

# Saint Fred Rogers

*by* Trevor Dodge

I am remembering this day for all days.

Remembering. All days. Always.

This is the day you threw the TV out the upstairs window.

I'm remembering.

Always.

This is the day that started with you shaking the toaster over me so all the crumbs fell out.

This is the day that followed the day where you broke the egg in the silverware drawer.

This is the day that followed that day.

I'm remembering.

This is the day that you told me to stand still so I stood still and kept standing there.

But that's not unlike all the other days. Still.

This is the day you dumped salt all over the table.

This is the day you fed the goldfish.

Kept feeding them.

Kept feeding them.

Kept feeding them.

This is that day. I'm remembering.

This is the day you bruised my mouth with bubble gum toothpaste.

I'm remembering that, too. This is that day.

This is the day after the day the grocery store lady gave you Fred Bear stickers to give to me.

But you never gave them to me. I remember.

This is the day that followed the day where you promised the Fred Bear stickers.

Remember? This is that day.

This is the day that it rained and rained and rained and rained and rained.

This is the day that you went outside and said how hard it had rained.

This is the day that came to you like all the other days. One at a time.

I'm remembering.

This is the day they came to cut off the cable.

This is the day they repossessed the car.

This is the day they turned off the electricity.

This is the day they disconnected the internet.

Just like all the other days. One at a time.

This is the day the refrigerator defrosted.

This is the day the toilets backed up.

I'm remembering. Everything.

This is that same day. Just like all the other days.

One at a time.

This is the day where morning broke wide open, and everything was still.

The day where nothing moved. And then everything. In one huge motion.

This is the day after the day they all said it would be okay.

They promised. With their big eyes, too. I remember. They promised.

That was the day they said whatever they could say to make you put me down.

Walk away.

Slowly.

Turn around.

Hands on the hood.

One.

At.

A.

Time.

The day where, well, you know.

You know.

