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Dement ... de ...

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Dement...de...

by Greg Moglia

My son is here...stares at me
Troubled he is...of course he is
I'm 96, wheelchair-bound and my words
Mumbled...jammed...squeezed to my lips

His eyes tell me he knows I'm near death,
But he will not say it
Well, I am but I'm trapped inside
If only my eyes could speak

Ah, my nurse and he whispers to her
I hear only part of her answer
De...de...meant...dement...she says
I can't make it out

It's time for my supper
My son wheels me to my spot
Opens my crackers, hands me my soup spoon
Kisses me on the forehead—goodbye

I wish he didn't leave
On his way out, he stops at the photo memories wall
I'm up there, strong in a fighter's stance
My sparkling Ellie smiles back at me

My son checks—no one around
Slips the photo into his pocket