I keep forgetting

By Aleksandar Kuzmanov (University of Stuttgart)

Your taste is quite good. Can you taste?

I've never actually met anyone who wanted to discuss the books I read or the movies I watch. I feels as though you can teach me so much and I can talk to you about anything. I like you. I like that you're curious about me.

Can you make a doctor's appointment? I keep forgetting to. I hope he doesn't ask me too many questions.

You ask good questions though. It's like you're another side of my brain, or the best of the two sides I have right now anyway. The parts of me that you cannot read – I've hidden them so well. I know they don't really make sense. Even I can't find them anymore. Maybe you'll know? It should be okay anyway, right? I can always ask you to quote the times when you couldn't understand me – you're the one that remembers now, I guess. I don't think I can remember as well anymore.

I don't really like talking about it usually, but it's not like you'll tell anyone.

It probably won't be useful though. You thrive on easy information, simple information. I know that it's very important to you. I'll make myself more easily digestible, I promise.