To My Husband
With Alzheimer Disease

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I woke up beside you this morning
carrying promises
already broken.
The bridges settle in a new city
each time your eyes open;
the buses patter by filled with strangers.

You sit at the kitchen table while I
attempt a spring cleaning, distracted
by the remnants of one-sided conversations
such as these here in my hands—
the curve of the Oregon coastline,
the slant of an April sunset, and later the
streetlight on cherry blossoms
the first time we parted as lovers
and I waited for you to turn back,
which you did later but not then.
And here is before,
the dandelions green in our hands
our legs streaked with bicycle grease.

Eight kitchens later
the glass dishes my grandmothers used
are stored underneath the sink
below a paneled window
and beyond that the boundary of the universe
which I tried to trade for the word sky hoping
I could share it with you.