

The Memory

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

The old lady is losing her memory. She forgets people's names yet so familiar to her. A little sheepish, she takes her basket and walks to the village. Just like when her legs were young, suntanned, shapely and attractive. Along the footpath, by the shop windows, over the bridge, to the station, to the small fair, she looks for her memory. When she'll find it, she mumbles to herself, she'll place it at the bottom of her basket, lay her hand on top of it to keep it really warm, to comfort it. She will then untie her yellow silk scarf, still so wistfully filled with a certain echo, and softly beg her memory to never again go away on its own. To never abandon her, even if the bunch of flowers in her arms has long since faded.

