



Her palace of memories
Dedicated to my sister, Louise

She'd build a palace of memories and start with a single room
With ornaments from Christmas and Halloween a witch's broom

Her first room became so full she'd need to add another
Starting with a table lamp that had belonged to our dear mother

There were pictures of her wedding day and even some of mine
Easter mornings in our housecoats, now didn't we look fine?

Then along came her baby boys one two and three
Another room added to save more memories

Later a baby girl, now her family numbered four
Her palace looked like a giant five and ten cent store

Pictures, and knick knacks and silly little gifts
Piled in her palace to give her a lift

What once had been a single little room
Was now a palace where memories were strewn

Time passed and her family was now fully grown
She and her husband were finally on their own

But every so often she added something new
To her palace of memories which steadily grew

Up to now her memories were happy as can be

But nothing lasts forever and soon a tragedy

Her husband passed away leaving her on her own
She often went to her palace so she didn't feel alone

One day she stepped into the room with pictures by the score
She looked at each one carefully not knowing them any more

Who were these people in her palace hanging on her wall
She tried so hard to remember but just could not recall

She kept returning to the pictures trying to remember each place
Perhaps if she knew where it was she might recognize the face

Looking at each picture over and over again
Struggling so hard to remember who, where and when

The friendly face would blur she'd turn away in pain
Perhaps another day she'd try but sadly it was in vain

The walls began to crumble and slowly fade away
Her memories lay shattered in the rubble dark and gray

She searched through the broken pieces picking up each picture frame
There were many friendly faces but she couldn't recall a name

I went to visit her one day with a picture in my hand
I showed it to her lovingly; I knew she'd understand

That the image she was seeing was us as little girls
Two little sisters one in pigtails; one in curls

She looked at the picture and much to my surprise
Turned her face to me with a question in her eyes

I don't know who these people are and you're a stranger too

I begged her to remember, saying "It's me sis, I love you

She nodded politely and pointed to the cookies with a smile

I handed her a couple and sat there for a while

And then I kissed her on the cheek and sadly said goodbye

She ate another cookie; I turned away to cry

I left her room that day and as I stepped outside her door

I left with a heavy heart; her palace was no more

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