

I forgot a mirrored face only partially owns its reflection.

I forgot the absence of green as my bandaged wing swung to break stalactites.
I forgot that after ice falls, they merely lie on ground, evaporating.

I forgot we agreed to toss away the blindfold so that our ears can become
more than holes for burning stones tossed our way by a cruel race.

Or stones tossed our way by a venal dictatorship.

Or stones tossed our way by an incompetent health care system.

Or stones tossed our way by a passive bureaucrat wielding power over the
education of the child we will never have.

Or stones tossed our way by that obscene combination of trust fund baby and
hedge fund billionaire.

Or stones tossed our way by the demands of poverty: how poverty
paradoxically narrows the impoverished focus into the small, then petty, then
brutish.

I forgot paint can transform canvas to skin. I forgot when the paint can is
empty, only then will innocence reveal itself.

I forgot sunsets call for wine.

I forgot the moving prop of clouds can fail to soften the edges of dark
architecture.

I forgot a woman shrouded herself in white linen—a poem invisible but
stubbornly transparent until flesh became stone.

I forgot I was left with a stone watching itself like a poem in a forest, covered
fretfully by ancient moss, its legacy only a stone toe with its orange paint long
faded (though it lingers in someone's memory).

I forgot we were swollen underground with rain as certain elements erased
their absence:

whisper
Song
stairway

I forgot that *thing* unidentifiable, though it evoked pink pearls luminescent
among a gutted goat's entrails.

~~I forgot the maddened sunlight into which hostages emptied long-held fears as they erupted from a robbed bank.~~

I forgot *crackle of light, dream of icicles* and the unpredictability of angles cut by any creature chased for its nutritious heart.

I forgot how effectively pain obviates abstractions.

I forgot a roof tile flew and slate sliced my cheek. Blood on fingers after brushing against cheek's glimmer of bone.

I forgot that when a stone hand cracks, its pieces will not be caught.

I forgot that stone was the compromise defining the absence of void.

I forgot the interior, from the beginning, was stone.

Chapter Zero: Somebody's Coda

1. Forget All Ancestors
2. Forget An Archipelago
3. Forget the Stance of Cliffs Meeting Water
4. Forget the Protection of His Diamonds
5. Forget How Beauty Dislocates
6. Forget the Plasticity of Recognition
7. Forget the First Woman General
8. Forget the Language of Scars
9. Forget the Colonoscopy
10. Forget a Gorilla Can Be Fingerprinted
11. Forget the Engineers of Lexus
12. Forget Your Skin Was Ruin
13. Forget the Spiral That is Memory's Perspective
14. Forget Baby Priests With Profiles Forsworn to Donatello
15. Forget the Exploded World Coming Down Like Rain
16. Forget Eyes Widening To Pull In More of the World
17. Forget the Logic of Amnesia
18. Forget Your Mother's Blood in the Sangria
19. Forget the Song Inside the Stone
20. Forget Quaffing Sweet Jerez, and Wings Flared As If Posing for Rembrandt (aka I Remember You, Philip Lamantia)

21. Forget That Summer in Rome
22. Forget Pushkin, Your Beloved Pig and a Harpist When You Forget Dementia
23. "forget a carapace, then its splitting"
24. Forget the Shadow of Gray
25. Forget the Binary of Refugees Vs. Art
26. Forget the Religion That Proclaims We Began As Orphaned
27. Forget Ars Poetica

AUTHOR'S NOTE

If the reader wishes, the reader may reorder the chapters. Reordering the chapters—whether in numerical order or otherwise—will generate different stories. All of the stories are valid.