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How We Forget

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Author Bio
Lauren was born and raised in New Fairfield, Connecticut, and graduated from Kent school in 2010. Currently a junior, she will graduate in 2014 with a major in Interdisciplinary Studies that combines her three academic passions: Writing, Studio Art, and Sociology.

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The last time I saw you,
you were constrained to a chair,
and your body was shriveled
like a worm stuck to the road by our beach house,
withered by the midday's sun that cooked its skin.
And I was told not to stare at the growths
that formed ragged mountain ranges on your body.
And your veins like branches were visible
through skin as thin as your favorite old t-shirt
that you swore you'd never throw away.
And you looked at me blankly with eyes glazed with mucus,
and I stared blankly back.
And I couldn't tell whether it was your eyesight or memory
that had failed you this time.
You knew neither my face nor my touch,
and your hands remained cold and still
as a bath that was drawn but never taken.
And the robot in your ear
failed to relay the sound of my voice.
I knew you no longer knew me,
so I sat on the ground by your chair
and played with the dog,
who, if in fact did not remember me,
was happy to pretend.