

remembering

by Brian Michael Barbeito

I remembered because the man took us to see the horses. I didn't see something that set off a series of memories. I only saw the stables and the moon sitting pensively below the firmament. I looked at these and there was spaciousness between the moon and the stables and the treetops and other things besides. I guess this spaciousness allowed for memory. We fill in empty parts for better or worse. We fill in empty parts when we can and how we can. I remembered then because that is what is done and because that is how we are built. First I saw an old man drying dishes on a balcony and the Goodyear blimp going past in the sky. I, said the old man, would like to fly in a blimp. The next thing I saw was a couple and one of them said, Your name was Mark. Usually you change it. Besides, there were other Marks. We thought lots of 'Derrick,' but there was a Derrick too. The third thing that I remembered was a girl. The girl turns to me and says, I tried killing someone in the mountains by cutting the brake lines on their car. But I cut the wrong lines. I didn't say anything one way or the other to the girl. My fourth memory was of marginalized person. He says, I am suffering from ennui. I ask him where he learned that word. He says, Since I suffer from ennui so much, I read the dictionary and sometimes it helps. Then, in the fifth memory, an old woman on a morphine drip proclaims that she went to the other world to visit her sister. In the sixth I see an S.U.V. is on fire by the side of a highway and I wonder how the flames could light up the darkness that much. For the seventh, though I did not count them when they were taking place but only long after, I remember that I had a vision in which Osho appears and grants a darshan or a blessing through a gaze. Then it all stopped. I was back at the stables with the moon overhead and the horses inside of their walls and the tree line that pronounced itself darkly against a lighter backdrop of night.

