

Matt Gillick (2015)

First Memory

Silent thoughts perforate the mind like a toddler poking holes through aluminum foil. Each new opening sends a memory or fun fact into nothing. We all have that first gap to leap, that first river to cross. As the little fragments fall to the ground, a new founder comes in and tries to make some use of them. This is your memory. This is what you'll use. Its roughening palms calmly take the sheet away from the little thing, he will not notice at first. With those hands like shriveled up boxing gloves no longer holding the sheet, he cries. Only when the silvery flakes are a collage of sheen will the toddler know what they are but, not what they were. One last silver descends to the white kitchen floor as the little tries to make sense of it.