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Adapting

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**Adapting
By Medha Reddy**

I'm forgetting

Moments continue to slip by

I'm forgetting

I'm forgetting
forgetting
forgetting

I freeze,
as though physically stilling may quiet the building thrum

I try to recall him,
attempting to conjure an image of his rumpled mop of hair,
which sat in opposition to his clean-shaven jaw
But nothing seems to capture the soft ruggedness of his appearance,
or do justice to the quiet strength of his frame

My lost gaze eventually fixates on a pair of vacant eyes,
searching,
seeking purpose,
direction,
guidance,
empathy,
anything

I'm forgetting

I silently beg,
willing him to hear me and my unspoken words

I'm forgetting you.

I'm forgetting what you looked like---
how you wore an easy smile,
confidence swimming in the oceans of your eyes,
when you weren't exhausted trying to remember who you were,
or where you are,
or what happened to that latest thing you're looking for,
the thing you can't name or describe
Another thing I can't help you find

So we continue watching each other

I tenderly brush my palm against your cheek

You've forgotten,
and now so shall I

This is for the best

I say a prayer to the moment,
hoping to immortalize it,
yet forcing myself to start once more

This is for the best.
This is how we move on.
This is how we adapt.

