A Message

Olive M. Ritch

One of the best of minds
destroyed by dementia
does not howl on her knees
in the street, does not masturbate
in the magnolia living-room,
is not dragged off the roof-top,
naked; no, she leaves a message
on her daughter’s answer-phone
saying: there’s an echo,
an echo in my head.

Olive M. Ritch is currently completing a PhD in creative writing (on the theme of memory) at the University of Aberdeen. This poem is from The Hippocrates Prize 2011, published by The Hippocrates Prize in association with Top Edge Press. ©Olive M. Ritch.

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