

Sarah Mars

Broken But Alive



Silbermund®



Once I was six years old,
I was forced to make a journey
into the unknown.
You stepped into my world.
That is when
the memory gaps begin.

Mother takes me away.
To a place I don't know.
It is dark and cold.
Mother is happy.

Mother put me
into the tub
where you were, too.
Didn't know what it was.
Didn't know what you did.
Since that day
I am under water.

Appeared at some point.
A part of me,
six years old,
is still under water.



Once I was ten years old.
I met your iron shovel.
It broke my nose.
Dull pain.
What a pity.
Mother was there.
Mother's worry someone
might notice were unfounded.
Mother took care of my wound.
Crooked bone.
Lucky me.
No matter at all.
I got it.



Once I was fifteen years old,
you see me.
I see you.
Narrow aisle.
Your restraint is gone.
I'm frozen.
Your last stroke.
Dull pain.
Head hurts.
I scream as loud
as I can.
Everyone can hear it.
Silence is over.
I run out the door.
You monster, will never
get me again.
Get this!



Once I was 28.
I feel I'm done
With refurbishing.
Lucky me.
Feeling good.

His sight no longer
bothers me a lot.
Your meanness
bothers me less.
Every time I meet you,
my head is a mess.



Years gone by.
Nightmares with Monster
are gone.

Working a lot.
Being a good mother.
Being a good wife.
Being a good person.
Feeling too alone
too often.

I cannot share
my feelings
coming up sometimes.
Nobody will
ever understand
What I had to go through.

I put up with.
too many things.
Sometimes fear comes back.
Like I was the little girl again.

I put it away.
Monster has no more power
over me.

I am strong.
I am a good mum.
I am a good woman.
I care.
That is important.



Meanwhile,
I love being
under water for real.
Diving with
eyes wide open.
When I look up
I see the sunlight
waving "Hi" to me.
The miracle of life
can relieve the pain.

Life is precious.
Even if dark memories
come up in between.
Life is beautiful.
I am grateful
to be alive.

„Viele Jahrzehnte mussten vergehen, um endgültig abschließen zu können, doch die Hoffnung, die in diesen Worten steckt, soll Betroffenen helfen, den richtigen Weg und Umgang mit einem Thema zu finden über das noch immer kaum gesprochen wird. Die Schatten werden nie ganz vergehen, doch das Leben ist zu kostbar, um ewig daran festzuhalten.“

Eine wahre Geschichte, die in englischer Sprache und lyrischer Form erzählt wird, ohne sich in schrecklichen Details zu verstricken.

Unterstrichen werden die Erlebnisse durch beeindruckende Schwarz-Weiß-Fotografien, die die Stimmung tragen, ohne zu beschweren und zum Nachdenken anregen sollen.

“So much time had to pass in order to be able to finally bring closure, but the hope expressed in these words is here to help those affected to find the path that is right for them in dealing with a subject that is still hardly ever talked about. The shadows will never completely go away, but life is too precious to hold onto them forever.”

A true story told in English in lyrical form, without getting bogged down in gruesome details. The experiences are underscored by stunning black-and-white photographs that carry the mood without weighing it down and are meant to make you think.

