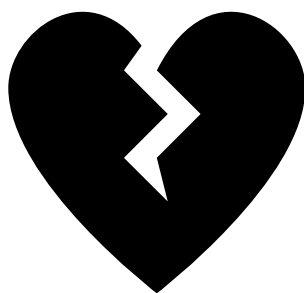
He was left in the dumps
With a broken heart to live with

He said "Pa what happened to us"
I said "guess you didn't love her enough,
Now stop your whining that's kid shit
You fucked up now live with it
Be wise and learn from it
Be lucky enough and she'll come back kid"

But I guess he couldn't deal
Because when I came home,
He was swing from the ceiling with zeal
Until the stiches on his neck couldn't hold
He dropped to the ground with a crumple and fold
His head rolled to my feet
His eyes met mine and he began to speak
"look at me now Pa
I'm just like you
A beautiful tragedy"

Part 2

Stories About Broken People



Anastasia: “What a pretty name for such an ugly thing”

Tic, Tic, Tic the time passed slowly as Lucy waited for her father to come home with her present. She has finally turned ten and as he promised she could now get a pet. The anticipation was slowly killing her, she tried playing games and watching tv to kill the time, but nothing could quell the excitement she was feeling. Suddenly Lucy heard his car wheels as they rolled over the gravel driveway, “Papa’s home!!” she exclaimed at the top of her lungs letting their cul-de-sac know of his arrival. Not being able to take it anymore she swung open the door and rushed to the car. “Hi papa, do you have it, do you have it?”

“Yes dear, close your eyes” he said popping the trunk open and getting out the car. Papa grabbed Lucy by the hand and guided her to back, “are you ready dear?”

“Yes pa, I can’t wait” Lucy said jumping up and down.

“Well then open your eyes.” She opened them and immediately wish she hadn’t, Inside was a black cage the size of a doll house and in the cage sat a strawberry blonde female guinea pig with two different color eyes. One eye was the shade of a cup of coffee with two creams in it and the other was crimson. The crimson eye was surrounded by a patch of white fur and black fur, she was slender and a little smaller than the average guinea pig. “What do you think Luce? I know you wanted a puppy but since this is your first pet, I decided to get you a guinea pig instead, if you can prove to me that you can take care of it, I’ll consider getting you a puppy.”

“Okay Papa, but didn’t they have one that was cuter? Look at that eye, it doesn’t look okay.” Lucy said in a disappointed tone. Naomi heard this and it hurt, ever since she was born, she was always the odd one out in the litter, her eye had earned her a target on her back or as the other pups used to say her face. She thought things would be different since she was the one that was *chosen*, she thought they wanted her, but she was wrong. “I know dear, but she was on sale. How about you keep her and tomorrow we’ll get you another one, then you’ll have two how does that sound?” Papa replied doing his best to cheer up Lucy.

“Okay” she said perking up a little bit.

“What are you going to name her?” Papa asked lifting the cage out of the trunk and into the house. “Anastasia” she said following at her dad’s heels. Papa stopped for a second and thought to himself causing Lucy who was looking down at her feet to bump into the back of his leg. “Are you okay Luce?” he asked suddenly shaken out of thought. “Yes Pa” she said slightly taken aback, they made it to Lucy’s room before Papa finally said what he was thinking about, “Anastasia huh? What a pretty name for such an ugly thing.”

This hurt Naomi more, *I’m not ugly*, she thought to herself, *I’m just a little different*. Tired of being hurt Naomi went to sleep, hoping that her new roommate would think she’s pretty. Naomi didn’t sleep well that night. She was back in the pet store with the other pups, but she

couldn't make out faces, she did however hear their song. *Naomi, Naomi she wishes she was pretty, she should be, her fur is fair her teeth are nice if only it wasn't for that right eye. Eye red like blood, fur like night. She's truly hideous ahh run and hide.* This repeated over and over as the shapes around her grew and got closer, covering her in their darkness. "NO DON'T TOUCH ME" she screamed waking Lucy up from her peaceful rest. Lucy, dazed, looked around the room trying to find the origin of the startling exclamation, but she didn't see anyone, so she laid back down and returned to her dream of puppies and better tomorrows.

The sun's rays beaming through the window woke Lucy up, Naomi however wasn't able to sleep again, for the fear of being swallowed whole by the shadowy litter of pups kept her from closing her eyes. "Lucy, are you up yet?" Papa asked coming into the room, "I went to the Pet Store this morning and got you another guinea pig." Lucy rubbing her eyes noticed the small electric blue cage housing a small auburn and white guinea pig, who was the cutest little thing she ever saw. "Now this one is a boy," Papa said placing the cage on the bed, "So expect Anastasia to have babies. Now get ready and come downstairs, I'm going to cook breakfast." He left the room and closed the door, Lucy peered inside the cage to get a better look at her new pet. "I think I'm gonna call you Clyde," Lucy opened the cage and lifted him up, she carried him over to the desk where the big doll house like cage Anastasia was brought in was sitting. Opening the cage door, she said, "Anastasia, wake up, I have your new roommate," Naomi looked up at Lucy and saw that she was holding one of the pups she grew up with. "Now you two play nice and I'll come check on you later." Lucy closed the cage and walked out the room to go enjoy the breakfast that her dad made. Naomi got up from where she was laying down and approached the new resident of the cage. "Garfield is that you?" she asked trying to make sure it was the pup she grew up with. "Nasty Naomi, I'd thought I'd never have to see you again, but yet here we are" Garfield said raising himself to his hindlegs and beginning to stroll around his new home. Naomi tired of being verbally abused and bullied stepped in his path, "You know you don't have to be such a fucking dick all the time, we're the only ones here you could finally be nice to me."

"Why would I ever be nice to you?" He said with a chuckle

"Because we're the only ones here and we don't know anything about our new masters."

"Yea and that requires me to be nice to you for what?" Garfield rolled his eyes and walked around Naomi. "You are below me Naomi, face it you're ugly and no one wants you. And to even imagine our masters expect me to mate with you, I don't want my perfect genes to be sullied by your genetic deformity." Garfield turned around and sneered at Naomi who was now bawling her tiny guinea pig eyes out. "Now your crying, boohoo, get a grip of yourself."

"Why would you say that" she said looking in his eyes

"Because it's the truth and someone had to tell you"

“Why would you say that you need to stop saying things like that” Naomi was starting to slowly approach Garfield, she had a strange look in her eye. “You need to calm down you psycho, I just said what everyone was thinking growing up.” Garfield began backing up from her. Naomi having had enough of the verbal abuse and bullying rushed forward and grabbed Garfield by his head. “Stop! what are you doing!” he screamed as she dragged him to the wall of the cage. Once there Naomi began to bash his skull in on the wiring. “You need to be nice to me. I’ve been nothing but nice ever since we were born” Naomi said through tears. She kept on bashing Garfield’s head on the wire for another 10 minutes. Dropping him, she finally realized what she did, staring at Garfield’s lifeless body something snapped inside. Wiping the blood on her paws in the newspaper littering the floor of her cage, she asked, “Now who’s prettier?”

The Lovers

Naomi was bathed in hues of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet that emanated from the lights on the merry-go-round. The breeze rustled her baby blue dress, *I knew I should've brought my shawl*, she thought to herself. Taking a puff of her J, she checked her watch, it read 11:11 PM on September 1st, "He's late," Naomi said looking around. Suddenly amongst the animals carved from wood standing tall on the erect metal poles sticking out of the spinning platform, she noticed him. There Napoleon was in his dark blue suit, white shirt, and blood colored tie sitting on a lion like the king he was, its paint worn where people have sat for ages. His chestnut box braids, with their red tints swung loosely and twinkled under the lights as he went round and round counterclockwise forever.

"Napoleon, where have you been, I've been here for 30 minutes," she said looking down at the ground, dropping and stomping out her joint. Looking up she looked for him again but when the animals came back around, he was nowhere to be seen. "Napoleon? Napoleon? Napoleon, where are you? Don't leave me again, you just came back!" she said rushing to the railing separating her from the merry go round, her voice wavering. "Calm down Naomi, I'm right here" he said from the chariot drawn by two stallions, one as white as freshly fallen snow and another as black as the vastness of eternity. "I'm not going anywhere hun, come closer I can barely see you." Upon his request she began to move through the maze of velvet ropes that guided her to the merry-go-round's platform. "Is this better Napoleon?"

"Yes, I can see you perfectly now. You look very beautiful tonight."

"Thank you, it's not every day that Dr. Napoleon Moore makes an appearance, so I had to dress to impress." She said looking down and brushing a lock of hair displaced by the breeze back in place behind her ear. "You did a good job, color me impressed." He said getting up from the bench in the chariot, "Ouch"

"Are you okay?"

"Yea my leg still hurts a little bit now and then, nothing to worry about" he said as he made his way to the edge of the platform, making sure not to get hit by the animals as they continued to dance around forever. At the edge of the of the carousel, he grabbed one of the poles not stuck in an animal to stabilize himself, "Grab my hand Naomi, before you have to wait for me to come back around." She reached out and grabbed his hand, Napoleon lifted her up onto the merry-go-round and into his arms. Finally embracing each other after two years he said, "God damn, I've missed you."

"I've missed you a thousand times more," she said her eyes beginning to tear up.

"We'll have to see about that." Napoleon said with a soft chuckle, "We don't have that much time left."

“Don’t remind me,” she whined, burying herself deeper into his chest.

“Then come with me, I know you kinda want to,” Napoleon said looking down at Naomi.

“I know I want to, but what about my family, what would they think?” Napoleon grabbed Naomi by her hand and led her towards an eagle poised for takeoff. “Sit here,” he said helping her into the saddle. Once finished he moved towards the lead horse. From its back he said “You like how this feels right? Dancing around forever and ever with me.”

“Yea, I miss you so much but, I’m just not sure” Naomi said tears rushing down her face.

“What aren’t you sure about?”

“I’m still worried about what everyone else will think”

“What about them? I’ve seen how bad you’ve gotten with me not around. They left you to deal with everything by yourself. They don’t love you the way I do.” Napoleon got off the horse and turned around, his nostrils were flared, and his teeth were barred, Naomi was frightened to the core. “Calm down Napoleon. They don’t mean anything by it, they shouldn’t be burdened by me,” her voice was cracking. This infuriated Napoleon he was now yelling “They promised me they would take care of you, but they failed and even now you’re still thinking about them. They don’t deserve you.” The scars on his face started to re-open and leak blood. “Napoleon, no one expected you to leave so soon no one was prepared for this.”

“It’s-it’s-it’s just unfair. It’s not your fault, you shouldn’t have to live like this just because I left” he said tears welling up in the corners of his eyes. “I shouldn’t have left you behind, we should be going through this together,” this time he was placing his arms around her and pulling her in. “Naomi I-”

“Shut up, you’re ruining this for me” she said looking up at him. Tears ran down his blood-soaked face, the scars, no longer leaking blood still prominent, reminders of the car crash that stopped him from showing up for their anniversary some time ago. “Don’t cry my dear, it’ll be okay we couldn’t have planned for this” she said wiping the tears from his face.

They stared into each other eyes for a minute, her eyes bright with life looked into his lifeless dull ones. She saw their past and the future that would never come. She stood on her tippy toes to get closer to his lips, they touch. Even now she’s still able to taste his love, but this final time it was bittersweet.

“I’m not crying Naomi; can’t you see the rain?” he whispered into her mouth, before helping her down from the platform. She turned around to see if Napoleon stuck around, but he was gone, replaced instead by the city skyline. Looking out at the landscape she closed her eyes.



Toni Rendon, born Antonio Rendon was born, and raised in Hartford Connecticut. He began writing poetry and short stories and middle school and has continued to follow his passion all the way to college. He is a freshman creative writing major at Providence college. In his free time, you can catch Toni working on an upcoming project or just enjoying the wondrous mysteries of the universe. His work can also be found in The Cowl, the providence college newspaper.