

BLURT, MEMORY

by Wendy Ann Miller

“Pick a memory, any memory.”

“But I don’t have a good memory.”

“I didn’t say it had to be a GOOD memory.”

“No, that’s not what I mean.”

“I know what you mean,”

“Just remember something at random...”

Okay, tiger swallowtail

Again

Lobster Cantonese

Another

My mother conquering her agoraphobia to try to pick me up from elementary school in her bathrobe

See what I mean?

You have no idea what you mean...

As I recounted the prompt to him, he made a Nabokov joke: “Speak, Memory.”

Then “Squeal, Memory.”

Then “Blurt, Memory.”

See what I mean?

You have no idea what you mean...

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The memory of visiting the birthplace of Hieronymus Bosch showed up
As a dream
But when I woke
I wasn't convinced it was a REAL memory

Because what in the world were a music festival and bunch of Bohos on an intercity train
Doing in the artist's memory?

But he confirmed it.

Blurt, Memory.