

POEM

"Here I Am"

PETER G. BEESON

THE POET, PHOTOGRAPHER, AND MENTAL HEALTH EXPERT PETER BEESON first noticed his own memory deteriorating in 2003. Born in 1945 in San Antonio, Texas, Beeson has since been diagnosed with Alzheimer's. He has been documenting his experiences as an Alzheimer's sufferer in his poetry and memoir. The following poem, "Here I Am," is also printed in Sparking Memories: The Alzheimer's Poetry Project Anthology, edited by Gary Mex Glazner.

"Here I Am"

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So I'm here,
Well, sort of here,
Mostly so,
But not quite all,
Here.

There is a detached
Vacantness,
A distant vagueness,
An absence
To my being.

Life's become a struggle,
The day-to-day a challenge,
The ordinary a novelty,
The routine an obstacle.

I long for the openness,
The emptiness,
The vastness
Of the Great Plains.

I long for a place
That matches my mind,
A place detached from memory,
An endless nothingness.

A place to lose oneself,
A place to disappear,
A place to become one
With earth and sky.

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