

Forgotten Fragments

Shalini Radhakrishnan

Department of Pathology, Kasturba Medical College of Manipal,
Managlore, India

Correspondence: Shalini.Radhakrishnan@learner.manipal.edu

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When words decayed and thoughts grew dim,
I lost my grip on life's fragile limb
Memory, once a symphony, now a lost hymn,
And darkness seeped beneath my paper-thin skin.

The hours withered like a barren vine,
Leaving me floating on a sea of time,
My recollections vanished, line by line,
Like ink-tipped memories drained by a thirsty pen of mine.

I became a pile of forgotten keys,
Shrouded in a cloak of elusive memories,
A whirlwind of tangled threads and mysteries,
Binding my mind, unraveling life's sweet melodies.

Names and faces now distant shores,
Whose norm I could perceive no more,
Fractured fragments of a life once bore,
Collapsed like a forgotten tapestry of yore.

The man I knew, a mirage of mist,
Drifting through the layers of a life amiss,
A puzzle box with an erased life list,
Each day a ghost, a specter I resist.

My family recoiled, strangers in my gaze,
No longer found in the labyrinths of my haze,
An empty mirror reflecting a vacant maze,
The essence of me, lost in a forgotten haze.

I wandered down corridors of vacant thought,
A haunted mansion of memories unsought,
Whispering echoes of who I once sought,
Lost in the labyrinth of my mind, distraught.

The world a riddle, my mind the key,
Yet I fumble and stumble, unable to see,
A ravenous hunger for clarity consumes me,
But the answers are locked in a forgotten decree.

I long for the embrace of yesterday's light,
To reclaim my thoughts, my essence, my might,
But I'm trapped in a twilight so tragically bright,
Where shadows dance and memories take flight.

In this fractured world, I drift and sway,
A vessel adrift in a turbulent bay,
My thoughts like fragments, drifting away,
Lost in the ether, forever to stay.

But in spite of the pain, the loss, the grief,
In the darkest depths, I find a slight relief,
For even in fragments, there's still belief,
That traces of me may someday find relief.