

# The four seasons of a fading mind

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## Spring

Sunset dappled warm, pink and purple 'cross your smiling creased face  
As we talk of creaking joints and laugh about your old and funny ways  
Then you ask me "Where are you going?" eyes searching, quizzically  
And I say "I've told you three times Nana," in confused disbelief

A thousand colours bloom and blossom, in a flood kaleidoscopic  
When you rang me, lost while driving, though I knew you were myopic  
I knew you knew those streets better than the dorsum of your hand  
A seed of worry planted in the smooth suburban footpath of our lives and of our plans

## Summer

The sun bore down like blankets made of lead and iron and hessian  
The haze of heat it shimmered morphing what is real, to false impressions  
As you scrawl on paper things you never would forget  
And I wondered if this haze was hiding cracks in the road that may grow deeper yet

For creeping through those cracks, so slight, was a chaos of your mind  
Which was mirrored in your house things. It was impossible to find  
Your prized flowers amongst the weeds, but it was summer still  
So we left the weeds to grow and thrive, and tried to enjoy the pleasure past-times with which our days we'd fill

## Autumn

Like leaves, dusky and brittle, that snap with the winds of change  
Autumn bought you a storm of moods that flickered from elation then to rage  
And tears like rain inconsolable, inexplicable, you couldn't verbalize  
That hurricane that filled your head or the tears that filled your eyes

The cracks now chasms, left you standing on the cliffs of your frustration  
There was no way to bridge the gaps but to cling to ropes of confabulation  
You'd assure me that this morning you'd been from here to Timbucktoo  
And though I'd say "That's not possible," you'd decided in your mind, that in the absence of other memory, it simply must be true

## Winter

Winter bit, left us sleepless and froze right to our hearts  
As you screamed nightly of insects that crawl on walls and threaten in the dark  
No longer sure of where you were, as the gloom stretched backward over your years  
And took you back, to relive so childlike, all your childhood fears

## MORE ONLINE

### 🔊 Audio

Listen to Dr. Lennon read this poem.

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And came your fall and then the recognition, we couldn't manage you alone  
And though it tore the family from hip to shoulder, we found a nursing home  
There you faded, like winter trees, as indolence sapped your brain  
And for Mum you died, before your death came near, when on that cold morning  
you did not know her name

### Spring

The sunrise, crisp and golden touches your calm, creased face  
Like Gods' radiant, open arms calling, waiting for embrace  
And though memories of screams and rage have left our minds with scars  
We hold on to those old times, and the knowledge that your disease isn't who  
you are

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