

# The Story Untold

Sahar Al Kharsa

... And a million years of suffering, is my age ...  
And a million tears  
And ages of sorrow ...  
Why was I that stupid?  
Remember?  
The words with power? The wings you gifted me  
Once and said: you are the queen  
Of all that is mine

You are the beats of my heart ...  
The blood in my veins?  
How could those wings be fake? How could I reach that height?  
Remember? How fast I fell ...  
Well ... I thought I would be only standing here  
Collecting the shattered pieces of mine ...

No, no ...  
Here I am  
I can feel my hands,  
                  My body,  
                          My all ...  
Not shattered, not broken, no  
I'm all ... unexpurgated  
The songs, the music, I can hear  
I can feel,  
All alone  
It's palpable, without even you. Imagine!!  
It can still have meaning. No. it has a better meaning, without you.

No, no ...  
It wasn't you!  
It was me.  
I was me.  
I was the one.  
Oh! I didn't know I grew wings!  
Oh, I had wings!

I can fly,  
    I can be ...  
        I can piece together me,  
                I am me ...  
You have never been,  
    And though: you will never be!!!

### Author Biography

**Sahar Al Kharsa** is a Lebanese German who finished her studies in English Literature back in Lebanon, took a longer (family) break, and then got back to pursue her dream of finishing her master's degree in American Studies at Leibniz University Hannover. She is now in her third semester and the tutor for the master's program North American Studies. Being born in a country of diversity that has undergone many invasions throughout the ages, Sahar has grown up to be a person that is open to different languages and cultures. This is partly why her favorite research areas are diaspora and cultural studies.