

Forget

The reflection in the mirror didn't look like me.
Maybe I just couldn't even remember myself anymore.

The mirrors delicate frame was laced with flowers and vines,
creeping their way up to the top of the mirror.
The mirror was gifted to me by someone but I couldn't
even grasp onto the memory.
I had forgotten.

Exact details of past experiences were a blur,
and I became unable to recapture what moments were truly like,
merely recollecting a dull generalized impression.
But it's still not enough.

It's like reality was slipping from my fingers and I couldn't stop it.
Slowly I was just losing everything I could remember.
It's like someone had burnt a library full of precious books
that no one could get back,
except it was my mind that was going up in flames.

I want to be able to remember who the people I loved were,
not to just have blurry images in my head.
The photographs I have looked at are full of life and colour,
people laughing and celebrating, and I was with them.
But now I couldn't even tell you a time where my
smile wasn't fake. Or when I genuinely laughed.
I can't even remember if I ate this morning.

It feels like chaos is rolling through my veins.
And I can't even remember how it all started.