

Of Loving a Woman with Alzheimers: The PROVERBIAL loon

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Well, what the hell – WHY NOT start with a love poem for this missive is a love story, isn't it?

My baby is now in prison – so LOVE POEMS are essential.

ANNE RECIEVES

'Twas the youngest of Lassies

Cleverly disguised

with eloquent wrinkles and radiant white hair

Forever held in the kind hands of GOD

Miguel offers what he learned as a hermit

Fistfuls of nothing

Fistful of prayers

Anne receive as hungry child

For it is Christmas ...

Now BY WAY of love and prison.

Have loved a lot of folks behind bars – usually African-American men –

This time a Scottish-American babe.

How did I fall for a woman eighty five (twenty five years my senior) and now crazy as the proverbial loon
If you can figure it out, drop me a line.

I've realized that I've become a connoisseur of dementia.

TO WIT:

Anne was delighted me wondering if my father would approve of us as we tooted around in his caddy.

Irrelevant that my DAD died forty years ago and drove a dinky used Toyota.

As we bopped around the EBay in his caddy my father smiled upon us.

Then there was Anne resurrecting the inner anarchist in me.

Memory room with the television perpetually on and a fellow selling a nifty hose obviously a televangelist.

Anne was agitated

I'M A PRESBYTERIAN!

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I'M A PRESBYTERIAN! Anne shouted.

"Listen girl, we need only to walk away from the tube"

ANOTHER BLOW AGAINST THE CAPITALIST CONSPIRACY.

Wasn't big on the delusion that the Japanese were about to bomb Concord.

"Honey - WW2 ended a long time ago.

"I KNOW," she looked at me witheringly – the youngish whippersnapper. Was born in 1957, Anne in '32 after all.

She assured me by referring to another AD inmate who KNEW the JAPS were flying over

Haunted by before prison days, when was lost in turning up the heat on the romance thing – before

even the act of will of giving into the falling in love thing, GOT Anne was a retired "home economics

prof." Was taken by a weird- ass nostalgia for when was the pubescent protofeminist of the masculine

persuasion. Was sure the girls would secretly lust for me, if I took HOME C.

AHHH the wonderful delusions of a young boy.

But that I'd fall for an actual schoolmarm?!?!

Who would've thunk it?

It took imagination and fervent reminders that "love is all there is"

So... prison.

'Twas July 4th 2016 when actually huddled up with the Bill of Rights – particularly the First Amendment.

Was reminded of a conversation with my disability lawyer in New Mexico.

QUOTE.

"Even the DONALD has yet to abolish freedom of peaceable assembly"

It's an altogether an ordinary prison—the guards are oblivious that with a mindless DO GOODNESS that they do not even note that they've erased the humanity of the inmates and are greatly irritated I might bring up the first amendment or basic civil rights.

BUT the inmates know – and will often speak among themselves that they have been left by so called adult children as inconvenient.

HOW WE DARE DISPOSE OF OUR ELDERS.

Anne was the primary caretaker of her husband with AD last ten years of his life.

Her background was beyond extensive but not a person asked her point of view.

IRRELEVANT!

When was first called to the office, laughed bitterly with Anne

"CourtYards seems to be a hybrid between a Junior High School and a Minimum Security prison"

"Gotta offer you two choices.

You know I'm terminal with progressive Multiple Sclerosis and my girlfriend is decompensating with

Alzheimers

Was a long time ago told Anne "fraid there is no knight in shining armor."

Choice one – lawyer up.

Two – civil disobedience.

Have NOTHING to lose.

You have me arrested for breaking bread with *mi novia* (*my girlfriend*) will go quietly to jail

And return to break bread with Anne.

ETC...

YOU know have to raise a fuss with the media.

Which do you prefer?"

Maybe it was the Christmas time that reminded me, was once a Christian. I remembered two Christian teachings to navigate the place my girlfriend is incarcerated.

"I was in prison and you visited me. Whatever you have done to the least of these my bretheren, you have done so unto me," said Jesus.

"We are called to care for Christ in all His disturbing disguises." Said Mother Teresa.

So this write on behalf of my girlfiend but also her jailers. Not with ANY answers but with essential questions.

1) Do people with Alzheimers have civil rights?

(I write this with sorrow as Anne is forgetting my face and my name. What does civil rights mean for someone who is being erased? Unlikely any judge would allow such a blatant violation of the "freedom of peaceable assembly" of the first Amendment of the constitution.

Do you see seniors as Unpeople or just people with AD? (Alzheimers Dementia) ? Are you of that strange tribe that sees aging is something that happens to other people.

Finally, Aldous Huxley beckons "The world is made up of organized lovelessness"

2) And so it is.

As a RN for 25 years know what it is to be well paid as jailer. When was unceremoniously (physically threatened as a trespasser) KICKED OUT of CourtYards and then unable to visit the love of my life.

“You’re selling pot” was told.

My MD prescribed cannabis for multiple sclerosis with some success and was relieved was a legal fellow – the people of California voting altogether sanely

Showed the manager my “card.” “Not covered by federal law.”

Confess was astonished that the Marhiuana tax act of 1937, that vulgar piece of racist tripe, would be invoked.

But, HEY, prison is prison and when haven’t wardens always written their own laws.

Was honored to counsel another inmate who had ripped off his girlfriend to buy pot.

BUT SELL WEED?

Could see that this hybrid JHS/Prison was rife with rumors and don’t regret leaving it behind.

But seriously jones for my woman.

An unspoken question lingered:

Have you EVER been in love?

Hopelessly?

(A PS addendum

Homage to Okindell the Yoruba manager of the memory room.

Was trained in “Ifa”, the traditional tribal tradition of the Yoruba which prepared me for years of training as a medicine man in Zimbabwe.

Okindle is a practicing Christian of the most radiant kind.

First saw his substance, slowly and attentively feeding breakfast to an AD woman.

Let him know "saw" his exquisite care,

His response

"Well she could be my grandmother."

One time Anne thanked him for saving her from suicide with a hug.

"Is true, sweetie—when Okindel hugs you you stay hugged."

Anne then would talk about suicide a lot.

Told her the vow took as a RN that was required to report suicidal ideation if was told how she'd do it.

"You keep talking this way and assure you would have to volunteer for prison. The other option would be turning her in."

AGAPE and Ashe, bro.

Conspire with my African colleague to keep Anne alive.