

Unbroken: No More Silent Apologies

A Poetry Collection by Tara Marq

Unbroken: No More Silent Apologies
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Disclaimer for sensitive themes:

This book contains themes of emotional abuse and recovery. It is intended as an artistic and reflective work and is not a substitute for professional counseling or therapy.

Dedication

For every woman who has ever apologized for existing.
For the ones who shrank themselves to fit inside someone else's shadow.
For the survivors who walked through fire and still doubted their worth.

This is for you.

May these words remind you that you are enough—always have been, always will be.

Acknowledgments

To the women who came before me, who carried silent battles without the language to name them, you are the reason I write. Your survival carved the path that allows us to tell the truth out loud.

To my children, who remind me daily that love heals and grows. Your laughter, resilience, and light anchor me in ways words cannot capture.

To the survivors who shared their stories, who whispered, “me too,” and who nodded when I finally spoke my truth—you are my sisters, my strength, and my proof that healing is possible.

And to every reader holding this book in trembling hands, may you know you are not alone. You are not too much. You are not broken.

Expect to Receive

Expect to receive words that name your wounds and validate your survival.

Expect to receive the courage to break cycles of silence and control.

Expect to receive the strength to set boundaries without apology.

Expect to receive the reminder that you are unbroken, becoming, and free.

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Introduction: The Silence That Wasn't Mine

There is a silence that heals and a silence that harms. His silence was not peace; it was punishment. It was the sharp edge of withholding, the empty room where my voice echoed back at me until I began to doubt it was real.

This part of my story is not pretty. It is not tied with bows or softened with excuses. It is the truth, raw and unfiltered: how I lost myself piece by piece, apology by apology. I begin here

because this is where I had to start, too, standing in the wreckage, naming the ruins, daring to admit that love should never cost you yourself.

Part I – The Wreckage

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Walking on Eggshells

Every word I spoke
was measured in fear,
as if syllables could explode
like glass underfoot.

I tiptoed through conversations,
bracing for the crash,
learning that silence
was safer than truth.

The Weight of Sorry

“Sorry” became my second skin,
woven into every sentence,
stitched into my throat.

I apologized for rain on the windows,
for shadows in the room,

for existing too loudly—
for existing at all.

Each sorry I offered
was a brick in the cage
you built around me.

Gaslight Season

You told me my memory lied,
that I invented storms
where the sky was clear.

You painted over my bruises
with words dipped in denial,
and called it love.

But the truth always leaves traces—
and even in the brightest rooms,
I could still smell the smoke.

His Mirror, My Reflection

You held up a mirror
that only showed your face—
then told me it was mine.

I learned to smile like you,
to speak in your shadows,
to vanish when you needed the light.

One day I turned the glass around
and saw nothing you would recognize—
only me, blinking, alive.

Drowning in Almost Love

You fed me maybes,
measured in teaspoons—
just enough to keep me thirsty,
never enough to live.

I called it love
because the cup was yours.
I called it almost
because I was still empty.

A House Built on Apologies

We wallpapered the rooms
with I'm sorry—
layers and layers
to hide the cracks.

But rain finds truth,
and truth finds seams.
The walls peeled back,
and there we were—
standing in a house
that was never home.

Inventory of Hurt

I counted the quiets,
the slammed doors,
the unanswered texts,
the eyes that slid away.

Then I counted me—
pulse steady,
hands open,
mouth ready to speak.

The math was simple:
subtract what breaks you,
and you'll have room to breathe.

~Write down three times you silenced yourself for someone else.

~What would you say now if you could speak freely?

~List the apologies you gave that were not truly yours to give. How does it feel to release them?

Part II – The Awakening

“Healing begins the moment you stop believing their version of you and start remembering your own.”

Introduction: When Truth Finds a Voice

Awakening is not loud. It does not always arrive with lightning or shouts. Sometimes it slips in like a whisper—the friend who nods when you finally say it out loud, the memory that refuses to stay buried, the deep knowing that rises when you stop silencing yourself to keep someone else comfortable.

Awakening is terrifying because once you see it, you cannot unsee it. But it is also holy. It is the first time you tell yourself the truth and do not look away.