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I Kept The Memories

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I Kept The Memories

Kimberly Jackson

The happy times are dipped in honey
Memories outlined in gold when the sun hit him just right
They tasted sweet on my tongue as I reminded him
of the time we danced in the rain as he sang to me
“I don’t remember that,” he whispered to the ground.

The hard times come back as muscle memory
My heart a chainsaw ripping through my chest
My lips performing CPR every time we kissed
trying to bring the life back into his eyes
My hands shaking as I call for help
Lies dripping from my mouth as I assure him
I’m just texting

I see pieces of him everywhere
shrapnel never cleaned up after his public implosions
I used to be scared when I heard the train go by
worried he had jumped onto the tracks
When I walk to class I take the long way around
I can’t bear to see the pieces of him left on the sidewalk
from when the cops dragged him screaming to the hospital
But he doesn’t remember that either

I kept the memories in the breakup
They fell out of his pocket as he left
and I stopped to pick them up but he never looked back