WHEN MEMORY FAILS

by Robert Fitt

Words—like insects
Flitting blossom to blossom
Extracting nectar from fragrant
Blooms—pollinate the pistils of
My mind. Words supply my fruit, my wisdom, and
my daily bread; They relieve my loneliness—They
light my soul with joy.

But now, some stealthy
Thief is pilfering precious words from
One I love, leaving only broken
Thoughts and sentence-fragments hanging all Askew
like scattered blossoms—vacuous pistils—that leave
me dangling.

Our love is not less—sweet feelings still Abound—
but sharing thoughts that matter has Become a
harder task than
Plowing fields, or communicating with
An infant.

I would God that
Memory was back; and that life, unsullied by
Affliction could go on; but
The life of Jesus was affliction-conquered; and
Isn’t a life like Christ what we
Strive for, after all?

God grant that
We may keep our hearts right, even
When all our words go wrong. For we know that
Through God’s love, everything wrong in life
Will be made right again—
In the end.