Lies, Eyes, Goodbyes

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LIES, EYES, GOODBYES

Brittni Brown

Yelling, Nagging, evil words being spoken
Two hearts filled with hatred, but yet we hold on
Lies, cries, promises being broken
A love we shared now completely gone
Forever to the end where did it go wrong?
A friendship we grew, has now faded away
Missing the days when we played our favorite song
And now there’s nothing left to say
The keys to our heart has now fallen apart
The love we had will never be the same
Perhaps it is time to let go and restart
I will erase your face and even your name
The soul is revealed in the emptiness of our eyes
A moan of sigh, our final goodbyes, goodbye

CLOUDED MEMORIES

Salena Stopper

She’s close, but far away. She’s written on my heart, but faded in my mind. I remember some details, but most are dim and forgotten, washed out with the years. Sometimes I think I can hear her voice, but then I realize it’s just my imagination tricking me. Other times I think I can feel her holding me in her arms, but again, it’s just my imagination. I try to picture her in my mind when my eyes are shut tight, but all I see is a dark shadow. A vague outline of what used to be a bright and vibrant memory. The only way I can see her in my mind is through old photos and other people’s memories.

I almost remember her eyes. They were a rich, dark chocolate brown like mine; they sparkled when she laughed, but turned hard when she got upset. She had thick, dark brown hair that she permed because she didn’t like her straight hair, which used to be long and beautiful chestnut color. She would put her hair in a pony tail that would partially fall out and frame her face. She had a voice that I remember would soothe me when I was hurting or upset. She was tall for a woman, standing about 5’10”.

She was beautiful.

I don’t remember a whole bunch about her, but others do. I hear stories all the time on how she would pull pranks on others, or crack a joke that kept people thoroughly entertained. I hear stories of how she would peer her head around a doorframe and pretend someone snuck up behind her, grabbed her by her thin neck and started choking her. My aunts, uncles, and grandparents chuckle just at the thought of it. I wish I could remember that person, but all I see when I think of her is a faded memory.

Faded, but not forgotten.

I remember times that she would comfort and calm us with her soothing voice, making us feel like everything would be alright. There was one time in particular that I remember. I had a horrible ear infection that kept me up and made it hard