

Shattered Love  
By: Felicia Wagner

You were kind enough to drag the deer off the road, your foot laid on the pedal  
after the animal was in sight.

You left it for the bears,  
the blood thirsty cubs who can smell the wounds from miles within the woods.  
Word spread faster than her heart rate.

The flies come to check in covering her eyes and relaying screams of  
encouragement.

That sounds like whispers.

The dirt begins to feel like memory foam and the blood pouring out fills your  
glass.

You chose to keep her close to the road,  
promising a fantasy of eternal love and care.

You wanted to impose a boundary, but one where you could see her tears as you  
drove past.

The deer doesn't feel her legs,  
her neck,  
or her tail,

But the brain encapsulates her motor function causing all thoughts to make the  
next move.

So she lies there with the parts you touched and admired,  
with the empty promises you threw up.

You would've never driven so fast near her home  
because you know she likes to walk outside,  
feel the pavement,  
and wait upon your arrival.

She offered you a way out,  
tore off her antlers so she could stir your coffee,

you called the deer unreasonable,  
because why would she walk around with a “Hit me” note on the back.  
In view of the fact that you started to drive without your lights on.  
Days later you’re surprised?  
The body still lies there although pieces are missing.  
She has only worn shades out of her closet,  
hoodies draped over her hair that once smelt like coconut,  
and her eyes are hidden behind the dark circles and red eyelids.  
Her mouth has flatlined,  
A smile hidden behind seared up lips,  
and her mouth full of fingernails.  
Does it please you?  
It can be a secret thought but doesn’t it please you?



The driver and the deer never met,  
but we did.  
We once skipped along the sidewalk where I now lay,  
maggots fill my eyes and my ears,

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<sup>1</sup> “Blue Nude” Pablo Picasso. This piece shows a lot of vulnerability, after carelessly opening doors to let someone in, when they leave all of those doors still remain open but without someone to appreciate them.

cubs chew at my intestine  
and lick my blood that seasons their lips.  
Our issues were so complex,  
problems emerging from so many different genes.  
I'm doing fine, trying to derail my one track mind<sup>2</sup>  
My soul longs to become untwined,  
I need simpler roadblocks,  
most that don't rely on the emotions of you.  
They say don't fall too young,  
but you got your license the other day,  
you laid out our future,  
you brought me out to dinner while your hand became a pillow for my face.  
You left me boundaries of pain  
Capacious as the sea,  
Between eternity and time,  
Your consciousness and me.<sup>3</sup>

One day you will step into the driver's seat again.  
Maybe you will have a couple boosters in the back.  
You may scan the roads for any remnant of my corpse.  
But you won't see anything familiar,  
This time you hit the brake,  
Maybe even smell the air through the window.  
If you do, you are greeted by a tree.  
A small one that lays on top of snot filled tissues.  
You wonder how it looks so beautiful, once so grotesque and dead.

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<sup>2</sup> Lucy Dacus "Night Shift" She explores how difficult it is to detach yourself from someone and how easy it is to quiet all the bad things they made you feel. When Lucy Dacus herself spoke about the only breakup song she ever wrote she said "For a long time I didn't believe expressing this sort of negativity was productive, but it's less productive to resist the truth of a situation."

<sup>3</sup> "You left me, sweet, two legacies." Emily Dickinson. Poetry Nook.  
<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/52201/you-left-me-sire-two-legacies-713> After reading this line from the poem it almost felt like a haiku, the dramatic juxtaposition between boundary and capacious really encapsulates a breakup.

It has never been more alive.

Take a moment to appreciate the decomposers.

The way they keep nutrients flowing through an ecosystem.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> “Decomposers” National Geographic. National Geographic Society.

<https://education.nationalgeographic.org/resource/decomposers/> When I think about leaving someone, it brings about a lot of change that sometimes takes years to get used to. It is hard to assimilate yourself back into society and keep moving on without this person by your side 24/7. But friends can be the most valuable key to helping this whole process, they won't let you go back to places that once hurt you.

#### Bibliography

“*You Left me Sweet Two Legacies*” Poem by Emily Dickinson This poem was first published in 1891 in the third series of Dickinson's poetry edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/52201/you-left-me-sire-two-legacies-713> This poem exemplifies the true struggle of a breakup like no other, but not as romantic feel with gives the Lyrical essay more gateways of appealing and relating to the reader.

Lucy Dacus “Night Shift” released her song on March 2, 2018. It is the opening track on her album "Historian," which was released on the same day. This is one of her only songs about breakups but it explores all the stages one goes through in artistic style choices.

“Decomposers” National Geographic. National Geographic Society. An Article that highlights the importance of decomposers in an ecosystem, how they keep nutrients flowing. Published by the National Geographic Society in 2018.

Title: Blue Nude

Artist: Pablo Picasso

Year: 1902

Medium: Oil on canvas

Dimensions: 92.1 cm × 73 cm (36 1/4 in × 28 3/4 in)