

The Remedy of a Romantic Comedy/The Unsent Letter to Jane Doe

Memory is a fragile thing, for something we hysterically cling onto; like threads of hair or folds in skin. In truth, it's all we have really, all we are and have been led up to being stuck—in a plastic or polyester polka dot sundress, doomed to never breathe in the light. Jane, you are different, but not lost. In the sense of blue shine and that 2000's tv grain that keeps you company in all lonely hours. To still believe in magic and hold the weight of love within a flimsy rose colored screen. I cannot in truth, answer who you were. But "*Who am I?*"

I remember when I walked in on you. "Do you need me to turn it off?" In a tangled whisper.

Not yet.
I need to see if she'll be thirteen again.

Your hair shines like the synthetic Razzle Red,
And you know every move to Thriller.

"Another one?" partly intrigued and half full of pity.

It just turned on.
I want to remember what love feels like.

You sing Bennie and the Jets in your sleep.
I start to believe the monitor hums along.

"I used to watch this with my sister," vulnerability coated in satire.

It's my favorite one.
Why did he end up getting married?

You cried in my arms that night.
And now you know heartbreak.

Continuity collects frayed loose ends that tangle in your past. Of all things to be, to be lost, is just to wander freely. For now Jane, you are the girl whose soul is tied to romantic comedies.

And that is all a soul needs to be.