

# This is Not a Memoir, but Rather Something More Truthful

*by* Danny Goodman

*It'll become easier, with time.*

Along the way, someone spoke those words to me, accompanied by a pat to the shoulder, playful knock on the chin. We shared a laugh, instigated by a joke I'd heard countless times before. There was something calming in the pretend.

In truth, though, I didn't want the easy. I wanted what came before. What I wasn't strong enough to grip. What hit so hard, afterwards I could barely stand. What left bruises that I knew, in the end, would be felt strongest just below the surface.

