

Falling Apart

I seem to be falling apart.

My attention span can be measured in seconds.

My patience in minutes.

I cry at the drop of a hat.

I forget things constantly.

The morning toast burns daily.

I forget to sign the checks.

Half of everything in the house is misplaced.

Feelings of anxiety and restlessness

are my constant companions.

Rainy days seem extra dreary.

Sunny days seem an outrage.

Other people's frustrations seem insignificant.

It has become routine to feel half crazy.

I am normal I am told.

I am a newly grieving person.

-Eloise Cole