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Haunted

Amanda Reece

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Haunted

Wondering if he still thinks of me
like I can't be rid of him.
If he, suffocating, still feels me
stuck to his skin.

I hope I left marks to him to remember me by:
his hands plagued by memories left behind,
his eyes burning with my tears and then,
maybe I'll be satisfied.

I wonder if he brags to his friends about me.
Shows them old pictures, makes everyone see.
Because when I hear his name, I can no longer breathe,
trapped in horrible memories.

And I am so mad at my brain
because I can't remember the names
of my best friends in 5th grade
who laughed with me,

but I can still feel his hands like it's real,
marking my neck saying, "I'll heal."
Roommates lending concealer three shades too pale.
Ashamed. Like what you should feel.

All so they couldn't see
the artwork you painted on me.
My bruises, the paint. my skin, the perfect masterpiece.

My friends ask why I don't mention him anymore.
my family, wondering what else I'm looking for
but they will never know for sure.

What he got away with.

I don't think they'd believe me.

Tonight at FHE, we took "The Rice Purity"
and I laughed because they thought it was funny.
But as I looked at the quiz,
I had to question my own humanity.

Do I claim the things he did to me?
If I don't, am I denying my own history?
If I do, am I suddenly proud?

When I won't even say "I survived" out loud?
Does that title belong to me?
Even if I won't tell my family?

I claim it with the number 63
and they all laugh at me.
And I laugh too because who wants to be
the girl who ruins such a lovely evening.

I keep covering for you.

I see you posting pictures with another girl
And it makes me want to scream.
How could you have forgotten me so quickly,
while you are stapled into my memory?

I can't escape you; you're in my dreams,
a constant reminder of who you used to be.
I should have known from day one when the red flags waved at me.
I waved back thinking they were just being friendly.

I hate you, but more, I hate the memories,
trapped in a relationship so toxic I couldn't breathe.
But I remember
what I thought was you helping me.

I don't know if I could go on,
knowing that's all I was for.
Can I not hate the man who hurt me
and mourn the loss of something more?

But then I remember the pleading no's
ignored so long, I stopped to save my breath.
The weight of your body crushing mine,
and rage is all I have left.

I hate that you are stained on my history
while you get to move on and forget me.
I want you to remember me.

Haunted by my memory.