

poetry on the 'fridge door

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#1, v.1

my mother is madly licking
at the languid red peach,
screaming at life and
the rust crush of death.
an angry winter knife cuts
toward the smooth white summer light.
a thousand gorgeous whispers
chant away at the black shadows.
she senses that it is nearly over.

alzheimer's

my mother licks languidly
at a dried red peach,
clinging to her life still,
and the rust crush of age.

she cannot taste the delicate
gray winter knife tearing
at the smooth white summer light.
she cannot feel the
black autumn shadow
chasing away a thousand
green spring wisps.

she cannot smell the
slippery blue summer dew
dripping onto the brown
prism-edged autumn sand.
she cannot see the silver
merry-go-round winter wind
chasing itself and roaring
in the purple evening spring sky.

she cannot hear the fiery,
yellow-orange autumn fumes
enveloping the emerald hews
of the spring ice chunks.

my mother cannot even sense
that her seasons are nearly over.
her senses say they are just beginning.