

I Don't Know How the Nights Can Be So Long When Life Is So Short

by Jerry Ratch

The seated woman dressed in blue with the stark white hair, starts saying, *"She's a wicked witch. This one, she's a wicked witch, a wicked witch. She insulted me."*

The tall, standing woman with bright red lipstick, elegant at one time, you could tell, responding, *"She has dementia,"* pointing at her brain. *"She was a Holocaust survivor."*

And the one they're talking about turns as she's pushing her walker, saying, *"I never died."*

The tall elegant woman turns to the man who's standing at the table, wiping his hands with a white monogrammed napkin. *"So, where were you in Hungary when Hitler came?"* she asks.

"I wasn't born yet," the man responds.

"Oh. You missed all the fun!" says the seated woman. She points at the woman with the walker. *"Show him your number."*

The one with dementia holds out her arm, where dull bluish numbers are tattooed. No ring. No bracelets, silver or gold.

"But I never died," she says.

