Slippery Slope

on tongue's tender tip names of known people and things stubbornly resist

my urgent summons in daily conversations at senior moments

friends say, "yeah, me too" but their words seem to appear when called to duty!

> how did your brain work, oh, pioneer ancestors, as age beset you?

were you forgetful? did you sense, with worried mind, that slippery slope?



Photo: My grandparents' grave in Ottawa, Kansas

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