

Untouched

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To those who are willing to listen to beginnings.

Acknowledgement

High school, the half-life.

About the author

Amongst the fish in the sea is one that has yet to swim amongst their own kind. That fish is her.

summary

And There I Am

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And There I Am

I see you every day
But I don't
I know you and yet
I don't know you
I see your red hair
And I remember who we used to be
I remember the times
The times we used to have
I see thick glasses
And I immediately think of you
I feel them coming, but I just can't
I just can't tell you
I tried to be there
But it never works
I try to live in the present
But instead, I'm falling behind in the past
We used to be close
But things have come in the middle
You have found your way
But I'm still swimming against the current
I remember who we once were
I feel the waves coming stronger
I hear the shatter of thick glass
And I break along with it

The You to Me

I don't remember much,
but when you were gone.
When I attended my first funeral.
When I would never see you again.

We sat in the wooden pews,
my brother and your daughter at my sides.
The death wasn't sudden,
but I would never get to know you.

I sometimes ask my mom about you.
She says she sees you sometimes.
On other peoples' faces.
And that you're the only one that wanted her.

I have one memory,
and that is all:
of me apologizing to you,
for running around your house.

But even then,
my memory can only be so accurate.
And on that particular Wednesday, you were gone.
But that's not what hurts the most.

The thing is, I never really got to know you.
Not the you put into words.
Not the you in stories.
But the you that makes you, you.

I wish I could've known you.
But I was far too young.
I wish I had memories I could hold close to my heart.

Memories that I could remember and never forget.

I love you, Opa.

When Melancholy Takes

When it comes,
it is anything but graceful.
It is Destructive
and steals all joy.
Leaving its victim Empty.

It comes in intervals.
With no Signs and no Warnings,
and for the most part,
for no Reason:
the most scary identifier.

The waves are coming,
and I can feel it.
It's stronger than I Anticipated.
It's faster than I Expected.
And suddenly, I am Drowning.

Fear courses through my veins.
My heart's beating erratically in a dreadful symphony.
And then, I see it.
A glowing hand reaching out to me.
And I take it and embrace it?the hand of Hope.

That Day In New York City

It was a beautiful morning.
Just a regular morning it was.
Hustling and bustling just like normal.
Overly crowded in the streets.
Just another day in New York City.

People strolled to their workplaces.
Just in their normal routine.
Kids were being driven to school.
It was September 11, 2001.
Just another day in New York City.

It was 8:46 AM,
when the world seemed to settle a bit.
All of a sudden, the first plane came.
Right into the North Tower of the WTC.
Such another day in New York City.

People gasped, screamed, and cried.
Their face white in horror,
knowing loved ones were in there.
Many that needed help or died.
What another day in New York City.

It was 9:02 AM, with people everywhere.
Then, out of the clouds, came the second plane,
straight into the South Tower of the WTC.
More people were struck with fright.
What another day in New York City.

Many crowds gathered around,
so scared for dear life.
First responders and news reporters arrived.

Firemen and policemen went into the building.
What a frightening day in New York City.

People stood in awe of what was a peaceful morning,
turning into a day of mourning.
It was 9:59 AM, and the South tower collapsed.
There was dust and smoke in the air.
What a dark day in New York City.

As the dust in the air stole the oxygen,
people couldn't breathe, trying to run away.
Many people quickly entered buildings.
So much panic entered people's minds.
What a scary day in New York City.

Families gathered together to watch the news.
Schools put on hold to watch the disaster.
People praying and weeping,
hoping for something to get better.
What a hopeless day in New York City.

It was 10:28 AM,
with people afraid and tired.
So many lives on the line,
when suddenly the North Tower collapsed.
What a hopeless day in New York City.

More shouting and sobbing filled the streets.
It was like a living nightmare, happening with no warning.
It was 12:30 PM, and everyone was,
still racing around but slowly calming down.
What an apprehensive day in New York City.

It was 8:00 PM at night,
Which everyone could call a day of grief and remembrance.
This day is remembered worldwide,

what we call 9/11,
That unforgettable day in New York City.

To Mess With One's Heart

I thought you were the one
You were perfect in every way
To me, you were the sun
You kept the darkness away
But I should've known
I shouldn't have given you my heart
The memories that we had sown,
Just to be torn apart
When I found out about you,
I couldn't face myself
Not at the girl who loved you,
A man dead in himself
Everything between us has faded to dust
Leaving nothing but my splintered heart to rust

Run With Me

The wind is blowing,
Sun shining brightly.
But footsteps follow me quickly,
As I break out running.
It's the end of the day,
But I'm still laughing.
Much to my dismay,
He catches up to me pacing.

Life

A beauty that is sunshine
A story of love
A perfect blue sky
A passion that can stun your senses
This is life.
When you concentrate on trying not to lose
When you cry from the things that hold you down
When you wear black because of death
When you yearn for an imaginary joy
This is life.
But where there are empty spaces,
There is a love to fill it in.
Where there are tears,
There is a smile that lights up your eyes.
There is life.
And where there is death,
There is a beauty in memories shaped through time.
No story is clean or smooth
So, look up at the world and live on,
For there is still endless life.

The Missed

You were the last
The one I had hoped to know
You were just within reach
Yet, far you were

They said you had stopped breathing
But I didn't truly believe it
The thought was ludicrous and unthinkable
But there you lay, sickly pale

I had not known you were at death's doors
The raven, perching itself on your shoulder
It cocks its head at me, mockingly
And all I did was watch as you faded away

Tears fall while the eulogy is read
But why do I feel this way?
Do I cry for the grandfather you were?
The grandfather I hadn't known enough?

I should've been the one to reach out.
To take hold of you while you lived.
Talk to you and laugh at silly jokes.
Sat next to you while you were dying.

But it's too late now
You had lived, while I did nothing.
And for that, I am sorry.
Sorry for not doing and being enough.

I have wasted a valuable chance.
That is my sin.
Now, I have this grieving emptiness.

And this,

This is my consequence.