

***“I Remember” Composite Poem***

**English 12, HBHS September, 2016**

**Breana, Libby, Tyler, Daniel, Aidan, Kassie, Nora,  
Chantel, Chase, Sammy, Nick, Justin, Gavin, Abby,  
Kyle.**

**I remember white December mornings surrounded by the aroma of hot chocolate.**

**Steam blew up in our faces, marshmallows sticking to our teeth with mugs at our fingertips.**

**I remember what felt like ages, were only mere minutes.  
And the look on her face as we entered.**

**I remember that second, finally arriving, and automatically making her my best friend.**

**We explored beaches and forests and old concrete buildings.**

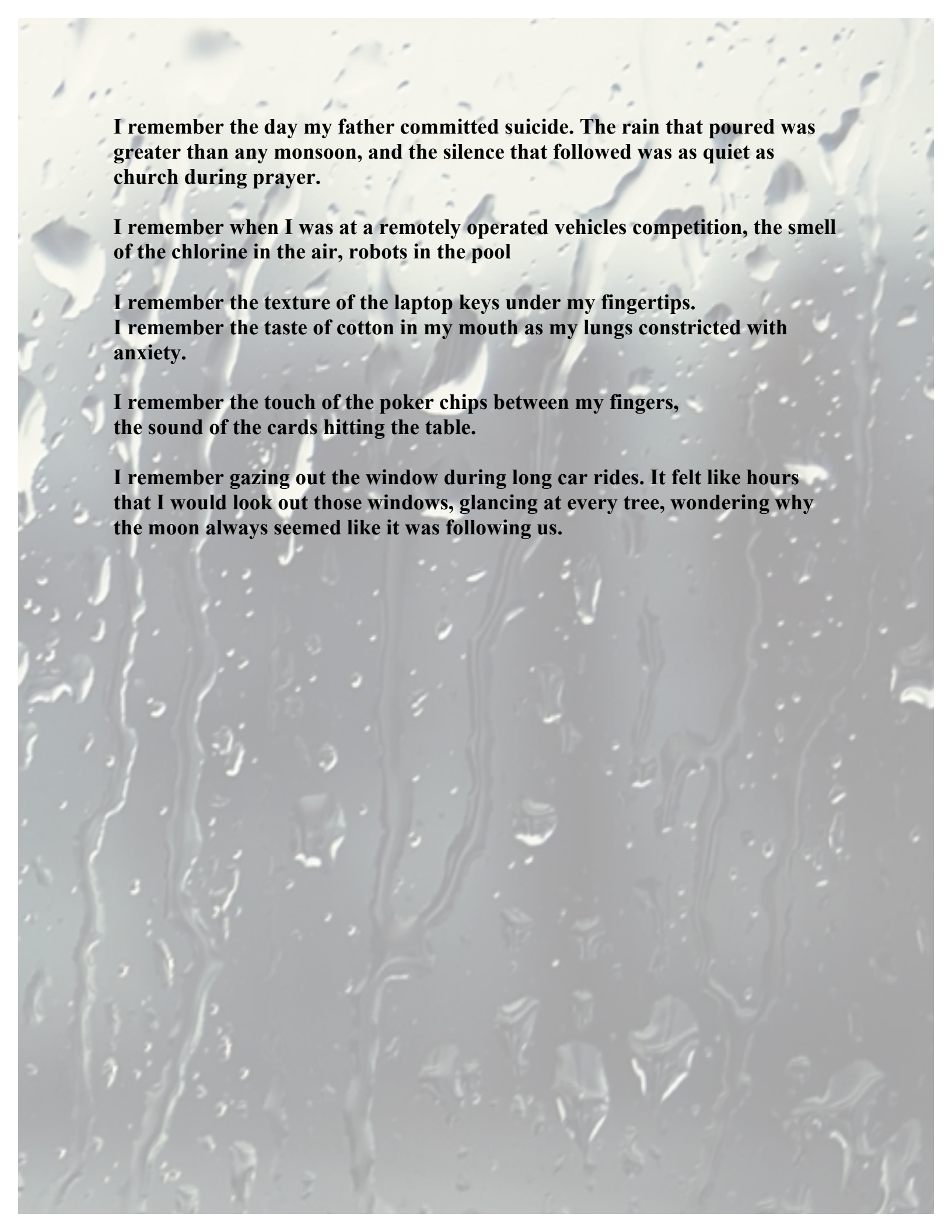
**I remember the feeling of the rain pounding on  
top of my head while flooding my shoes.**

**I remember walking down the already concreted area that had been dried  
from the other day, across the rocks and down to the beach.**

**I remember the sound of my daycare teacher yelling at me to get off of the top  
of the slide while Chantel and I stand there laughing.**

**I remember spitting up copper-tasting blood, wiping it on my arms, scraped  
knees and bandages on my bird-like legs, hitting my brother again  
and again,  
and again  
until we were both equally bruised.**

**I remember the smell of burnt ashes being flung around the room and the  
sound of my mother screaming at the blackness of the room.**



**I remember the day my father committed suicide. The rain that poured was greater than any monsoon, and the silence that followed was as quiet as church during prayer.**

**I remember when I was at a remotely operated vehicles competition, the smell of the chlorine in the air, robots in the pool**

**I remember the texture of the laptop keys under my fingertips.  
I remember the taste of cotton in my mouth as my lungs constricted with anxiety.**

**I remember the touch of the poker chips between my fingers,  
the sound of the cards hitting the table.**

**I remember gazing out the window during long car rides. It felt like hours that I would look out those windows, glancing at every tree, wondering why the moon always seemed like it was following us.**