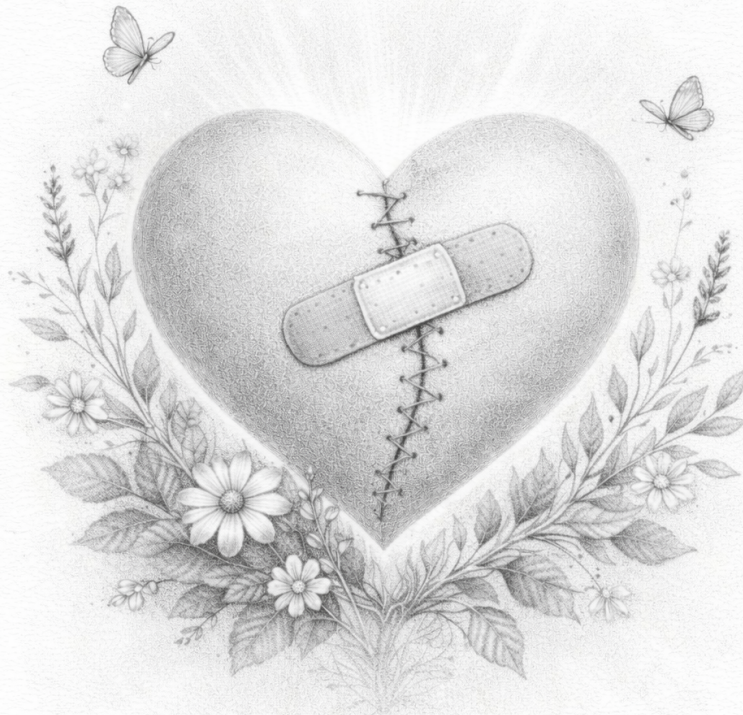


Healing the Heart



MEGAN TIMBIE

**A Small Book of Poems for Soft Days and
Brave Nights**

By Megan Timbie

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All poems in this collection are offered as comfort, not as a cure.

May these words meet you gently, wherever you are.

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Dedication

For the version of you
who kept going
even when your heart
didn't know how.

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1. Soft Return

I am learning
to come back to myself

without apologizing.
To meet my own eyes
in the mirror
and not look away.
To touch the places
where it hurt
and whisper,
I know. I'm here now.

2. The Middle of Healing

Healing is awkward.
It is drinking water
and still missing them.
It is laughing
and feeling guilty after.
It is progress
that doesn't feel pretty.
It is unfollowing,

then checking.

It is “I’m fine,”

then crying at night in bed.

Healing is not a straight road—

it’s a spiral staircase.

You keep seeing the same pain,

just from higher up.

3. Let It Be True

Let it be true

that you loved deeply.

Let it be true

that it mattered.

Let it be true

that you lost something

and it changed you.

But let it also be true

that you are still here.

And you are not meant
to carry grief
like a life sentence.
You are allowed
to become new.

4. How the Heart Mends

My heart is stitching itself together
with ordinary things—
morning light,
songs I forgot I loved,
clean sheets,
a warm drink,
a friend who texts
just to say my name.
My dog giving me kisses.
I used to think healing
needed fireworks.
But it's quieter than that.

It's a thousand soft moments
choosing me.

5. Unlearning

I'm unlearning
the way I shrink
when I'm afraid to be too much.

Unlearning the habit
of begging for proof
that I'm worth staying for.

Unlearning the lie
that love must hurt
to be real.

I am not too much.

I was simply handed
too little.

6. Grief Has Hands

Grief has hands.

It grabs my stomach
in any situation.

It taps my shoulder
in quiet rooms.

It sits beside me
in songs.

But grief also has a strange gift—
it proves I felt something real.

And I would rather be a person
with a heart that breaks
than one who never loved enough
to crack open.

7. A Promise to Myself

I promise myself:

I will not abandon me
for anyone.

Not again.

I will not call it love
if it costs my peace.
I will not romanticize
what drains my spirit.
I will choose
the slow, steady kind of joy—
the kind that stays.

8. Bloom Anyway

Even if you're tired,
bloom anyway.
Even if your voice shakes,
speak anyway.
Even if your heart remembers,
love yourself anyway.
You are not behind.
You are not failing.
You are simply in the season
where your soul

learns to breathe again.

9. The Day It Gets Easier

One day you'll wake up
and the ache won't be the first thing
to greet you.

You'll make hot chocolate,
tie your shoes,
step outside on the beach—
and suddenly you'll realize
you are not performing survival.

You are living.

And it will feel so simple
you might miss it—
the miracle of a heart
no longer at war with itself.

10. The Heart Is a Home

My heart is a home,
not a battlefield.
Not a place
where I keep proving my worth
or chasing footsteps
down a hallway of maybes.

No.

This home has windows.

This home has warm light.

This home has room for rest.

And the only thing required
to live here—
is truth.

11. Instructions for Holding Yourself

Be gentle with the parts of you
that learned survival before rest.

They are not loud because they are cruel—
they are loud because they were once unheard.

Speak to yourself
the way you would to a tired child:
low voice, steady hands,
no rush to fix what only needs time.

12. Kindness Is Not Weak

Kindness is not a feather.
It is a muscle that lifts again and again
what the world drops.
It is choosing to stay open
after you have learned all the reasons not to.
It is strength that does not need witnesses.

13. On Days You Fall Short

Some days you will not be your best self.
You will be sharp-edged, distracted,
less generous than you hoped.

Let that be human, not a verdict.

Tomorrow is not canceled
because today was heavy.

14. How to Apologize to Yourself

Start by saying:

“I did what I knew how to do.”

Then add:

“I am still learning.”

End with silence—
the kind that listens
instead of argues.

15. A Small Practice

Before you speak,
ask if your words can be softer.
Before you judge,
ask what pain might be hiding.
Before you walk away,
ask if presence could heal

what advice cannot.

16. You Are Allowed

You are allowed to rest
without earning it.

You are allowed to change your mind,
to take up space quietly,
to be unfinished.

You do not owe the world
your exhaustion.

17. When Others Are Difficult

Remember:

you are seeing only the sharpest edges
of someone else's storm.

Meet them with boundaries, yes—
but also with the mercy
you hope someone will offer you
on your worst day.

18. Gentleness Is a Daily Choice

It is choosing patience
over the thrill of being right.
Listening over winning.
Repair over pride.
Gentleness is not passive—
it is deliberate love.

19. Blessing

May you learn to speak your own name
without tightening your chest.
May you move through others
like a calm weather system.
May kindness begin with you,
and ripple outward—
unforced,
unstoppable.

20. The Only Place With a Pulse

The past is a house
with locked windows
and polite ghosts.

They wave.

They mean well.

They do not breathe.

The present

is messier.

A cup left sweating on the table.

A thought unfinished.

Your chest rising anyway.

Stay where the air moves.

Stay where your name

is still being said

by your own lungs.

21. You Are Allowed to Arrive Late

No one told you

there was a schedule
for becoming yourself.
No bell rang.
No door closed.
You're not behind.
You're here.
That's the whole requirement.

22. Instructions You Don't Have to Follow

Do not replay
every sentence
like a crime scene.
Do not cross-examine
your younger self
for surviving badly.
Do not demand
a better version
of a moment
that already ended.

Instead, notice:

your feet.

The weight of now.

The fact that you're still
allowed to be gentle.

23. Weather Report

Today's forecast:

Some regret drifting through.

Patches of shame.

Clearing in the afternoon.

No action required.

Just wear what fits

and step outside anyway.

24. What Forgiveness Looks Like

It looks like not correcting
every memory.

It looks like saying,

“I did what I could
with the tools I had,”
and not adding footnotes.

It looks like rest
without earning it.

25. The Present Is Small on Purpose

It doesn't ask you
to solve your whole life.
It asks for one breath.
Then another.
A glass of water.
A moment of quiet
where nothing needs fixing.
That's not avoidance.
That's how staying alive works.

26. Being Less Cruel To Yourself

Try this:

Speak to yourself
the way you would
to someone
who is tired
but still trying.
Lower your voice.
Drop the verdicts.
You don't need to be better.
You need to be here.

27. Proof

If you are reading this,
you are already
in the present moment.
Even doubting counts.
Even stumbling counts.
There is no wrong way
to be here.

28. A Closing, Not a Conclusion

You don't have to forget the past.

Just stop living there.

Visit, if you must.

Then come back.

The door is open.

The light is on.

You're not in trouble.

You're allowed to stay.

29. Happy Healing

Healing is not a finish line,

it's a morning that opens its windows

and lets the light wander in barefoot.

It's the quiet thrill of realizing

your shoulders are no longer living up by your ears,

that laughter shows up early and stays late,

that joy doesn't ask permission anymore.

Happy healing smells like clean sheets

and sounds like a song you forgot you loved
coming on just when you need it

“I Won’t Back Down” by Tom Petty,
steady as a heartbeat,
reminding you who you are.

It feels like choosing yourself
without the weight of guilt trailing behind,
like standing your ground softly,
with kindness instead of armor.

You still remember the ache—
healing doesn’t erase the map,
it just teaches your feet
where the softer paths are.

And one day you notice
you’re not bracing for the worst,
you’re making plans,
you’re planting things,
you’re trusting spring again.

Happy healing is this:

not the absence of scars,
but the presence of peace—
a gentle strength humming inside you,
unshaken, warm,
and finally... home.

30. Remember to Love Yourself

Remember to love yourself—
not loudly, not perfectly,
but gently, the way dawn
learns the shape of the sky.
Be kind to yourself
as you continue to heal your heart.
Healing is not a straight road;
it's a tide that comes and goes,
and you are allowed to rest
between the waves.
Speak to yourself
like someone you're learning to trust again.

Hold your own hands
when the ache returns unannounced.

Breathe.

Stay.

You are worthy just the way you are—
before the fixing,
before the forgiving,
before the scars learn new names.

You are worthy of love
that doesn't ask you to shrink,
that doesn't rush your becoming,
that meets you exactly where you stand
and says, yes—here, too.

So keep going, softly.

Your heart is healing,
and you are already enough, always.

Happy Healing! 😊



About the Author

Megan Timbie writes with warmth, honesty, and hope for anyone learning how to heal after heartbreak. She believes healing happens in small moments—one choice, one breath, one day at a time.

Through lived experience and gentle encouragement, Megan reminds readers that healing is possible, even when it feels slow. *Healing the Heart* is her invitation to keep going, to begin again with compassion, and to trust that you are not alone.

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Author's Note

If your heart is healing slowly,
it does not mean it is healing wrong.

You are not meant to “get over” what mattered—

you are meant to grow around it
until your life feels like yours again.
And it will.

