
I T IS EASY TO FORGET

SARAH RAMSEY

He is tall, 6'5".
His presence used to dominate the room when he bent under the door to enter.
Now he is thin.
All of the muscles he built up,
After years of slamming, hitting, and lifting,
Are breaking down.
His knowledge,
Vast from books taken out of the Princeton Library,
Documentaries on PBS,
Intellectual conversations and observations,
Is leaving.
He is fed up,
With his body for playing games and causing confusion.
He no longer trusts his own thoughts.
Are they constructions or the truth?
He is viewed as hopeless, pathetic, weak, waiting.
He is not a fighter.
He is forced to separate his identity from his body.
You are not that.
You are trapped in prison.
There is no battle.
It is a defeat.
White flag waving.
This is bullshit.
It sucks. End of story.
It feels as if each day, his sense of being is diminished.
What did I just lose?
A day at the beach? A conversation between brothers?

Gone.
This is bullshit.
He is a fighter.
There is a battle.
He is my hero.
Strong, smart, loving, wise.
Faced with an end,
But not treating it as such.
He smiles, talks, laughs, loves, eats, ponders, shares.
He still lives.
Don't treat him otherwise.
Don't forget or diminish his existence,
While he is right there.
It sucks. End of story.
He is my hero.