THE WORDS OF HIS DEMENTIA

CHASE TWICHELL

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._