# Dear You, Dear Me - Jared Forman Poetry Collection

A collection of poems that I have written either in my free time, or during my course at university.

'We Are Just Forgotten Stories In the End'

When we turn eighteen,

We are

aliens on a planet known by the inhabitants as Spoons, booze is cheap.

When we are twenty-one, backstories intact, all

Just

on the planet Spoons, child minds supposedly maturing, our futures sprinkled in constellations.

Thirty

Forgotten

where we celebrate with depressants, time flies into the familiarity of forty and we rocket back to our lives.

We are comfortable

Stories,

at fifty. Knocking our heads back at a milestone brought about by ticking lightyears.

At sixty-five, moon labour is complete.

In the

Spoons tradition, glasses we fill again, and again; pension on the bill.

Aliens on a planet, we turn eighty.

End.

Spoons, the inhabitants call it, booze is cheap, have we been here before?

# 'Samaritan' - Based on Sam Rivière's 'Best Thing You Can Do Now Is Do Nothing'

I could be a Samaritan for the drunk on the path he started at the pub moved to the doorstep now he's almost on the road in broken glass but I must be somewhere the traffic is busy I'm not driving Dad's more ignorant than me says it's his fault I could be helpful I could get out but I can't forget the invisible free runner the one too waiting for the cars to go a Sonic the Hedgehog type it jumps on a telephone pole readying to the run the wires the traffic moves the drunk is bleeding out the free runner vault electricity

'Elegy for My Morning' - based on Chen Chen's 'Elegy for My Sadness'

Perhaps the immortal jellyfish that stung my foot knows with its ability to de-age what it is like to relive life. If only they could speak and tell me why I feel lost and empty and dehydrated. But that wouldn't be the case if dreams were real. To go back and re-encounter his life.

We'd laugh again, drink until light, apologise after that brotherly fight and then I would run to when his heart—

Beat

close to the end

hold his hand and hear his voice

One last time.

But every morning was another day's past

and his life moved away.

I counted the weeks until eight

became too many (56 days).

Then the first year went,

the second was thoughtful regret

and the third I moved forward, but never forgot.

Now my morning is reduced

to mourning

on his anniversary.

That's today,

I'm upset.

'Dear Doctor' - based on 'Letter to Dr Moosa Regarding my Inconstant Heart' by Melissa Lee Houghton

Dear doctor,
This is my eight visit. You've given me drops and tablets,
syringes have plagued my ear drums and yet,
you say it will be okay.
I fear you are wrong, I become doctor myself.
The internet says I might have cancer and rare diseases and disorders
But you are right,
the pain has expired.

Dear doctor,
I'm back again. Nine times.
Do you take me for a fool? But Dear doctor, it is not you.
Here today is Trainee doctor
whose textbook material
has been more useful than anything you
prescribed from a medical site.

I've been sent to hospital.
The bed is uncomfortable, I sit on the edge.
Ear doctor, do you know more than the bad old GP?
Yes.
Scan results in.
WARNING: Risk of deafness, ignorance will result in fatality immediate surgery is required,
Please wait three months.

### 'Dear Reader'

I didn't fall in love with a person, I fell in love with a whirlwind that had the love and kindness of a beating heart.

'Sometimes,'

I wish forever was longer.

# 'The Silence is so Loud'

Here we are again.

Strangers who know each other's secrets.

I never imagined I would have that conversation with you.

Not again.

We were definitive—you and me—but even that doesn't mean a lifetime.

I hate the silence that remains.

## 'Do You Remember?'

You know everything about me I know everything about you. We'll take that knowledge into the unknown, and as years go by, I'll think of you once in a while.