memory as surrealist autofiction

Como, MS

by: Jonathan May

everything is a cat, according to the children at breakfast (but actually according to their parents, who talk for them at the moment [except the one who speaks for herself with the language given her by the society in which she walks])—we talk about, as children, kissing our parents and if we did and when it ended if we did—I remember the last time I kissed my father on the lips—I was nine and, afterward, he told me that I was too old to do that anymore, so I never did it again—thunderstorms foretell when the horses eat or else they smell it as they smell death waxing within the wind, waning as the house livens with children and all of this talk about the future—waffles dominate the air inside, the sweet bread smell of children's heads and their future memories of kissing their parents and their parents kissing them, and the even further future memory of when all of it ended

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