

to play / & maybe I'll never fully remember even a small moment to cling to / but I have this feeling /
that I knew you / & I think

that's enough for me.

My mother told me you have dementia / & I wonder if I sent you this poem / or even if I stood before you
/ if you would even remember the two tiny toddlers you fostered for just months / cause I'm told there
were many more besides the little brunettes named after Greek gods / & while a few months out of 15
years may seem significant out of 60 it's really nothing / but I have a feeling / just like all my
Polaroids might be made up / that you know me

like I know you.