

Blame it on the rain

By Kimberly T. Hagler • Photography by Matt McKean

I'm sitting here crying my eyes out.

It's silly really, but today would have been an anniversary for my ex-husband and me.

I have had five of these days come and go, to which I have clinked glasses with a buddy and yelled "WOO HOO," but today, for some reason, it has hit me a little harder. Maybe it's because I am bored. Maybe it's because next month, he is remarrying - a new bride, with new "wife" memories - and our anniversary will really be a thing of the past. Maybe I'm just extremely hormonal. Maybe it's just the rain. Either way, it hurts today.

I am so shocked by this flood of emotion that I really don't know how to handle it or what to do with myself. Not to mention I am ruining some very expensive mascara.

I have been such a tough girl, through it all. I have wiped my nose across my sleeve and said, "I don't need a man." And "I don't want a man" (which isn't altogether true, just maybe none of the ones I have met so far). But now, out of the blue, I'm crying.

I'm crying over the one thing I have feared I'd feel for the last six years. The one thing I have dreaded, but assumed I had leapt past. The one thing I have

promised everyone I didn't feel or possess or have. I'm crying over REGRET.

I regret that our marriage didn't work out.

I regret that he is moving on at a much faster rate than I have been able to.

I regret that the idea of marriage makes me cringe, and I'm afraid I will never welcome the idea again, and he is going to experience it once more.

I regret that our son will never know what it is like to have both his parents under the same roof.

I regret that although I knew it was over, and didn't think I had any desire to rekindle or rework through anything, now the chance will never be mine.

I regret it all.

I feel vulnerable. I feel defeated. I feel lonely. And, I feel sad. So, I'm crying. I just keep crying.

And, I have relived every single one of the nine years we spent together, from walking down the aisle and that crazy, exciting thing called the honeymoon to the last few memories of packing and moving out and moving on.

Then, there's this minute. This spot right here where, after six full years of denying it and six full years of pushing it aside, I have accepted the finality of it all.

It is finished. And I will be OK.