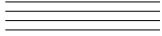


T H E W O R D S O F H I S
D E M E N T I A



C H A S E T W I C H E L L

I found a letter Dad wrote
to Mom in his dementia,
decades after their divorce,
lines of tiny words slanting suddenly
up as they neared the edge of the paper
hitting the brakes just a little too late.

I'll try a letter longhand to see how far I can get.

*I simply can't make the typewriter
do what I want one to do.*

*To hell with all machines.
Let's go it the old-fashioned way.*