

Recall

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There were two filing cabinets. They were the legs to a table in the living room, though I could hardly call it a living room—even when it was long before I could articulate and relate what it meant to occupy a room for the living. My father bent this room to his own will, not to the wishes of company.

He ran his company out of this room. I would learn later that this was the reason for all the purring machines. So many lights, each its own little lantern in the dark, flickering on... and off... each with a pattern, each with some unknown purpose. My dog would sleep, nestled deep between these two steel cabinets. I know that my most distant and consistent memory was the result of my apparent habit of sneaking out of my gated bed and seeking out my dog's head to pet. He would let me scratch his neck while I leaned against one of these cabinets while I watched the seemingly infinite gleaming lights shining from the server racks and hardware in the dark.

Each with a pattern, each with a purpose. If my life were to flash before my eyes, the first memory I would see would be sitting with my back set against that cabinet, running my fingers through fur, processing those lights in the dark. Each a vivid flickering star in my very own night sky, each with a color, each with a purpose, each with pattern that I can only vaguely recall.