

Darling Daughter

I want to tell you.....something. It was important. Oh, that's right, tell you something. Now while I think of it and of course that is the problem, isn't it? My thinking.

The doctor said, I can't remember exactly what she said, not the words but I can see the look in her eyes when she told me....well whatever she said, the way how she said it....aahhh it doesn't matter what she said, it's only words and of course there are some words you don't want to hang on to. Best forgotten your Nan used to say. But you remember the look on people's faces when something important is said.

What did she say? The doctor with the sad eyes? My brain is dying. Not hers. Mine. That's what she said. I was looking at the eye chart on the wall F E U T Z and some of her words floated away. Out the window? Down the corridor? Where do all the words people speak go? Is it like radio waves floating out into.....you know that stuff above the sky, feather, ether, ether, space, yes that's it, space. What if I could suck all my words back, enough to keep me going, stop them leaking from my brain. I still have words, lots of them, they just seem to pop up in the wrong places now and then.

Anyway she probably didn't say "dying", her eyes were too kind for her to say it so bluntly. I had a dog with eyes just like that. Guess I just dissolved...distempered...distilled, yes that's it, distilled all her words about my brain down to "dying". Like reducing a nice wine sauce on the stole, swamp, stove.

I could read all the letters on the eye chart. Yes, I could, every single one. Eyes good, brain bad.

I knew it was coming. I could see it out of the corner of my eye now and then. Black and coming fast towards me. I'd spin around thinking "where did that steam train come from?" But it was gone as soon as I turned to face it. Face up to things. Another thing Nan used to

say. She died before you were born. My Mum. Your Nan. Here in this house. Born and died. Here and gone. Here one day, gone the next. Funny that. She had a saying for everything, your Nan.

All the words she spoke are probably still here if they didn't escape into space, cracks in the floorboards, dust on the light footings...fit...fittings. Caught up. Yes, that's what I wanted to do. Catch you up with my news. My news. Not good news except I don't need glasses. That's a saving, isn't it? I'd only lose them anyway, like my car keys though I think someone breaks into the house and moves things around when I'm asleep. Or possums? They live in my roof but you think they'd take the apples out of the fruit round wooden thingy on the table, not my cat, cart, car keys.

Today's a good day though. For words I mean. Well I mean that today I seem able to remember most of what I am saying. The words with their sneaky, sly letters that tangle like furballs on my tongue. Letters.

That's what I'll do, I'll write you a letter, today while my words don't seem to be escaping so badly. Maybe it's the shock of what the doctor said. When you turn around and you see the steam train coming for you, big and black and it's not bothering to hide anymore.

Whatever that doctor said I didn't like it and it's gone now. Maybe she didn't say anything at all, just held my hand while I read the eye chart and whispered in my ear "Eyes good. Brain bad". She had lovely warm hands.

Sometimes I don't understand what people are saying to me. Have they changed the language, like they did with decimal currency? Perhaps that's my problem. My problem.

Darling daughter. How are you? I have a little problem. Can you help me? Help me?