

Dementia: A Dialogue

By: Adam Walz

I questioned whether  
The doors

Were big enough.

There was a purple glove  
On the floor next to the trash

A cup of apple nectar  
Mingling with neighboring straws

A Surrealist's dream on dry erase boards

Full of times and temperatures and rotations  
And stick-figured ladies drawn in passing

"Are you warm enough?"

Yes.

Maybe, the smell of the hallway,  
Like a backed-up sump pump

Kept them  
From coming back, or maybe it was just visiting hours

A woman kept screaming across the hall.