

Rebecca Sarfati
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Regression

Oh, darling, how lovely it is to see you again!
How much you have grown.
It feels like only a moment ago
you were but a baby in my arms.
Sweetie, pass me the photo album on the dresser.
Let grandma show you her younger days.

Corridors and doors and rooms exactly the same
spare the neatly framed names and flowers
adorning window panes.
Bright eyes dimmed,
hearts gone, sheets stained.

Blank faces wheeled to bed.
The degeneration of another generation
living dead.

Oh, sweetie, how lovely it is to see you again!
How much you have grown.
It feels like only a moment ago

It was.

Only a moment ago
reaching for memories
from the wreckage of a beautiful mind.
Smiling faces
lost in time.

How much you have grown
apart from the stories
you tell.
Dry tears, mute screams
and an empty shell.

How lovely this factory
of quivering prayers
where shipments leave
black boxes
and regression hangs in the air.