

# Subhash Jaireth

## About words (a journey into the world of Alzheimer's disease)

I'm in words, made of words, others' words  
Samuel Beckett

(1)

Things are the same  
faces are the same  
colours, shapes, sizes  
smells, sounds and tastes are all the same  
only the names are confused.

That in which i take tea  
is meant for taking tea  
i still remember  
but because you call it cup  
i know it as cup.

If you, i and all else  
live and die in narratives  
and if the aim is to hang from pegs of words  
it seems, i have reached the final line of  
the ultimate page  
beyond which spreads the stunned  
hollowness of empty pages.



Nurses doctors hospitals  
cold sterilised smell of death  
x-ray, cat-scan;  
nothing positively diagnosed.

Those days  
wheels were  
attached to the feet  
a mad dizzy speed  
radio, talks, interviews  
words words words  
followed by a sick starving bitch — the stupid ego.

Suddenly blackout!  
an explosion somewhere inside  
a vast namelessness — a chaos,  
and torrents of darkness.

The journey began then  
from memory to no-memory  
from blankness to deeper blankness.

(3)

At night  
you pressed my hand —  
a stone dropped on the surface of water.

In the darkness  
i was searching for the fine strings of intelligibility  
an old black & white movie  
neither negative nor positive  
but exposed, frame after frame  
                  darkness darkness darkness.

Can you tell  
is this darkness in my eyes  
                  or somewhere outside?

(4)

you ask me  
often  
to sound like a flute — which is fine,

but every recording  
on the inner tape has been erased,

a continuous  
senseless noise  
the worn wheels of the old recorder  
the tired machine,  
rails stretched from nothingness to nothingness.

tell me  
who had pushed  
the wrong button?

(5)

On the round brown table  
while arranging in the transparent glass jar  
sunflowers engraved with black seeds

you tell me —  
these are sunflowers  
borrowed from a van gough painting

suns  
yellow ... orange ... red.  
my eyes feel some thing  
that is different from darkness

but is it yellow  
is it sun  
soothing the body?

don't show me colours,  
when possible, just touch me.