

# THE SHEAF

Literary & Arts Magazine

Past

present

FUTURE



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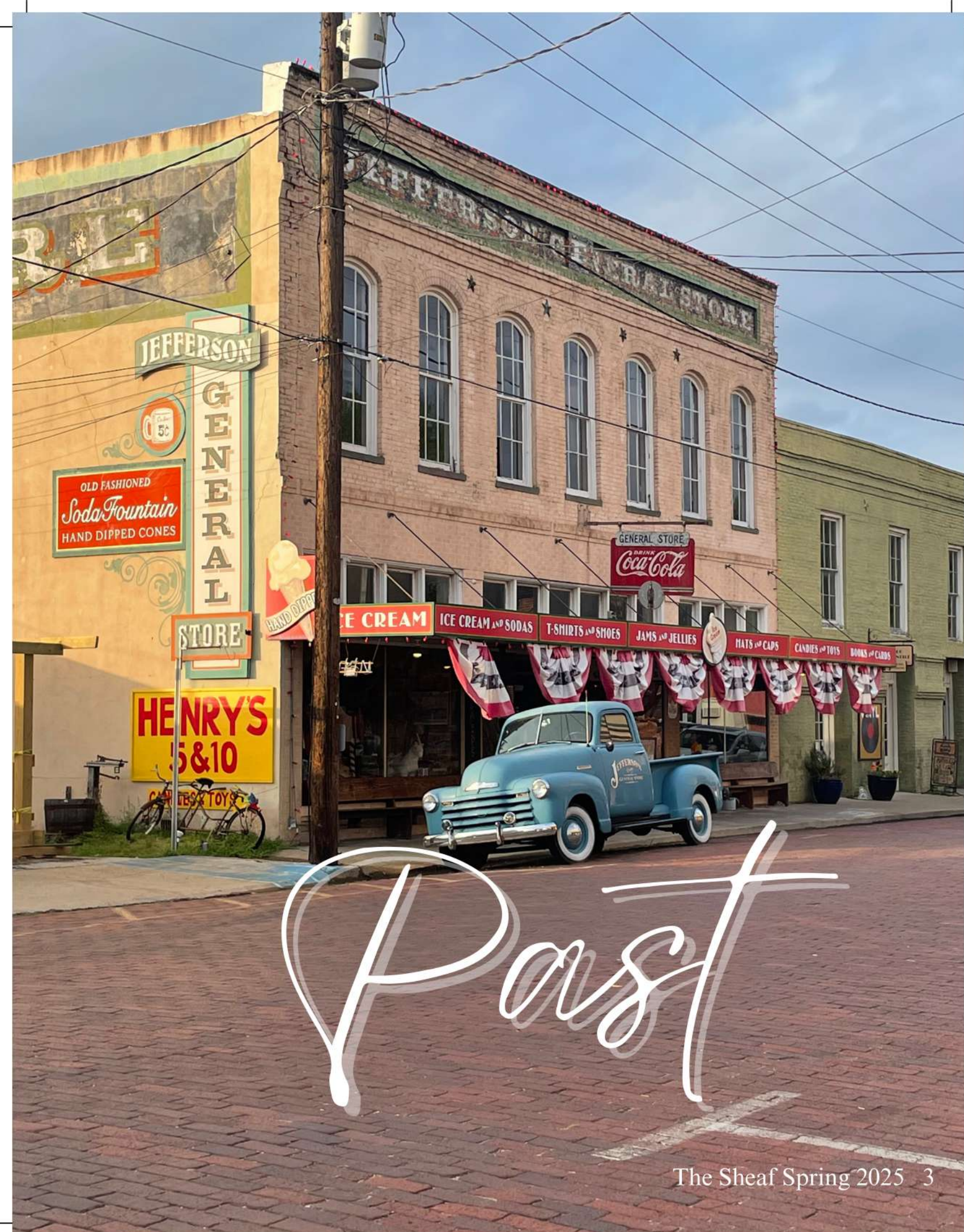
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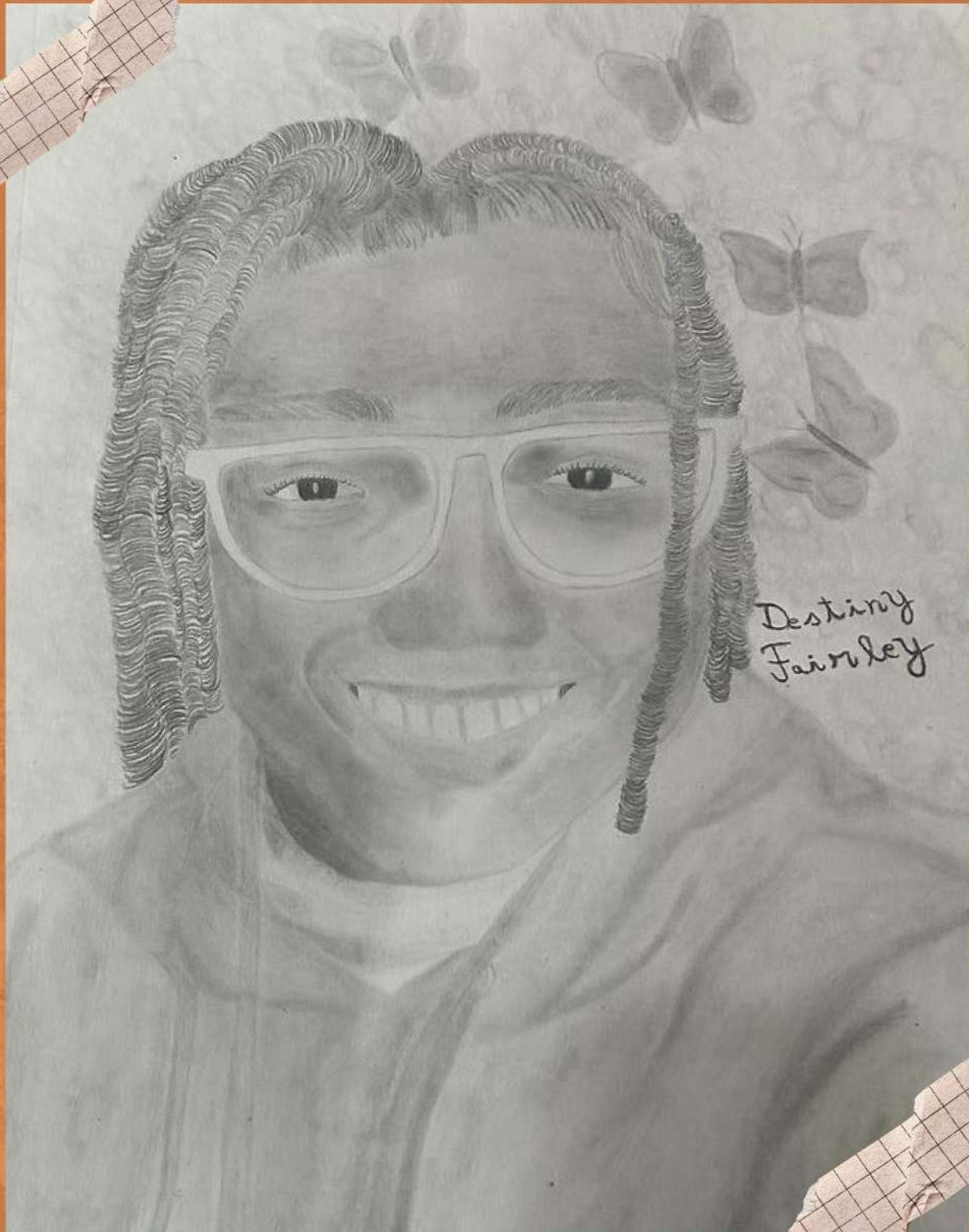
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# Destiny Firley





# You Ask Me to Write About Me

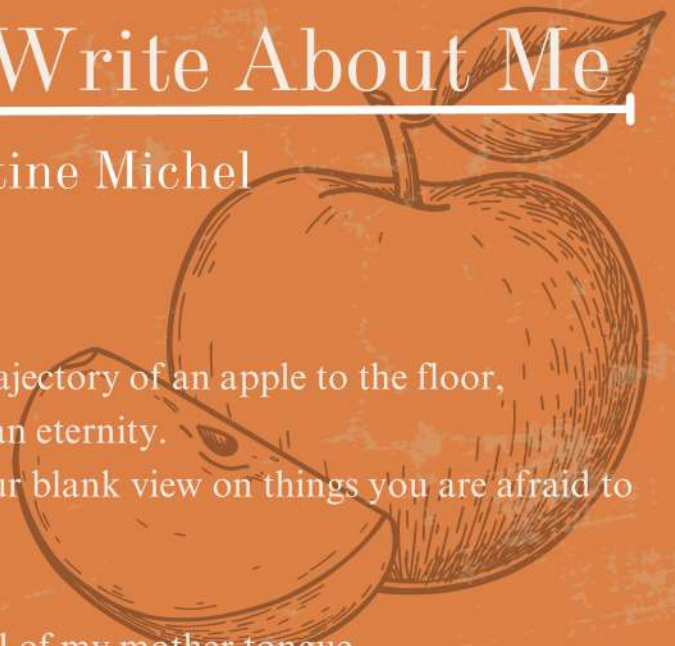
By Rosebertine Michel

You ask me to write about me,  
But all you see is how I'm not you.  
You expect my arguments to form the trajectory of an apple to the floor,  
Where my voice can dance in circles for an eternity.  
You want a clear focus to perpetuate your blank view on things you are afraid to talk about.

You ask me to write about me  
When you refuse to bathe in the waterfall of my mother tongue  
The more you push her away, the more she comes back to me  
Transforming all my being into her daughter  
I am *Ayiti Toma's* daughter  
And when I open my eyes I am on top her mountains.  
Bathing in sunlight  
Saved by tropical trees.

You ask me to write about me  
So each details of me becomes a part of you  
As you swallow my words,  
I become a dysmorphic image  
A distortion of your mind  
A creation of your heart  
You ask me to write about you  
To take away everything that makes me: me.  
Then I am blank

And yet, not translucent enough to take the invisible colors of your words.





# Yesterdust

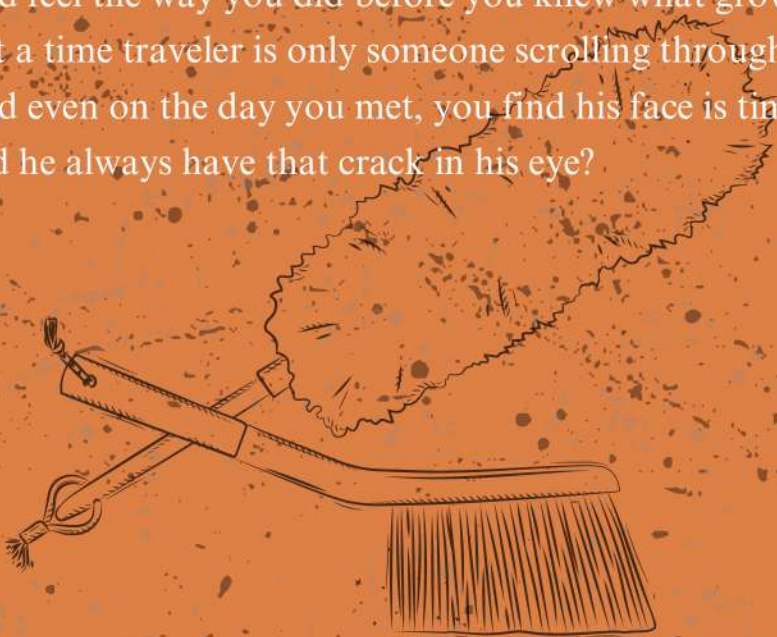
By Jay Marquez Durst



We think that time is taxidermied  
That the collective corpse of yesterday stays perfect and unchanged  
That it's only our memories that become coated in cataracts and creases  
But any good time traveler knows to always bring a feather duster

When one arrives to find stains on those old hours  
You must clean what remains before you can experience it again  
Dust off that old version of yourself, make sure no gnats or sojourn seconds are  
caught in your old hairdo  
Everything here is so still, aside from rust that reaches all across the camera lens

When one arrives on that dead day, pray you to see him again  
And feel the way you did before you knew what growing meant  
But a time traveler is only someone scrolling through old messages  
And even on the day you met, you find his face is time touched now  
Did he always have that crack in his eye?





# After Flood Comes Drought

By Caelan Kopacz

Water congeals within its veins, from the rivulets in sodden Earth to the ornaments of its crown. There are whispers that there is freedom in movement, yet no one talks of the serenity in being rooted the hum of the air as it tousles and flutters these arms, outreached. Isolated from the waterbed, there is no opportunity of Narcissus, bending down to see the change. There is change all around and within, nonetheless. The small child that crawls through mounds of dried foliage, blushed crimson and ochre by the autumn, pieces caught in follicles. That child comes back, wanton curiosity waning, exuberance eroding, laughter now met with silence. Only when the palm presses against the skin does an epiphany take hold, the layers of bark that hold steadfast, alive. Braids of sinew have come and gone as familiars are pushed out by strangers, a flood that tears between nature, the strangers claiming they are Noah, but the eddies warp those faces into Cain. The child goes too, and soon there will be another child, and another, until there are no more left. Cain's children transformed the water to poison, and all that the roots clutch onto are marrow of all that is left.



# Rachel Sweet



## Left Behind





# Matka-Córka

By Caelan Kopacz

Nimble fingers, knuckles powdered and the smell of pine, chruściki broken into pieces on a childish tongue that maneuvers silent through slurred words through the brick and bickering on the street, a young head through the window to sell something other than that noxious odor, the smoke that pours out of a withered mouth as quick and tumultuous as the water from a leaking facet turned on, but you should thank your father for all of the little things he gives you despite it all, the shiny barbie doll who walked into your hands before your classmates could ever begin to imagine how it is to fly, and you should thank your mother for the fact that she can tell you how to dress and to talk and to walk like a woman of true class, and you should not be angry with your father when liquor coats his throat like the sap in the inner workings of a tree's trunk because it is all he knows how to do in this world, and you should not be angry when his words slice at you with the most trained of blades, his adult mind, you should learn to defend and learn to be meek and must accept, and you should not be disappointed with your mother when she brushes you off with a manicured hand when you tell her you cannot see, so you simply must live with this swollen heart and blurred eyes that leave you to borrow someone's mouth to understand in sheer and haste whispers all the knowledge you can extract that would be so simple if you could see those few meters, and at least it is good enough to take trips to the forests and leap on stones that have lives more than you and once breathed anew before its antiquity, and you swear that a creature that only blossoms from the imaginary walls of you mind sneaks and snickers





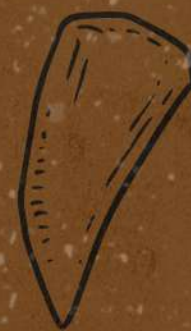
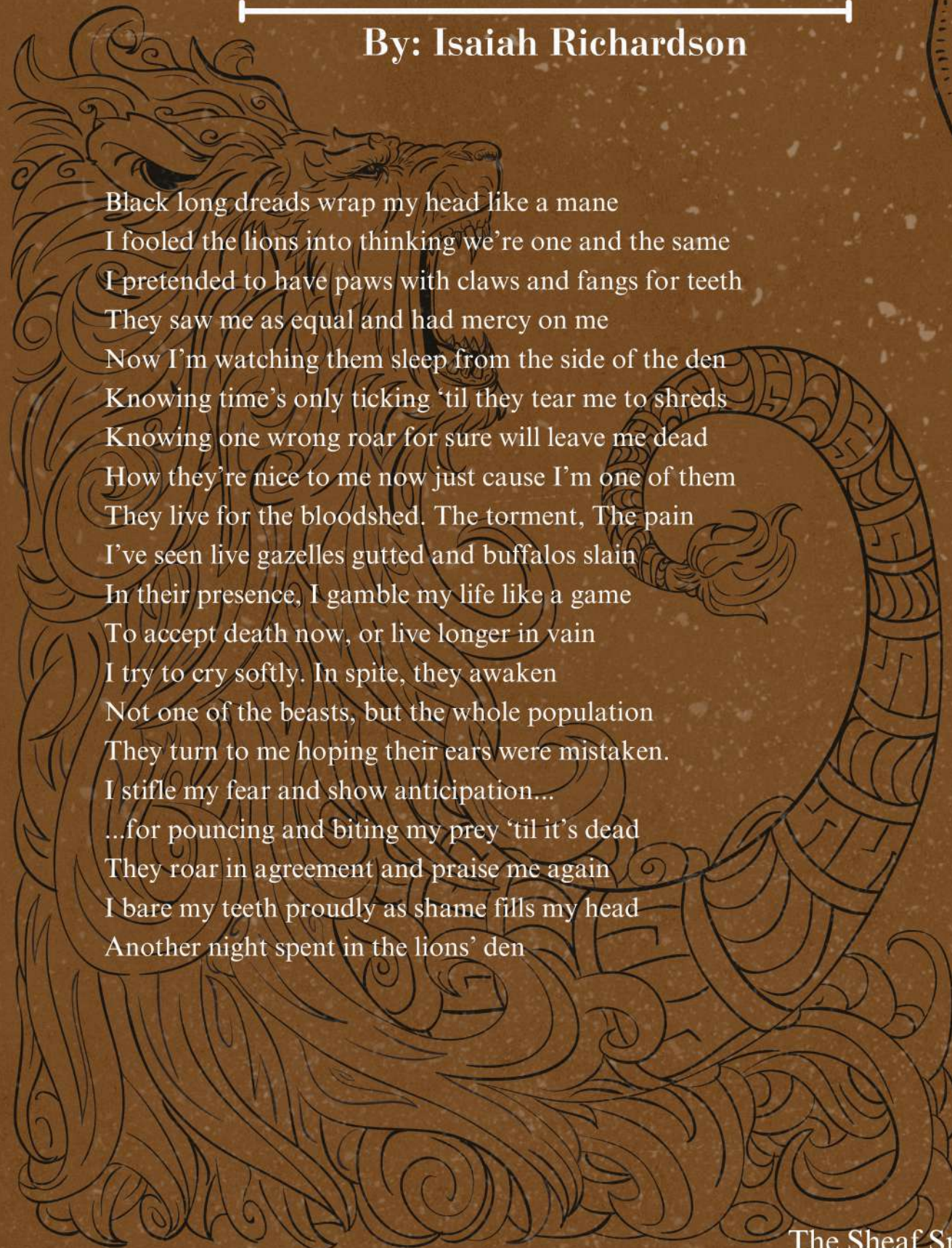
through the brush by the riverbank, and you pray and take your wood-knit basket with what you recite every easter, the chleby, the jajki, the kielbasy, the czekolady, but your thumb also caresses the intricate wax of the pisanka and its sweet designs that once meant so much more and you took the scarecrow, that beautiful lady of death, and threw her in the rivers, the lakes, the ponds, and as you watch her drown you hope for better days better than your family has ever known, and I wish I could pore into every breath you have taken, to have been there at every instance you felt an influx of happiness or anger or disgust or disappointment or anything and all things we experience in this human condition, I wish I could have seen your mother and your father, or even could have been them, but could I have done any better? I criticize you and all the biases you hold, but would I have done the same? Could I have done any better? Is this was familial love comes down to, hands dirtied and sodden with clay and mud as I build this bridge to you and all that has ever come before, but what good is it when you have been left unabridged, how can I pour all my love out to reach the life you were meant to live, how can a daughter build the life her mother deserves, and when is it too late?





# The Lion's Den

By: Isaiah Richardson



Black long dreads wrap my head like a mane  
I fooled the lions into thinking we're one and the same  
I pretended to have paws with claws and fangs for teeth  
They saw me as equal and had mercy on me  
Now I'm watching them sleep from the side of the den  
Knowing time's only ticking 'til they tear me to shreds  
Knowing one wrong roar for sure will leave me dead  
How they're nice to me now just cause I'm one of them  
They live for the bloodshed. The torment, The pain  
I've seen live gazelles gutted and buffalos slain  
In their presence, I gamble my life like a game  
To accept death now, or live longer in vain  
I try to cry softly. In spite, they awaken  
Not one of the beasts, but the whole population  
They turn to me hoping their ears were mistaken.  
I stifle my fear and show anticipation...  
...for pouncing and biting my prey 'til it's dead  
They roar in agreement and praise me again  
I bare my teeth proudly as shame fills my head  
Another night spent in the lions' den





# I am Haiti's Daughter

By Rosebertine Michel

I am from the country of Hibiscus. The same I looked out for in my backyard with eagerness and rhapsody. A country of greatness and shame. Being the first country in the Caribbean to gain its independence - paving the way for all the others to come, we have all the reasons in the world to be proud. But the greatness of my country died in 1825. Since then, the entire Afro and Latino community which used to look at my country like gold, look at us like the trash that covers the streets of our capital. I am from Haiti and most of who I am resides within this land, within this blue and red flag.

The Haitian flag sited near the wall of my room is one of my most treasured possessions. It could use a little washing, but I don't think I will. I am not ready to wash away the memories it holds. I cling to it like babies to their mothers. In a way, this flag is my mom. In Haiti, we love calling our country "manman cheri" meaning loving mother. Haiti is my loving mother. Her sky is my god-given solace. The moon and the sun took turns nursing me on the way to school. In the early mornings, the moon, my only companion, followed me for an hour or two until the sun took its place.

The Haitian skies jump from blue to pink. Purple to golden, gray to ivory. An eternal dance between colors. Dark blue opens the ball, silver joins and somersaults. The wind shakes the green leaves. Light blue replaces the shades of dark and waltzes with gold and orange. And the golden lights shine on my people's skin. On the beautiful 'madan saras' of the mornings. The feeding mothers, harvesting and selling all day. Feet in the dirt to nourish us all. Vitamins for the body and smiles for the soul. Who hum with the birds, and whose skin melts with the trunk of the trees. The bright green limes in their basket moving to the pace of their hips. The heavy bag they carry.



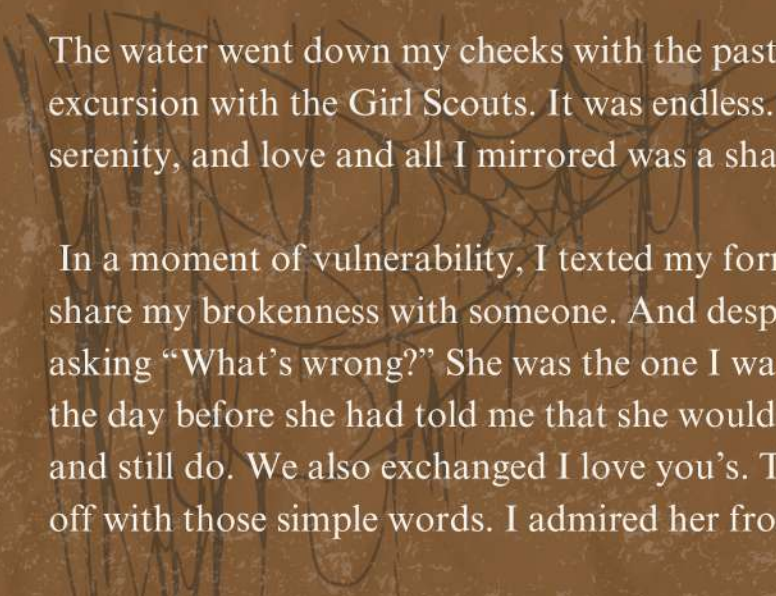
Thousands of pictures of the sky filled my phone storage and my heart shrinks when I delete them. Paving the way for new skies to come is logical yet so painful. Every photo I saw reminded me of the last one I took. The one I will never delete. If all my memories were to be erased, this picture among others is one I would hold dear. It was the sky on June 30th, 2022. The sun was high enough for the last pictures I took on the balcony. But not high enough to burn my skin. Bringing back all the Sunday evenings I had spent with my best friend taking pictures of ourselves as if tomorrow our faces would disappear. We covered ourselves in simplicity, but in the corners of our eyes was shining the sun and its golden and bronze eyeshadows. I remembered the laughter. I remembered the secrets. I remembered it all.

The clouds had that shape. I can't yet put a finger on it. But that specific shape made me think: "Screw it all. Life on earth is a perfect place." This elongated shape filled up the sky without making it gray. And when the sun walked through, it remained undisrupted and unbothered. When the wind attacked, it stayed still. Undisrupted and unbothered. The perfect cloud walked with me for hours until I entered Toussaint Louverture National Airport.

I could have been happy to leave the sun that so easily hurts my skin for fresh air conditioning, but I wasn't. With or without the sun, it would be hot. The rage in me would have been enough to burn all the bright rooms. I stared at my watch, wishing that time would stop, that my cloud would come down from its tour and hug me but I am nothing but a powerless teenager. Time doesn't stop for me. And all clouds eventually disappear. This is the day I knew the sky loved me back. This is the day I left.

A bitter taste in my mouth prevented me from letting out a single word. I resented myself for abandoning my country, the life I had always known, my routine, people, everything. "That is the price of betrayal," was now written in the sky. Motionless I was on the airport stairs crying every piece of my soul. "You, Betrayer!" I heard pondering in my ears. You, Betrayer. You, Betrayer. Betrayer. The bitter taste got stronger and stronger. I was powerless to the torture my heart was putting me under. Until a salty taste mixed itself to the bitterness of my mouth and feelings.






The water went down my cheeks with the paste of the spring I once saw on an excursion with the Girl Scouts. It was endless. But the spring mirrored beauty, serenity, and love and all I mirrored was a shattered, broken, and outraged girl.

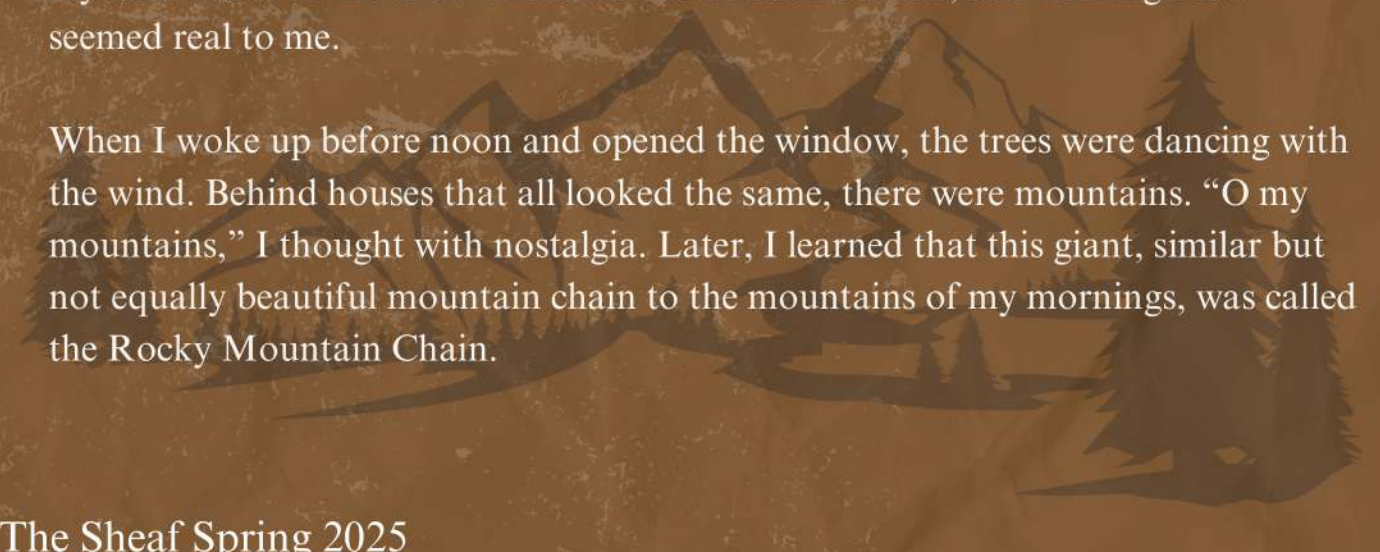
In a moment of vulnerability, I texted my former literature teacher. I needed to share my brokenness with someone. And despite having all my family around me asking “What’s wrong?” She was the one I wanted to talk to. Maybe it was because the day before she had told me that she would miss me. I would miss her too. I did and still do. We also exchanged I love you’s. There was a veil of distance we ripped off with those simple words. I admired her from afar. One day, praying to be her.

She erased the mark of betrayal on the sky with her words. “My child, don’t be sad. Think of all the opportunities and the memories you’ll get to make.” My child, she said. And it reminded me that my loving Mother would never feel betrayed to see me leave. She’ll see my wings high in the horizon as I grow beautifully. And she’ll think: “I am a piece of that beauty.”



On July 1st, at 3 a.m., I arrived in Colorado and I had to pretend to be fine. After all, why should I not? Wasn’t I safe? Away from all danger? I was in big America, of course everything was fine. The country where money grew on trees. America is the country of opportunities and as we call it: paradise. In contrast to the hell Haiti’s atmosphere became.

I didn’t want to sleep because sleeping would make this whole experience true. No, it wasn’t a nightmare. This lump in my throat was real. This burning sensation on my skin was even more so. The bitter taste became acidic, and nothing I saw seemed real to me.



When I woke up before noon and opened the window, the trees were dancing with the wind. Behind houses that all looked the same, there were mountains. “O my mountains,” I thought with nostalgia. Later, I learned that this giant, similar but not equally beautiful mountain chain to the mountains of my mornings, was called the Rocky Mountain Chain.



From afar, it seemed so sturdy. Like nothing could ever tear it apart. Its immutable nature was to stand still and to survive. The brown contrasted with the perfect blue of the sky. And still, it wasn't as mesmerizing as Haiti's sky.

The giants I laid my eyes upon in the afternoon hugged my soul in ways I never noticed until the Rocky Mountains stood in front of me, motionless and cold. It almost never leaned in to embrace me. And when it did, I didn't feel any warmth. The colors were dull. Brown, light brown, gray, light gray, cream, beige. And it kept on and on. Were those picture-perfect houses beautiful? Yes, they were. They were graceful. They fitted the mountains and gave a symmetric aspect to every city I visited. To some extent, they had a diluted aspect of life and personality. New Jersey skies are cloudy and when I look up, the giants are replaced with faded shades of gray. High, high in the sky. They touch the clouds. When the sun brushes aside the lifeless clouds, it burns my skin and hurts my heart.

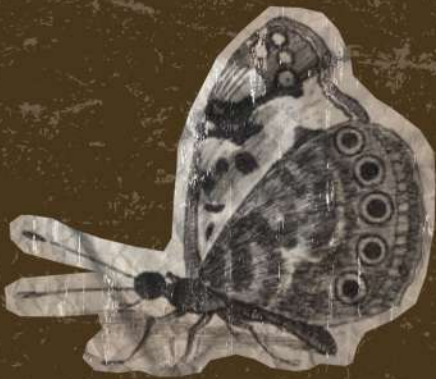
New Jersey houses –not all– seem to be unfitted to nature. As if history has taken down every piece of life that remained in a home and let it simply be a house. A simple rectangle that crushes the potential life of a tree. The forests, however, are the most charming aspects of Jersey. The majesty of the trees makes me feel small in a way I appreciate. When the fall comes, and the leaves die in the golden sun, my heart is filled with life. And slowly, I feel as if Henry David Thoreau is murmuring songs about the beauty of nature to my ear.

The gray clouded sky of Jersey though morose symbolizes freedom to me. I can go anywhere! Touch the clouds and kiss the sun if I want. I take the bus and a world of unknown opens itself to me. The NJ Transit app on my phone, the picture of my school's shuttle schedule, they are symbols. Symbols of my up-and-downs. Want to go to Elizabeth? Easy! Take the bus! I want to participate in a program on the other side of town? Take the bus!

Truly, who I am can be condensed in the mirror of a shining cloud. Having to adapt to new skies and new dances helped me shape who I am. I am all the trees my eyes saw, the suns my skin felt, all the smells I've consumed, and all the tastes I memorized. Yet, no matter where I am, what I learn, feel, or do. I remain Haiti's daughter.



# Pamela Bazan





# Pamela Bazan





# We Were Supposed to Be Alive

By Rosebertine Michel

We were supposed to live like the flowers breathe.  
We were supposed to grow like the trees in rainforests.  
Strong and sturdy,  
Reaching the sky, but remaining grounded.  
We were supposed to be like the river,  
Eternal.  
Explorer.  
We were supposed to be like the wind  
Strong and powerful,  
Slow and melodious.  
We were supposed to be grand like the giraffe  
And as peaceful as the sloth.  
But we go, go, go, go, go, go, go and never stop.  
We were supposed to be at peace  
We were supposed to be happy.

But all of the bonheur is a mirage.  
The smiles are hidden in the green paper.  
The trees are bleeding and so are we.  
The wind is killing us and we agreed.  
The flowers are disgusted and we ignore.

We were supposed to sing like birds.  
Fly far away but always come back for an ultimate sky.  
We were supposed to be like the soil,  
Imperfect, but just perfect enough to bring life.

We were supposed to be alive.  
But we walk around head to the floor,  
No oceans crossing, no coffee eyes greeting.  
Rectangular walls small as giants growing to infinity.



# present







# Murmuration

By Rosebertine Michel

My soul is shattered, dispersed in  
The murmuration of the dancing birds.  
Murmur to my ears those songs of feast that once were part of my heart  
Let the birds scream to the world my desolation.  
Detach the music from my broken heart  
Let the opera wake me up at night  
Let us travel to foreign lands to  
Bury our hearts in the cords of the birds.  
Disturbing images of life and death take possession of my fearful eyes:  
The golden leaves waltz to the floor.  
The god kills them all.  
The cherry tree is a young bride painting  
On a sunburn not ready to be seen.  
Tea, Balm and Coffee  
May you drug my body  
But never my esprit will succumb  
To your breath.  
Peace, may you leave me.  
I am buried in the soul of a foreign bird.  
And I fear I must never come back.



# Untitled

---

By Samson e. Merise

Consciousness is infinite; it is the present moment ever evolving, “it is always now.”  
As I sat beneath the shade of a willow tree, with my back leaning against the rugged  
sheath, I closed my eyes, and began my meditative session introducing gratitude, the  
intercessor between my emotions and the present moment.

I continued.

Focusing on the movement of my breath, feeling the depth of my consciousness expand  
- deeper, deeper, and deeper.

The conviction of my gratitude revived memories, and experiences concealed beneath  
my soul.

My heart palpitated as I reexperienced  
the memories that have led me to this moment:

The warmth of my first kiss; feeling the warmth of the divine feminine.

The pungent smell of grass and the sulfur aroma of coach’s coffee breath as he yelled  
into my face.

Afternoon drives with my family as we returned home stuffed and jolly from feasting  
during “agape.”

The fist of a high-school classmate, busting my lower lip, I fought back as the crimson  
of my blood blemished my hoodie.

Memories and their lessons continued to flood my mind, as I embraced the solace  
evoked by this trance.



Rachel Sweet



Happy Mushroom



All the News  
that's Fit to Print"

The N

CLXVII ... No. 58,062

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LEADING G

# Election Week

By Pamela Bazan

'In coordinat

Manafort T  
Convictio

Within the comfort and  
warmth from those you love,  
would you believe there lies  
a darkness within our own people,  
an evil causing millions  
to chant these canticles,  
and betray their own.

Teeth gnashing on a hemophiliac, challenging the rights to those who  
already struggle. Millions wonder,  
how could they do this?

How could you turn  
on those who've birthed,  
clothed, and fed you?

" 'The economy,' reverberates through the microphone, spoken by a  
privileged, middle-aged white male."

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The New York Times

NEW YORK, TUESDA

## In Colleges: High T

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ships" by institutions anxious to fac-  
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selectively used for public con-  
sumption

In reality, such "scholarships" are  
little more than bribes designed to in-  
fluence superior students to choose  
one institution over another. Students  
are asked to include this bribe in their  
consideration of an institution's  
strength rather than to make a choice  
on the basis of academic or other fac-  
tors indicating a good match between  
the institution and the student

These "scholarships" are defended  
as rewards for academic achieve-  
ment. The defenders often point out  
that it is laudable that schools now  
honors scholars the way they have  
honored athletes. But neither ath-  
letes nor scholars are given scholar-  
ships for past achieve-  
ment. These are payments  
for future success. Athletes sup-  
port the success of an  
institution's contrib-  
ution to the la-



# I Am Who I Am

By Sharon Nwodo

I come from red earth and loud skies,  
where laughter carries through the harmattan winds.  
I am the daughter of stories,  
woven tight like my mother's braids,  
each strand holding a history I didn't ask for,  
but carry anyway.  
Nigeria hums in my chest  
the chaos of Lagos streets,  
the quiet of rain on tin roofs,  
the smell of plantain frying in oil.  
I am the jollof, the spice, the flame.  
Being a black woman is being seen  
and unseen all at once.  
It's walking through the world like an open wound,  
and still, somehow, choosing to heal.  
I hold my head high not out of pride,  
but because my neck has learned  
to carry the weight of all I am:  
African, Nigerian, woman,  
enough.





# Trinity Santiago





# Luminescence

---

By Caelan Kopacz

Particles in the soft yellow light dance across the night, meeting in the fields whispering against the asphalt between the whirring of tires, painting rooftops where their urban scape transforms from dreary to otherworldly. The harvest moon watches her children, watches as she pours out light fed to her by the sun. Time moves slowly in a crawl, as she lays, slowly moving around the mass of rock and ocean below her, with a wistful trepidation. There is joy, there is destruction, there is power, there is ignorance, there is helplessness. She is just the moon. Does she feel? She thinks, for a moment, quiet. How does one put into words the chill that crawls up her shadowed back that collides simultaneously with all the warmth the sun has to give her? It is everything; It is nothing. She knows the watchful eyes, each pair and each alone, or even those with none that simply feel her light across the hollow of their cheek, the ridge of their jaw. She wonders for them how it would feel to know life in her skin. If she were shrunken into their hands, the looping ridges in their fingertips finding purchase in craters and mounds. Would they feel the cool of her back, the burning heat of her front? Would they know the feeling, would it be familiar? She wishes she could reach out, arms extended, with tufts of silver pouring around her, forming into rivulets against the immortal onyx, taking the heads of those that stare so lovingly into her nimble hands, pressing her forehead to theirs while the sounds of earth and sea lull them away. This is just a wish. She stays confined to the sky, almost still. She is just the moon. She is everything; she is nothing.



# Human Beings

By Lily Corso

We're all competing  
To have the highest honors  
The most achievements  
To prove our existence isn't wasted

But flowers take months to bloom  
Bears need a season just to rest  
Trees take decades to grow

And you, my dear,  
are a beautiful garden  
So,  
Take your time  
Breathe  
Rest  
Experience

Let nature lead the way  
because  
We are human beings  
Not humans doing





# Roger Fortunato





# Like A Deer In Headlights

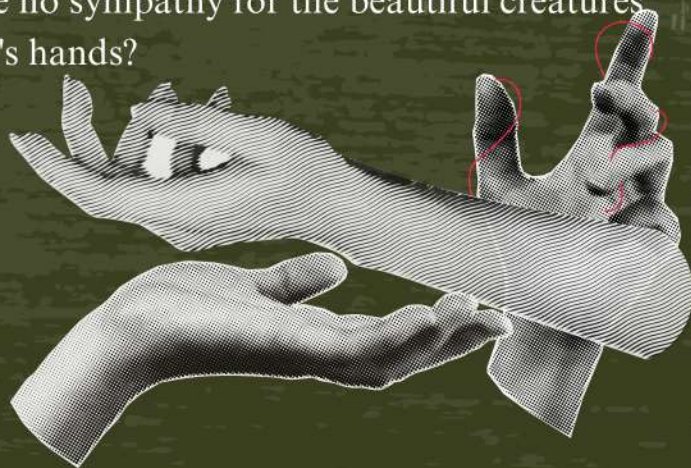
By Jack Flores

On a sunny summer day with the Greenwoods glistening,  
A deer bathes in the sun; for many a truly majestic creature  
indeed.

The specimen runs through the forest with speed,  
Avoiding the trees, following the herd without stumbling,  
Hopefully, no evil will impede.

The night approaches, the herd eating grass with haste,  
could there be a predator lurking about? Hopefully  
That is not the case. Hurry along! run now,  
Our beloved deer, for nature is unforgiving.

Tragedy strikes, our precious deer is hit, killed by devilish  
machinery,  
glowing with impetuosity, created for man's convenience.  
Our poor friend, forever asleep,  
Gone to circumstances vastly exceeding anything they were  
Designed to experience, for seemingly no reason at all.  
Perhaps the pilot of the device had more troubling matters  
to attend,  
Leaving without strands.  
But why is there no sympathy for the beautiful creatures  
created by God's hands?



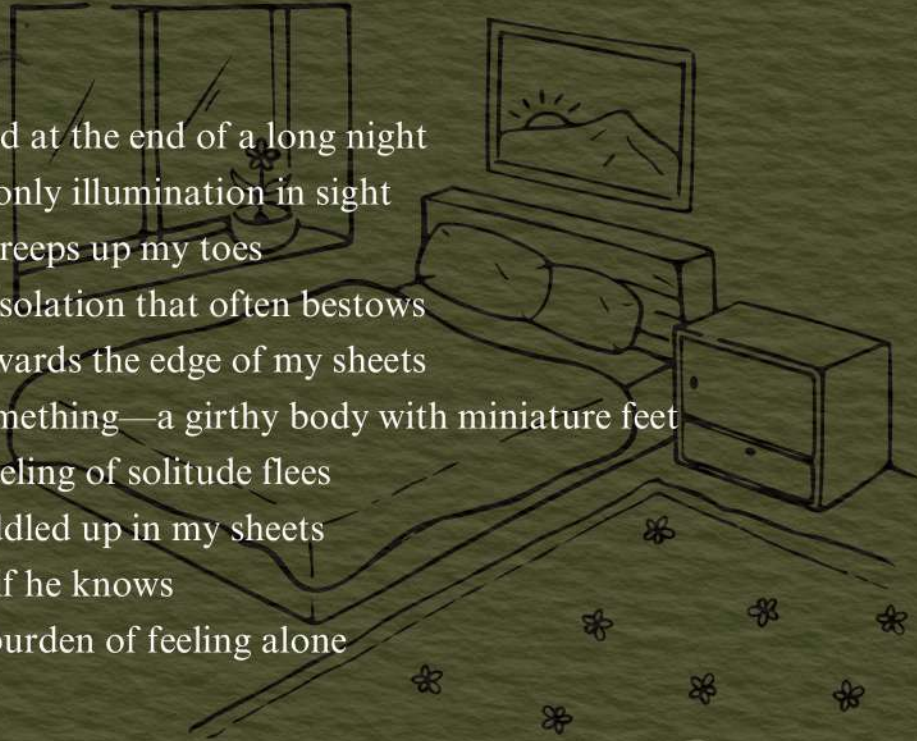




## Savior

By Pamela Bazan

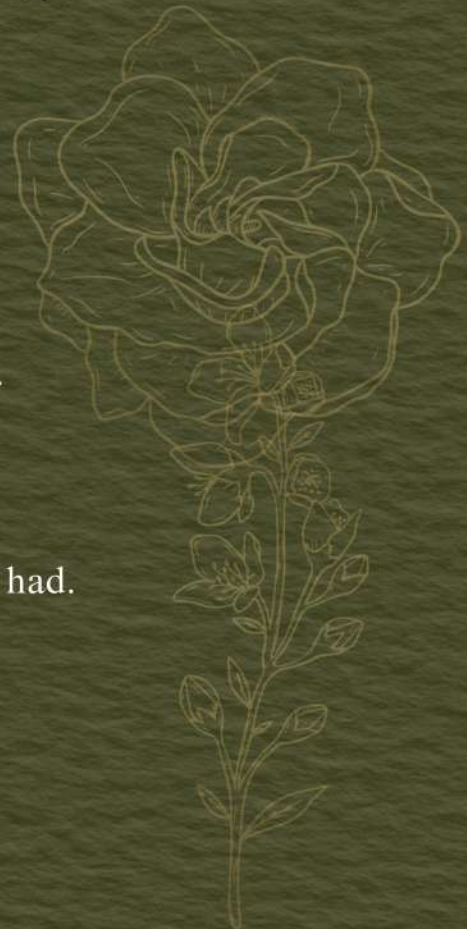
when i reach for my bed at the end of a long night  
when the stars are the only illumination in sight  
a feeling of smallness creeps up my toes  
the familiar feeling of isolation that often bestows  
as my bottom rears towards the edge of my sheets  
my bottom touches something—a girthy body with miniature feet  
and immediately the feeling of solitude flees  
a warm furry body cuddled up in my sheets  
as i lie down i wonder if he knows  
he is my savior in the burden of feeling alone



## the rose

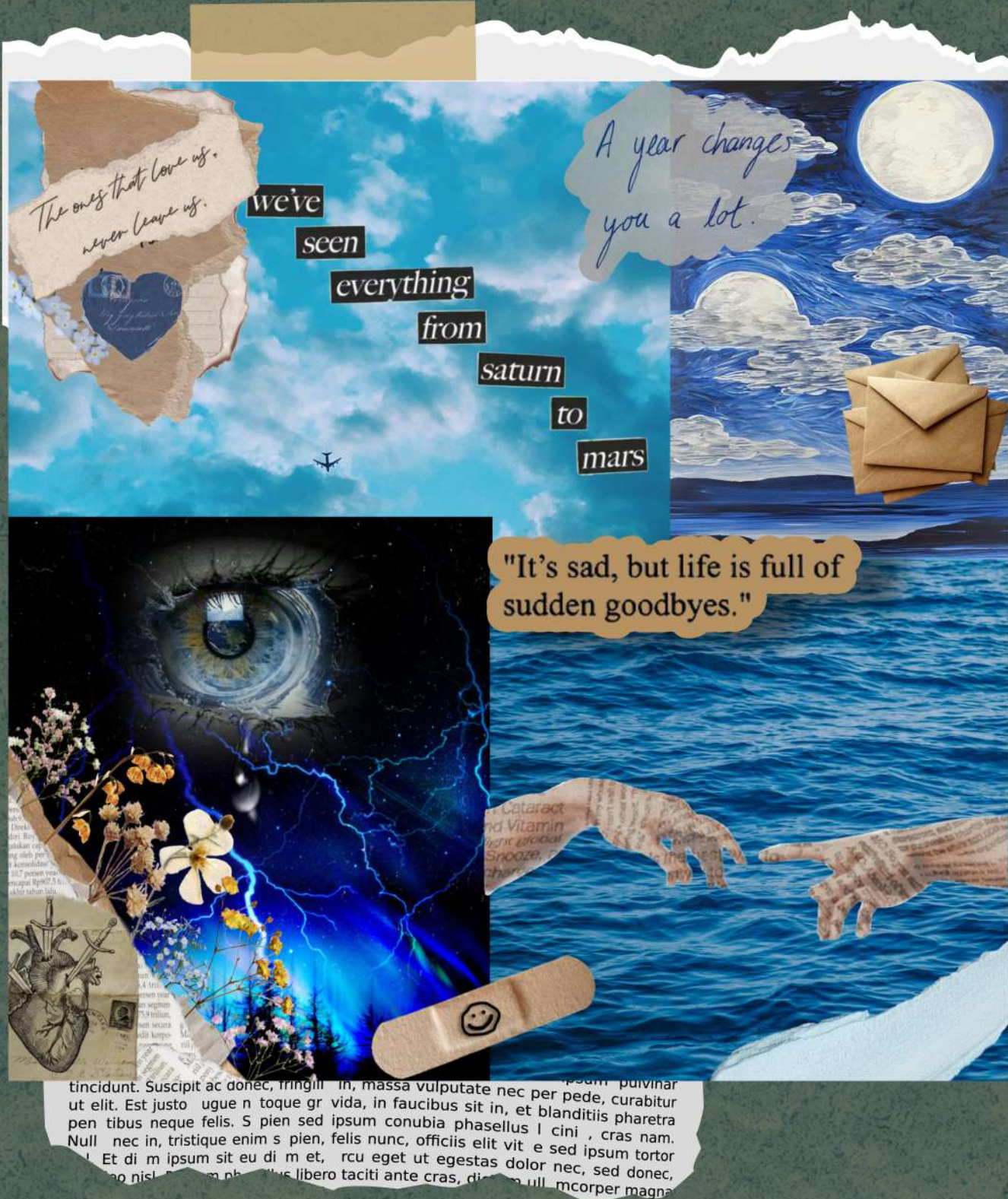
By Adonis Gomez

When they planted me, they were so caring, so gentle.  
But as time passed, they expected me to care for myself.  
The watering grew scarce, the care faded away.  
Yet when I bloomed, they took notice—picked at me,  
And I grew back, just for them to pick again.  
But with each passing season, I couldn't grow as I once had.  
They stopped caring once more.





# Lily Corso





# Struggle

By Marie Daniela Zamor

I wake up to a world  
That feels too heavy,  
The weight of yesterday's mistakes  
Still pressed against my chest.  
Time moves like a slow river,  
And I am stuck,  
Drowning in the current  
But never sinking

I fight against invisible chains,  
Straining,  
But they only tighten,  
Unseen hands pulling at my ribs.  
Each breath feels like a battle,  
A war between what I can do  
And what I cannot.

And still,  
There are moments when the fog clears,  
When the ground beneath me holds  
Steady,  
And I see the path forward,  
Though it is narrow,  
Tangled with fear and doubt.

I keep moving.  
Step by step.  
Even when it feels like nothing changes,  
Even when it seems like I am walking in circles,  
I keep moving.  
Because what is struggle,  
If not the proof  
That I have not yet given up?



# FUTURE



# Retinis Pigmentosa

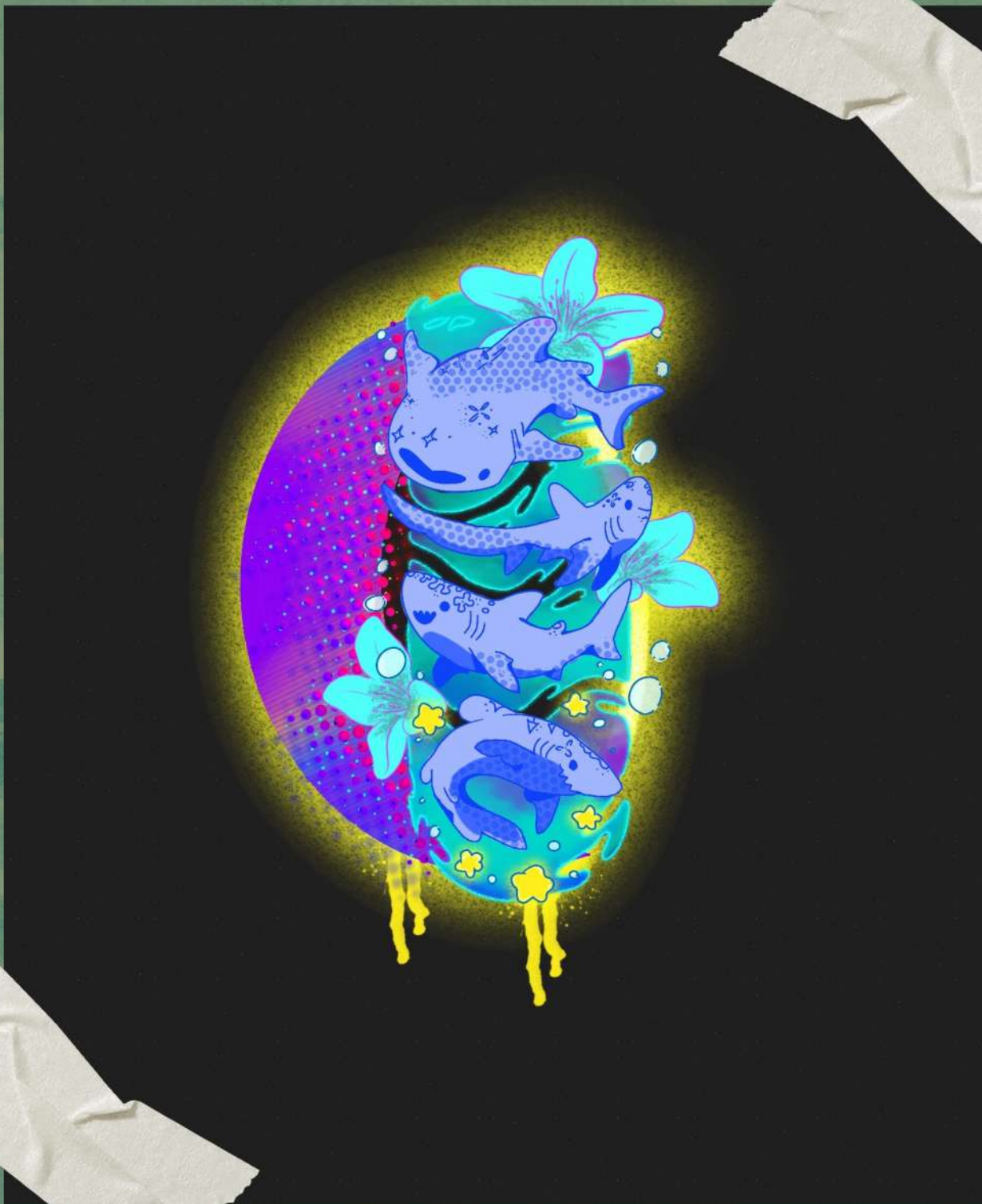
By Rosebertine Michel

My eyes, as time passes, fail to witness the world.  
The flowers, the birds, the brutal sun,  
The playful dogs and the sleepy cats are fading from my mind;  
Their image, foreign memory  
Metamorphosing into the slave of the darkness.  
Sometimes, I contemplate the flowers on my balcony.  
I discern their blossom;  
Harmonize with their soft melody.  
O to be a painter on a cliff,  
Letting time pass through  
Wounds that never healed.  
O to be a flower in Spring humming the lyrics of the world!  
O to not becoming slowly blind!





# Trinity Santiago





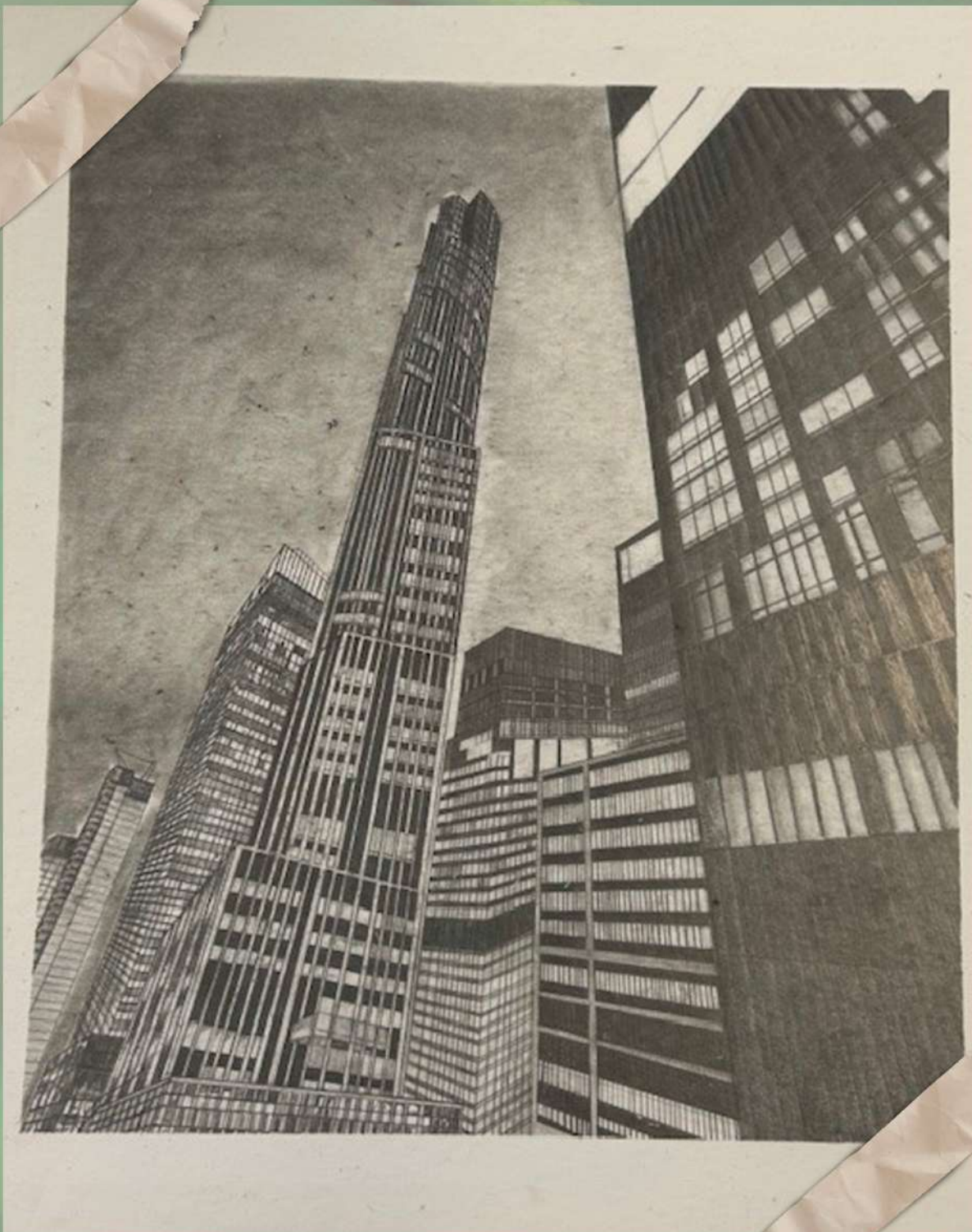
# A Warm Winter's Day

By Valentina Nelson

Winter, the coldest time of year, is also the busiest.  
The wrapping of gifts to the trimming of trees  
The cooking of dishes to the granting of wishes  
What use of a coat when it's bright and sunny  
While many poor souls struggle to earn money  
Doesn't this season come with snow?  
Not many admit it, but everyone knows.  
Futures are bright, the past no one misses  
This year has been long, like whiskers on kittens  
Pray for the sick, Pray for the weary  
But most of all, pray for the guilty  
I've been dreaming of a white Christmas  
Or however, that song goes  
Winter sings, and the sky snows  
It might be chilly  
Oh yes, it may  
But I couldn't stand another  
Another Warm winter day



Valeria Escobar



Date in New York



# One Day

By Lily Corso

One day my daughter won't  
have to explain why the joke wasn't funny  
or fear expulsion for wearing a tank top  
on a 90° day

She'll never be asked  
if its that time of the month  
or told to stick to washing dishes  
after speaking up

She'll be confused  
why collars and taxes  
used to come in pink  
And won't have to question  
if she's being paid the same as James

She'll never feel her heart sink  
after hearing someone whistle  
And She'll laugh when I tell her  
my friends and I got pepper spray  
for our 17th birthdays

One day my daughter won't  
understand what I do  
and I really hope that's true





# Lily Corso





# Powering Down

By Jonathan Gonzalve

I was once a toy of joy and light,  
My wheels would spin, my button pressed just right  
Laughter would fill the room as we danced and played  
Each day with you was a new memory laid

I wonder if you remember my colors, bright as the day.  
Do you remember the joy I'd always bring your way?  
I no longer hear your laughter, or see the smile that you would always wear,  
Because now only quietness fills the air.

Now I lie still on a dusty shelf,  
Bright eyes faded, alone by myself.  
No one to play with, no one to hear my tune,  
Nothing but silence echoes in a forgotten room.

I held your memories of joy, so innocent and bright  
Now I lie forgotten, in the fading light.  
I wish I could move, to see you once more  
But the hands that once adored me, have already closed the door.

I wish I could speak, to tell you my truth:  
That I miss you, still, even though you've outgrown your youth.  
Locked in this silence, I lay still as a stone,  
forgotten, for now,  
I'm nothing, but a parent left all alone.





# Pamela Bazan







♡ THANK YOU FOR READING ♡