I asked my mom for a photo of you today and her eyes went wide

I asked my Mom for a photo of you today & her eyes went wide / I suppose I'm not supposed to remember you / After all, I only knew you a few months & I was still in pull ups / But I do / Don't get me wrong, it's vague / not even memories really / just images so blurred around the edges that they were probably made up

But I know you.

I know you had one of those old colonial houses that kind of look like log cabins / I know you had a pool in your backyard with a diving board but no slide / I know I would watch Thomas The Train in your living room, rolling around the cream carpet / I know there were other kids teens / My Mom says you adopted one / & I wonder if it's the girl who I painted the shed with / honestly I was two, so I was probably no help / & honestly it

might not have ever happened.

Yet there's a small stack of underdeveloped Polaroids on a dusty shelf in the back of my head / & one one of them shows a smiling brunette with a paintbrush in a small wooden shed / & I feel like I can picture the kitchen / but that Polaroid has been spilled on over the years & I don't think I could describe a single thing about it /

just a feeling.

In fact, all these Polaroids are just feelings / never clear or true / emotions & hunches bunched up into small paper balls that when flattened out are creased & blurry & thin & barely there images / memories / but I'm told that you existed & that validates them a little / yet my mom never knew what went down in those four walls / so maybe these pictures did happen / &

maybe you did exist.

& maybe this vague human face that I'm sure you don't actually look like did too / & maybe everyPolaroid/ every memory was fabricated by my very own photographer to fill in the void that isthisfeeling / is this knowing I can't quite place / & maybe I'll never get even a short video clip

to play / & maybe I'll never fully remember even a small moment to cling to / but I have this feeling / that I knew you / & I think

that's enough for me.

My mother told me you have dementia / & I wonder if I sent you this poem / or even if I stood before you / if you would even remember the two tiny toddlers you fostered for just months / cause I'm told there were many more besides the little brunettes named after Greek gods / & while a few months out of 15 years may seem significant out of 60 it's really nothing / but I have a feeling / just like all my Polaroids might be made up / that you know me

like I know you.