Epigraph to an Unwritten Autobiography, Extended Version

Amani Morrison
I want to go back to the time when pagers were cool. When we could only answer calls to the second line because people on the first line were bound to know we were home alone when we may have been too young to be. When you would tell us to page you if we needed you, and you’d call us back on the second line that we could answer. Those times when we would wait until you got home to tell you that someone had called on the first line and we didn’t answer it just like you told us not to. Those days when cell phones were a luxury and you were here. When we didn’t have to pretend to be a family for the holidays. When we actually were one.