

Dementia

My purpose is to tease
and torment you,
remind you of the maze
and mysteries of the mind.
I work alone
in your darkest hours,
dictate my strength
by the power of persuasion.
You have no control over me
what so ever.

I come and go as I please,
and along the journey
flicker of embers will spark
a fleeting fragmented memory,
and then, in the turmoil
of the hurricane, it will all
be blown away,
far far away, with the fairies.