

# Memory Loss, or Shitty Stand Ins

by Anthony Van Hart

For some reason I distinctly remember a terrible morning about six years ago where I sat in my car, defeated. My lips trembled, tears fell, and with my psyche as bruised as a tossed about apple, I listened to old Christmas songs on my iPod and smoked a days worth of cigarettes before my shift started. It wasn't winter and there was no snow on the ground, but for some reason the only thing that satisfied the anything but wondrous mood that I was in were seasonal songs that were as sad as losing or longing for a loved one.

Those songs didn't really help me that day. Or maybe they did. But all I know is that I listened to those songs, songs that used to remind me of staying at my grandma Sylvia's house the whole week before Christmas so I could spend time with my uncle that would fly up from Florida and we'd go to the movies and have lots of laughs while the stereo played those songs all through the house. And we'd sing them and smile at each other a lot.

But now I've got that morning to remember instead.

