**The Day Before You Forget It All Completely**

I play you a symphony of memories,

a mosaic of the past to swim in, one last time.

I play you audio from old friends and family --

show you old Hi-8 recordings on the big screen,

Christmases, birthdays but not your marriage.

I furnish the past beneath your feet, red carpets

elegant and sublime, for you to embrace and charm,

to have and to hold, from this day forth.

Till tomorrow, anyway. Perhaps. If you’re lucky.

I bring you necklaces, bracelets and ornaments,

all the times you spent searching the country

for the finest wind chimes, jewellery and furniture.

I read you the poems that used to make you happy,

a poem published at a train station, a love letter

to life, liberty and you, always you, waiting.

I cut fruit for you, the way you like, present a bowl

filled with cheese and chocolate, you loved your treats.

Tea and sympathy, passing on through, passing on.

You know who I am, for the very last time.

You talk about me as a child, so painfully quiet,

how I’d stand behind you when the relatives came.

You still run and play in the craters during the war,

still hide in burned out homes, play hide and seek,

make the best of things, growing up so happy.

You remember dances and dating, such a catch,

fun and fabulous car rides and music,

living your best life, laughter and love, embraced.

All this history, all of it, fading, fading, so fast.

We try to touch it, hold it tight, but like running water

it rushes past so quickly now, erased, erased.

I can see it all, rubbed out, face blanked, confused,

left with silences, bewilderment, aware that something

is missing, somewhere, something vital, important, blessed.

Silence slips in. You always hated silences, but now, now,

there’s no choices but to acquiesce. No words from parched lips

passing of time, years, too soon expunged, it seems so cruel.

I read poetry till you sleep, sighing innocence, sunsets and the sublime.