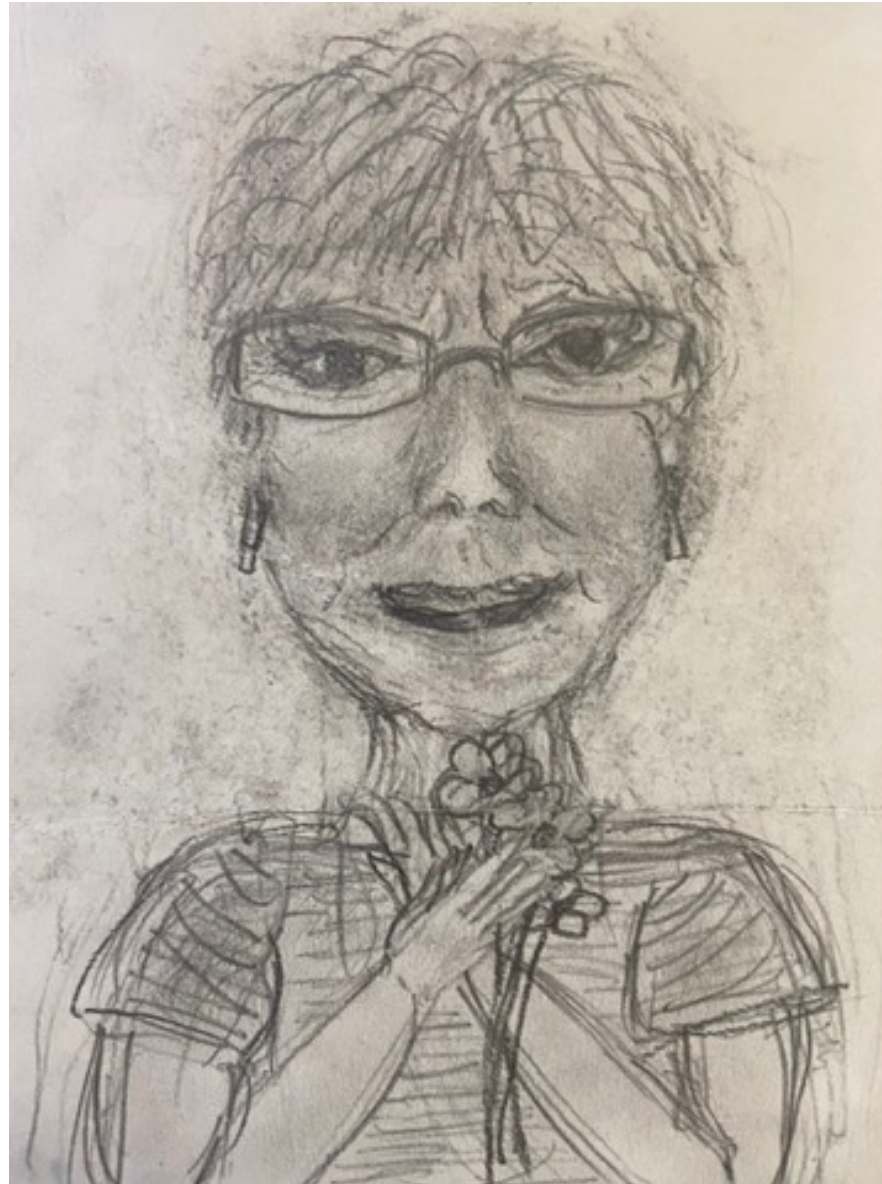
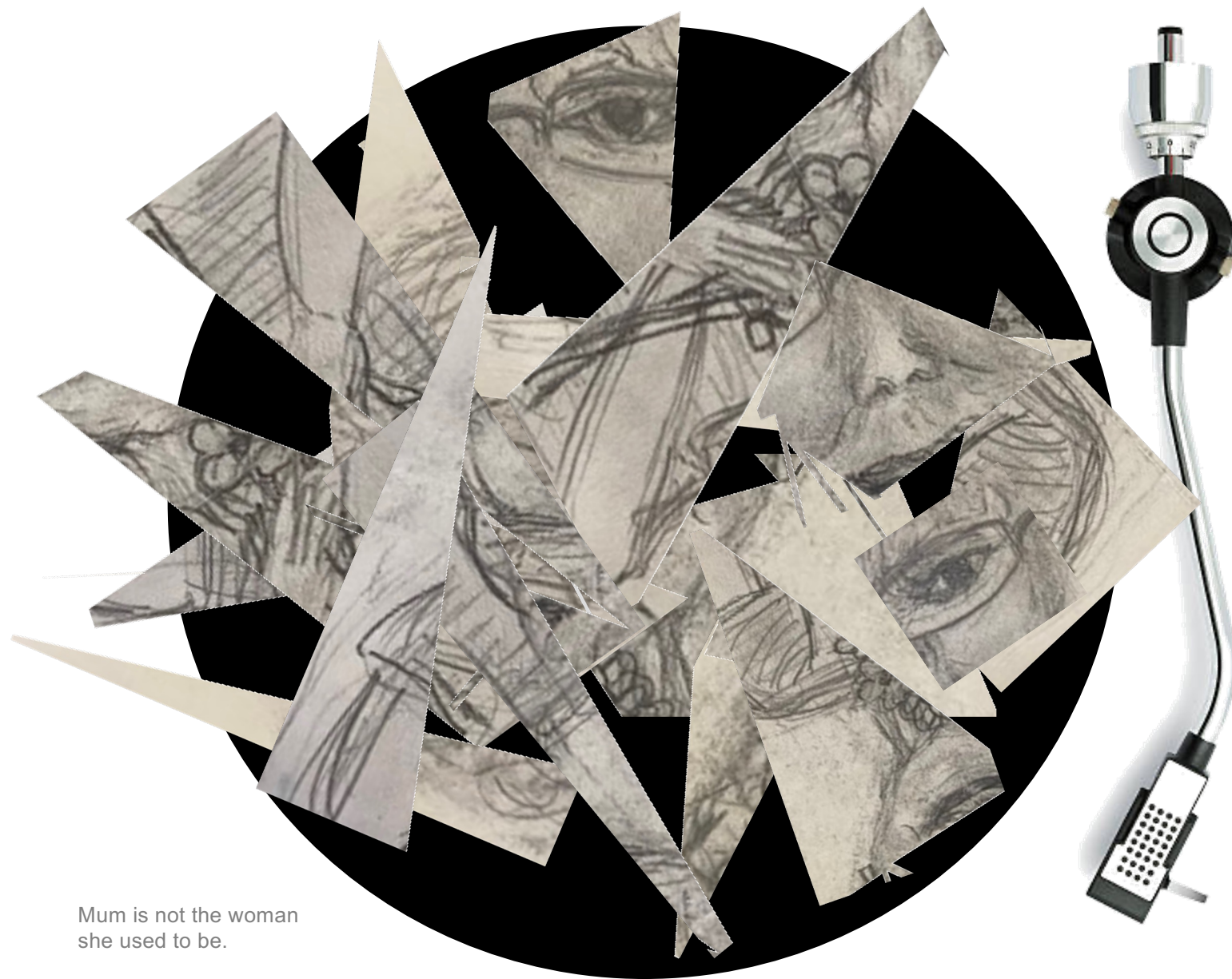




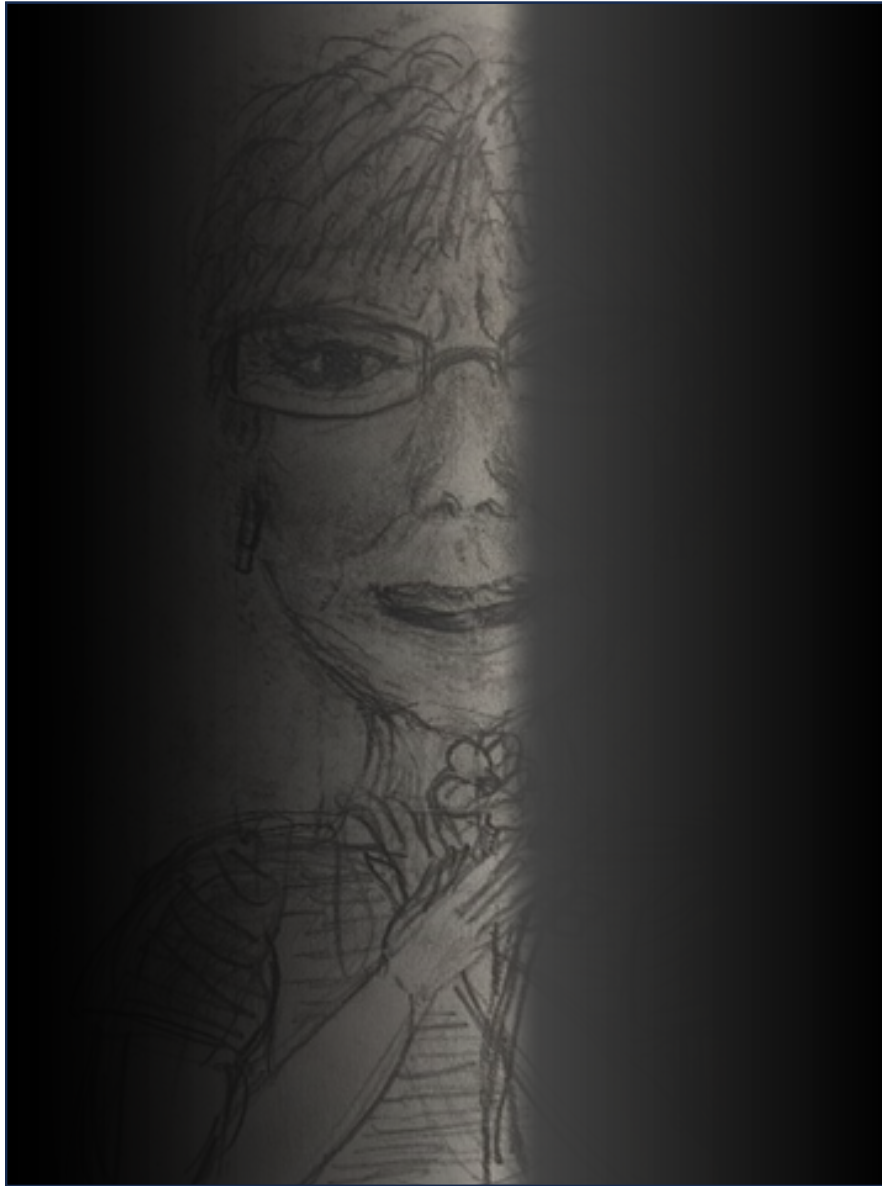
Carolyn
(a sketch of mum
by Rebecca)



Mum is not the woman
she used to be.



I sense she (mum), is in
there somewhere,
somehow.

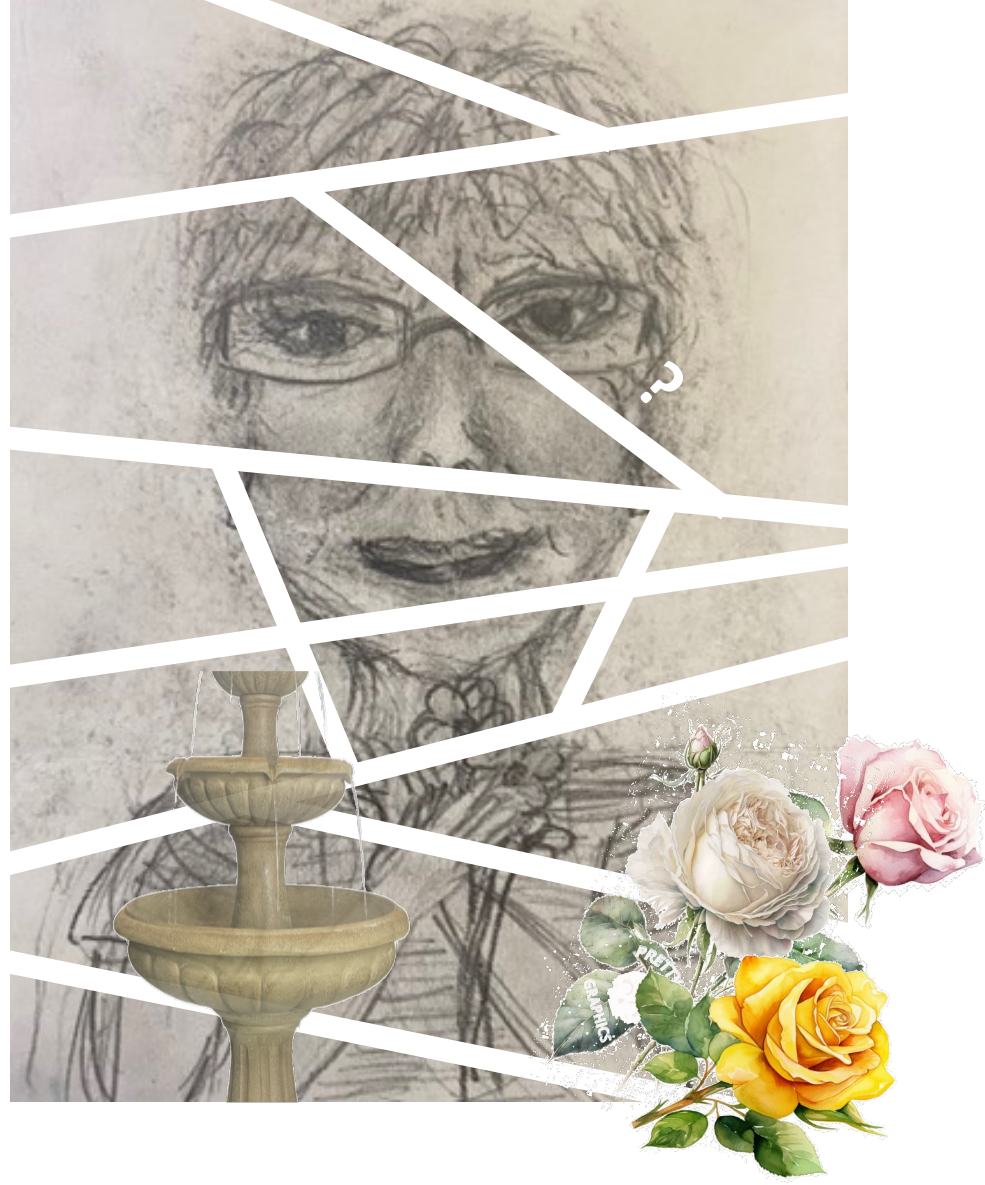


It can feel like she sees you
as a character in a dream, in
a delirious sleep state where
she is trying to grab onto
things and understand....
It feels strange in that
moment, being the one in
reality and not in the dream.



A bad day found mum
alone, hunched over,
kneeling on the floor
picking up imaginary lint
from a neighbours
en-suite floor

A Better Day, flowers
from Rebecca and
time by a fountain.



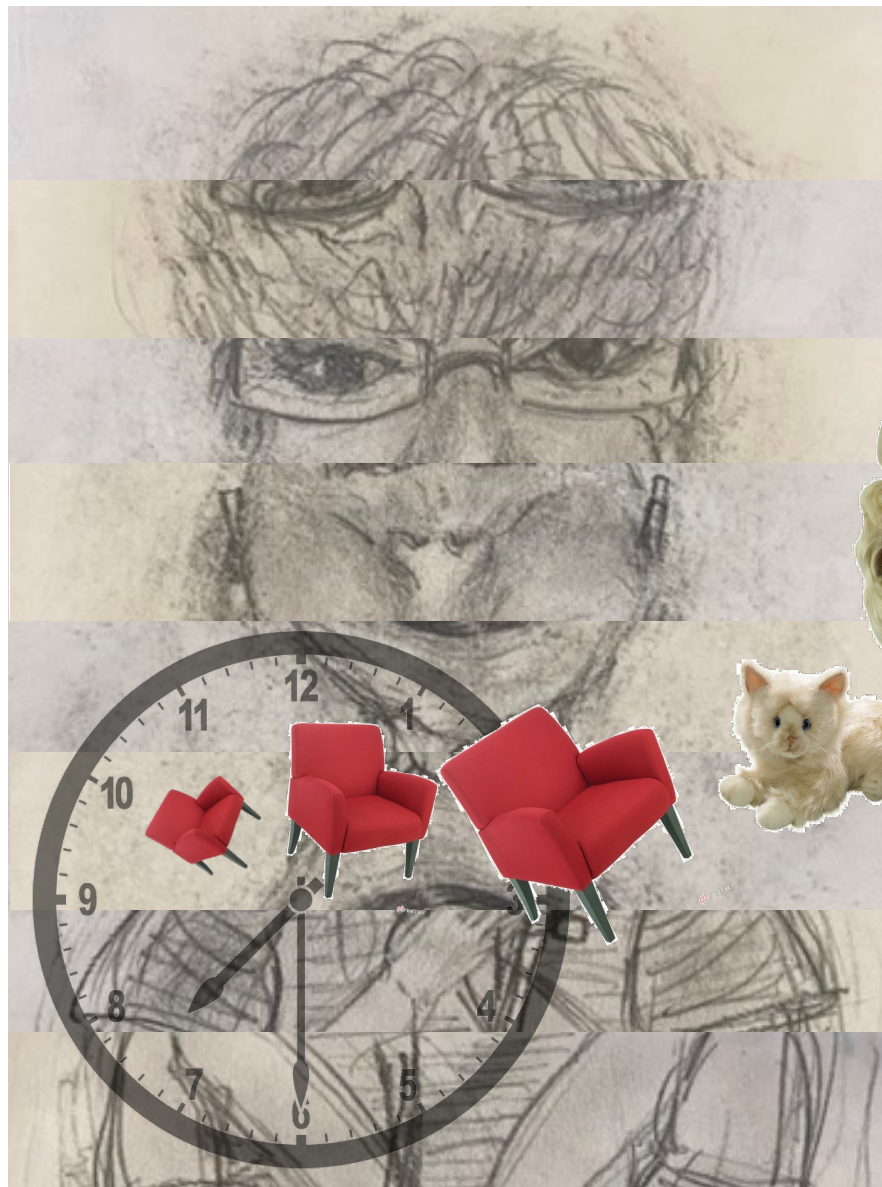


She has a loving,
caring people
nature. It shows
through when other
things are stripped
away.



On really good days
some of the bits are
a bit of fun, but still
just that, bits.

Evenings seem
more peaceful,
the residents
gearing up to
retire...





Recognising me less
and less, visits can
turn into a menagerie
of random episodes
played out around the
home; watery hot
chocolates, chooks,
residents, staff ...and
of course that dog.

Sometimes she is in a
sad mood, it comes
with frustration and
anger, I think because
she is getting glimpses
of what is happening,
or more accurately
what is missing
...namely her life and
how things used to be.



An early morning visit and there is peaceful quiet, the TV not yet on, residents lined up on seats eating breakfast from hospital grade plastic Tupperware. I ask mum what is planned for the day just to create conversation ...before thinking about it.





She knew I was someone close as she immediately leaned into me to cry. She didn't quite know who however. The Mother's Day visit to Appletree Drive on the weekend (just gone) was also no longer there...

The memory support space felt Tardis like, a small chamber in the continuum where the normal rules of physics and time don't apply. Everything in here a loop somehow.

And a randomness applies, you never know what you are going to get.

A constant stasis,
stuck in a web of
no return, that
feeling of holding
your breath, but
without end...

Sounds like you
are underwater, or
out in the vacuum
of space.



A tumbling down
of bits in front of
what used to be...
to an end as yet
obscured.





...but different.