

Alzheimer's

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At night an ancient giant with smooth blue skin
pulls the stopper from the bottom of the world, his great
hands wrapping around the chain soldered to the only
thing keeping me afloat. In the mornings I wake, craving salt.
Outside, the smell of broken fruit rind, lemon mostly,
drifts through the open window when the birds flee, scattershot.
This is how it begins, how it grows: sometimes I know
I understand, and other times I know that I don't. Beyond
that? When the sun hits the horizon and melts like a bomb?
Inside that burning star a man sits beside a woodstove, stirring
the pot, spilling the pot. Thick rich ochre and candle wax,
the world wavering. That's when I curl into myself, trapped
inside a snail's torso of memory, some slick, slippery trap,
pale dream, tender blue orchid, folding, faltering. I am a voice
—this body I inhabit, a cave that echoes, and echoes, and echoes.
And the scent of citrus, soothing, acidic. Whose sky is this,
whose skin stretched across these palms? And the giant comes,
smooth blue behemoth of dreams, besotted by his task, its ward:
this tragic world of mind.