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Old As She Thinks

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Adria Curts
Old As She Thinks

Old coat, crinkled and dingy, slides off her arm into mine
I chuckle, covered up like a front window,
she doesn't know

I hold tight as she eases into the chair
Sing in quiet like a fly to hear her slam shut,
she forgets me

I say I am the girl at the counter
she says not to get old

Digs deep into her gigantic bag to find a few crinkled bills
Interior with old prescriptions, ancient appointments, five-year-old Werthers,
she slows my rhythm

Says Doctor won't give her anything for her memory
I say she doesn't look as old as she thinks,
she pounds each question up

Zips her purse as I gently guide her arm back into the coat
"Don't wanna be like those people who lose their memories,"
she sighs and with one quick bite my face falls

Shrunken and dry, she waddles towards the door
She forgets her prescriptions so I run them out to her,
she's in pain

Old As She Thinks

Whisper ever so loudly, sink her hurt past
Confused, she asks me who I am
I say I am the girl at the counter
she says not to get old.