

## 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

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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

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n

to

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

**sometimes i worry**

sometimes i worry.

worry that i'll forget.

forget everything i once knew about you.

sometimes i worry that i've already forgotten.

and i want that back.

i cling so hard.

i don't want to let go.

i can't believe i don't remember everything anymore.

i don't want to forget.

just like you forgot me.

one day, it will all be gone.

i only got 9 years of you.

and i'll never get more.

but i might forget.

everything.

one day.

and that's terrifying.

**Sevi Sapunar-Lahr** is a freshman majoring in Norwegian. If she wasn't determined to live in Norway someday, she would've majored in English and run her own bookstore. Writing and reading have always been a passion in her life. Writing has been very beneficial and therapeutic. And she wishes to share that.