

Lee Triplett

Gifts for an Elderly Mother

*The music of the soul, and above all
of great and of feeling souls -- Voltaire*

Words enter her mind in a random assortment -
some, filling a thought, leave a dent.

Learning poems by heart in the schoolyard,
her young mind did not find it hard.

Now her memory is in fragments and like a hole
in a sweater that no longer fits her soul.

Dementia is not something that time heals
it's searching for words that time steals.

Who jumped over the moon?
What ran away with the spoon?

Her words issue like recollections in a sphere
that haphazardly play by ear.

Her muscles are tired as her mind dozes
while the day opens and closes.

All the while, her memory fades
and dims as if lowering shades.

When I visit her, I bring her presents;
a warm embrace, a tender word, a presence.

Lee Triplett, a gay woman, is a poet, voracious reader, seeker, bipolar depressive and pianist. A student of poetry, piano performance, and computer science, she immerses herself in poetry to which she is drawn. Her poetry has been published in *Amethyst Review*, *Mused: The BellaOnline Literary Review* and *The Magnolia Review*. She currently lives in Tega Cay, South Carolina.