

The Opposite of Remember is Demember

by Kyle G

I ripped all the memories of you from my brain. One by one, I thought of every moment we'd ever spent together, and I pulled them out through my ear. I folded each one and neatly stacked them up on the floor next to me, like a pile of freshly cleaned clothes. From the first time I remember seeing your face to the last time I walked away from you. Every time I thought of you, every time I tried to forget you, and every time I thought about forgetting to forget you. It took me days. I didn't sleep. I didn't really notice at the time. Trying to remember why I wanted to forget you gave me enough energy. After seventy-one and a half days of thinking, removing, folding, and stacking, I sat down with a heavy sigh. I looked in the mirror to my left, and I thought I looked a little skinnier. I hadn't eaten in a few days. But that wasn't it. I guess I didn't have you to weigh me down any more.

Then I felt a little sad. I felt a little empty. As I looked at the memories stacked all around me, I knew I had just emptied something out of my mind. I didn't remember what it was. It must have been something I really wanted to get rid of. But it was funny. The harder I tried to clear my mind, the more clutter I found around me. I couldn't move because of all the memories that were surrounding me. It was getting harder to breath. At least when they were in my mind, I didn't have to suffocate myself. I tried to remember what I had just been trying to forget. But much to my dismay, I had succeeded. I no longer knew. I wondered what I could possibly have wanted to destroy so badly. No matter how you do it, forgetting something doesn't mean as much once you've forgotten.

I sat up and looked around, stupidly. Of course there was no one else there. But I checked anyway. I guess I was looking to see if I would notice myself. To see if my conscience was around to

push me back to my chair. But as usual, my conscience was no where in sight. I almost remembered something about it telling me that it was leaving. I think that was a couple days ago. I hadn't answered because I was in too deep of concentration. I made a mental note — "Give your conscience a call and tell him you're sorry. Tell him you want him to come back, and that you'll listen to him next time." He was always so fickle. Always had to get his way. That's why I didn't listen to him too much. If people say that it's their way or the highway, then I'll lend them my keys. I made another mental note — "Remember to get my keys back from my conscience."

So with no one around to stop me, I placed one of the memories back in my head. It squirmed through my ear and made a popping noise as it clicked back in my brain. I immediately threw up on the floor. I pulled you out again. I didn't bother to fold this one. I threw it off to the side and sat down again. The only thing worse than forgetting was remembering why I wanted to forget.

