

When We Were Kids

Do you remember the taste of chalk? That day our little fingers worked to try and capture the moment when the blue rabbit man came crashing down into the wet grass? He had thought himself a bird before he realized he was a comet.

That was the night you ate a can of cherry pie filling with your shadow. You huddled by the light of the refrigerator, whispering above its dull hum. You shared a plastic spoon, and passed the tin can back and forth like a stolen bottle of beer shared between brothers. It was your little secret.

Your sister was up in the attic having tea with Father Time, as he shared stories of when he and Fate were in love. Do you remember our cardboard kingdom? The Styrofoam drawbridge and our packing peanut mote? The dungeon we made out of paper towel rolls and blankets?

Do you remember the ghosts we found counting the cracks and dimples in our fortress walls? The ones who weren't scary, but sad, as they tried to place their lost items in our shallow pockets?

Because I fear that I've been forgetting.