

Memory, Simple But Everything

Memory is a tragic thing. There was a time where I could smell you simply by imagining your face. Now you've been simmered down to a blur, a vague picture with black static bouncing off it, that, if I squint my eyes hard enough, has some resemblance of you. There will be two times when I lose you in my life, the first when we part ways, death or departure, and a second, when your name no longer evokes a face. Memory is a wonderful thing. I have felt fingers trail down my body, but that was a lifetime ago. I start to question if it even happened. Were they even fingers? or was it a draft from the window as I slept, dreaming about falling in love, being touched. Memory is faulty. It's a rickety thing, like my mums old Nokia phone or the next-door neighbour's 2004 Kia Sportage that spits when it starts. Memory has life, like when the doctor touches my back during an examination and the memory of you caressing the same spot comes flooding back. Memory allowed me to survive. memory allows me to recall. My awful memory allows me to relive the most beautiful moments in life over and over again. Memory is like finding an old photo album or a precious shell on the beach. I may forget a moment, but what always reassures me is that I will rediscover the feeling again, and again.

And it is unappreciated and a beautiful thing.