

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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