

Misremembering:

A Personal Retelling

**I was in the bath, out** in the wind. A teacup anchored in bathwater. In an effort to escape, I had run a bath. Shortly after, you opened the door to the bathroom as if you were trying to move molasses. I couldn't look at the burn in your cheeks or wonder how your clunky knees must be feeling on the tiled floor. Leaning on the side of the tub, you looked like an aged man who had lips and a nose, but no face. You had bubbled and melted into a stoned shadow condemned to the floor. I remembered the last time silence had stitched our mouths shut; it was a mistake. A match that would spark up pitiful coals beneath a dying fire.

I probably talked first. After hiding your filthy fucking phone underneath my mucky red towel. Every time I breathed out, your head seemed to slump. It made a moan every time it hit the rim of the bath. There were no words to make me misremember anymore. Not this time.

*Slumping burns clunkily into towels.*

*Molasses on cheek rims.*

*Aged anchors faced no opening*

*Molasses on tiles.*

*Pitiful filth*

*Wind draining muck.*

*Molasses on*

*coals.*

*Shadow drains.*

*What one remembers is love's true form.*

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out the truth when she watched a baby being born.

She was able to sit through the entire thing behind a thin wall of glass, standing. She looked hard and understood something trapped in the mother's faint hair. How the mother's body looked like it had been carved into an adornment for Hell. How her obedient legs remained triangular. Wobbly prisms as shaky as bridges, whose veins blurred in and out of her skin. All while steaming eyes are there, looking right where she can't. All looking at a man who puts his fingers underneath a molded peach and drags it out.

What does it feel like to get to the other side of the tightrope, only to get blown off a cliff? Perhaps not even intentionally, but just by the wind's design. Watching the baby being born certainly made Esther wonder, enough to not want to marry Billy the doctor. He was the one who had reassured her that, in a week's time, the mother wouldn't remember a thing; "Soon she'll be back at home with her fellow ladies, reminiscing about the entire affair as if it had been a mere appointment at the hairdresser's." Of course, Esther was too smart to believe him. I think not being

All the other girls would glar

real life, they aren't. Kahlo's bathing feet are pressed firmly against the edge of the tub. Yet the water's ineludible reflection points Kahlo's red toes back towards the madness.

In the alluring porcelain crib, Kahlo's horrific memories seem to have just slipped out of her mind and plopped into her tub like bath toys. She couldn't misremember anymore; she loved herself too much for anything like that. Despite all this, you can't help but notice how warm the water looks instead.

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**I always thought you'd end**

and a timid eye, you opened our rickety door as slowly as you could. I think you were too focused on making sure the air was symmetrical to actually breathe it in. Inside were all the candles we owned, glowing faintly like wildflowers at dusk. Our bathmat was a welcome home doormat taped to the floor (that's not true, but I like to misremember it was). It ushered me towards a toasty pool



She didn't think it was fair, you know you're breaking the rules when you misremember your mother's morals.

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**Bathing is said to** be an experience. A transitional period where time stands still and daydreams abound. According to a scholar whose name I don't remember (don't worry it's in my sources), this is because "*the lack of gravity in warm water helps bathers experience a dissolution of physical boundaries.*" It is the place to reflect in an Esther-like stream of consciousness manner. There's a story about some Greek scientist or philosopher who had to figure out a useless piece of information requested by the king about his gold crown. I think it was how much liquid gold the crown would have if it was melted, or... something like that. When the Roman scientist got in his milk bath and pondered the dilemma, he figured it out and in the process uncovered a universal law of physics. He was so elated by his discovery that he roamed around his village nude shouting "Eureka! Eureka!" to the entertainment of millions (do forgive my scattered recollections here and elsewhere, embellishments are to memory what color is to art).

Prolonged nakedness has always been an entertaining spectacle. One of the most famous scenes in cinema is Norma Leigh screaming in horror as a knife repeatedly stabs her in the stomach. Likewise, the incomparable image of Elizabeth Taylor's Cleopatra calculating her political plots in a flowery bath will be with us for centuries. Men are obsessed with positioning women in nakedness, big surprise there. Perhaps the best example of this is the dreamy Jeanine trying not to fall asleep in her bathtub. She gets so comfortable and secure in the water that her head slips back as a child would on a slide. Yet, cruelly, in that moment of guarded surrender she is most at peril, as it is then that Freddie Krugar lifts his knife hand between her vulnerable legs like a dorsal fin. In our patriarchal landscape, it is oddly empowering to consider men like Freddie Krugar feel most

unthreatened when a woman is without even her clothes. In their eyes, she is such a menace that she must be naked, entirely vulnerable, to be considered nonfatal. To be considered most available to harm. Perhaps naked women are plastered around for both men and women to remember this; for their own respective safety.

I feel like intelligence is the ability to first love, and then remember your learnings. “What the Water Gave me” is the first Frida Kahlo painting I learned about and couldn’t forget. You can never forget the things you truly love. It was my first discovery of young boys going too far, which is something we have all claimed or tried to misremember. The painting shares *Nightmare on Elm Street*’s suggestion that the bath is a place haunted by sexual violence. At first, I thought it was just a pretty painting. A girl’s dream made up during story time. Only later did I realize it was an emotional car crash. The kind you can’t look away from. Where there is no more time and no more physics. The painting puts on a platter the wanderi052>2005200550the warri%Hri0520t2h4B005200580080055



were saying goodbye. I think the green bathwater kept me from getting too cold. (*Huff*)  
*Yousayingyourapologies. Urgentlyaskingmenottoswimaway. (Puff)* Me saying my Nos.

I remember a feminist poet I love named Adrienne Rich had talked about what this feels like; grappling with the acknowledgement of “the wreck”. What if you had done that thing, that mistake, where you had morphed. Had imagined yourself out of thin air. What if, after all these years of misremembering the remarks of friends, they were right. What will happen when you forget how many windows are in the building in front of yours? What will happen when my eyes evoke your beaming face? What will happen when I misremember it’s possible to tell someone I’m scared? Recollections of Rich saying “I must dive in alone” stand firmly on my bathroom walls like a lighthouse. For once, my memory cradles my scarlet head. Arms that are my own crossed an x around my chest. I didn’t want you to see me anymore. Your faceless actions have made me guilty by association. I’ve become the mother of a bull shark. All that matters now is the stillness of the water. Not a ripple, not a current, could move an ocean that still.

You said a stone in a lake never falls out. I said the ones that stay clean get picked up off the beach.

Then he closed the door,

and I blanketed my solitude by misremembering Sylvia’s story.

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**Esther thinks there** is nothing better than a good bath. Whenever the world has too many eyes or a date went bad, she says "I'm going to go take a bath."

There isn't a bathroom ceiling Esther hasn't memorized. She remembers the baths too, and what sorts of feet they had. Recollection requires love. According to Esther, the key to a good bath is to make it as hot as possible, to the point where steam gets into your hair. Then you put your body in the bath inch by inch, until the only thing not red is your head.

I think I love my bath too.

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