

## 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.