

To The Patient in Room One Fourteen  
Wendy Raymaley

When I look at you I see a stranger  
with white hair  
and frightened eyes.  
I haven't been told what's wrong with you  
or even what your name is.  
But those are lovely flowers.  
And would you like me to read those letters to you?

"Mrs. Eley has Alzheimer's Disease,"  
I am told by the nurses.  
"Such a sad thing to have."

If I could make you well, Mrs. Eley, I would.  
But all you called for was someone to help you.  
Here I am.

Second Place Winner,  
OSU at Marion High School Poetry Contest