

EXHIBIT A



I knew this guy, the friend of a friend, who had strange bouts of memory loss. Instead of holes where his memories should be, he saw paintings.

Did he do it on purpose, we wondered.

His psychiatrist also wanted to know. He went frequently, except when he forgot, and then, instead of his doctor, he remembered a woman gripping an umbrella amidst poppies. The wind in this painting got me every time, when my friend told the story. How could something so deeply felt pass invisibly?

When I began dating this man, years later, he told me of his false museum, and tapped his head, which was balding. I nodded. I was falling in love with him, with the picture of him, which was the same thing. What remains afterwards, anyway, besides inconsequential details?

Exhibit A: Clear blue eyes.

Once he forgot to show up, and I felt uneasy when he could only remember a rounded red man, running left. I knew this painting. I said the man was moving right, looking backwards. He shrugged, as if my vision had little to do with the colors in his head.

He walked out of my life shortly after, wearing a beanie that covered his baldness. He'd worn this hat when we first met, at a party of the friend. In this hat he reminded me of an ex, a redhead. I wondered if it was the redhead all along, skipping out on me. I felt untrustworthy, falling for the same guy twice, as if my own memory had failed me. It hurt so much. I went over the details in the weeks after his disappearance until these, too, became false.

Blue eyes?

Strangely, his face went first, like wind from behind: like if I turned I'd see I'd never been there.