

Oh Pinnocchio, Call Me When You're a Real Boy

by Laura Cason

I remember when the snow melted and you smiled like the sun
would never leave.

I remember when the fire crackled and danced in your eyes like
pagans on the solstice.

I remember when the way you looked at me fluttered in my chest
like caged moths aching to fling
themselves into the flames.

I remember you the way you told me to the way your tongue
curled around my name, the way your
tears slid down my cheeks, the way
your head
fell heavy on the pillow and your fingers
skated across my back.

I remember when you walked past the window and no reflection
looked back at us.

I remember watching you sit in the same spot for 10 hours without
looking at me.

I remember the hollow look in your eyes and the foreign timbre of
your voice when you told me it had all
been a lie.

I remember the nausea I felt (I feel it now) knowing you meant it.

I remember you telling me there is nothing to remember
because you don't exist
not yet, anyway.

But I still remember.