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Mend

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Mend
Zackary Urango

I carry around my memories
in my wallet,
The same place that reminds me what I'm worth.

In this twisted world
I can't help but think of when I was a child.

Skimming through the pages of my baby pictures,
Flipping through quotes written in my year books,
Scrubbing the videos my father made for me.

It's hard to see that smile.

When I used to live in my own world
a bubble which has since been popped,
Reminding me of my humanity.

When I see my zippo
I can't help but think of the bridges I've burned
In order to make myself feel real.

In my short 18 years of life
I feel like I've seen it all,
But that's only because of what I've lost.

Looking at the charred remains of a memory
sitting in the palm of my hand.

Thinking of all the dreams ripped from my mind
through the nightmares of this reality.

It's as if I'm missing pieces of me
which have been ripped to shreds,
by those who've been part of my history.
But leave swifter than a gust of wind in the desert
forever an elusive mystery,

Never having the chance to mend
the burns and tears
left by the life lived before mine