

# PIERRE ALEX JEANTY



HIM

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***Pierre Alex Jeanty***

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*To the Women I Once Loved*

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**Coming soon**

*HEart*

# HIM

*Pierre Alex Jeanty*

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*When I wrote HER, I wanted to empower women, wanted them to know that there are men out there who recognize, appreciate, and celebrate their strength. There are men who want to understand them.*

*After the book became a success and I published the second version, I felt like a little bit of my voice was drifting away from my original focus. I felt myself being put into the box that reads, “**Modern poets who only know how to glorify women.**”*

*In the beginning, I started writing to be a voice that spoke for the broken men, the loving men, the growing men, and the good men. I wanted to speak for the men who are classified under ‘all men are dogs,’ when they themselves never or no longer believe in promiscuity and self-destructive lifestyles.*

*I started out writing to express my mistakes, my regrets, where I fell short with love and women, and how I grew from those things.*

*I am passionate about that; I am passionate about helping men who see themselves in my story to grow.*

*Along the journey, I decided I wanted to reach women as well. Loving my wife pulled that out of me.*

*Don't get me wrong, I love uplifting women, and to know so many women HER has touched is beautiful.*

*Women ought to know that they are worthy of love, consistency, loyalty, respect, and so forth. They must also know that we aren't all bad, they aren't all good, always right, or always the victim.*

*I want men to get some glory and be understood as well.*

*I am a balanced human being who tries to do everything with balance.*

HIM is not as far different from  
HER as the mirror of society  
paints it for their eyes to see...

I do not claim to know  
the hearts of all men,  
I only vow to express my inner  
thoughts.



I will never  
fight for the men  
who can't be men  
to women.

He feels,  
He cares,  
He breaks,  
He knows pain,  
He makes mistakes,  
He grows,  
He learns,  
He heals,  
He loves.

Maybe there is not a lack of  
good men for women or good  
women for men, but a lack of  
people falling for those who are  
meant to catch their hearts.  
Somewhat like the good in this  
world, the lack of it is easily  
discovered by the eye; yet,  
where it lies in abundance isn't  
given enough credit.

Do you care about what's on his mind, or are you digging out of him reasons you should be on it?

Do you care about his happiness, or do you only care to search for your happiness inside of him?

Do you even care about his life, or are you making sure that you become his world and begging him to live as if you're the only thing in his universe?

How can you want to always be on his mind, want him to make you happy and only care for a life with you, when you barely care enough about his existence without you?

He was not made to become the living definition of a '*real man*' that you've extracted from memes, tasted from bitter tongues, and plastered on the walls of your mind because it fits into everything your ex never was.

He is not trying to become '*real*' in the eyes of a generation who cannot separate truth from emotions, and experience from reality.

He was created to be authentic to genuine hearts, caring to loving souls, and bear greatness into this world.

His being was knitted with integrity and confidence, grown of good character and valor.

His idea of 'a real man' is to fulfill the image of what a good man ought to be modeled after.

***"A real man"***

If his kisses taste everything like  
honesty,  
it does no good to speak  
dishonestly of him simply because  
all you've known of men is the  
dishonesty they've poured into  
your ears.

A man cannot be unworthy of trust  
simply because men who looked like  
him walked into your life and  
slowly devoured yours.

He is weak for you,  
but that does not mean he is weak.  
He is strong for himself  
but that does not mean it is his burden  
to forever be the strength for both of  
you.

*Love isn't always the easiest thing  
to harvest.*

If this truth has settled in your  
veins already, you must not act  
blind to the contradictions that are  
swirling in your breath  
when you've grown angry at him  
for not falling in love with you on  
your timing.

You can't just shake a growing  
tree saying, "*I am a good woman so  
love me,*"

and expect fruits of love to just  
fall.

How many seasons did your love  
have to endure before it bore a  
harvest?



I am always able to love,  
I am simply unable to  
always be loving.

There is a silent war in his mirror,  
one with a history  
that is out to conquer his mind.  
There is a loud battle in his mind,  
An, “Am I enough?” fight over his  
manhood.  
Am I tall enough?  
Am I good-looking enough?  
Am I successful enough?  
Am I man enough?  
Countless allies of his insecurities  
bomb his happiness, attempting to  
overpower everything good in him.  
He is fighting an invisible crusade  
that only the soul knows,  
the spirit recognizes,  
and the naked eye will easily miss.  
**“War Zone”**

I am slowly merging into the lane  
that was created for me,  
slowly detaching myself from my  
past  
and peeling off these callouses  
over my heart.

Men, too, are caterpillars  
becoming butterflies.

They grow wings  
and later become lions  
who refuse to be misled by pride  
and hunted by their ego.

If I cannot be cherished by you,  
I will not become a burden,  
I will become a lost treasure.  
If I cannot be a blessing to you,  
I will not become a curse.  
I will become absent.

Many men who seem to have it  
together are slowly breaking down,  
constantly adjusting their grip as  
they try to hold on.

They live clueless of how to  
undress their ego  
and be welcoming to helping hands  
that are dying to grab them and  
help them pull themselves up.

These men have learned to walk  
this earth alone,  
a beautiful thing that carries ugly  
outcomes when a dead end is  
reached.

***“We all need bridges.”***

I hope one day we mourn the  
innocence stolen from the minds of  
boys before they knew how to write  
their name properly.

I do not say this to throw pity parties,  
I say this to address the elephant in the  
room that is slowly leaving no room for  
men to breathe.

I am talking about the double  
standards that treat my brothers as  
nothing, while everything they do  
becomes something that needs to be  
talked about and protested.

I want to apologize to the men  
who the boy in me once mocked for  
being too loving,  
for holding onto their virginity,  
for having pure hearts,  
for valuing commitment,  
for befriending vulnerability,  
for being loyal to one woman.  
Only tongues of fools discover  
reasons to mock the softness of  
men and love in their voices.

Don't mistake him for the boys  
who try to find their way between  
your legs; boys whose hearts only  
see you as a piece of meat from  
their menu of lust,  
the perfect side piece.

He, however, is a man who is  
hunting for something different,  
a man searching for the love in  
your soul,  
the softness in your smile,  
the courage in your voice,  
the freedom in your laugh,  
the calm of your touch.



There are men who know when to  
take it slow,  
and men who know how to fake  
their fall while their ten toes are  
planted enough for them  
to run away at any given time.  
There are also men who cannot  
keep themselves from indulging  
when they find something good,  
and some who know how to be  
first obsessed,  
then consistent with their  
obsession.  
Pace doesn't reveal the heart,  
only character.

He is the type of man who does not allow words of life to stall in the back of his throat until they grow dry of meaning.

Men like him can see the lack of kind and loving words that travel in and out of mouths daily.

Therefore, he is overly expressive, consistent at compliments, overflowing with affection on purpose.

He is only trying to create a little balance in this world by being the type of man many women don't get a taste of.

***“Can't you see that?”***

Women who pick men by their  
appearance always set themselves  
up for failure.

It is an injustice to let a man's  
body keep you away from his *gold*  
*mind*, and a heart where love is  
buried.

Women who've decided whether or  
not a man is worthy of their hearts  
by how much room his pockets  
have left,  
digging with the hope that there's  
enough gold inside  
to arouse their hearts  
have only robbed themselves of a  
better life,  
not the other way around.

Let's be honest.  
You didn't love him,  
he was an escape out of your  
loneliness,  
your therapy for attention.  
Yet here you are,  
still trying to convince him that  
your heart is shackled to his love,  
that your love existed for his  
existence.  
And now he is running away,  
you keep throwing more empty  
words to keep him from being  
willing to search for someone who  
doesn't have to pretend.  
***"Liar"***

To the boys who've had their  
hearts ripped out of them and their  
pride stomped on,  
you tell them,  
*"Hurry up and heal so when you  
date, you don't hurt our women."*  
You make sure they know that men  
carrying pain are storms,  
tornadoes, tsunamis, and volcanoes.  
Yet to the girls you say, *"Queen, if  
he can't love you without flaw and  
practice patience, let him go."*  
**"Villains"**

There's no fear in love,  
they say.

I know it's true, but I must take my  
time to make this truth bone of my  
bones.

How do I swallow this truth when  
my ears are full of, '*I love you's*'  
from people who have given my  
heart every reason to fear the next  
lover?

There's no fear in love, they say,  
but the only love I've ever seen  
gave me these fears.

So bear with me, I am learning to  
live through these terrible  
experiences, slowly digesting them,  
making myself ready to flush them  
out.

I am determined make room for my  
stomach to take in more truth as *my*  
*truth*.

A man having no guidance is never  
an excuse as to why he continues to  
live a misguided life,  
misleading women along the way.  
But if we are being honest,  
don't we live in a cause and effect  
world?  
Or do you only see a cause when  
someone else is affecting you?

There is no sin in being logical and  
no crime in not being an activist for  
emotions.

There may be the lost opportunity  
to be an empath when life summons  
us for the job,

but we must never forget that  
emotions,

more often than not,  
are guilty of pushing us to the  
wrong places which we never  
should've ventured.

***“Be their master.”***



You silence his concerns by raising  
your voice  
to voice yours,  
yet complain about how his silent  
treatment is causing injury.  
Can't you see that it's the remedy  
to your neglect?  
Two wrongs don't make a right,  
but a wrong cannot call another  
wrong  
right.

Brother,  
the weight of your existence cannot  
fit into your pocket.  
Your wallet shouldn't define your  
life just because there are women  
who do not mind living in it.

## **Empty**

I do not know how to be in love with you.

I do not know how to be in love.

I've been told to hide my feelings in my bones,  
so only when I become a skeleton will they be close  
to being seen.

See, even death won't be enough light to find them,  
not until every part of me is broken and ground  
down, until the marrow is exposed along with  
everything I've ever felt, every part of my existence  
crushed to nothing.

I am not dead inside, I am simply empty.

Those who visited my heart before you  
told me that this was not normal.

They consistently reminded me that they could not  
find reason to live in a home without colors,  
without furniture,

doors that were never opened,  
and a yard with dying grass that seemed to keep  
snakes away and everyone else along with them.

This temple only knows me,  
it only knows abandonment, a  
nd it knows nothing special besides pain.

Words of love slip through my teeth,  
yet you don't hear it from my heart.

It is not pretense,  
people with empty hearts speak wishes quite often.

I do not lie about love,

I am merely still practicing how to say it in a way  
that helps my heart join the chant.

I am not happy with this temple.

I am still cutting down the trees planted by the  
demons God drove out when I begged Him to park  
Himself inside my heart,  
making way for the sun to find me.

I am not a hypocrite,

I just don't know how to love.

Never did I hurt her and not feel  
twice the pain,  
as if every low blow to her was an  
uppercut to my rib.  
Quite the contrary,  
men who are truly on the road of  
love cannot hit and run.  
They either run,  
then get hit,  
or hit,  
then walk  
with heavy legs,  
aching hearts,  
and regret chasing after them.  
***“It’s never easy.”***

When loving a man like him  
becomes something you cannot  
bring yourself to cherish,  
you must let him go.

Let him go without tying an  
invisible string of hope to his leg,  
slowly reeling him back in  
while you figure out if you are  
ready to be loved by a man like him  
or not.

Let his heart find freedom to learn  
the name of a woman who will  
cherish it without hesitation.

Unearth his roots before you pass  
judgement on the fruits he bears.  
Instead,  
dig to find what kind of soil he was  
planted in,  
the way he was watered,  
who became the sunlight to his eyes  
etc.,  
to learn what type of tree he is and  
understand why he grows the  
harvest you see.  
You must care enough to reach  
deep.  
We don't know anything about  
anyone with whom we only walk on  
shallow ground.

I am nothing like the pretentious  
lovers who came before I found my  
way to you.

Our voices do not sound the same,  
our intentions don't come from the  
same place,  
our burdens do not weigh the same.

I say this to remind you not to trap  
this new love of ours in the box  
that your old loves handcrafted.

I do not look like them,  
so, don't look for me in the mirror  
of your pain.

He does not let water run freely  
from his eyes  
because he is afraid that they will  
create rivers that will soon form  
lakes,  
then oceans of pity for him to  
drown in.  
*That is why his cry for help is dry.*



Do you know what it feels like not  
to know how to do the only thing  
you must know to do?  
Have you tasted the frustration,  
smelled the fear,  
or felt the disappointment that cut  
off your limbs while you tried to  
make your way somewhere?  
This is his battle with love;  
to want to love,  
yet know nothing about it; to be  
thirsty for affection, yet not know  
how to drink from the cup by whom  
it's served; to be hungry for  
consistency, yet not know how to  
enjoy the taste of it.

None of us are without a past.  
It's unfortunate that he had been a  
dog during the days he was the pet  
to his lust,  
but that man has grown beyond his  
foolishness.  
To hunt down and kill the lion  
that is climbing out of him  
with reminders of what he once  
was, *is cruel*.  
As a man graduates from living like  
a king to being a king,  
please do not unbury his less  
honorable days to gain ground on  
him.

Are you kidding me?

There are guys out there who will not find it childish to love another man's child.

As a matter of fact, there are some looking to be more of a father to the fatherless.

***“Conversation with a single mom.”***

Brothers,  
we too are emotional creatures.  
We let anger carry the tone of our  
emotions.  
We let silence take all of our words,  
stealing our voices and desire to  
ask for what our souls need.  
We let rejection steal every bit of  
adventure and risk in us.  
Whether or not we admit it,  
we are tortoises;  
tough on the outside,  
soft on the inside, and only move at  
our pace.

There is no righteousness in rage;  
it only creates fires to burn things  
down.

Do not let that rage be your fuel,  
it'll only give you a drive for the  
wrong things or help you spark  
things the wrong way.

I am not a rebound,  
I am the man who refuses to stay  
on the sideline when the ball is in  
my court.

I actually want to be a teammate  
and win with her at this thing called  
love.

***“I am your last quarter.”***

Good men have always existed and  
will always occupy space on this  
earth.

There will be those who will blind  
themselves of reasons to give them  
credit,

but the good they bring to this  
world will always better the soil of  
this planet;

they will always outweigh the bad.

When I limit a woman to '*just friends*,'  
they call it being mean.  
They call me a puppet of immaturity because  
I am letting a good one walk.  
They say I am guilty of misleading her,  
and call it being afraid of commitment and  
addicted to chasing less.  
They crucify me for not being a fan of their  
pick.  
Yet,  
when I am the prisoner of the friend-zone  
and proclaim that I am being overlooked,  
they tell me to grow up and accept the fact  
that she doesn't want me.  
She says, "*I don't want a relationship*," yet  
texts me the sweetest words,  
luring me to invest quality time and  
occasionally brush her lips against mine.  
I am supposed to see those things as  
nothing, recognize those actions filled with  
interest and those misleading behavior as  
friendship events.  
How easy it is to believe that a man in the  
friend-zone is on his way to becoming a  
predator, while the man who guards the  
friend-zone is meant to be her prey?



He does not see you as his  
conquest.

To him,  
you are not land to colonize and  
leave in poor condition  
to forever be a slave to his touch,  
under the occupation of his lies.

There are no oppressive tactics  
hidden in his words.

He is here to honor your roots,  
find beauty in your culture and  
become loyal to the queen in you.

***“There are kings in the deck.”***

“How did we fall out of love?”  
she asked.

“The same way ashes are made,” I  
replied.

*“We never fed our flames.”*

The beautiful words that swim out of his crooked teeth are not the words of a crook.

They do not come from a crooked heart; they are perfect words floating their way out of the mouth of the imperfect.

They are words of a sinner with a pure heart and good intentions.

You are a woman's prayer,  
the miracle she patiently waits for,  
the priceless reward that she will  
never give away.

Your love for her will be cherished,  
you cheering her on will be more  
than proof to her eyes that you are  
here to build.

She will not betray you,  
she will honor every bit of you,  
she will not condemn you for things  
you aren't blameworthy of.

To let the bad you've tasted take  
this truth away from you,  
is to be deceived.

Here you are, trying to convince me  
that not trusting easily is the  
devil's hold on what we have, yet  
your words slowly became the very  
image of why I am slow to trust.  
***“Lucifer, the angel.”***

Let me be the simp who commits,  
the punk who is loyal,  
the guy who is affectionate,  
the softy who cries,  
the stupid who is vulnerable,  
the holier than thou who is  
monogamous.

Let me be whatever your fear and  
ignorance gives name to.

Call me whatever gives rest to your  
misery,

*It is not strong enough to stop me  
from loving being in love and  
becoming a loving man.*

You are not any less special for  
being a man.

Women are magical; but you too,  
my friend, are a miracle this world  
needs.

The existence of the moon is as  
important as the existence of the  
sun,  
the soil has no more importance  
than the flower,  
your hand has no more importance  
than your arm.

Men and women are blessings in  
their own ways.

Light has always had the ability to drive out darkness, I've been told.

It's easy for me to believe this when my chocolate skin was always preferred second compared to the boys whose skin was like the sun, shining upon the faces of the girls my age.

To them, I was the darkness creeping its way into their presence, while the light-skinned boys were the gold they were looking for, the sunshine they needed.

I had to live in the shadows and pray that I would get my shot, only to watch the trigger be pulled on my heart because I was not quite the preferred shade.

It was then I started learning that despite the heaven I can offer, some fallen angels dressed in yellow flesh would always be their favorite paradise.

***“Dark Boy”***



How can he know how to love you  
when you are clueless about how to  
love yourself?

Giving a man a job that you cannot  
do shouldn't make him  
incompetent.

You've failed at it, why must you  
toss away the credit he deserves for  
trying?

Why don't you help him study you,  
open your soul for him to learn  
from the pieces of you that you do  
know how to treat well?

Perhaps that could be a start to  
both of you learning to let love  
have its way with the two of you.

They say,  
*“She is more than an eye candy,  
she is soul food.”*

I agree

And me...

*“I am more than a snack,  
I am a full course meal  
made from a chivalrous recipe.”*

There are men who will not forfeit happiness for fleeting moments of excitement.

Those are the men who have tasted the type of love that satisfies them, yet they could never become full on it.

Those are the men who find reasons to call their woman beautiful daily.

Those are men who prefer to be slaves to love rather than live as masters of lust.

Manhood was not stolen from you, only parts of you have been explored and exploited by enemies who have presented themselves as friends.

Those parts of you are not meant to be colonized by darkness, they are not meant to remind you that you are weak and useless.

Dear boy,

you cannot walk on this earth with the weight of such a past pinning you down.

Climb I tell you,

climb out of the cave of, "*Why me?*"

Crawl out of the jungle of, "*Do I deserve to live?*"

Do not let their evil acts make you out to be a lifeless soul.

There is strength on the other side; there are rivers of joy, there is a field of smiles, there are houses made out of love, and there is freedom on the other side.

You must get to the other side.

You must not grow cold and numb, it will only keep your legs from ever truly growing forward.

And yes, they may consider you less of a victim than the girls who've been chewed apart by this sin, and that will always make it harder to spit it out.

Let the truth find its way out of your mouth and breathe; you can rise without being acknowledged.

Rise my boy, rise.

Grab the hands of God and fly out of your horrid past.

***"Molestation"***

The mirror is not reflecting failure,  
you are not worthless.

You stare into your own eyes,  
speak words of life into yourself,  
care for yourself.

Your mind, body, and soul are tired  
of believing they are less than  
great.

You are not a worthless seed on  
this earth just because you haven't  
seen what your life will reap.

When you find her,  
give her the keys to your smile,  
access to your heart,  
allow her to hear the voice of your  
deepest thoughts,  
introduce her to your fears.  
How can she offer you the love you  
deserve when you only speak to her  
through the cracked doors of your  
heart without inviting her inside?

The best way for the pain to end is  
to live through it.  
There's heaven on the other side of  
the hell that is in your way.  
There's a lake of peace on the  
other side of this drought.  
There are canals of happiness all  
over the land across the way.  
Please get to the other side.  
Please do not sacrifice your life to  
this pain,  
it will only give the pain a key to  
burst through the doors and  
terrorize those you love as well.  
You are better than you believe  
right now,  
you are more loved than it seems,  
and death doesn't deserve you  
right now.  
Make him earn it at the end.  
I love you.  
***“Suicide, you evil thief.”***

He has heard that he is not good  
enough so many times, that your  
addition is only an echo.

You've given birth to this idea that  
showing a man you can fight back  
is power to win him over,  
yet he never tried to put up a fight  
in the first place.

So, you throw words at him to land  
blows at his insecurities.

It doesn't work that way.

You can't love him in the same way  
that those before him falsely loved  
you.



In a world where far too many will  
wish failure upon him and shove  
their doubts down his throat until  
he is full with enough of their  
opinions  
to vomit out his dreams,  
be his cheerleader,  
be his supporter,  
be at least the one person who  
holds their teeth tight so he isn't  
bombarded by more unwanted  
opinions.

If you cannot be the one who  
believes in him,  
at least be the one who does not  
voice their lack of support.

Even if he was God,  
you would still deem him to be  
Lucifer because he was born in the  
flesh of man.

It's not his fault that all you've  
known of men is that they are the  
best of sinners.

Perhaps you are not his secret,  
but his protected treasure.  
Perhaps he isn't at fault;  
instead it is your trust issues and  
insecurities stirring up trouble,  
clouding your mind with the belief  
that social media validation is what  
will prove that he isn't hiding you.  
There are some who crave a private  
life in an overexposed generation.  
There are people who are silent  
about their business so they don't  
have to master the art of drowning  
out unnecessary noise.

In the shadow of this hero  
who seems tough as nails,  
there is a boy who stares at those  
in love  
like the last cookie in the jar,  
trying to wash out the strong taste  
of weakness from his tongue.  
This hero has played the coward  
and failed far more times than the  
lips can number.

He is the epitome of what they say  
doesn't exist:

A black man,  
a single dad,  
and a business owner  
climbing out of the box of  
prejudice.

He is destined for something big  
despite what small minds believe  
about him.

You may use your body to cast spells and throw nets with your appearance, but this fella here is looking for more than bait to the eyes.

Despite how many colorful fish float on my explorer page and swim past my eyes,

I will need more than that temptation to click, because I want more from the ocean.

***“I want a mermaid.”***

I have learned that if you spend  
enough time letting your eyes  
indulge in the perfection of women  
clothed with filters and make-up,  
showcasing themselves on the  
internet,  
it is easy to become disconnected  
from cellulite,  
outgrow the idea of body hair,  
and be unwilling to face a face with  
acne.

The line between skin and  
presentation will be blurred.

I am not condemning the women  
who do such things but reminding  
you that you can lose your grip on  
what a woman truly looks like when  
you are often looking at them in an  
altered form.

***“The commercial always looks  
different from the reality.”***

Is he really the coward who you claim he is?

How can he lack courage for being unwilling to commit to a woman who does not want to learn the meaning of healing?

Why do you call him lame for not wanting to force a woman to break out of her prison of bitterness?

Why do you want him to weigh himself down with unnecessary responsibilities?

You tell him he is wrong for running away, yet you tell women who refuse to carry these types of burdens to drop them and keep on walking.



We, too, mourn our days of  
singleness.

The craving for affection,  
companionship, and love is  
something we too desire.

We may not be willing to admit that  
we want love, but all of us thirst  
for it and are in need of it.

It is true that a queen without a king is still a queen.

It is equally true that a king without a queen is still a king.

But a king and a queen seated on the throne is how you build a beautiful and lasting kingdom on love's continent.

***“There’s enough space for both.”***

His heart wasn't made to be a  
remedy to the broken,  
nor a hospital for the heartless.  
These are demands they ask of him,  
not what makes him a man.

It is not a woman's detective work,  
her aging beauty,  
her mesmerizing curves,  
her talent beyond the curtains,  
not even her carrying life for him  
that keeps a man in love.

It is becoming the apple of his  
heart,  
the flower of his eyes,  
his sunshine, and his star  
that will do so.

Men in love don't need other  
reasons to stay.

As a man, I think I've earned the right to say  
that we are deeply offended when we hear the  
voices of women with politician-tongues and  
wavering truth speak about us.

Some of them loudly claim that we are weeds  
infecting God's green earth,  
while in secret they mourn the missing touch of  
a man.

Some join the chants,  
reciting all the things men say and do wrong  
while the insides of their ears itch for words of  
comfort from a man.

Some create clever arguments as to why we are  
all bad, debating how almost none of us are  
different.

While some keep their fingers crossed and hope  
a loving man will cross their path.

Please, understand that constantly pointing out  
men's wrongs isn't an effective way to  
convince them they must be better.

There are some of us who love doing better.  
To live behind the curtain of hypocrisy is to  
bury your chances of finding the man you  
desire.

***"You're throwing stones at those of us who  
want to help you win the war."***

He is still breaking off the chains of  
foolish beliefs this world shackled  
onto his mind,  
unlearning the false idea of  
manhood society has shoved down  
his throat.

He is still studying the art of  
becoming a man in a world of boys.

*Be patient with him.*

You throw short answers,  
indirect hints,  
and reverse psychology at him with  
the hope that he will respond  
exactly how you want.

Can't you see the confusion in  
saying, "*It's okay,*" when it's not?  
Hoping it will convince him that he  
needs to dig deeper and realize that  
it's not okay?

You cannot keep growing angry at  
him for misinterpreting hints and  
reading outside the lines instead of  
in-between.

Although I do agree that he must  
learn you enough to read between  
the lines, I must also say that  
communication itself is never a  
remedy,  
it is only healthy communication  
that keeps love stories on the same  
page.

Brother,  
women are beautiful creatures.  
It's hypocrisy to think so,  
yet perform the ugliest acts against  
them.  
***“Practice what you believe.”***

It wasn't until I realized that  
beautiful was not a word to  
describe the shape of a woman,  
but a term used to define who she  
is, what her hearts holds,  
and who she aspires to be,  
that I found reasons to fall in love.



If you ask me,  
the women I know want their men  
cooked with the right amount of  
sensitivity, sprinkled with affection,  
a few tablespoons of bad,  
and seasoned enough to provide a  
sense of security.

They become salty when there is  
too much sensitivity,  
suffocated by unhealthy amount of  
affection, not enough good, and too  
much fire in them.

The type of man I've seen they  
prefer from the menu are slow  
cooked meals that some women  
think come cooked in microwaves as  
hot pockets.

You become the poster child for a  
'*What Good Men Do*' campaign that  
is funded by broken women who  
want their voices to be heard.

You don't listen to their voice,  
but instead try to silence ours by  
making all of us (men) guilty for  
crimes some of us know nothing of.

You say men do this, men do that,  
giving PowerPoint presentations  
about what makes men terrible.

Here's a word for you, oh modern  
knight:

You're a man just like us.

Aren't you good?

***"Good men who always talk about  
how men are bad, aren't as good  
as they think."***

If that man who has stolen your  
attention and secured your interest  
complements you,  
compliment him.

Feed that man's confidence;  
it will starve his ego faster  
than your method of not looking  
too thirsty.

I am not searching for '*just like a man*' characteristics in a woman.

There is something about women that only women can bring to the table; something special that they should embrace and nurture.

If I'm going to fall in love with a woman, I want her to own her womanhood,

stand bold in her own beauty, and thrive in her own strength without ever using a man's measuring stick.

Just being a woman is powerful enough.

They say if you stroke his ego, it'll  
make it hard for him to stay.

He will come and go because  
you've made him feel too important  
and too loved.

I could not disagree more.

If you do not feed the dog that you  
love, it will die.

If you do not water the plant that  
you love, it will die.

If you do not give affirming words  
to the man you love, his spirit will  
die.

Your bad experience is  
brainwashing you with the wrong  
concepts of love.

***“Fear is so dang loud!”***

There's enough love in his heart to  
love every single piece of you.  
For the most part,  
it will not show through romantic  
gestures.  
It will creep through his subtle  
attempts,  
it will scream through his work  
ethics and hunger to give you the  
world,  
it will be loud in his consistency,  
and  
it will present itself as loyalty.  
*Many men are lovers who have no  
clue about romanticism.*

How can you be the woman of his  
dreams when your heart cannot  
gain enough strength  
to be his back bone while he  
navigates through his reality,  
reaching for his dreams?  
Showing him your support is a child  
of the love that must come with  
wanting to be in his life.  
If you cannot become pregnant  
with such motivation,  
how can you be the woman of his  
dreams?

There will always be men who want everyone in their life to know there's a woman in their world, and there will always be other men who want everyone in the world to know they have a woman in their life.

In better words, there are men in love and there are men who want everyone to know they are giving love a shot.

In better words than the better words before, there are men who love for love, and men who wouldn't appear as great of lovers without the internet.



There is not a bone in him that  
finds women being seeds of  
pornography acceptable.  
There's no appetite in him to see  
the beauty of sex and women be so  
perverted for the right price.

Sweetheart, beautiful, and honey  
are bait sometimes thrown by males  
who aren't looking to catch the  
love in the hearts of women  
searching for it.

Those men always claim they have  
bigger fish to fry than to be in  
relationships, and everything about  
their attempt smells fishy.

However, there are many of us who  
use them innocently.

There are many men who do not  
have hidden agendas when they  
speak these words.

We don't all hide traps underneath  
our tongues and blend salt with our  
sweet words.

***“Double Meaning”***

*“What you don’t do, another man will and steal her heart,”* they say.  
What more can I do than to love her with my all?  
Why should I try to protect something that wants to be taken away from me?  
How is it my responsibility to make sure someone’s legs are heavy enough not to walk out, especially when hard times visit us and their heart isn’t loyal enough to make sure there are no unlocked doors for their favorite thief to come in?  
I say, *“You will always lose what isn’t meant to be yours.”*

He loves too early but falls in love  
too late.

What a contradiction, you must  
think; but only to those whose  
pasts have locked their lips and  
their brains have convinced them  
that anything too early is another  
step into the dungeon of heartbreak  
and another marriage with pain.

He patiently held a seat for love in  
his heart.

He waited for the season when he  
might harvest it,  
yet became so paralyzed by fear  
that he did not realize that he never  
watered it.

Some of your sisters are using  
every ounce of breath in their  
voices to protest men like him,  
yet you applaud his bad habits.  
You call it an alpha male at work,  
while you crucify me for being  
too good, too loving, and a little  
too unmaterialistic.

***“Gold Diggers”***

Closure came to his door steps  
when he realized that you will never  
judge his character by who he is  
now, but rather who he was to you.  
He finally met the understanding  
that one will never find hope inside  
someone who sees no hope in them.

Here you are, making accusations  
that you cannot prove,  
blaming him for things your friends  
assume and your insecurities  
declare.

The burden of trying to prove to  
you that he is not the devil's first  
born or filled with bad motives  
is getting too heavy to carry.  
You can't keep putting him down  
and expect him to stand up for you.  
How does one stand up for a  
relationship when they are  
constantly being pushed down?

***"Tired"***

Seeing you with someone new is  
fire under his skin.

It never gets old.

He hides his true feelings, hoping  
the flames that once lit up like the  
sky on Fourth of July will quickly  
die out.

His wishes can't seem to come true,  
whether it be wanting what once  
was to become what is,  
or for what is to become what was  
to him.

However, getting over you is  
moving at the slowest pace  
possible.

Therefore, on his face is a mask  
made of pretense. He dresses up his  
hurt in, "I don't give a dang about  
that," and outfits himself with  
bright smiles.

***"I don't need her."***



*Women make mistakes too.*

*Women hurt men too.*

*Women play men and manipulate  
them too.*

To some I am stating the obvious,  
but to others I am shooting flares  
of myths that will make their blood  
boil because they've been wronged  
more than they've been wrong.

The truth still stands.

***Women make mistakes too.***

***Women hurt men too.***

***Women play men and manipulate  
them too.***

We do not give women's existence  
meaning,  
we can only be part of why they are  
more meaningful.  
It's no different than how they also  
give our lives more meaning and  
make the sacrifices make sense.

He is searching for a woman who  
will help him find more peace than  
he has ever known in any  
relationship.

Peace that will help him unwind  
when he gets home,  
help him take off his  
responsibilities,  
unbutton the thoughts of that last  
email or deadline,  
loosen up those tired arms,  
and untie the stress of dealing with  
clients.

Life itself is a burden sometimes,  
who wants their special someone to  
make it harder?

I am not deaf to your needs,  
I am tired of only hearing your  
demands.

I have never known love to find  
roots in fields of the selfish.

Far more than enough times,  
women underestimate the power of  
just listening to the words that  
crawl out of a man's mouth.

In the same manner, they  
themselves just want their words to  
be heard sometimes without an  
answer, suggestion, or solution  
waiting to be spoken on the other  
end.

***“Venting”***

Son,  
there is nothing wrong with falling  
for eye candy, but the model you're  
desperately after will have to be  
filter-less in your presence.  
You will not be able to Photoshop  
her true character, and she will  
have to become the role model for  
your child.  
You must keep this in mind and not  
let your eyes be the only things  
leading you to love.

There are venomous words of the ego, and words that leak out of the jaws of fear.

There's a difference.

They do not have the same hunger.

The ego is desperate for bedroom points while fear will drive insecurities to lay good things aside.

They can make a man seem both cold and careless,

but

they are traits that exist in different types of men for different purposes.

He may have been the villain once,  
but to accuse him of crimes he did  
not commit is not to bring justice to  
love, it's being a terrible judge.



He will shed  
a thousand tears  
before you  
see him cry.

I must admit,  
there are times I complete sentences  
in my head and only speak the first  
words to you,  
yet expect you to know where to  
put the period.

There are times I am terrible at  
explaining, yet expect to be  
understood.

Forgive me for those times, I am  
working on fixing the signal of my  
communication.

I'm working on pressing send to  
more texts, and actually grabbing  
thoughts out of my head and typing  
them in the reply box or saying  
them for face-to-face.

***“Incomplete thought.”***

He has been told to accept your size  
regardless, treat your arrogance as  
an attitude to endure,  
and your fire like a light.

But you,  
you've been told not to settle for  
fat guys, or guys whose other  
package doesn't meet your  
requirements.

You've been taught not to consider  
your size, but to consider the size  
of his wallet.

You've been taught not to be  
tolerant to his flaws yet expect for  
him to find the beauty in yours.

*"How is this fair?"*

Yes,  
he is looking for love.

Yes,  
he wants to settle down without  
settling.

Yes,  
he is looking to build a family and  
grow old with his life partner.

Yes,  
he needs oxygen to live.

***“If it’s obvious, let it be true.”***

The strategy you come up with while you hold meetings with your girls, trying to find the best way to get what you want out of me, will not help.

Games are for kids who do not know what they are searching for.

What I want is for you to make up your mind and tell me the truth.

Misleading hints mixed with indirect words in hopes of drawing me into a land of indecisiveness, isn't it?

I cannot keep trying to find truth in your lies.

"If you do this, he'll do that.

If you do that, he'll do this," are ways to trap a man who doesn't want to be caught.

How many of those girls you're listening to have kept the man they used their hard-to-get game on?

I am already caught,

I am only trying to catch your drift.

There are times when it is my ego  
searching for its position in  
leadership.

There are other times  
when I just want logic to make our  
decision rather than following the  
counseling of our emotions.

Sometimes I am right,  
sometimes I am wrong.

Even you hate admitting you're  
wrong too.

***“Human Nature”***

You cannot keep putting words into  
the mouth of his silence and grow  
angry when you feel that you've  
wasted too much time on him,  
drunk on assumptions.

He may not yet be good at  
communicating, but he is great at  
answering questions.

When he says he is fine,  
keep yourself from treating it as if  
it's your version of "I'm fine."

*"Believe him."*

Out of your mouth came, “If we ever separate, show me that you love me by fighting for me.”

But when I fought, you stormed out of the ring and took one of the judge’s seats,

waiving your card with a list of all the wrong moves I made.

You beat all the hope out of me, pulled back and shoved me away, only to hint that if I did not get up and endure, that I was not meant to be.

I am willing to go through hell to reach heaven, but I am not willing to run to the hell that I want to be heaven.



He was the one who got away...  
before she realized that time waits  
for no woman either.

We are meant to protect and serve, brothers. If we abuse our authority, how do we expect trust and love to be always mentioned alongside our names?

All that might of yours was not given to you to overpower our women, but to overpower anything that is meant to destroy you and them.

The games, the hobbies,  
the time spent with his friends,  
is escapism.

When you become what he escapes  
from more than you are a part of  
his escapism,  
that is when there is trouble in the  
pot.

His idea of love is to do whatever is necessary for you to have whatever is necessary.

***“Labor of love.”***

I will honor your every need,  
but I will not sacrifice for all your  
wants.

Not all wants need to be attended  
to.

His legs don't know how to run  
from commitment anymore,  
they only know how to chase love.

There are women who are trying to  
do more squats,  
get better skin tone,  
longer hair,  
and take more trips  
EVERY - FREAKING - WHERE.  
Acquire a taste for a woman who is  
more than breasts and thighs,  
who is more concerned about the  
size of her heart than the size of  
her butt.  
Get yourself one whose idea of true  
beauty isn't measured on the ruler  
of society's approval chart,  
a woman who doesn't find  
traveling from bed to bed fulfilling.  
There are plenty of beautiful people  
in this day and age,  
but a beautiful heart ought to be  
the priority.

***We are tired of our silence  
being misinterpreted  
as well...***



There will always be fools who let  
go of good women  
and spend the rest of their days  
asking for forgiveness.

Alike, there will always be men who  
know the difference between a good  
woman, and the perfect woman for  
them.

Those men spend a lot of time  
watering the good woman who is  
perfect for them.

Blue balls should never make way  
for purple marks and bruises on the  
temple of our women.

The pain of restrained excitement  
cut short does not grant us access  
to what we long for.

We must learn not to put our hands  
on what does not belong to us,  
simply because we think it is  
inviting,  
simply because we think we should.  
***“Rape can’t be justified.”***

He is the exact reason why you  
shouldn't judge a book by its  
cover.

The title he shows is false,  
his pages are written in Braille,  
the stories are allegorical, and  
'The End' sometimes means there  
are more pages in another volume.

A good woman may not find it  
burdensome to honor the survivor  
in him,  
but the right woman will make way  
for her voice to reach the  
conqueror in him.

There will be times I hide these  
feelings to hide the hurt from you.

There are men, and there are  
wolves tucked in men's clothing.  
He is not a wolf for wanting to  
clean up the blood that is dripping  
from your heart.  
How can he be,  
if he isn't acting like a vampire,  
feasting on every drop and sucking  
every ounce of life out of you?  
Instead, he is bandaging it up with  
his words, his kisses, his love.  
Call it what it is.

When you read about women overcoming the indoctrination of major corporations and society against their natural beauty, understand that he is also overcoming a false narrative of manhood that's been spoon fed to him.

It's a narrative that causes many of you to say, "*All men do is destroy hearts and walk away.*"

There are standards that he is demanded to meet as a man that are only rinsing his mind of his own identity.

***"War knows no side."***

Death does not take exceptional men completely.

It may take their soul from this earth, but not their legacy.

When you have impact, it goes beyond mortal boundaries.



Brother,  
to trust the image of manhood  
created by a society that has  
villainized this gender, is to drink  
poison while expecting it to be  
medicine to your soul.

When a man understands how rich  
he is when he has time,  
he will prefer spoiling his loved  
ones with moments, over his care  
for a hefty inheritance.

It is the misunderstanding that we  
will have time later that causes us  
to lay aside beautiful things now  
carrying the mindset that we will  
behold their beauty once we do not  
have to worry about the bills.

Time invested into things that  
money can't buy will always reap a  
bigger return than anything else.

I am a good man despite what you believe about putting the words 'good' and 'man' together.

I am a good man despite how much the self-proclaimed good men use our failures to profit off of women.

I am a good man despite how influential the bad men are.

Good men are not those who carry that title for a trophy of acceptance, they are those with good hearts and loving souls who are chasing the righteous life.

I may not have always been a good man, but my past and I aren't friends.

When I shouted “Yes!” to you,  
did you know it had thousands of  
‘No’s’ that had been whispered to  
other women?

I cannot see how the tongues of my brothers can find the strength to call women by names that only degrade them.

It's as if there aren't enough words in the human language to say "beautiful" instead of "B...," enough words to say, "Honey" instead of "H...," enough words to say; "Sweetheart" instead of "S...."

The list goes on.

The dictionary has far more than enough words that can be great substitutes for common words with tasteless meanings.

I cannot understand how my sisters found ways to justify these terrible titles men call them, only to make those words into nicknames that their mouths know between friends. Only if they knew that what they accept will set the tone for what many others will speak to them.

He feels deeply as a man.

Perhaps it is the reason why it  
takes so long for him to express  
things.

The thoughts and feelings are  
making their way from a far-off  
place, before they ever find their  
way out through his lips.

There are lands and seas to cross  
before his heart gets on board to  
be united with love.

Why are you allowed to act  
defensive and be emotional, but  
when it comes to me, you call it  
'being a puppet to my fragile male  
ego?'

***“Sensitive”***



I am too strong to let anything  
someone says pull emotions out of  
me that should remain buried.  
Somehow, for the one who makes  
me weak,  
I lose power.  
Their words can cut into parts I  
never knew existed.  
Their actions can awaken the worst  
in me.

And the pain that I've known faded  
with every moment spent with you,  
with every "I love you" my ears  
captured from your lips,  
with every drop of affection, you  
poured into my cup.

***"Undressing my heart."***

He is rare.

The more you treat him as ordinary,  
the more you become blind to that.

Maybe he is still warming up to love  
and trying to put out the flames of  
betrayal that were left burning  
inside of him.

Fires rarely end with the first blow,  
they only die after many.

When her face isn't decorated,  
when she isn't dressed her best,  
when her favorite perfume isn't on,  
and no smile is upon her face,  
that is the best time to find out  
whether your interest is true, or  
lust is recruiting again.

Everyone is lovable and easy to  
chase when they are wearing the  
best version of themselves.

And when the demons he once knew  
came to drag him back to his past,  
he fought,  
grabbing onto every fruit of peace  
that had traveled through his  
Adam's apple unto God, reminding  
himself that he had survived hell  
and there was no going back.  
He fought to remain better;  
to unbury the best version of  
himself every day.

When you catch false promises  
exiting out of your mouth, ask them  
to turn back.

If you cannot and your effort isn't  
willing to join the ride,  
you must learn to keep your words  
from being formed.

People deserve the truth out of  
your lips.

Anything else is disrespectful.

The longer you live as if you don't  
need him as a man, the more you  
make him believe that exact truth.  
No one finds enough comfort to  
stay where they don't feel needed.  
Treating people like you don't need  
them only rushes them to find  
someone who does.



Brother,  
there is admiring a beautiful  
creature, then there is assaulting  
her with your eyes.  
In looking and not touching, the  
imagination still allows you to  
touch every single part of a woman.  
There is no harm in that, you say,  
but shouldn't *your* woman be the  
center of your imagination?  
And you without a woman, you say  
the same, but many thoughts  
become words and actions.  
Therefore, make sure that your  
thoughts remain harmless.

The things your insecurities bark at  
you are not things my eyes even notice.  
I don't care about your eye lashes,  
the shape of your eyebrows,  
the size of your nose,  
the way your toes are aligned,  
the tone of your skin,  
or the natural, yet hidden  
imperfections of your body.  
I pay more attention to the things  
you pay less attention to:  
your selflessness,  
the drive you have to impact the  
world, how caring you are towards  
certain things and people.  
Stretch marks never scarred my  
mind, and I can't even remember  
what cellulite is.  
Please let go of the weight of  
insecurities that aren't even worth  
naming.

I will show you how much a man can love you in many different ways, so that when another man tries to use “I love you” as a trap to capture your ears, you will be able to differentiate the voice of love from the tone of manipulation.  
***“Being a loving father.”***

If only he took the time to tell you about every single opportunity that came his way to betray the relationship. But he does not find pleasure in telling you how many women tried to cross the boundaries.

When he was a lost boy, he used to love the attention of the women who did not respect relationships. It dug up examples for his woman to see that other options were knocking.

It was a fear tactic, a way of having the upper hand, he once believed.

But now, they aren't worth mentioning, they aren't worth entertaining, his attention is committed to this relationship and staying grounded in love.

*“This is what maturity does to people.”*

So, you expect him to turn a blind eye to your obvious maltreatment. “He is a man. Therefore he should suck it up and take it like a man,” you say to justify your actions. Love may be blind, but it is not that blind. ***“Call it what you want, but you won’t see love in wrongdoings.”***

He is over you,  
not because he found someone,  
but because he found himself.

**Common plot known as uncommon:**

I saw a girl flirting with a group of men say, *“He isn’t all that. He can’t handle me. The only reason I’m with him is because he gives me what I want,”* as a response to one of them saying, *“He can’t treat you like I can.”*

She then continued her narrative saying, *“He is lame. I’ve got better guys after me. He is too nice.”* As she relayed this to her girls, none of them found reason to interrupt and ask, *“Then why are you with him?”*

Later on in his presence, in the middle of an argument with no foundation, she said, *“How can you say you love me, but you can’t even get this or that for me? You’re not even a real man; not man enough for a woman like me.”*

He left her place, clueless as to what he needed to do for his woman to see that pleasing her heart was enough. The weight of confusion slowly lured his thoughts into debating whether or not he was enough, causing anger to rise in him and war to rise in his mind.

Meanwhile, she called in that alpha male who showed up to be the perfect display of how a man puts his feet down. His job is to be the intimate lion, the one who can make her feel safe in his arms until they leave the bed.

Clueless to the knife that was stabbing him numb, he blamed himself for not being more than a failure. He hung around to see if he would ever find the way to keep a smile on her face, draining himself of

everything good that she would never appreciate.

He became humiliated in the long run after he was introduced to the idea that another man had been fulfilling her wants while he was trying to be what she needed. He then decided to let the anger stir up a perfect recipe for bitterness, growing cold as he dug the grave to bury the good guy he once was.

***The End***



If you want him to see the cancer in  
the relationship,  
help him see his wrongs more than  
you are willing to make sure he  
hears your complaints.  
And before you do so,  
please be aware that helping  
someone see their wrongs isn't the  
same as telling them to get it right.

He has learned that depression is  
the mind dwelling on the things  
created to hunt him,  
until his happiness turns from prey  
to a full course meal.  
So, he fights.  
He has learned to ask the whispers  
from demons to find their way out  
of his skull,  
He puts his insecurity on mute  
while clamping a leash on his  
anxiety, letting them both know  
that it is he who owns his body, not  
them.  
So, he conquers.  
***“Overcomer”***

People who are in love, yet cheat,  
aren't always lying;

some don't know the difference  
between love and infatuation.

Almost everyone knows the  
beginning stages of love, and  
lots of people fall into it.

It is those who reach the different  
levels of love who aren't willing to  
sacrifice anything to lose that.

Those who only knew infatuation  
eventually become infatuated with  
someone else.

***“Not the love you think.”***

She is somewhere in the world,  
searching for ways to prove to  
another man that she deserves the  
love he is keeping away from her.  
Meanwhile, he is still plotting the  
most creative ways to gift his  
woman with every bit of the love  
those other men could not offer  
her.

There are far too many women I  
watch put more effort into  
searching for the man inside of the  
boy, than into finding the woman  
they are destined to be.

To those women,  
you can only search for a loving  
man inside a man;  
a boy has to find the man inside  
himself.

***“Words from the wise.”***

If you ask him to describe she who has  
his heart,  
he will say:  
That girl is art;  
her perfect lips,  
her imperfect skin,  
the stars on her face called freckles,  
the messy hair,  
that inviting smile, the boldness that  
sits on the throne of her voice.  
You can stare at her for eternity and  
still not grasp the full beauty of her  
existence.

You have dug the words 'I miss you' out of him so many times, that the truthfulness of his tongue when he says it has left long ago.

There are times he misses you, and there are times he misses the days you didn't fork out of him the compliments you wanted to drug your insecurities.

There are times he wishes that he actually missed you, and that, "I miss you," wasn't an overused phrase.

He is not his father's misunderstanding  
or ego, trying to find women's pride to  
leech on.

He is his mother's long-lasting  
strength,  
her grace,  
her softness.

He is the boy who told manhood that it  
wants love more than it needs power.



Give me reasons to trust you, and I'll  
keep feeding them to my vulnerability  
in hopes that it will become full of  
enough persuasion to lay a driveway  
for love to park itself between us.

You say I am cold on purpose,  
but I tell you every part of me that is  
looking to be affectionate,  
is on pause.  
It is on hold until I feel safe,  
until I know you will not leave after I  
become completely naked and  
unprotected with you.

***“Precaution”***

There are men who if given a second chance, will be a clinging death that will eat you away slowly.

But there are men like him who see second chances as a river of hope to bring life to the things he first let his mistakes kill.

Some of us learn our lesson and never want to take anything for granted again.

I am still seeking understanding as to why cheating by a man is blamed on the fact that he is a man, meanwhile the same served by a woman is still the man's fault because he did not keep happiness on her face and a smile in her heart.

I thought cheating was ungodly despite who the sinner was?

They are not more important than you,  
they are safer than you.

It is not you versus my guy friends,  
it is what is new against what is  
established.

My friends have been the greatest form  
of loyalty I've known after God, and I  
have yet to find myself in a bond  
greater than what I have with them.

Help me believe that we'll create as  
much laughter with each other as I  
have with them.

Let's become best friends naturally  
instead of it being an expectation  
because we are together.

Let's overcome the hardships time will  
lay at our feet.

Besides, I want you to become my best  
friend and more.

### **His nothing**

He says he doesn't want a relationship, wanting to close the book on this love, but you cannot accept that.

Instead, you beg him to look for a new chapter. You feed him persuasion until he second guesses his choices, then use your body to pull a different tune out of him. You draw him to be more indecisive, then frustration grows deeper in you from his unmade mind, and anger gains more strength in you from trying everything and getting nothing. Then, he closes the book. You mourn, writing new story lines about him, letting the world know how he is the devil with a smile and that your heart wasn't enough because he is a blind fool.

When you enter your new chapter in his life, you write about men like him being monsters who only know how to hurt and use. But you leave his story out. You never ink down that he wanted a cleaner exit although you wouldn't grant him that. You carefully omit the fact that you failed to persuade him to be stuck in love with you, casting all blame on him. You chant that men are no good, and the vilest manipulative creature there is. Was there not any self-inflicted pain there? Did he not warn you that his heart would not stay?

**Boy:** No, I can't do this.

**Girl:** Why? Why are you shooting me down?

Come on.

**Boy:** Noooooooo!

**Girl:** Stop being such a punk, you're seriously gonna turn this down?

Through seconds of persistency and minutes of pressuring, Boy breaks and offers his body as a sacrifice to Girl. Besides, it's cool points, cool points he doesn't want, but cool points he can use to fit in.

**Girl:** No, I can't do this.

**Boy:** Come on, you know I love you right?

**Girl:** But I don't want to.

**Boy:** Come on, if you love me, you'll do it. *\*continues to touch\**

Through seconds of persistency and minutes of pressuring, Girl breaks and sacrifices her body to Boy.

**Public:** Stupid boy, he really tried to turn down some girl? He must be gay.

**Public:** Poor girl, that boy is a rapist. There's no consenting anything to peer pressure. He is a predator.

***"Double Standard"***

There is bad and good in everyone and everything.

You say, "You can't judge a book by its cover,"

yet you label every book in the same genre, address them by the same title because there are similarities in the plots.

How would you feel if you were generalized and shoved to fit into a box you don't belong in?



Every minute you compare him to  
another man,  
he learns different reasons why he  
should pack up his heart and find his  
way to where he meets the standard of  
being enough.

It breaks my heart to know the wrongs men have committed towards women throughout the timeline of history, wrongs that should never be justified. However, it does not give those trying to rewrite history the right to treat the men of today as if they are the bad men of yesterday.

My own father and I can only be compared as day and night when we are both observed through the lenses of fatherhood and husband.

How can we even compare men to men they have never seen or heard of in their lives? Yet with a face full of defensiveness written on it, some of you scream, *“I am nothing like my mother!”*

Men may have contributed an ocean of bad into this world, but this should not drown the good many men decide to be. ***“Who likes being judged by a past that isn’t even theirs?”***

Until it is understood that men are  
creatures with love on their minds and  
softness in their hearts,  
it will be hard to ever let one of them  
love you.

They too travel through mountains to  
get to the best version of themselves.  
They will always carry a shield until  
they see no need for a defense.

You will not always be rewarded love  
for being a good man.

Don't be a good man only for the sake  
of love, but for the sake of humanity.

Love will eventually give credit where it  
is due.

They say, “Without women,  
there would be no men,” because life  
itself would not see daylight on this  
earth without them.

Any man who denies that would be a  
fool, it is an undeniable truth.

But this truth cannot be weighed on a  
balance scale alone.

To leave the other side of it empty, is  
to be an unbalanced fool equally.

We must never bury the fact that  
without men, life could not be created  
inside women.

***“Eve needed Adam.”***

*Love him as he is.*

When the world seems heavy on his shoulders,  
do not first seek ways to help.

Do not search for solutions and constantly  
blur out the names of different problems.

It will only awake frustration in him.

Remind him of your existence and  
communicate that you are there when needed  
without overemphasizing it.

It is not a 'man thing' not want to talk about  
it when disappointment is overwhelming and  
anger steals the voice.

It happens to all of us.

Therefore, let your existence be his comfort,  
your patience be his support,  
and your presence his escape from the noise.

***“Just be there for him.”***

***The End***



## **About the Author**

Pierre Alex Jeanty, Founder of Gentlemenhood™ and CEO of Jeanius Publishing, is a Haitian-American author, poet, and influencer who is devoted to making an impact through his writing. He primarily focuses on poetically sharing his journey, lessons, and mistakes along the paths of manhood and love. Pierre vows to share his wisdom with all, in hopes of inspiring men to become better, and to be a voice of hope to women who have lost faith in good men. This is the vision of his brand, and the agenda he follows as a writer.

Pierre currently resides in southwest Florida with his family, and travels as a speaker as he continues to write. His library of books written consists of *HER*, *HER vol. 2*, *Unspoken Feelings of a Gentleman*, *Unspoken Feelings of a Gentleman II*, *To The Women I Once Loved* and *Apologies That Never Came*.

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