

# SOUGHT

*Francine L. Trevens*

I walk into a room and stop  
Wondering what it was I sought  
I cannot recall until, retracing steps,  
I recapture previous thought  
Return and get what I meant to fetch.  
I'd call it old age, Alzheimer's or such  
Except I know this happened to me all  
My life, so worry about it? Not too much.

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