

I Remember Your Birthday Every Year

I remember your birthday every year. And sometimes I really want to wish you a happy birthday. Even though I haven't seen you in years, and quite honestly would be okay without seeing you ever again. Yet you occupy a place in my mind, and I think of you often.

Sometimes I wish I wouldn't remember. But to forget is to abandon multiple eras of my life, and to have amnesia about the events that made me who I am.

Sometimes I think about what might have been, or what could have gone differently. I wonder about who you are now, or if you ever wonder about me.

The universe has a special way with things. I trust that what happened in the past is the best of all possible worlds.

Time only moves forward, and the past can't be exchanged. The time spent together was momentous, and the memories are fond. All of the hours.

A portion of my being was dedicated to you. In exchange, you are still alive in my mind; but only as a replica of who you once were.

Another year has passed. It's your birthday today. Happy Birthday.

A Familiar Stranger

Hello, friend.

Have you forgotten already?

All of the laughs, the memories, the games, the quirks, the surprises, the innocence?

When you confided in me, and I in you?

The car drives when we counted the Christmas lights on the way home?

When we played name games before bed, and made fun of each other in the morning?

We're almost strangers - we can't seem to find anything to talk about.

"What's new?" "Nothing. And you?"

We talk about matters of great importance now.

Do you have a good job? Are you financially stable? Do you have a future?

What happened to:

"I beat you in Monopoly." "The neighbor's cat had kittens!" "I drew us a treasure map."

These questions have more value to me now more than ever.

How I wish small talk truly meant talking of small things.

I wish things could be as they were.

Ah yes, a new car.

A new house.

New me.

...Who are you?

Pixels

I live in my pictures, I breathe in the past.
I grasp for some moment, as long as it lasts.
I stare at the pixels, the squares of a dream,
The time undepicted of loss. The serene.

Evidence of joy as seen through an image,
The ugly is slain,
Bliss has no limits.

I live in a realm that's masked in delight,
I live in a world without any fights.
I choose what to remember, what's right and what's good,
Memory manipulation is well understood.

We control what we carry as proof of the past,
We leave behind truths that are best kept away stashed.
We live in our minds, and direct what goes in,
Only what we desire will remain in our prints.

What is a memory, but a subjective fact?
We cannot know truths that are left in the past.
We capture only the moments of bliss,
We write down just what we don't want to miss.

Our reality is created by the power we possess,
We pick what to see just like we pick out a dress.
You can live in your dream as long as you want,
We forgot what is real... and what is not.