

Claire Scott

Losing Track

of the days, the months, even the years. At my age
(seventy-six or seventy-nine, please god not eighty),
no difference between a Tuesday and a Thursday.
Each day starts with Earl Grey and whole wheat toast,
ends with scrambled eggs or a cup of canned soup.

In between I read novels, but can't remember who Margaret
is and why she is so angry at Gregg or what Sam is doing
in this story, maybe their son or her illicit lover. So I turn back
to chapter one, if I can find the book under a pillow or behind the couch.

The only day of the week I know for sure is Sunday
when the paper lies fat on my porch, and is filled
with even more bad news, but who can keep up?
Whatever happened to the Soviet Union, it's fallen off
the map and when did South Sudan show up?

Yesterday a boy came to my door in a Dracula
costume, his sister dressed as a hideous qwitch, her face
painted neon green, her plastic pumpkin insisting.
Who ever heard of Halloween in August?

When I was six and learning to count, I could
count to eleven or thirteen and then got lost,
wandering somewhere between seventeen and twenty-two.
My mother let me to go back to the beginning
and start again.

Claire Scott is an award winning poet who has received multiple Pushcart Prize nominations. Her work has appeared in the *Atlanta Review*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *New Ohio Review*, *Enizagam* and *The Healing Muse* among others. Claire is the author of *Waiting to be Called* and *Until I Couldn't*. She is the co-author of *Unfolding in Light: A Sisters' Journey in Photography and Poetry*