

Removing Memory

by Wilna Fourie

Removing memory is difficult.
More difficult than people think.
You don't realise how things
sink into your skin.

If you want to get rid of it,
soap and water are inadequate.

To be free of it,
rid of it, what
you have sat in,
pickled in,

so that your flesh is pruned
and your juices joined
through osmosis, sharing
the same acrid taste and salinity
of what it has been immersed in,

you must remove your skin.

Skin yourself
so that you are left with those insides,
half pickled and pruneey,
exposed to the new,
waiting to preserve you.

Cursory

Names mean nothing to you.

If I told you

you would smile or nod,

look at me.

Look.

Look at me

for a repeating moment,

then forget,

forget

and return.

Blinking.

I am merely

another letter

another word

another page

that leads to the next.