

Finalist, Poetry

I Remember  
By Hannah Marier

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I forgot how to talk one day. That day  
I remembered how to listen, how to hear  
The sounds of my arms and my legs and my  
Hopes and dreams embracing me like my  
Family.

I forgot how to talk the next day too. I forgot  
How to open my mouth and say what I wanted  
To say. I remembered watching my little brother  
Running around and around and around  
Like a whirlwind of cherry blossom petals in  
Japan. I wanted to remember how to talk, to tell him  
To keep on running. Always, keep running. Don't  
Stop.

I forgot how to talk for an entire year. But my  
Brother still ran up to me and threw himself,  
Trusting, into my opened arms. He laughed and  
Giggled and poked me on my nose. I remember the smell of the  
Earth on him, smeared with mud from the garden, natural and  
Young like a spring morning. He nuzzled into my neck  
And whispered that  
He loved me.  
And he hugged me and hugged me and hugged me and

I would not let him go as I felt his little arms  
Squeeze around me with all of his  
Strength.

I remembered why I forgot how to talk. How  
I had fractured and broken and splintered, how  
I had lost, not forgotten, my voice. But my voice  
Had not forgotten me. My talk had not forgotten  
Me.

I remember  
That I can still speak. I can still speak with my words that I  
Can never speak myself. My words are everywhere, within  
Everything.

I can see my words

I can hear them

I can feel them

I can wrap my arms around them and kiss them and wish that they  
Would never stop