

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

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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.