

# bonjourjem'applejuilette

When I was a child, my father took a position at an elder care facility. For a period of time, maybe it was off and on, he worked in the Alzheimer's ward, with it's large, locking steel doors. Some days I would visit him at work, and this is where I met Juliette. Juliette was a small woman with a poof of grey hair exploding from her head, maybe it was pulled back with a headband or scruncci. She always wore a purple sweatsuit and carried a spoon. She would obsessively rub the spoon with her thumb while holding it in front of her. Her husband had served in World War II, they had met in France, and he brought her back to Nebraska where they married. At one time, I was told, Juliet spoke several languages, but when we met, she was very child like, and frail, and only spoke in her broken native french. We would play checkers. I don't remember the games, or the circumstances, but I remember the checkers, and I've always remembered the woman, herself, a child trapped inside this small, aged body, obsessively rubbing a spoon, in her purple sweatsuit.

She was kind,  
and forgotten,  
and my friend.

*je suis juilette, j'espere*

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This piece features photographs by Marc Emanuel, who graciously provided me with his art so that I could make my own. There is a great deal of trust given when you allow someone else to modify your work and I am eternally grateful for his willingness to allow me to do so.

I was assisted in the sound engineering by DjAbetic.