

April 2016

Defrosting Memory

Annalise Eberhard

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Eberhard, Annalise (2016) "Defrosting Memory," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2016, Article 4.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2016/iss1/4>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anthology by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact bramed@winthrop.edu.

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 whoooooo 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.*