

## The Tale Alzheimer's Told of My Grandmother's Love

Helen Fox Reid

Senior Poetry

He brings to her  
the wild woods  
of her childhood  
over and over,  
transformed into something more mysterious than a fairy tale.  
A love rebuilt  
again and again:  
“once upon a time...”  
A confetti of pine needles.

There's cawing in the canopy  
when she counts:  
Nine, for a kiss.

He brings the outside in.  
Bits of bark she can't identify.  
Snowfall on the laundry floor  
as she shakes out his sweater.  
The sweat of him,  
animal and delicious,  
murky and inviting.  
Anticipating moonrise  
when he will come to bed,  
and she will still smell on him  
the saps of trees.  
Soil in the creases of knuckles.

Clean dirt:  
Half-earth, half-him.

She tells a granddaughter  
she doesn't recognize  
over and over  
about the love of her good, good man.  
A love rebuilt  
again and again of  
“One day we will...”  
A shower of prisms.