

## Parkinson's Ghazal

Twice a year we come visiting, flying out of the blue  
into the green of Virginia, where you are dying out of the blue.

Some days you know us; some days you don't. *Good morning!*  
I begin the day. *I miss my mom*, you say, sighing, out of the blue.

*I miss my dad*, I answer, grinning, then prattle about the weather,  
last night's Cubs game, local traffic, my chatter multiplying out of the blue.

You've fallen more times than I can count: against the counter,  
out of the chair, against the radiator, crying out of the blue.

Evening is harder. You're stiff in your chair, one arm pistoning,  
jaws working in the air, your tremors amplifying out of the blue.

Your grip on your spoon is strong, though your arm shakes.  
You hardly blink anymore, eyeing out of the blue.

My mother asks if she should ask for a prognosis,  
by which she means time left. *No*, I say, lying out of the blue.

You've been clutching the newspaper all morning, scanning  
the headlines. Words are mystifying out of the blue.

Your fingertips stroke my cheek; *Ann*, you say,  
perhaps by accident, but trying out of the blue.