

REQUIEM
Jacob Zimmerman

In the aisle, a touch on her shoulder
causes her to turn.

“I didn’t recognize you. You look older.”

“Yeah. What was your name? I really should learn
to remember.” She shook my hand, her eyes dead.

“Its fine. We were in the same third grade class.”

“Oh! You were that kid with the stories!” She said.

“Yeah, that didn’t really last.”

I don’t know what to say.

“It was nice to see you.” “Catch you later!” “Sure, we’ll see.”

I waved. She walked away.

Silence, in loafs of bread.

A little girl who smiled.

Memory.

Time kills every child.