

The Goddess of Memory is Diagnosed with Alzheimer's

Forgetting was once deemed a gift.

Given to those who had proven themselves capable of moving on to their next life

They were gifted, after many lessons, to forget their past mistakes.

Forgetting now seems nothing but a curse.

When I look at my nine children,

When I wake up next to a face I do not recognize,

When I look at objects I was told to name, and have yet to remember what I called them,

How I wish forgetting was still something to be envied.

If it is true that your name dies with your memories

It is no wonder my legacy has been forgotten.

In this slow decline, I wonder what will become of my name?

Will my children carve statues of the mother they remember, more elegant than I ever was?

Will loyal followers find a cure for this disease?

Will elders stand at my headstone with wreaths and roses, telling their grandchildren "She fought for her mind, but it was a losing battle"

Will people say "Remember, Mnemosyne? Do not make her mistake"

Will my legacy be left as a do not example for no other reason than a virus taking hold?

Make no mistake, I do not ask for pity

I ask only for you to cherish what you have.

And to remember what you will soon forget.

Remember the color of her eyes, his hair, the smell of his cologne mixed with your perfume into the scent of desire.

Remember late night family picnics and Saturday night dinners.

Remember the feeling of sand between your toes and morning dew on grass, your first kiss.

It is these that you will miss.

Maybe in my absence, a remedy can be found. Maybe not.

If you learn nothing else from my disappearance, learn that it is the small things that matter.

The door held open for a second longer, the 'Please', the 'You're welcome', the 'I love you too.'

The passing of a memory, the passing of legacy.

It is no longer in my hands,

This memory, I leave to you.