

Laurie Calhoun

## THE APOTHEOSIS OF A TRIVIAL MEMORY

I may have been in love once,  
with a guy who kept cartons of eggs  
in his room in the foyer and spent  
a lot of time talking to me,  
but never tried anything  
because he was one of those  
people who separates the mental  
and the physical into distinct  
realms like every other  
interesting man I've ever met.  
One day I must have been perturbed.  
Shall I attribute it to hormones?  
No, I was just a bitch, tout court.  
On that day I described by the expression  
"L'autre schizophrène du foyer,"  
someone whom we both knew.  
Why did I do it? It was cruel  
because it contained a drop  
of hydrochloric acid truth,  
but once I had said it,  
there was no way to retract it.  
Once I had said it,  
there was no turning back,  
though to think that he  
has not forgotten it by now  
would be to flatter myself,  
again, needlessly.