

OF LOVING A WOMAN WITH ALZHEIMER'S

Ahhh --the eloquence of her wrinkles
Almost odd love story for the passing strangeness
of the oddest of odd couples.

A veteran of two divorces -- with purple hearts to show for it --
was eager to give up the being in love THANG.
But God, in her infinite kindness, didn't give a fig for my puny point of view, and arranged that
fall for a woman
twenty five years my senior, eloquently wrinkled, and wacky as
all get out.
Anne is 85 years old.

Begin and end with a couple of poems
(Actually pep talks to calm a frightened soul.)
Firstly a love poem when I was romancing Anne, much to her families distress.

Blessings to they that dare love

across generations
for they know the sweetness of life
in the shadow of death

Beloved born before birth
to this sudden meeting
TIME no wise but vast presence

Dusty desert sky
life itself
brief as breath

Blessed are they that dare love within
the echo of time
intimacy of timelessness
rests in their marrow 'til parting
then
beyond

beyond

beyond

Blessed are they that dare love

Took care of mom at the end of her life as her hospice RN.
She was demented with Alzheimer's
Was then learned the bottomless loneliness of loving someone with AD (Alzheimer's Dementia)

MOM (AKA Adelina Ortiz de Hill) was a classic sundowner
She'd call my siblings in the daytime when she was lucid, coherent and most pleasant
Was mine to suffer her evening rage and delusions.
Primordial loneliness,

Thank God none of my four sibs had a clue.

Adelina as a retired medical worker and gerontologist knew exactly what was going on
and died exquisitely, forthwith.
Was mine to bear witness to the unbearable.

And so with Anne,

Long sympathized with her kin. Protective of their Mother from scammers AKA
Hey all the world is a stage is it not? I played the same role of protecting mom at the end of her
life
Certainly know what it is to be the misguided in-law.
but was never seeking "the mythical" wealthy widow.

Mixing greed and romance is common as grass -- a poison of which I will not partake.

Being an altogether hopeless romantic, kinda believe this life is about learning to love.

I'll spare the gory details or rather the shitty details.

Suffice it to say we of the neurodegenerative clan know the intimacy of incontinence.

Alzheimer's demands fidelity to the present moment so caring for Anne and mom has returned
me to being a born-again Buddhist

Finish now with the second *pep-poem*.

Quit Yo Bitchin'
Michael Ortiz Hill

Suffer the light
with a song in your heart
and hallelujah on your lips

We come to this speck of dust
to get born
and die

Suffer the light for real

Two neurodegenerative diseases
multiple sclerosis and Alzheimers

You've seen worse and you know it

What She has joined
let no man cut asunder

Quit yo bitchin'
You volunteered so

GET TO WORK