

"It All Works Out... In Time"

A Verse Novel excerpt

by

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FULL CIRCLE

I grew up in a townhouse,
a lot like this one.
It seems like life has brought me full circle,
I just didn't think I'd be here alone.

This isn't my dream house.
but with all the child support I pay,
it's about the best I can do right now.
I miss my house.
I hope She appreciates it.

Something tells me, though,
She's still not satisfied.
I think She's the type of person
who can never truly be happy
because She will always be focused
on something else.

When I first met her,
I could tell She'd make something of herself.
She was motivated and determined.
It was an attractive quality, I must admit.
I could tell that She was going places.

Five years ago I thought we'd arrived at that place.
After all, we'd built a nice life together.
Anyone looking in from the outside,
would have thought we had it all.

She had a great career
and I was just starting mine.

We had a beautiful house
that backed onto a park,
was close to the school,
and was in a really nice neighbourhood.

We had a four-year old daughter, Meagan
and a brand new baby boy, Marcus.

We'd had some rough patches in our relationship
and there were times when it didn't feel worth it.

But family is important
and I wanted mine to work more than anything
I really thought that we'd made it passed the worst.

When Marcus was born,
everything felt right with the world,
like this new boy heralded a fresh start
to a family that would be a solid unit.

I felt like we had arrived.
We'd made it through the storm
and we could certainly make it through anything now.
I guess I was wrong.

So now here I am alone,
Three bedrooms,
an unfinished basement,
and me.

I seem to remember my dad building a rec room
at the old place.
I'm going to have to ask him
if he could help me do that again, here.

I wonder if She'd approve of my new digs.
Probably not.
She'd be overly critical of everything.
At least, She can't nag me anymore
and I can start my new life
as a weekend Dad.

I don't even mind
that my place is about an hour away from my kids.
It's better to commute to them
every other weekend
than it is to do it daily for work.

Meagan will love her new room too.
I'm going to make it perfect for her.
Marcus will like that there are other boys here, in
the division, to play with.

So while this house may not be as cool
as they one I left behind,
the one that still has my name on the deed,

the one that She and my kids still call home,
at least it is mine
and I can finally start to build my new life
as a weekend dad.

RUNNING TO EXPLORE

I love running.
I used to be on the cross-country team
all the way through middle school
and high school
but I wasn't quick enough
to make the university team.
I didn't think that was right.

I don't think running should be about
how fast you are compared to others.
I think it is a personal contest
to see how far and fast you can go.

I still have a pretty good pace
and a nice stride.
I usually run about five to ten kilometres
and get out for about four runs a week.

I love trail running the most.
There's no better feeling than communing
with nature
and speeding down a dirt trail
through the woods.
The city fades away
and it's just me and the trail.

But today,
I'm sticking close to my new place.
I've gone out in a different direction every
day this week
I'm exploring the neighbourhood
by running through and around it.
No better way to explore.

I've already found a few great neighbourhood
playgrounds

that I can take the kids too.
One even has a splash pad.

Back in my day, we ran through
a boring sprinkler
back and forth and back and forth.
Nowadays, the kids can use these elaborate
water play areas
that are completely free.

I stared at the splash pad
and knew that I just had to jump in.
It had been a long run and I was already soaked
with sweat so why not?

It felt really good.
People there probably thought I was crazy
but when I come back with my kids next week,
they won't be thinking that.
Besides, who cares what they think?
It's a hot day
and things are now looking up.

This is a great place to live.
It's nice to have finally found
home.

FRACTURED

Whoever said "home is where the heart is"
probably wasn't a dad,
especially one who had to move away from his kids.

I left when Meagan was 6 and Marcus was 3
and believe me,
if there were any other way,
I would've stayed.

I never thought I'd have a fractured family.
I didn't want that for my kids.
So I stayed in a toxic environment
a lot longer than I should have.

Fortunately, something happened to force a change.
I was offered a promotion at work,
which involved moving to the next province.

It was the last thing I wanted to do.
I didn't want to leave my kids
or be that far away from them.

Although I've learned that life
can take you to some interesting places
and sometimes you just need to ride the currents
and go where they lead.

So two years ago,
I had a big decision to make,
and I took the job.

Getting on the plane
was the hardest thing I ever had to do.
I cried as it took off.
It felt like I had left a big piece of myself behind.

DISPLACED

For two years, it felt like I didn't have a home.
I was as displaced as I could possibly be.
I felt stranded in a strange land,
far away from everything I knew and loved.

I was happiest when I took leave,
here and there,
so I could come home,
rent a little cottage
and spend time with my kids.

She didn't make things easy for me either
but for some stupid reason,
I had a hard time getting over her,
perhaps because we never got any closure
to our relationship.

I guess, when you have children with someone,
it really is hard to move on.

There will always be a connection there,
even if you don't want to see or feel it.

I WRITE

I'm a writer, always have been.
I used to just write poems and songs
and I kept a journal for the longest time
but it betrayed me
and I found it really hard to write after that.
So I adopted a pen name,
started a blog and website
and began writing fiction.

I hope you've enjoyed this excerpt and that you will read the entire work when it gets published.

Thanks,

Chase March