

At first, the free fall has no name,
No bearings to guide your return.
The world you knew to be, trusted
Points of happiness, moments of regret,
Noises, smells, warmth, color, all blurred,
Gone from memory like a white wash.
When you start to understand again,
When green looks like something you
Once knew, but still a distant stranger,
Change has had its way. Controlled,
You remember that the trajectory to
Now was long, slow and predictable.
Unaware, you were helpless to prepare.
Bravely, you try to remember
That memory is a ghost hand
Reaching through you, reminding you,
Nothing will be the same again,
As if it ever was.