

SPACE INVADER

Camelbacked by grief and sadness
We sat; three Bobbleheads, brows hooped over hollow eyes.

Equality pulverized, two of us suddenly deputized,
No longer permitted to ignore the poison breadcrumb trail
Of her disease.

The undefined starting line
now, Official
marked This Day
by This Doctor.
Dementia, saddled up,
Ready to Ride.

She stays seated, unmoving,
But for her eyes, Blinking
SOS, SOS...

How should she take the News
Grabbed by this genetic coup,
Where nothing is the only option?
On the chin?
With a smile?
In a shot glass-neat?
With food?
Or, simply, run with it?

Time pushes her by the shoulder
Today, her silhouette.
Tomorrow or Wednesday, or April
An exoskeleton.

She swallowed a rainbow today; chasing Skittles with milk
Those boring beige pills, scattered flotsam on the kitchen counter.

Her sentences, derailed. Traincars hanging, swinging, creaking ominously
Between locomotive and caboose
Into the abyss.
Sometimes, the hiss of an empty phone line
We are on hold, as we work to cobble her meaning
Or, smiling, we wait.
She smiles back,
Sort of

Like lobsters helplessly clacking

our bound claws against scummed glass
Tap, tap, tapping
Goodbyes, neither heard nor seen.
No longer believe Nature abhors a vacuum.
We wonder who lied