**I imagine/I remember**

I remember the crisp, salty smell of the ocean.

I imagine the sounds of the waves crashing against the shore.

I remember the cool mist in the morning before school.

I imagine the view from my balcony when the fog rolls over the hills.

I remember the cold comfort of the ocean on a hot, summer day.

I imagine the warmth of the sun while tanning.

I remember going to my first college football game with my grandma. She got my face painted in OU colors.

I imagine being on the field after having just scored a touchdown.

I remember the pungent smell of indian spices from my mom’s home cooking.

I imagine rolling out the dough for my mom before dinner.

I remember skating around my old apartment complex with my friends. We would get into trouble for making too much noise.

I imagine finally landing a kickflip on the six stair down street from my house.

I remember playing video games with my dad and never being able to beat him.

I imagine still living in that small house in Minnesota.

I remember watching sunday morning cartoons and the buttery smell of chocolate chip pancakes.

I imagine the fire alarm going off from burning the bacon.

I remember the feeling of vertigo sitting in the nosebleed section of my first NBA game.

I imagine being able to reach out and touch the players from my courtside seats.

I remember my first best friend, Gavin.

I imagine going to his house to play videogames.

I remember the teenage angst of my first party.

I imagine throwing a party and not getting caught by my parents.

I remember drinking for the first time and acting overly drunk.

I imagine crawling up the steps of my house after a night out.

I remember viola lessons every wednesday.

I imagine practicing for my audition at Julliard.

I remember the smell of old books at my grandparent’s house.

I imagine reading one of those books by the fireplace in their living room.

I remember my grandparent’s chihuahua Fritz. He didn’t like anybody.

I imagine being able to pet him without getting bit.

I remember my first girlfriend.

I imagine sneaking her into my house late at night after my parents went to sleep.

I remember the spiral staircase in my old apartment.

I imagine my mom yelling at me as I slide down the railings.

I remember my favorite tv show Rocket Power.

I imagine laying on my old couch watching tv with my sister.

I remember the first time I drove without my parents. I picked up my friend Josh and we got smoothies.

I imagine racing down the canyons near my house.

I remember the smell of chlorine from the jacuzzi down the street.

I imagine drinking beers in that jacuzzi and laughing with my friends.

I remember shoveling snow with my dad in front of our house in Minnesota.

I imagine sledding down the hill in our backyard.

I remember when I first brought home my dog Rocky.

I imagine playing fetch with him at the park.

I remember the excitement of my first concert. It was Mac Miller.

I imagine being in the front row next to my old friends.

I remember playing cards with my family on vacation.

I imagine not letting my parents win a hand all night.

I remember my first date.

I imagine seeing that girl again in a New York coffee shop.

I remember the anxiety before getting my first tattoo.

I imagine the look on my mom’s face when I told her.

I remember my first time standing up on a surfboard.

I imagine laying back on my board with my feet dangling in the cool water.

I remember playing volleyball on the beach all day.

I imagine the cooling relief of aloe after being sunburned.

I remember my coach yelling at me for showing up late to practice.

I imagine scoring the game winning shot at the buzzer.

I remember listening to music in the car late at night with friends.

I imagine the laughter barely piercing the loud music.

I remember the pain in my stomach from my first breakup.  
I imagine the blood on my hands from punching a hole in the wall.

I remember the smell of leather from my car.

I imagine reclining in the seat and just sitting there, eyes closed, enjoying the warmth.