

My personal recollection of pain.

Eyebags filled with red freckles
screaming thoughts / graspy voice
pining ears and shaky hands.

My dad bringing me
my favorite chocolate bar

The room filled with
wrinkled clothes
unfinished water bottles
and stains
along the sheets.

Standing on an unbalanced floor
feeling unbalanced myself

My mom looks to me
wiping my falling tears

Holding my hand,
never letting go





I had never seen someone so precious. Her walk looked like she knew the world belonged only to her.

You flinch when you sleep,
and you stutter when you get mad.
You smell of lavender mixed with an essence of blossom flower.
You wear your heart on your sleeve,
and sometimes you pull them down
to hide scars that weren't there before.
You lie to yourself,
and you skip a step when you go up the stairs.
You switch languages without noticing
and you dance when you eat.
You also swallow your words.
You choke up when you get uncomfortable,
and you close yourself off when things get hard.
you always disappear.
I can hear your voice crack whenever I mention your sister,
and I can see the red freckles under your eyes.
I feel your shaking — it shakes the entire table —
and I can see the scratch marks on your chest.
I see how you pinch yourself whenever his name comes up,
and how you always chew gum when you get stressed.
I knew your little motions, those tiny details about you,
and because of that, I thought that I had known you.
But I guess I don't. I guess I never did.
because like I said,
you close yourself off when things get hard.
you always disappear

