76-year-old man: “Memory Problems”
An agreeable face warm with energy.
An endearing smile below a wrinkled forehead.
“My wife here wants my memory checked,” he shrugs.
“She says I’m forgetting things. I think she’s overreacting.”
Their fingers intertwine where they fit best.
The pattern on their socks match.
Looks at her with an adoring stare.
Back to me with a hint of fear.
With his other hand, the fingers pale.
Pressing into the fabric at his knee.

79-year-old man: “Follow-up Memory Problems”
A slow glance up and then back down to the floor.
Wife with red eyes holds his left hand.
Tightly between her two.
“It’s getting worse,” she says.
“I don’t think the medicine is working.”
He looks at her.
Squeezes her hand.
“I’m so sorry, my love,” he cries.

84-year-old man: “Weight Loss, Follow-up Memory Problems”
A distant gaze.
A kind and gentle, slow smile.
Red, sleep-deprived wife’s eyes. The pattern of fractured glass.
Voice trembling, she asks, “Is he still in there?”
She begins to cry.
Quiet. His socks bunched about his ankles.
“I love you so much,” she says desperately.
He gazes up at her. Eyes distant. Hands together. Gentle smile.
No response.
Adjusting to face him, tearfully she asks, “You know I love you, right?”

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