A Wing
(Alzheimer's Wing)

She lives on A wing.
Elevators that never open for her
Bring him here through backdoors
Every afternoon.

He knows where to look.
Windows that won't open for her
Line the walls where she rests
Every day after lunch.

She is hunched.
Bones that hold less than before
Curve into the chair beneath her
And every day he comes.

He reaches for her hand.
Muscles that don't work so well
Relax inside his familiar hold.

It's been 67 years
She smiles and he smiles back.
Every afternoon, clockwork.
Alzheimer's Disease stole many
Things from her
But couldn't take him from her side.
She lives on A wing now
And every afternoon they fall in love.

Ryan Santuosso