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### I know

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# **I** Know

## Liza Kroeschell

I know you need to be told how I feel or you won't know how I felt after you dropped that cardboard box because you didn't care to read the yellow label that said BREAKABLE

Like my heart when I pulled the shards one by one from the newspaper wrappings that I carried to the garbage without saying anything to you because I was biting my lip to hold back the shards of words in my throat that could come out knowing

You wouldn't know how to respond just like you didn't know how to respond so you stomped upstairs and I could hear you thumping from my place hovered over shards and swallowing shards and then my lip was bleeding and I laughed

Because I knew that you didn't know why I was silent or that crying means sadness but can mean happiness like when accompanied by a hug and maybe the reason I don't like hugging has something to do with not knowing

Like you so I washed my face and walked upstairs and opened the door to tell you my feelings but you didn't look sad or angry just righteous and you told me I should pretend

To respect you even though I don't so I nodded and closed the door and walked downstairs and

unbit my lip and dug out the shards and knew I wanted you to know.

**Liza Kroeschell** is a senior dance major and creative writing minor at Dominican. In addition to pursuing her BFA, Liza teaches dance and writes for an organization called Nagata Dance in San Francisco. She is inspired by the incredible potential of the arts to inform one another, and looks forward to continuing to dance and write after graduation.