Alzheimer’s Villanelle

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With each passing day, I lose a yesterday,

And as yesterdays amass into yesteryears,

Stacks of color photographs fade to gray.
A father turned child, I hear my son’s voice play:

A call from a stranger, a wistful echo in my ears.

With each passing day, I lose a yesterday.

Who was that woman who visited today?

A white dress, a fervent kiss, and some cheers…

Stacks of color photographs fade to gray.

Marooned on the shore, I see floating in the bay

Bottles filled with messages: unreachable souvenirs.

With each passing day, I lose a yesterday.

There is ash in my brain. The wind blows it away,

And with it my old flame forever disappears;

Stacks of color photographs fade to gray.

You say I have lived a life of love and play,

So please look not upon me with tears.
With each passing day, I lose a yesterday.

Stacks of color photographs fade to gray.