I remember his guitar,
Not held at his hips,
But on his leg with
The neck pointed up.
I remember his face.
The wrinkles around his
Mouth and eyes, that
Tell you he likes to smile.
I remember his hats.
His head got cold, so
He wore his favorites,
One for winter, and
One for summer.
I remember his voice.
His words thick with
The accent. A beautiful
Spanish accent blanketing
His American words.
I remember the laughter.
He would watch us dance
As his fingers jumped
From string to string,
Making the music.

I remember the music.
The lovely music that
Made us sway and
Jump. That he constructed
Just for us.

I remember the illness.
The terrible illness, that
Made his muscles forget.
Forget how to walk
And talk. That made his
Mind forget. Forget the
Time he spent with us.
Forget what he said.

He forgot all of that
But never the music.

He remembered the music.
The music in his heart,
His eyes, his soul
The music he made.
The music he gave to
Us. To keep forever.
He remembers the love.
The love he gave, the love
He got. The face of love,
Of his family.
He forgot
Everything else, but never
The love and music.

I remember when we would visit,
In his care home. He didn’t
Remember. He never remembered.
Then came the music and love.
His eyes would light up, and
It would all return. Yes, this
Was his family. Here to see him.
Here to love him. He would
Remember. Each time it took
a little longer. Longer for the
Music and love. Longer for
The memories. Then the phone call.
We all came and saw him. And
Wept. Tears of pain and joy. For
He was gone, would not open his
Eyes again, but he had
The music and the love
To keep now. And the memories.
No more pain.
Surrounded by love and
Music.

Now his memories are gone.
Taken from us just as the illness
Took him from this Earth.
Now we are the only holders,
Of these memories. Times
Of happiness and fun. And
Of music and love. Always,
Of times, of music and love.