The Way I See It

Falon Rosbury

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I remember you—
stuck in your worn-out
rocker by the window,
snacking on salty peanuts
while Quincy shot the shit
on the big Quasar.
Always, Grandma sat in the kitchen
cutting up Pinconnir
and other hard cheeses
to lay with the chicken-in-a-biscuits.
Glass bottles of Vernors
parked near the fridge
would later fizz up our insides.
I did not think the cheese
parties would last forever,
but now the scratched up rocker
sets under my brother Joey and
you are out at St. Andrew's cemetery
with all your buddies.

---.

I thought she knew just what I was thinking.
I thought she knew what I was trying to say.
I thought she knew how I was feeling.
I thought she knew my heart and soul.

---.

I remember my dyslexia diagnosis.
I remember the tutoring sessions
with my specialist.
I remember the months of hard work
and the progress I made.
I remember the WISC-IV scores
and the I.Q. tests.
I remember the reading and writing exercises
and the progress I made.

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I remember the days when I was
a student in school.
I remember the teachers and the curriculum.
I remember the challenges I faced
and the support I received.
I remember the moments of success
and the moments of struggle.

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I remember the day I graduated
from high school.
I remember the pride I felt
and the knowledge I gained.
I remember the future that lay ahead
and the dreams I had.

---.

I remember the years that followed,
the challenges and the triumphs.
I remember the moments of joy
and the moments of sadness.
I remember the changes I underwent
and the person I became.

---.

I remember the day I died,
the moment I took my last breath.
I remember the love and support
of my family and friends.
I remember the memories
that will live on forever.

---.

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