







What Do You Remember?

I remember biking to school, my undone shoelace tying my foot to my pedal.

I remember standing in line and being shoved over. From behind. No reason. Some kid I didn't know existed even. Maybe that was the reason.

I remember our teacher hurling her loud voice at someone and, looking round, was startled to see everyone looking at me.

I remember the first day of the holidays, fresh grass and summer clover, running barefoot down the bank, the bee's sting biting in.





I remember my friend's orange bike, my green skateboard, a clash of colours, his mudguard reversing out of my thigh, my gashed flesh filling with fright.

I remember "Pass it, pass it," but going deaf, the white goal widening, the defender's slide, the oncoming keeper, my soft low shot, his despairing dive, time slowing ... then the cheers arriving.

I remember rain on the sea, lightning, thunder, the breaking wave under my boogie board wrapping the moment for future wonder.



James Brown

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by James Brown

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