

that time I told him I wasn't married.

when I said I loved you even though
I knew I was lying.

when you told me you didn't love me; at all.

the feeling in my stomach when I said I hated
you, and thought I meant it.

that I ever got out of the car.

when I heard them say it was your body
that washed up on the shore.

how small you looked in that hospital bed.

when you called me late that night
and I ignored the call.

the look in your eyes when I said you
weren't my real father.

when we weren't friends in sixth grade and I
told everyone you peed your pants.
Yeah, that was me.

the lyrics to that damn Spice Girls' song.

how I reacted when you told me you were gay.

hearing your mother screaming in the
front yard that night.

the noise you made right before you started
reading at your mother's funeral.

that picture in the paper of your car
after the accident.

that two week period when we
weren't friends at all.

the plot to the O.C.

that I ever considered having an abortion
because I love my daughter more than anything.

all the gossip from high school.

that time I told my grandpa his jokes were dumb
because now he never tells them anymore.

New Years Eve, 2010.

all the Pokemon stats I memorized in third grade.

that time my mom forgot me at school.
I'm still mad and I don't know why.

my old life; the guilt eats me alive.

how good it felt when I used to drink.

that suicide attempt.

the prepositional phrase list.

the words to the Barney theme song.

that picture they showed on the news of
them finding your body.

that I didn't say anything at your wedding.

baseball statistics.

how it used to be. It's never going to
be like that again.

the bullshit I was told in grade school about
historical figures.

most of my dreams.

everything the media has ever told me about
the war in Iraq.

all the music I used to listen to; gross.

how to hate.

celebrity scandals.

all those calculus formulas.

all that internet slang.

the names of the Brady kids.

so I could learn to forgive.

what I saw in you.

where I was.

making out with ex boyfriend while drunk.
why couldn't I just have stayed blacked out?

the dream I had where you told me you were gay.

when i fouled up a children's fundraiser.
They fixed it, but I felt guilty for years.

when he was in love with each one of my friends
consecutively and we all felt creepy about it.

that time I had amnesia.

all of the lies I told to the people
I loved or still love.

the lyrics to my third grade musical
so I could have room for more important things.

reading the ingredients of the pepperoni
in my Lunchable.

that dream I had where we made out
and I had to see you the next day.

how mean I was to my sister when we were little.

being molested.

all the things in my mind that keep me from
becoming who I'm supposed to be.

all the missed opportunities that still bother me.

my first real boyfriend.

lying to my grandma about dialing 911 on the
payphone at Bible camp when I was 6.

what its like to be heart broken.

but I'm having a hard time remembering.

nothing, I wouldn't be me.

the time when I shit my pants in front of the
whole school while singing the national anthem,
at a girls volleyball game.

about the way that programming director
was such a dick to me on the phone.
It really threw off my jive for the day.

how to forget.

how much I hate papyrus.

when my sister would drag me down my hall,
by my feet, and give me rug burn down my back.

the phase of my life when my favorite outfit
included yellow high tops and a pink skirt.

that time in elementary school when you
told your mom you didn't even like me.
You didn't know I could hear you.

the walk home of disappointment.

when you looked at me and I saw in your eyes
for the first time that you were
truly ashamed of me.

the afternoon we spent in the park.

that I ever met you.

my ex-girlfriend.

hearing your voice.

the lack of sleep.

myself.

the song "Party in the USA".

about the papers I have to do.

nothing.

those who have hurt me.

the mistakes I've made.

my first time.

about time.

the person I let myself become.

the past.

middle school.

nothing, because I forget everything.

my anger and stubbornness.

the feeling I get when I forget things.

my mistakes.

about all my credit cards.

sleezy bars in Chicago... They're gross.

that time my brother had a seizure.

all the times I got my siblings in trouble.

that I live in America.

how he used to make me feel.

my fear of commitment.

the things I said when I was eighteen.

that I'm black.

that I'm gay.

my mother.

my childhood.

her face.

that phone call I made.

that text I sent to you that was about you.

all that reading I did about the apocalypse,
because now I can't sleep at night.

cutting off all of my hair in eighth grade.

all the things he said.

the death of a close friend.

the fights I have had with close friends.

being hit by a deer on my friend's bicycle.

dropping a knife in my foot.

that I was adopted.

only as long as my friends could forget too.

when I said you were fat. I know you heard
that I said that and just won't say anything.
I'm sorry.

the time I've wasted.

the time we spent apart; that was a waste.

that I left after. I shouldn't have.

seeing you two together.

the pain I watched grandpa go through.

the bad weather in Chicago.

grandma walking upstairs without
closing her robe.

what it's like to be alone.

how to be unhappy.

her.

when you said you weren't proud of me.

you.