



“Lobotomy”

It’s like I’ve only lived a couple of days, the way my memory spins round, till I close my eyes and watch it run away. I’d steal all the pink cherry blossoms I come across and stuff them into my purse if I had any ounce of determination.

Memory is like a bag of trophies or souvenirs. I don’t know—you lose some. Pretend they hold infinite value; pretend they make you matter. But if you tossed the bag, and someone came across it, they might think it odd to throw out a bunch of trophies. Maybe they’d recognize the souvenirs for souvenirs; maybe they wouldn’t. But eventually, they’d just shrug and move on.

So, memory. I don’t know. It doesn’t matter when it’s gone. I’ve said it once, but god knows I’ll have to keep on saying it. Memories turn to questions. And today I ask if I was always this alien. It doesn’t matter if I was or not. If I am or not. But I hope I can implore you to understand the urgency in my getting an answer.

Why is it that old men in public feel the freedom to chew with their mouths wide open. (When I’d be flung into the ocean. Hands tied, feet weighed to the bottom.) I remember turning from that horrible sight, down to the snag on my pink skirt hem.

So am I the alien then? And not him?

I assume so, as he peered at me with as much disdain.

by Abi Heinrichs