The Lurching Man

The Lurching Man from my childhood came to me.
On this small smart screen covered with glass I saw
The iron eye of the tiger on his scan,
But not those of the Lurching Man from my village memories.
I was too young then...
Like his children, with whom I played
And ran away scared, seeing their Dad.
He calls my mother, “Sister… are you there?”
The voice slowly squeezed out of a spastic throat
A much forced out smile dripped as an afterthought.
My sister and I hid till he was gone
Eating the lunch my mother gave
The only food he had in many days.
I am afraid to ask his children now
What they thought about their father.
Maybe they don’t want to remember
The nightmare of their younger days.
The contorted face,
The writhing tongue swimming
In drool.
The Lurching Man…
I wanted to help them explore their genes.
But they don’t need any charity
Or dug up memories.

Come back Lurching Man.
Maybe, I can help your children.
I am not scared anymore.
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Neurology 2016;86:e34
DOI 10.1212/WNL.0000000000002311

This information is current as of January 25, 2016