

I don't remember

I don't remember what my dog's name is. I know I should. After all, I named him. But it was so long ago.

When they took me away from my house, they said I was getting too old, I was forgetting everything.

That's not right, I remember a lot of things, I remember the name of my teacher in kindergarten, Miss Nod, and the way she looked, all proper and nice.

I remember my first dance with my cousin Willy, we were practising before the fourth of July, he wanted to invite Laura who later became his wife, and he was afraid to step on her feet so I was the one stepped on.

I also remember the particular colour of the sky on the day I met Henry, it was early spring and everything was so crisp, it looked like we were in a film in Technicolor, the air was full of flower smells. I felt in love with honeysuckle before I felt in love with him.

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