

Photographic Memory

by peppermint

Musings on the loss of sight.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Musings on the loss of sight.

It isn't the fact he needs trifocal lenses which depresses him as he ages and his sight worsens.

Nor is it that he has to use magnifying spells on his books and notes.

It's the loss of being able to see and identify the portraits arranged upon the mantel with a glance from across the room. Oh, he can still see the frames from where he sits in his armchair; the blurry bits within signifying his family members and those whom he has allowed himself to call friend, but even if he sidles up close to the mantel, it's becoming harder to read each small face.

Many years ago, there was only one frame with two people in it, then one frame with three, then four. Then there were two and three frames, evidence of his family, the one he thought he would never have, growing up and away. The few portraits slowly became a sea, with weddings, babies, graduations, and other celebrations of life, love, and learning.

He fears the day he is no longer able to see the portraits at all, even in his mind's eye. Perhaps that will be the day he wakes up and realizes the last eighty years of his life have been a cruelly beautiful dream.