

# To be forgotten with age

VRINDA NAIR

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Cut them into a million slivers – they said,  
Shedding those facets would demean the layers beneath,  
No longer tied together in loops of infinity.  
No errors in their world as it's pure of memories.

The profusion of cells explodes into the palette of the unknown  
Is it just a loss of acceptance? Or  
The fear of the known?  
With the lapse of time, the droplets of blood vanish through its vessels of routes

At dawn, collected wisdom flies towards the shore  
Days pass but it moves backwards with no promises.  
How long will it last?  
The answer lies within the same cells of degeneration.

Until then, they erase the forgotten paths...

**Note:** *This poem tries to capture something of the dreadful condition known as Alzheimer's disease.*

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To cite: Nair V. To be forgotten with age. *Indian J Med Ethics*. 2022 Jul-Sep;7(3) NS: 241. DOI: 10.20529/IJME.2022.047

Published online first on June 30, 2022.

Manuscript Editor: Rakhi Ghoshal

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