**Different Dementian**

Jason Hackett

The neurologist said Mom

wouldn’t remember the end

in the end, wouldn’t remember

her friends, and she described

what it was like so close to

nothing. “It’s like I’m slipping,”

she said, “through a seam

into a dream with faces misplaced

and memories erased, like a

kaleidoscope, fractals draining

into emptiness with no visible

end, an hourglass with no sand,

a building in collapse, no friends,

voids filling my brain, heartfelt

pain, a high shelf in an empty

library upon which one book

remains, a photo album of a family,

hmm…a husband…a daughter

…a son, a life I can no longer

put a finger on.”