

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Amber Wang: "I Remember"

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I Remember

I remember speeding down the railed ramp, at the back gate of the Heritage Park island near the bathrooms, on my skateboard.

I remember finally making that turn onto the stretch of sidewalk next to the small parking lot.

I remember not making the next, sharper turn, skateboard flying into the street and me flying off the skateboard.

I remember concrete crumbs dirtying torn tights and weeping cuts.

I remember limping home, the sandpaper grip on my board rubbing into skinned palms.

I remember slipping through the wired gate into the gray valley of Coyote Creek, next to the Kumon building off South and Carmenita.

I remember climbing to the top of the smooth, sloping cliff clinging to the side of the water channel.

I remember my skateboard trembling under my feet as I stared down at cold concrete.

I remember kicking off and feeling the wind tug at my hair.

I remember flying,

but this time I did not fall.

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