

ALZHEIMER'S

His eyes mirror nothing.
Not her smile. Her fingers
unbuttoning blue silk. She handles
his head like an egg,

eases it onto her breasts.
Between her legs, a clenching,
muted as his speech
when, with Stick-ons

and syllables he can grasp,
he traverses the kitchen,
tabbing new boundaries: "Stove."
"Towel." "Glass."

She whispers his name
though the walls
won't echo it; as he pushes
against her breasts,

she smooths his thinning hair.
"Not now," she says. "Poor baby, not now."
He reaches. Touches both nipples
like tiny dark balloons.