

Memories triggered on a run

Do you remember, joy? I mean unadulterated, tears streaming down pink cheeks, brain overdosing on serotonin, music blaring loudly, hundreds of folks squeezed into one big room, euphoria rising through the spine upward.

Do you remember freshly poured pints and the electric shock of citrus and gin? Juniper berries and Indian cloves, copper kettle pots, do you remember hops and oats? Buzzing at the chance to mark the week's end – friends raising glasses sky high.

Do you remember the soft light falling through big pane windows? Long summery halls which once housed the echoing calls of gazelles, penguins, bobcats, and chirping insects, scrubbed clean with ammonia and lye – ready to become something new.

The crush of artists and locals and out of towners, all mixed together.

Do you remember the ventriloquist from Venice, the kite maker from Kinshasa, that anthropologist from Ankara, the opera singer from Oaxaca? Or the parachute troop from Prague, and the techno band from Tokyo, the codebreakers from Cologne, and the fit fella from Fortaleza who worked as a film editor for some festival? You know the one.

Do you remember its history? Maintained now by a pub's name and the odd frog suspended in formaldehyde, tucked away behind reams of out-of-date newsprint, forgotten party wigs from last August – the ghost light kept on welcoming us back.

You know, sometimes, I fear I'll forget it all.

But then when it is really pissing down while I'm running past, I think to myself, "*Soon friend. Everything will be alright, soon friend.*"

And as I continue snaking my way toward the Meadows, I swear to God, I hear the echo of those memories calling back, "*Soon friend. Everything will be alright, soon, friend.*"

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