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 С А R S **BEHAVE YOURSELF, DAMNIT!** you have everything in life. don't pretend you're struggling. i remember the feeling of the cold hard

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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 0 yo ur SELE. 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 е а s 0 n

to

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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 yourre falling down t h е broken finger and the sprained knee and а the s С а 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.

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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.

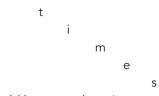
and you've regressed. not back to the beginning.

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 o m e

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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.