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*We thought it would
be a quiet*

*dis-remembering,
details slipping*

*away like a room
full of light*

*that goes to dusk,
to night, so slowly*

*she didn't
notice her pages*

*were darkening.
Then she broke*

*the lamp against
the neighbor's door*

*and tore pictures
from the walls,*

*looking for
the way out.*

KATIE PHILLIPS