

# Thrown Away

*by* Chastity Parker

I am broken  
Just a sliver of what I used to be  
Not used to missing you  
Still.  
After months,  
You don't think of me  
And it breaks me.  
Every morning...  
by the time I've hit the closet  
I've thought of you.  
Throughout the day  
I think of you.  
It is my hard place.  
I can't get over it  
Or around it.  
I must go through it.  
Whether it kills me  
or simply maims me  
remains to be seen.  
But battered, bruised,  
and yes, broken  
I trod on.  
Weary,  
Stumbling,  
Lost,  
Until I find  
a replacement  
for you.

