

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Lost words

by Vera Gajic

It started with wrong words

Similar but not right words

Mishearing, going deaf we thought

The birthday card we sent you –

Is it Wembley, no its Thursday, so am I shall we go for a drink

So apt, how we laughed, you pretended to laugh

We got you a hearing aid, which held such hope.

But you could hear the words, yet they were still lost –

Even your native tongue had turned foreign.

I tested you with simple instructions, switch the television off

You went but just stood in front of it, like it was an alien.

Cruel of me, playing you like a child

Until you became one.

Gradually undoing in the same order you did.

Talking, dressing, washing, toilet, walking, eating till you were
back in your cradle.

Lost words, lost Dad

Lost.