

## Writing prompt - How do I remember/Process of remembering

How do I remember? It varies.

Sometimes it creeps alongside the words I'm reading in a book. Other words, other words that become forms, ideas, thoughts, memories that are competing with the novel, running parallel, hoping to be chosen.

Sometimes it's through being woken up in the middle of the night - mind begins to chatter, deciding, reflecting, writing and then remembering. Maybe making a new connection or seeing something differently, remembering something from a dream.

Sometimes I remember when I am writing in the morning and all of a sudden the memory is writing itself. Sometimes I remember first thing in the morning, in the midst of restless, violent, pre-coffee mind chatter. Lost in memory - of what she said! - until my dog will look at me like, are you ok?

Smell occasionally sparks a memory. (But maybe I say "occasionally" because I haven't really been anywhere in awhile...) Usually daydreaming is a good transporter. Images of that day or that feeling; I choose to recall them, draw them in, step inside them. The feeling is usually the thing - coming out of school early and him standing across the street, where it dead ends. A one way street full of parked cars and somehow, no people, just us. The emptiness and the sight of him brought butterflies to my stomach. The empty street felt like a stage that afternoon. The same street I walked down every day, to my parked car. I wore navy corduroy pants and a lace tank top with a mermaid hem and half of my curly hair pulled back, bleary eyed, skin tight from the night before. He wore a light beard and a jean shirt and gray jean pants. Oh that beard. Did we kiss on the cheek? That familiar Jersey greeting? He was on the phone, I remember and I didn't linger but I think that's why it felt staged and singular, because it was just us, and in front of no one we shared a kiss and then parted ways.