

I Remember

I remember playing tee ball with my parents in our front yard.

I remember eating ice cream and driving to watch deer run through the fields.

I remember being told to say “thank you” for the ice cream and the car ride.

I remember telling my mother we couldn’t leave the house while the washing machine was running because our house would catch on fire while we were away.

I remember my first therapy appointment.

I remember the Daddy Long Legs that resided in the gymnasium bathroom.

I remember quitting basketball because the shorts were too long and I felt embarrassed.

I remember the unchanging steps of my morning routine. I believed something terrible would happen if I changed any, and so I didn’t.

I remember walking with my mom to the bus stop under a big red umbrella.

I remember biking to swim team practice at 6:45 in the morning and playing catch after.

I remember being warned by my mother about boys in middle school who would ask me to give them blowjobs in the bathroom.

I remember getting kissed on the cheek by my boyfriend in seventh grade.

I remember overhearing that softball was lesbian sport.

I remember learning that my friend Nikki got fingered on the couch by her boyfriend.

I remember feeling shameful that I’d never been kissed on the lips and that I didn’t have a boyfriend that would finger me on the couch.

I remember my Harry Potter-themed birthday party when I turned 9. My aunt flew into town to watch and we ate basilisk-shaped calzone.

I remember when I came to terms with my lesbianism.

I remember sprinting for an hour during volleyball practice twice a week.

I remember liking volleyball because the shorts weren't too long.

I remember the stress fracture that left me in a walking boot for four months.

I remember picking at my fingers under my desk.

I remember my mom putting a bandaid on my finger and giving it a kiss. It was the best patient care I've ever experienced.

I remember using the word gay as an insult once.

I remember sitting with my friend Inchara at lunch in the courtyard at school and telling her of my bisexuality. We ended up being late for our next class.

I remember when my mother and sister cleaned my room while I was away and when I cried because it was all wrong.

I remember killing the Daddy Long Legs that resided in the gymnasium bathroom.

I remember having a crush on a girl who had the same name as my brother. I came out to my best friend KJ by telling her of this predicament.

I remember meeting Rebecca's parents for the first time.

I remember when they thought I was just a friend

I remember wishing I could marry my pre-k schoolmate because I would rather marry her than a boy.

I remember the sun on my chest and the buggy air at the Wildwood creek on July 9th.

I remember kissing Rebecca for the first time. It was in my basement after she beat me in an arm wrestling match. We kissed for three hours straight and I fell asleep with swollen lips creased in a smile that night.

I remember my sister sobbing as she said goodbye to me at the steps of the subway station.

I remember watching my mom walk home from the bus stop under the big red umbrella.

Reflection:

I truly loved writing this poem. When we read the original poem in class, I instantly felt drawn to it and its rhythm. I was very nervous when I heard we were writing a poem, but this format I am comfortable with: sentences seemingly unassuming, but when put together form art. I began my process by writing down memories that came to mind when I reflected on my past, which I realized later were my most important and impactful memories. I was very proud when I finished my first draft and excited to bring it to class. I got feedback on the tempo of my poem near the end and the final memory I chose, so I deleted/added a few lines, moved some around, and wrote a new line to end with. With this advice, I feel like I have a poem that effectively portrays what I want to portray, and because of that I am very proud and excited.