

*I have rebuilt myself, like a burned down cathedral,  
keeping my stained glass windows as a memory of who I once was.*

### **Remember Me?**

*“Attention passengers,  
this is your conductor speaking.”*

Early in the morning, on the train -  
you think you have seen me before. Maybe,

I'm that Spanish girl that lived in that lonely house  
on the cul-de-sac. The one with the yellow hair &  
extinguished heart. You remember my firecracker  
eyes caked in mascara & carbon monoxide, how all  
of the boys used to howl when I walked by. You look  
at me again, the story of my life emerging from the  
dark circles under my eyes.

Yes, that's it.

You can almost remember how I thought I found God  
sitting on a white steeple, I was born again, then died.  
The way my blue jeans hugged my 16-year-old hips  
& curled women's lips, all at the same time.

It's all coming back to you: my dead mother, & my father,  
absence is a death too. How you yearned, tossed & turned,  
to hold me & be my sweaty, teenage lover.

You remember how I left that small town, a flash of  
yellow hair, a suitcase in the dark, along with all my  
bones, starving for a ghost's love.

You take another look,  
& I don't seem that familiar anymore.

*“Attention passengers,  
we have arrived.”*