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Lost and Found

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Lost and Found

By: Mallory Fitzpatrick

An American girl abroad,
A young woman walking alone in a foreign city at night.
Wear your leather jacket like armor, zipped up all the way.
And don't smile at anyone who meets your eyes.
(You know what happens to girls who are underdressed and over-friendly.)
Walking in the shadows of angels,
on stone and cigarette butts and thinking,
sitting on an old castle wall and thinking:
There used to be so much more.
Do we all become ruins of ourselves
if we survive long enough?
After all, when you have let everything
roll off your back for so long,
you start to wonder if you even have a spine.
But your heart is all right.
Because bruises don't leave scars,
only memories.
And yours are drawings in green glitter and
blue skies and blinding sun and
everyone doubled over with laughter and
your head in her lap, crying like your heart is broken.
(But it was only bruised.)
An American girl abroad,
you are not the same.
But you are no less yourself.