

The Color of Fading Memories

Back when you could remember my name,
You would say that I reminded you of Purple,
The exact shade of the weight of the sky at eight
On a humid, spring evening.
I was the scent of those grape Jolly Ranchers you really liked-
Deep and strong,
The color coating your tongue for hours afterwards.
I was Purple,
The shape of someone's mouth when they are not sad,
But not happy either,
A blend of emotions with so many layers
That it would take too long to decipher each one.
So you let the color wash over you
Like the cool raindrops
That soothed our skin years ago,
A time when we would dance in thunderstorms.

Pink is the texture of the strawberry smoothies we used to drink
After sleeping in so late that we missed Sunday brunch.
It's your mother huffing gently under her breath,
As we giggled at a joke that only we could understand,
Back when we were barely more than children.
Pink is
Heart-shaped sunglasses, and
Spun sugar, and
Bare feet in soft rugs, and
Warm but not hot sun, and
Early, early mornings listening to the waves
From the steps of the beach house we rented
For six days in the summer.

Do you remember the forest we used to walk through,
The one with the path next to the park?
Everything in those days was Green.
The new leaves growing on the trees,
The patches of blooming grass,
The spots of moss covering the flat rocks you used to sit on,
Because you were too tired to take
Another
Step.
But Green is a two-sided coin, because
It's the longing you felt when I walked away for two years,

When I told you that I was bored, and
It's the second thoughts you had when I knocked on your door
In the middle of the night.
I'm still

Sorry
Is being Blue.
Blue is complicated.
It comes in many shades.
Apologizing is like that, too.
I believed we've apologized in every hue of Blue,
After yelling in every flavor of Red.
But it is also
Your stained denim jeans,
The journal you tore pages out of to write love letters to me,
The old, tattered Converse that you refuse to throw away,
Because they make you feel young.

I know you can't eat them anymore
But Yellow is the taste of oranges.
Does that make sense?
Sticky and infectious,
Solid and warm.
Yellow is our daughter's laugh,
Mixed with that pop song you would play on long drives
To the middle of nowhere.
I grasp onto Yellow as tight as I can, but
No matter how hard I try,
I cannot remember the name of the song.

And White.
The absence of color.
Bland, blank, and brutally honest.
Clean sterile hospital beds with crisp, creased sheets.
The smell of bleach and lemon.
The look in your eyes when I held your hand and realized,
That you did not recognize me anymore.

Soon, you will be gone.
I will be here.
And if I am able,
I will choose to forget White,
When I look back on
The colors of our fading memories.