

1-1-2023

## My Memories of You

Jacklyn Wyszynski

Follow this and additional works at: <https://mosaic.messiah.edu/peregrinereview>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Permanent URL:

---

### Recommended Citation

Wyszynski, Jacklyn (2023) "My Memories of You," *The Peregrine Review*: Vol. 36, Article 76.

Available at: <https://mosaic.messiah.edu/peregrinereview/vol36/iss1/76>

### Sharpening Intellect | Deepening Christian Faith | Inspiring Action

Messiah University is a Christian university of the liberal and applied arts and sciences. Our mission is to educate men and women toward maturity of intellect, character and Christian faith in preparation for lives of service, leadership and reconciliation in church and society. This content is freely provided to promote scholarship for personal study and not-for-profit educational use.

# MY MEMORIES OF YOU

Jacklyn Wyszynski

I encountered you during a period of solitude. Immersed in the monotony of routine, I had just a few minutes to myself. I sat, as I was used to; I was exposed as usual, too. I looked down to greet the tile flooring and then straightened my gaze ahead. And then I saw you. It wasn't hard. You were anything but quiet.

I noticed your lipstick first. Who wouldn't? It was pink. Disgustingly pink. It looked neon. But it made you. It didn't match the environment: it was lavish and new against the humdrum backdrop. It was the change of pace that I longed for that day.

I couldn't take my eyes off of you. You were bright, shining beneath the fluorescent bulbs. In a sea of gray phenolic laminate, you spoke to me. Unafraid to dare, unafraid to be yourself. I was shocked by your charisma and your boldness. I was in awe.

You embodied teen spirit. Your carefree energy, your passion for something greater, the way you seemed unaffected by the world: you almost led me to believe that you were mature beyond my years. But your spontaneity was your dead giveaway; it exposed your youth and informed me that we were much closer in age than I had previously assumed. It reassured me.

Of all people, of all the stalls, how did we meet like this? I suppose it was fate that drew us together. Me: isolated, merely attending to personal matters that I will not elaborate upon. You were my antithesis. Perhaps an identity I could have assumed in some strange, foreign dimension. Your appearance fits you perfectly. Your curves matched your bubbly personality, and your contrast against the surroundings matched your extroversion. I don't think I will ever meet another person who is as themselves as you were you.

But as the minutes trickled by I knew our shared moment was fleeting. I would return to my place in the tedium, and you would stay here. It was crushing. You deserved an audience. You were a spectacle that I was blessed to behold. You needed a platform, attention, and popularity. But I couldn't give you those things. I couldn't give you anything.

And as I freed myself from the cubicle, I realized this was the end. I knew that as the days passed some custodian would wash you away, but I decided I would always leave a special place for you in my mind.

As I stepped out of my privacy I met my reflection and unsurprisingly, I saw you in it. You were my high school experience; you were my unadulterated fun. You were my beauty, my shitty drugstore mascara,

and my uneven eyeliner on the days that I decided to experiment. But now you were fleeting. Now we were fleeting.

I'd like to think that your courage gave me the strength to leave you. That was the pen-ultimate gift you gave me. I looked at my reflection and then turned to look back at you. I had to move on. I tried to wash away my sorrows. They could not be dried. The paper towel dispenser was empty. I swept my hands against my pants and turned. I left.

Perhaps there were others before me, but I'd like to think that I am the only one who remembers you this vividly. Exes and lovers probably noticed you, and laughed at you. But I was the only one who appreciated your contributions to this shithole. I knew you for your ingenuity, your resourcefulness, and your genius. I knew you for your simplicity, your absurdity, and your comedic timing. But most importantly, I knew you for the last gift you gave me, for the words that you would embody eternally, you damn beautiful bathroom graffiti: "Poop with friends"



## A BIT OF LUCK

Alyssa Mazak