

Immune to the Memory
By Tyler P. Fick

Gathering all my thoughts together is like looking through pieces of scrap paper. Marked here is the list of homework assignments I have piling up from abandoned courses, scraped in red ink is to block out the pain, torn and with coffee spilled on it is the reminder to, just at least, let him hold my hand. Now that there is someone new, I suppose you need to remember your forgotten scraps. I confided in my mom before I left this time, I picked up some scraps, read them out loud to her and she responded with, "it pushes them to reevaluate their feelings." Ah yes, jealousy. I need to get that homework done. She said the same thing to me once upon a time. I remember the memory as it flows back to me. I welcome it and I am surprised by how easily I let the memory cover my eyes. Yeah, there it is, I just found those scrap papers. I'll read them to you, they read: Is that how I do it? Is that what I tell my children when they ask how I reeled their father in? The questions of a control freak lover. That's my memory for that day. Clear and precise, it slices just like a knife. When I left he grabbed for my hand, I grabbed it away. I was not about to stay. I need to get that homework done. I can remember traveling that way so much that I became immune to the scenery. Forth and back, back and forth. Immune to the illusions of rocky steps to the heavens, immune to the log by the river where he lifted my head and hands to his neck, immune to the clouds and all their solutions they offer for a soul with one simple shape. Immune. The damage was done that day; I can remember that. I didn't let him hold my hand and that's what it comes down to. The memory is so clear, but the feeling I have almost lost. It's just a memory now; all the baggage that comes with the memory has been lost. I have become immune. I really need to get that homework done.