universes. This morning I wanted to see my father on my sister’s phone screen, wanted to show him the street of my smile, but his mind was full of its almonds.

The day concentrated its heat. A merciless rectangular room. When I was a girl, my father could wreck an intention, his anger a gash, and now defenseless clear days, when we are beautiful faces. What he supposes we are.

Scientists use mouse models to understand the disorder. I am the wise one, the fearful one. I read more about mice. Sometimes I tell my father we’re rich on bread and orchids. I tell him what is a garden, a harbor. Rather than grief, a question starts at the end. I maze through the latest statistics and spend further hours with a broom and a teapot. General disintegration.

Yesterday in a doctor’s office I saw a photo in National Geographic of rhinos. Through long windows, the ecstatic sunshine came into view. I sat in this tired body, looked at the rhinos. Some men had cut off the horns.

I will care about everything. Those mysterious mammals, those mammoth gaps in their heads. My father is losing his mind, and all the things I know right now are what a hole can do. How that hole keeps being empty.