

Coma-Ainesh Mujoo

I remember how you were covered in leaves of Lavender sinking with the summer breeze – Deeper -
Into valleys that you didn't know were there
I remember how my heart would race with the phone bell ringing when I called you 5 minutes after
our first date -

To tell you that I was missing you already

I remember how it went –

Beep

Beep

Beep

Stop

And there were you at the end of that stop - And that was eternity.

I remember watching you fade into the morning fog to fetch the newspaper from our front porch
I remember feeling your fingers blue with the weight of the polythene bags filled with letters from
people we hardly knew

I remember how you talked me into taking that one trip to the city filled with wild gases and So₂

I remember clearly - the malignant hyperthermia that it caused you – and the induced coma that they
tried to save you

And they call it a coma.

And they call it a coma

But If I had it my way - I would call it a hyphen everyday

Because these months at the hospital connected us in ways I never knew sentences and things could

If I had it my way I would call it a semi-colon

Because I never knew where and how to use one until you wrote me a poem and taught me to

If I had it my way - I wouldn't call it a coma because I couldn't bear in the situation, the punch of a
punctuation - beating me down

Into valleys I didn't know were there

Because you weren't covered in Lavender petals anymore but in pipes and tubes of the same plastic
that the polythene bag was made of

And even though we had Lavender flowers come in from all those people we wrote endless letters
about our theories of evolution and love and magic and passion

I never thanked them - because I didn't like ending letters anymore

I didn't pick any phone calls from any of your friends - because I didn't like hitting the End button
anymore

I used every 1 of those 6 'And's' to list out the 7 colors of the rainbow because like using commas
anymore.

And I clearly remember standing there looking at you through the glass watching a part of me , quietly
part your hair to the left –

The way only me and the newspaper boy through the fog had seen it

And I heard the cardiograph kept by your side ring –

Beep

Beep

Beep

Stop

And you weren't there at the end of the stop. But that was still – An eternity.

The Alzheimer's

She lived in a perpetual Déjà vu –
Honey did I kiss you goodnight? Honey did I kiss you goodnight? Honey did I kiss you goodnight?
Hey Honey did I kiss you goodnight?
Yes you did – she'd say to me – once, twice, thrice –ten – 100 – one million times over
Before she'd quietly tuck me away to my slumber
And she'd kiss me goodnight one more time anyway.
She lived in a perpetual Déjà vu.
She didn't marry into this- but she tells me that she'd still marry me over and over again
Once, twice, thrice –ten – 100 – one million times over
And maybe I'll forget the number of rounds we took around the marriage fire under the moon
Maybe I'll keep mistaking the fifth one for the second – and we'll keep circling around it all night
I'll still have one more promise to give to her every time
And of all the things that I have forgotten
I would still remember every one of the three hundred and seventy nine promises I made her that night.
I would still remember the toxic waste from the bins that lined the fence behind the house.
I would still remember the bacteria in the air like beasts of the wind carried on backs of smaller ghosts.
With the Alzheimer's sometimes I would look for the kitchen door and not know where to go
Yes things had changed since we married
But I would still look at her like it was the first time I had seen something as beautiful as her
I would still long to hear her voice like wind chimes and church bells ringing into one another
I still let my fingers sleep into her hands listening to her racing pulse for lullabies
Like it was the first time that we had ever touched
Like there were volcanoes and fireworks.
Time was no longer in the mechanics of clockworks
And the sand grains of hourglasses
But time was in how her hair grew inch by inch
Rolling down from her neck – to kiss her feet at the tips.
Time was in how our kids moved from crayons to pencils
To pens and then laptops and blackberries
Time was in how everyday – deeper grew that dimple on her cheek.
Time was in those bubbles of memories.
Because now my head was full of memories like floating bubbles
Enchanting – Beautiful – Temporary
Memories never stayed- no matter how hard and delicate I tried

The bubble would burst.
Everything was just a loop of surprises.
Sometimes being with her was how I felt when I was reading a book
Because I would come half-way on a page and just forget which line I was on
So I would read it all over again anyway – I would spend hours on a page
Re-reading, Re-inventing, Re-sketching it in my head
Just like I kept picturing her over and over again from the outlines she left in the wrinkles on the bed.
The irony was how I had always been good at mathematics
But I couldn't react when Josh and Amber when they forgot the table of three or twenty six
My insides would crumble into fear of them turning out like their dad
But then some days those sneaky little rats would come to me every 10 minutes
And say – 'Hey dad, you haven't give us the pocket money for the week'
And those days time would be in the weight of my wallet going blank
Time would be in me realizing that my kids were growing up really fast.
And of the last things I remember is when those people at work
Pointed and said that I am a mad inefficient
That I am a mad inefficient, I'm a mad inefficient
But she told me that I'm not a mad inefficient but magnificent.
People told me I'm in a maze, in a maze, in a maze
And she told me that I am not in a maze, that I am amazing
She told me how these people read one line biographies of my life for inspiration
Every day - When they read posters saying 'Impossible' means 'I am possible'
And that would make me forget everything
Which apparently, wasn't too hard. *coughs*

One of my last memories is how everyone thought that we were like magnets
But better, because both our poles would meet
One of my last memories is how you would watch my back when I was down
And I would watch your back while you sleep
One of my last memories is how I woke up and couldn't remember my name
Till I heard you murmur it quietly in your sleep.