April 2016

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Defrosting Memory  

Annalise Eberhard

When Sylvester Stallone went to cat heaven, I wasn’t expecting to find him a month later trashbagged in the freezer next to the blueberries and discounted Easter candy. Mom said she forgot to bury him. So I forgot to tell her that I was defrosting him in the attic.

I tiptoed climbed the stairs that night, Covered in the squeaky wall sounds and gurglegargle digestion of the refrigerator.

He didn’t look too good. Kinda droopy like a balloon fart-dancing around the room until it’s out of farts and squeaks into a puddle on the ground. Or maybe he just looked like a forgotten Fudgscicle. I like Fudgscicles.

Poked him in his belly a bit, but he didn’t stir. Didn’t do nothing but be a lazy puddle of wet cat.

So I made him wear Bitty Baby’s pajamas And rocked him back-n-forth-like until he got soggy cat smell all over me And I had to go to the bathroom to wash it off And I forgot about him and got sleepy and went to bed on accidents.

Next day Mom found him when it got summerhot. She must have smelled him cause he was being a little stinky-PU all curled up in his pajamas with no one to play with.

I never saw Sylvester Stallone again Even though I checked the freezer for a whoooolo week. Just blueberries and discounted Easter candy.

Years later I tried to mold this memory into some grand metaphor-- Tried to curl it around my heart, let it dance within my sinews and fill my lungs with short puffs of meaning.

But I couldn’t. Because sometimes a memory is just a memory, And a squishy dead cat is just a squishy dead cat.