

***Anna Evans***

## **The Memory Thief**

The memory thief began with pocket change  
you hardly missed. You tried to rearrange  
your words like dimes, make phrases for a quarter.  
But soon found you were twenty dollars shorter—  
a minor loss, and yet entirely strange.

You gave away more ground in each exchange.  
As yesterdays ran through your hands like water  
the memory thief

stole names and dates, made faces interchange.  
Your public failures mounted to estrange  
all of your friends. At last he stole your daughter  
or did she run away with that marauder,  
the memory thief?