

Disjointed Memories

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I can still remember the wallpaper
from the bathroom in our old house
back when I was eight or nine.
It was decorated with tropical fish,
angels, I think. Pretty to look at but annoying
because whoever hung the wallpaper
did not take care; the edges didn't match up
leaving severed bodies and floating fish-heads.
It's strange what you remember.

I can't recall what my face looked like.
There are no family photographs to remind me,
no catalogue of years leading up to puberty
only those disjointed fishes remain.
So much potential to be beautiful
only to be let down by careless hands
who couldn't be bothered to take their time
and do things right.