

Alzheimer's Draw

Beached and belly up, the boat is
Battered and brazen as an altar before a congregant ocean
A woman kneels by the vessel piling
Shells and clams and stones in coral cairns.
Is God in this place?
A sail, like an alb or a cloud
Pressed beneath the wooden spine becomes
Stiff and salty as a shard of memory
The woman stands, blankly staring
Knees made of sand, hair star fished
Conch at her ear, spiraling back
We once had communion, laughed as gulls stealing bread
Sharing a picnic of yesterdays
But in this phase, now is now is now and must be proven
Answers introduced anew anew
Once I invaded her as a pirate battling for treasure
Or a priest beseeching the lapsed
But now, I take her hand and together we wade the slack tide
Words neither moving in nor out
Joined in this moment's reverence, anew anew

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