

Memories

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Bad memories are so hard to forget,
the more you think the worse they get.
Why is it so hard to remember the good,
all the stories forgotten from your childhood.
why don't I remember going to disney when I was three,
but I can't seem to forget falling when I learned to ski.
I wish and hope that these thoughts leave me be,
but the more I wish the more they come back to me.

Every turn holds a terrifying thought,
that ties your stomach tight, in a knot.
Because it is always hardest to forget,
when you lost your phone, somewhere in school,
when you tripped on the deck and fell in the pool,
when you got paint on your favorite shirt,
when you got in a fight and someone got hurt.
It always feels like everyone else knows, too,
why aren't the good thoughts the ones that come through?

Maybe because the good didn't change me at all,
and memories that don't matter are hard to recall.
I can't remember all the times I got an A,
but the memory of a failed test is here to stay.
One told me i was doing perfectly well,
but the other told me I needed to try harder to excel.
It's things like these you won't want to forget
despite the fact that they make you upset.

You can't get better without bad coming first,
even when the bad makes you feel your worst.
Because it is always hardest to forget,
When you broke your elbow in the second grade,
when your parents yelled and it made you afraid,
when you burnt your hand on a boiling pot,
when you cheated on a test and actually got caught.
in all these memories, there is something you learned,
despite wishing it was left unturned.

If you forget, you would do it once more,
and if you make the same mistake,
what are bad memories for?