

The Night I Broke

Between the Loire's ancient stones I stand,
A pharmacy student drowning in the night,
Where Renaissance towers mock my trembling hand,
And formulas blur into fading light.

In cafés near the Château, I collide
With bottles full of molecules and dread,
Three hours past the hour I should confide—
That something in my spirit bent and bled.

The textbooks multiplied like hungry ghosts,
Organic synthesis became a cage,
I couldn't name another compound's host,
Just rage. Just silence. Just a blank, white page.

At two a.m., I broke. I simply broke.
No grand philosophy, no reasoned choice—
I left that borrowed desk, that suffocating yoke,
And fled into the darkness without voice.

The cobblestones of Vieux Tours received me then,
Those half-timbered streets where tourists dare not roam,
I walked like something half-alive, half-when,
Lost in a city that became my home.

The Loire exhaled its secrets in the rain,
Each droplet caught the lamplight, scattered gold,
While every Gothic archway whispered: "Pain
Is just the price of stories left untold."

I wandered where the medieval stones still breathe,
Where history pressed against my aching bones,
And found myself at Chenonceau beneath
The mirrored water, dark and all my own.

Those doubled arches floated like a prayer,
Reflected in the Indre's glassy dark,
A healer's sanctuary hung in air—
Where broken things could find their healing mark.

I stood there dripping, soaked in night and dread,
While Chenonceau held me in its stone-bound spell,
And something whispered what the wise ones said:
"You're stronger than the formulas you dwell."

Then memory of Villandry's ordered rows
Bloomed sudden in my mind—those gardens neat,
Where ancient botanists once learned to grow
The remedies that made the world complete.

Those healers knew that breaking opens doors,
That shattered vessels hold the deepest light,
That wisdom grows from what the heart endures,
From wandering alone through endless night.

And Chenonceau exhaled its secrets there,
Each stone caught lamplight, scattered gold and grace,
While something whispered through the midnight air:
"Sometimes you must break to find your place."

I wandered back through Vieux Tours as dawn
Crept hesitant across the sleeping streets,
Not healed, but hollowed out and reborn—
A pharmacy student learning what it means.

The ancients mixed their potions from despair,
They knew that breaking open lets light in,
That healers must themselves learn how to dare—
To fall apart, then choose to heal again.

So here's to Tours, to nights when I could break,
To Chenonceau floating through the dark,
To Villandry's gardens when I'm lost awake—
I am the chemistry of breaking stark.

I am the molecules that learn to dance,
The healer born from her own shattered night,
The student who got lost in one fierce glance—
And came to see: we break to burn more bright.

Sometimes you must shatter to begin.