

# the HARLEQUIN

*Sam Thomas*

## **Gottleib, in the Flesh!**

I tried to remember. There was a crowd of them.  
I told them I couldn't remember, to fuck off.  
Still she followed me.  
Said she was my friend, was, had been.  
*I can't remember*, I said. Another said she'd been  
my sister. An old one, grey-haired; my mother.  
*I've forgotten everything, you understand?*  
*Everything! Amnesia! I can't help it!* I lied.

She followed me down the sidewalk to my  
box where I did my poses. Forget it! I said.  
I was trying to get them to do something  
bad, something they'd remember. Not a chance.  
I ran down the street, and the lights dimmed  
and the pavement turned to paper.

Thank you for reading! Find more at [www.theharlequin.org](http://www.theharlequin.org)

