Fasciculation

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A twitch
The answer to a question
That I dare not ask.

Electric tendrils scamper down
Like skiers picking up steam from
The peak of what was once a towering intellect
Navigating contours of muscle
That once held up our family
Sliding to a halt at a fingertip
That accidentally beckons me closer.

They tell me you are gone
That these vibratos enlivening your grasp
Silently strumming a melody of hope
Are the enigma of a mind lost.
But I cannot just decide that
There isn’t a cipher just beyond my reach.
If there was a way, you’d sleuth it.

Perhaps I’m the fool
Choosing the middle card again
Knowing full well there will be no winners.
Yet here I stand guard
Shining my flashlight at the black hole
Hoping the obscurity may resolve
If I just shake these bad batteries.