

Senility: A Rhupunt

The light sallow
On the yellow
Walls, a white shawl
Round her body.

Her daughter pries
In the prison
For vestiges
Of memory.

Thin fists held taut.
Stray lucid thought.
Gentle spirit.
She muddles time.

Such painful loss.
Separate selves.
She wears the mask
To rest her mind.

JANICE BLUE-ZWARTS