

Alzheimer's Unit

Julie McElroy-Brown

I am not who I remember, am I me at all?
I should go home, which way to the bus?
Memory has shifted, twisting pieces of recall.

I will wrap my little baby tightly in this shawl.
Mama I am sorry, I tore my new pink dress.
I am not who I remember, am I me at all?

My children need me, you must let me call!
Tight lipped outburst and flailing distress.
Memory has shifted, twisting pieces of recall.

Rocking and crying, repeating down the hall,
Please help me, I'm a mess. Please help me, I'm a mess.
I am not who I remember, am I me at all?

I have a young daughter, she is about this tall.
Her name is Jenny, but I call her princess.
Memory has shifted, twisting pieces of recall.

Mom, it's me it's Jenny, they said you had a fall.
What? No. Well, then you better tell my Papa, I guess.
I am not who I remember, am I me at all?
Memory has shifted, twisting pieces of recall.