

I was eight when my family finally got an answer
An answer that concluded why my father could never find his keys or his glasses
Or when he could never think of the right word to say
And the ends of our questions started to fray

When poets dream about star crossed lovers,
I dream about having an emotionally present father
When poets dream about their futures,
I dream about being able to let him go in peace

Alzheimer's disease has taken my father away from me
Notice how I said *father*
Because I don't remember the last time he felt like a "dad" to me
Well, at least not to the same degree

I can't blame him, he tries his best
But sometimes his best just isn't enough
When poets dream about peace,
I dream the stress and agony will decrease

As my father is entering the final stages of Alzheimer's disease,
I fear one day this might be my last chance to make him laugh or smile
As I may not see him for a while
It floors me that he might not be at my high school graduation or my wedding

When poets dream about putting pen to paper,
I dream about having a real dad
When poets dream about seeing their names published,
I dream about not being sad