

A Neuron's Lamet: The Last 2 Minutes

I dwell within her fragile brain,
a neuron worn by years of strain.
I once lit pathways, sharp and clear,
where memories danced from year to year.

But beta-amyloid clouds my skies,
And tau binds tight where truth now lies.
My dendrites wither, axons fray,
The signals fade; they drift away.

But now my fire begins to slow,
My currents fade, my pulses go.
I try to hold your name in place,
Yet shadows blur your once-known face.

These final two minutes tick in vain,
Each spark I send fights against the pain.
I flicker soft her final spark,
still guarding love against the dark.
And though I fade, I hope you see,
Your soul still shines through memory.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

My inspiration for this piece comes from over five years of working in a retirement home and seeing people with Alzheimer's slowly fade away. Some people even confuse me for their grandson and then forget I exist within minutes, which is heartbreaking. I have always been interested in neurology and how memory works. Using these experiences and the research I have explored, I wrote a short poem. Each of its 119 words represents a second, showing the final moments of a neuron before it is damaged or dies, reflecting the fragility of memory and life.