

Poetry and dementia

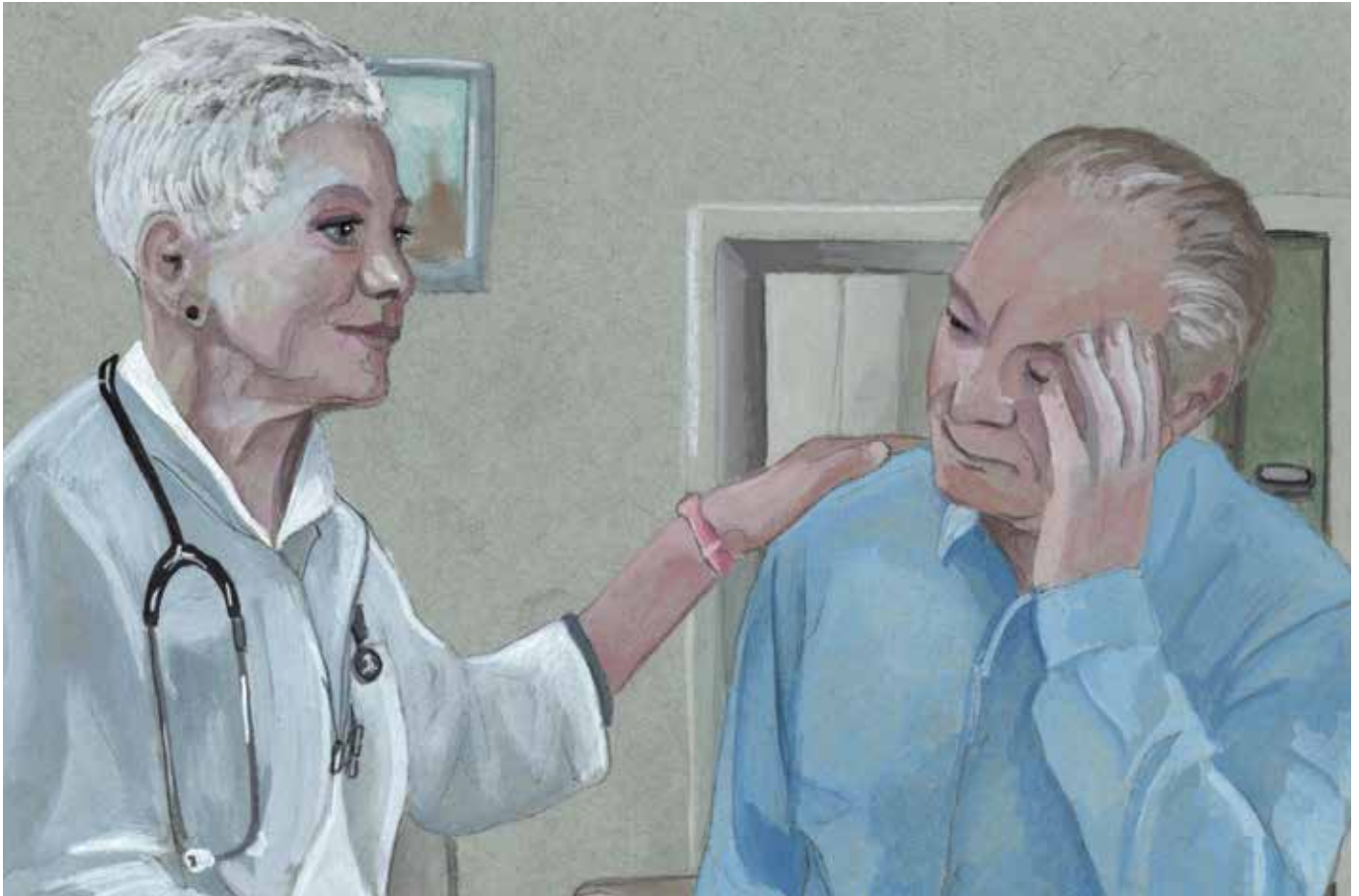


Illustration by Steve Derrick

They open up, I turn the pages
A story unfolds, throughout the ages
Tales of love, triumph and plight
Live forever when we write
Narrowly fetched from that closing book
Saved on paper for a later look.
A way to preserve the story inside
A story their brain is trying to hide.
So much lost by this condition
I long to help as a physician

For now I simply lend an ear
And sit with them through all the fear.
Memories are lost in beta plaque
But rhymes do well to bring them back.
Reading and writing stories and poems
Pulls them a little closer to home.
Poetry keeps them a minute more
A small victory in this brutal war.
Their soul shines through with each refrain
The mind is more than just the brain.

—Sara Heide