

## POEM

# On Amyloid Protein

I watch your eyes tracing my face.  
Furrowed brows suggest blurred image.  
Slow, slow, not in haste—  
Mine is a forgotten visage,  
Erased like tales of the village,  
You fondly shared, from where you came.  
I watch your eyes tracing my face,  
And pray you will recall my name.  
Your calloused hands will think of mine:  
“We have held these some other place!”  
The embers of your past will flame—  
And I will hear and help to heal,  
Waiting for signal or for sign.  
Slow, slow, with hands to feel—  
As I carry onward, blind,  
Hoping that which I seek, I find.

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