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shards of memories

Sevi Sapunar-Lahr

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Two Poems

Sevi Sapunar-Lahr

shards of memories

shards of memories. fragments of you.

are all i have left.

small snippets, flashbacks from a film.

can i tell you something?

yes, of course.

i started cutting

s

c

A

R

S

BEHAVE YOURSELF, DAMNIT!

you have everything in life. don't pretend you're struggling.

i remember the feeling of the

cold

hard

tile
bathroom floor.
1 hour . .
2 hours . .
3 hours . .
4 hours . .
5 hours . .
6 hours . .
7 hours . .
8 hours . .
you did this to yourself.
if you apologized for **MY crimes**
this
would
ALL
be
over.
you did this
t
o
yo ur
SELF.
YOU DO EVERYTHING TO YOURSELF.
you will get what i am required by law to give you,
water
3 meals A DAY
but NO
laundry
or sleep
or a
r
e
a
s
o
n
to

Sapunar-Lahr: shards of memories

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want
to
stay
alive.
you can keep your tear-stained sheets,
your blood-stained sleeves,
your bruised heart,
the endless abyss you're falling down

t
h
e
broken finger
and the
sprained knee

and
a

l
l
t h e
s
c
a
r
s

those days, locked in the ever-spiraling darkness of your mind, sitting in
the dark
consumed by the pain. the hurt. the betrayal.

back to the day it finally settles into the crevices and cracks of all that's
broken inside of you.
that you mean nothing to him anymore.
that he's left you, like everyone else before.
you're a small child again, crying as you watch her drive away, your sister
crying for you to come home.
i didn't choose this! i didn't choose to leave you!
but she'll blame you forever more.
you feel as small and as helpless as you did then.

he chose you once.
he wanted you once.
he loved you.
once.

and now he's gone, knowing the most painful way to leave, knowing how
to evoke that gut-wrenching soul-splitting pain,
and he uses it.

he pretends he never even knew you existed.
he pretends he never cared.
he pretends you're nothing.
and maybe you never meant anything to him.
but one day,
you believe him.

AND

your heart yearns for that love and unconditional care.
what i wish i had.
but know i will never again,
maybe never even did, have.

you thought you moved on, healed even. but then a stitch rips out from
your patched up heart.
and you've regressed. not back to the beginning.
but sometimes it feels like it.
the walls are caving in, you feel crushed, suffocated.

i will never forget what you did to me.
i will never forget what you are.
but
s

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m

e

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s

forgetting would be so much easier.
(survivable even.)