

# Sarah Hurley

**Bio:** Sarah Hurley is a 17-year-old American writer currently living in North Carolina. She believes the most wonderful things in life are music, books, pumpkin muffins, and flamingos.

## Echoes of the Dead

I remember you—

I remember

Grease-fried fish from a restaurant

With carefully-painted seascapes

I haven't seen in years now

And laughter bubbling out of your sturdy frame

As I asked please-pretty-please

For a Peppermint Patty at the front desk

(Still one of my favourite treats)

I remember you—

I remember

The sticky sweet flavour of homemade pear preserves

Lingering on my tongue alongside

Toast and stick butter

And wondering how on Earth you could

Cook up so much *good eatin'* in that tiny kitchen

And have time left over for

A round of Crazy 8s with me

I remember you—

I remember

A never-ending stream of peanut butter crackers

And skin as baked as gingerbread

From hours under the raging sun

Because *nothing* could keep you indoors

(And Heaven help even the weather if it tried)

I remember you—

I remember

Hearing my mom call you “Firecracker”

In place of your name

And wondering *Why?*—

Then meeting you once and *knowing*

By the sight of your cherry red sweater

And tales of your bowling escapades

I remember you—

I remember

The day you were born too soon—

Babies without beating hearts—

And I try to keep you each alive

In shades of aquamarine

And peridot

And amethyst

Since I was never allowed to love you

Beyond a birthstone

I will remember each of you

Despite the looming absence that hovers

In my chest, stealing my breath like heavy smoke—

The spark of your existence will never burn out

As long as the memories of you remain

Pressed like keepsakes in the precious corners of my mind—

I will remember you—

I remember

## **Long Division**

When did  
You & I  
Become  
You  
&  
I  
Separated by the great divide  
On opposite sides  
Of best friendship?

## **I See You**

I see you

I see you everyday  
And though I would never get up the courage  
To utter it aloud  
I think you are more beautiful  
Than sunlight reflected atop the dew  
O'er the sprightly green blanket of spring

I see you wearing that plaid button down—  
The one with red and blue lines  
That makes the almond colour of your skin  
Stand out against its folds and seams—  
And I wonder how anyone could ever think  
The Spanish language is less  
Than elegance personified

I see you and I see  
Your eyes glimmer as you smile at  
Someone I do not know

As a cherry tree blossom falls  
And catches in your hair  
And I cannot stop myself from laughing  
At the face you make when you swat it away

I see you—  
I see you and I remember  
That one shining moment when  
You looked at me as though I were  
More majestic than the shimmering mist  
That escapes the crest of a wave  
As it breaks upon the open ocean

I see you and my chest clinches—  
My mind reeling in an effort to remember  
If I ever really loved you  
Or if I loved the idea of loving you—  
But I fear it is all in vain  
Because for better or worse  
The universe decided we weren't meant to be  
(Funny, I'm still writing you poetry)

I see you but that is all I do—  
I can always look but never have  
Because you are not mine and never were  
And looking back I wish  
With every shattered fragment of my heart  
That the luxury of time and circumstance  
Had for once been on our side

I see you—  
I see you everyday  
And though I never listened when Mama said  
Some boy would take my heart and run away with it

It does not change the fact that  
It aches with the intensity of  
A thousand supernovas  
Obliterating the once-held *aligned perfection*  
Of the galaxy's night sky

And I still have to see you  
Every day, every day—

I see you and I know you could not possibly fathom  
The thoughts in my head  
Or the words from my pen  
And though that does not sit well with me  
I smile and play the part of one whose heart  
Has not been split in two  
Every time I see you

I see you

I see—

## **Sounding Off**

“Why do your poems  
Take up so much space?”  
They ask with a curious stare

I let out a sigh as I  
Pick up my pen:  
*People only care about my words  
When they exist beyond the  
Perpetual babble of modern society—*

*It's easy to forget the sound of  
One's voice when stuck  
Forever sending a poetic, never-ending  
Ink and paper SOS to a world with  
Static in its ears*