

*I Go Over It Again*

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Here is what I see through  
the shafts of memory:

flashlights, sleeping bags, precise rows  
nylon polyester wax gymnasium

an older boy beside me who  
has done this before.

I have learned to make space around the words    make form    am formal    polite.  
Not an evasion, exactly, but a way to breathe in rooms with low light, many people,  
casual contact, a way to tell you instead about my grandfather's garden, where I think he  
kept a raspberry bush, how I might remember looking down to a handful of berries all of  
them torn, that a lemon might not leave my hands as sticky but it will sting them more,  
that I was not hungry and that is why I pushed him off of me, but I could only have been  
five, and he was an older boy who had done this to somebody before.

Where is the place to tell you what did happen: