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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 whoooole 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.