



feathers and files

i wonder what a memory looks like
not the hazy images that we hold on to
but the actual memory itself.

is it like a feather floating in the air among its countless brethren
after a pillow fight?
or maybe like a file in a slightly disorganized office cabinet
ready to be plucked?

and when we recount our memories to others
when they slip out between our lips
and into their ears
do they look different in their brains?

what is the weight of them?

are some light
like the memory of a kiss?
and others heavy heavy
like the memory of a heartbreak?

and how about when we forget?

when the feather is lost
the file misplaced
the brain searches
and aches for it

where did i put it?

what did it feel like?

i miss it.

Slavena Salve Nissan

Slavena Salve Nissan is a second-year medical student at Icahn School of Medicine at Mount Sinai in New York, NY.

Illustration by Laura Aitken