
Research Learning Experiences (RLEs)

Student Works

Fall 2023

How odd it is to be haunted by someone who is still alive

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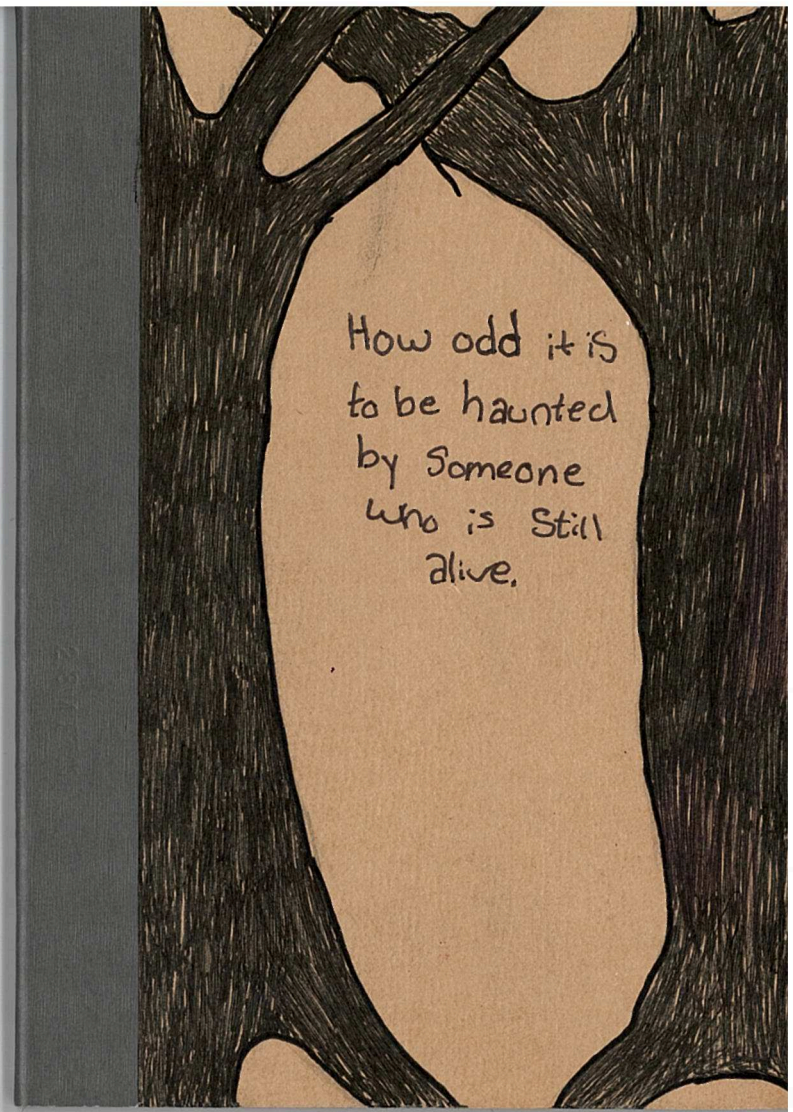
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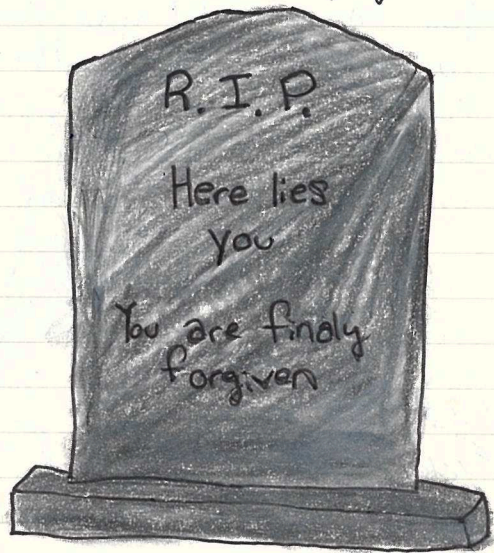
A hand-drawn illustration of a tree trunk, rendered in dark ink with fine cross-hatching for texture. The trunk is split into two main vertical sections, with a large, irregularly shaped opening in the center. The background is a plain, light brown color. The text is written in a simple, handwritten style within the central opening.

How odd it is
to be haunted
by someone
who is still
alive.

Sierra Colbeth

Dearest you,

You know sometimes I wish you were dead. And not in an "I hate you so much you should die for what you did to me" way. It's more of an "I could forgive you easier" way. Because it's always when I'm about to forgive you for something, you fuck up again, and I can't. The day I look at a gravestone with your name and not, into your eyes will be the day you are forgiven.





The things I would have
done for you if only you had
asked.



Dearest you,

You don't know I'm doing this. I don't even think you know, how much you have changed me. I'm writing this in hopes I'll get over you, that you won't have a hold on me anymore. But you will always be a part of me. For the things you did made me who I am. And yet what you did was unforgivable. Still, I know I must move on from the things you've done and the things you haven't done. Maybe someday we will be able to restart. I hope so.

Cuts

I lie with you
under the glow of a screen
I see that your arm and wrists
are covered in cuts.

I don't say anything, but I wonder,
Why?

Why, would you do this to yourself?
What was so bad?

A few days later,

I see a desk with lines on it.

My brain thinks of you
and won't stop, until
I cover the lines.

A week later,

you ask for some tissues.

I ask why, I wonder if you are cutting.

You sniff

and I grab the tissue bag

as you walk over,
I look at your wrist,
I see **blood**.

I look back at you as you try to cover your
arm but I know
and walk away.
I tell mom.

You come back, late, that night.

I stay quiet
from fear you might lash out
at me.

There is silence,
but I know you are not okay.
Neither am I.

Another night, you are crying
You complain about how no one likes you.
I wonder if you are self-harming.
You asked for a hug.
I said yes.

I look at your wrist
and I don't see anything.

I worry about you
at home.

At school.

Whenever you are not happy.

We both have things going on in our lives,
but I think about you all the
time, in class

When I am bored

I wonder if you are okay.

I care about you.

When you tell me not to worry,
I will anyway.

Because I love you.

more than you love yourself.

What did I do to deserve this?

What did I do to you?

I was nothing but good to you
And this is what I get?

This is how you repay me?

I did EVERYTHING for you

HOW COULD
HOW DARE
YOU?

I know you remember that night.
You told me you think about it often.
I do too, but not in the same way.
You feel "sorry" for involving me in it.
I wish you had succeeded that night.
Because I'm sick of the fake "sorry"
and all of the "you saved my life."
You can only change someones life if
after they realize they want to
change.
You don't want to.

Cuts 2

The screen is black and back
but it's not for you.

I see the screen with him
And then I see red

For a second I drown in

~~in the red in the red in the red in the red in the red in the red~~

I never thought he'd do it.

What did I miss? Could I have stopped it?

I can hardly look at him without
breaking down. That makes two of you.

Have I failed as a sister that much?

He's caused the lines of red to come
back stronger this time.

They never go away.

The lines haunt me during the day
and I drown in the red at night.

Dearest you,

You don't know what you did to me, do you? Let me tell you a little bit. I hate being touched now. That would be fine because I don't touch anyone anyway. Except for when I met him. His love language is physical touch. Do you know how hard it is to not be able to give him that? He's understanding about it though, he waits for me. That makes it worse. I feel like I have to because it's for him, even though I physically can't. I hate that I have to relearn the desire to hug someone. I hate that I can barely hug him or hold his hand. I hate what I've become because of you.

Cuts 3

What do I do?

I never thought I'd be in this position.

I guess somehow in the haze of life it became my turn.

I told my self I'd never be like you at least not in that way. ~~that~~

I'd never mark myself like that.

So far a while, I did things that wouldn't leave a mark for too long. Then one night I left a mark that had stayed.

Not one like yours, it's different but still similar.

I guess we are more alike than I thought.



You are not sorry
No, you've never been, have you?
You'd do it again and again and again.
I know, because you have.
So no you aren't sorry
stop lying
you know I hate liars.
You can take your "sorry" and your
"you saved me, Sierra" and shove them
up your flat ass.
You ungrateful bitch.
Because I'm so fucking done with your
shit.

I'll never forgive you like ever,
just so you know.
I used to want to forgive you
then I grew up.
I hate what you did to me
But I hate that you did it
to him even more.
You knew you couldn't take care of me
so why another?
just because she wanted another grandkid
to be honest, that's fucked
but then again so where you
to have two kids you can't
and don't take care of
We were CHILDREN
You didn't even fight for us.
They say nothing is stronger than a
mother's love for her kids, and yet
We lost to a booze bottle.

"like you want me to pity you or smthn."

Is that really what you think? You think I need your pity? NO, I don't want you to pity me I just want you to know how you have absolutely fucked my life over. I mean you know that night. I know you do, I don't have to say what night. But something snapped in my brain that night and I felt responsible for you. But I also wish you had never contacted me and just died it. I mean you've given me such lifelong trauma anyway, and you still keep trying to. So I mean what did you gain out of it, telling me that night? Attention maybe? I mean I know you like it, it is your favorite thing. And come on really, if I make you feel guilty why do you

keep adding me back? to try and get rid of the guilt? Until you do something that fucks it all up again? because it seems like that's all you do, and honestly I'm not surprised. I'd rather die than have you pity me. and you know what I think, I think you can go suck a dick.

How you feel
Isn't Important
to ME!

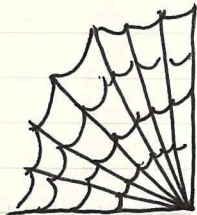
Dearest you,

I hate you, but I need you. I hate
when you give me advise, but I need it.
I hate seeing your notification but,
I ~~need~~ need to talk to you. I hate
being in pictures with you, but I
miss seeing us together. I hate you,
but I love you.



I hate getting
flashbacks from things
I don't want to
remember.

Flashbacks from you.



Some lyrics that remind
me of us.

"I regret you all the time
If clarity's in death, then why
won't this die?"

Years of tearing down our
banners, you and I
Living for the thrill of hitting
you where it hurts

GIVE ME BACK MY
GIRLHOOD, IT WAS MINE
FIRST!!!"

- @ Would've, Could've
Should've Taylor Swift.

"What a shame she's fucked in
the head. they said"

- champagne problems
Taylor Swift

"And you wanna scream
Don't call me "kid"
Don't call me "baby"
Look at this godforsaken
mess that you made me
You showed me colors
You know I can't see with
anyone else."

- illicit affairs
Taylor Swift

