

A Body that remembers her

Do you ever miss someone so much you forget how to breathe?
Because I do, i miss her when i wake up and can't get out of bed,
i miss her when i feel like i've lost control or when everything falls apart.
which is weird, because most of the time i didn't even like her, i hated
her, even wanted her dead.
but now i miss her,
well, I don't just miss her I feel
like I lost her somewhere and
kept walking anyway.
Like I woke up in the wrong life, in a body that
reacts too much, feels too fast, breaks over things
she would've brushed off without even noticing.

Like somewhere along the way
I lost the person who was supposed to be living it.
She would've known what to do here.
I never do.

She was steadier.
Stronger in a quiet way.
The kind of strong that didn't have to prove itself because
it simply *was*.
she wasn't perfect, definitely not, but no
matter what happened,
she got up, brushed the dust of her body and kept going,
carrying things she never spoke about, shaking under the
surface but she never stopped moving.

If we walked side by side now, through the
same days, the same moments I know how it
would look:
she'd be the one reaching for my hand,
pulling me forward, telling me it's okay,
even though she's the younger one.
And that's the part that hurts the most.
Somewhere along the way
I became someone she wouldn't recognize someone
softer in all the wrong places, someone who hesitates
where she would've chosen, someone who feels like a
question instead of an answer.

I keep thinking there must be something wrong with me, like I
took a wrong turn inside myself and never found the way back.
She had this light not
loud, not blinding,
sometimes even so light she couldn't even feel it, but it
was there.

Hope lived in her like it had roots, like it
wasn't something that could leave.

Now it flickers. Now I hold it carefully, like it
might disappear if I breathe too hard.

And sometimes it's the smallest, strangest grief
standing in front of the mirror and thinking, *i miss
my ginger hair*, like it carried a version of me that
knew exactly who she was.

I think about the moment I broke
how I kept going for so long until
one day I just... didn't.

And sometimes it still feels like I never really got up after that. like the
last crack in the wall letting everything behind it collapse and then- she
was gone,

like i buried her somewhere along the way and never turned back.

and i can't stop thinking, if
i miss her, do you miss her
too?

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