

While Age Comes On

Henry Anker

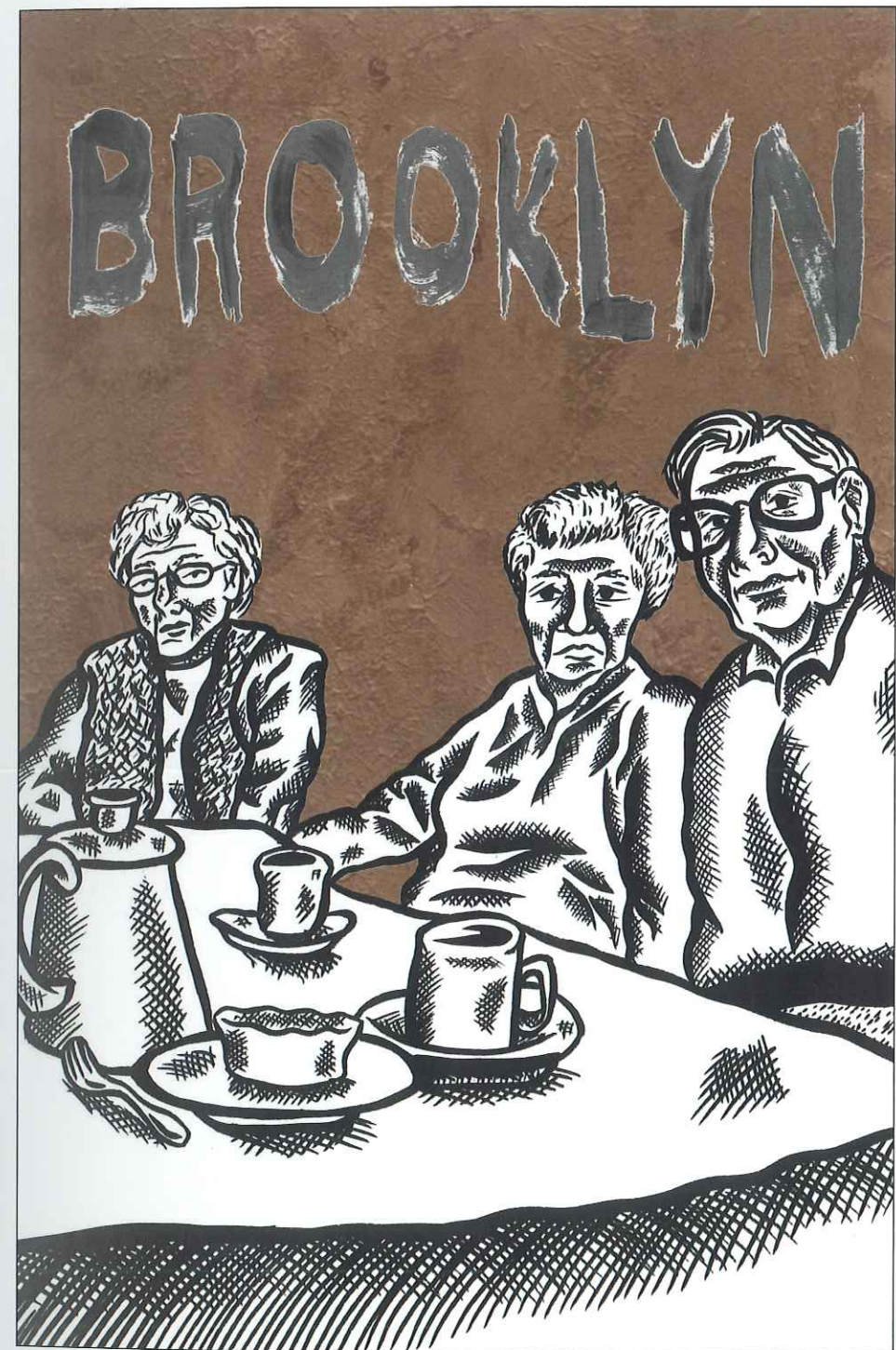


While Age Comes On

*He lies now even so, with aching heart,
and longs for your return, while age comes on him*

-The Odyssey

When I was fifteen, my parents found out that my grandmother was in the late stages of dementia. Shortly after, she accepted our invitation to live with us. "While Age Comes On" is a collection of memories of the time we spent together. It is a series of fourteen mixed-media images illustrating the value of intergenerational experiences. The works combine text and image to depict the physical and emotional aspects of eldercare. Essentially, it is an introspective look at the challenges the elderly face.



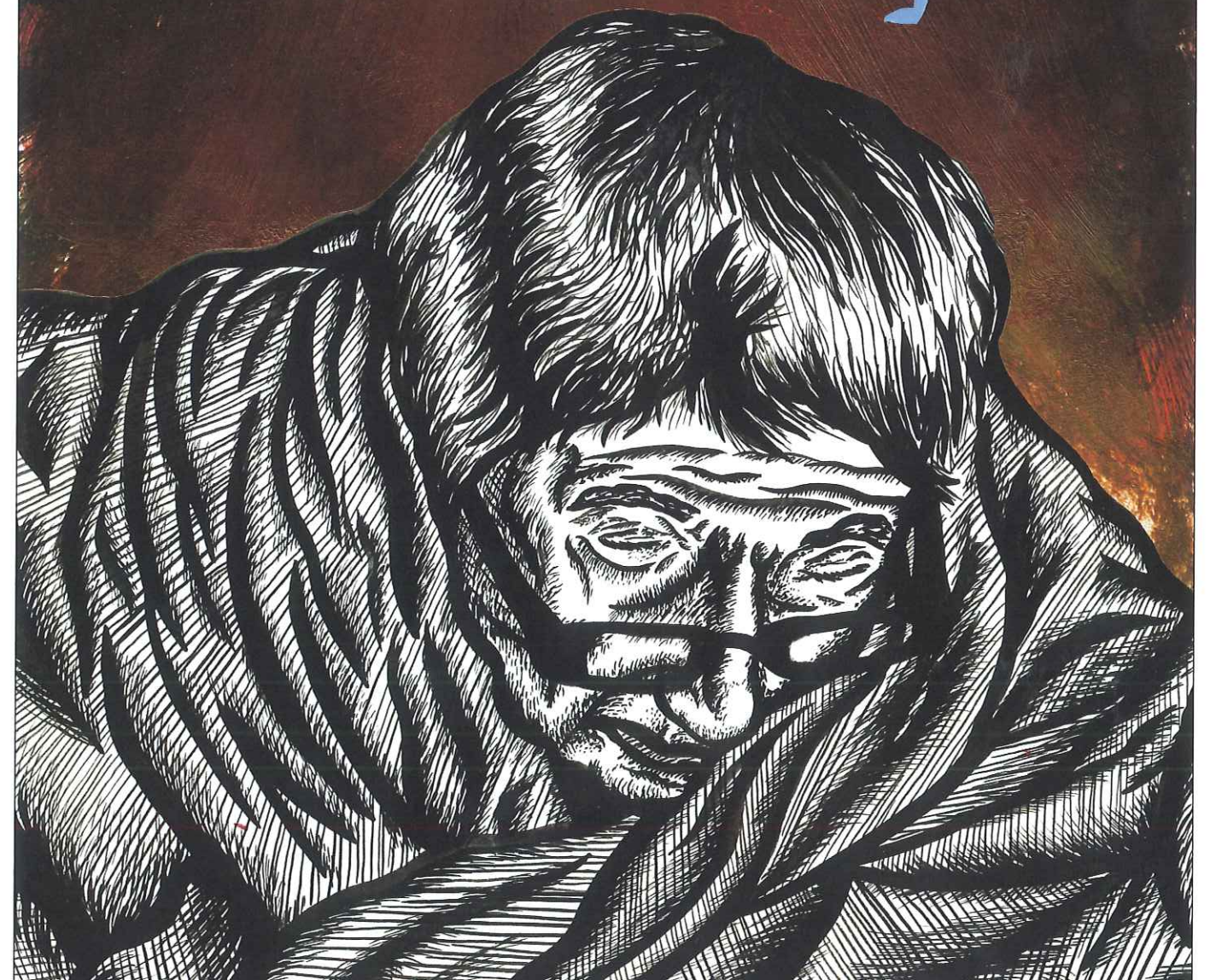
A Faint Laugh

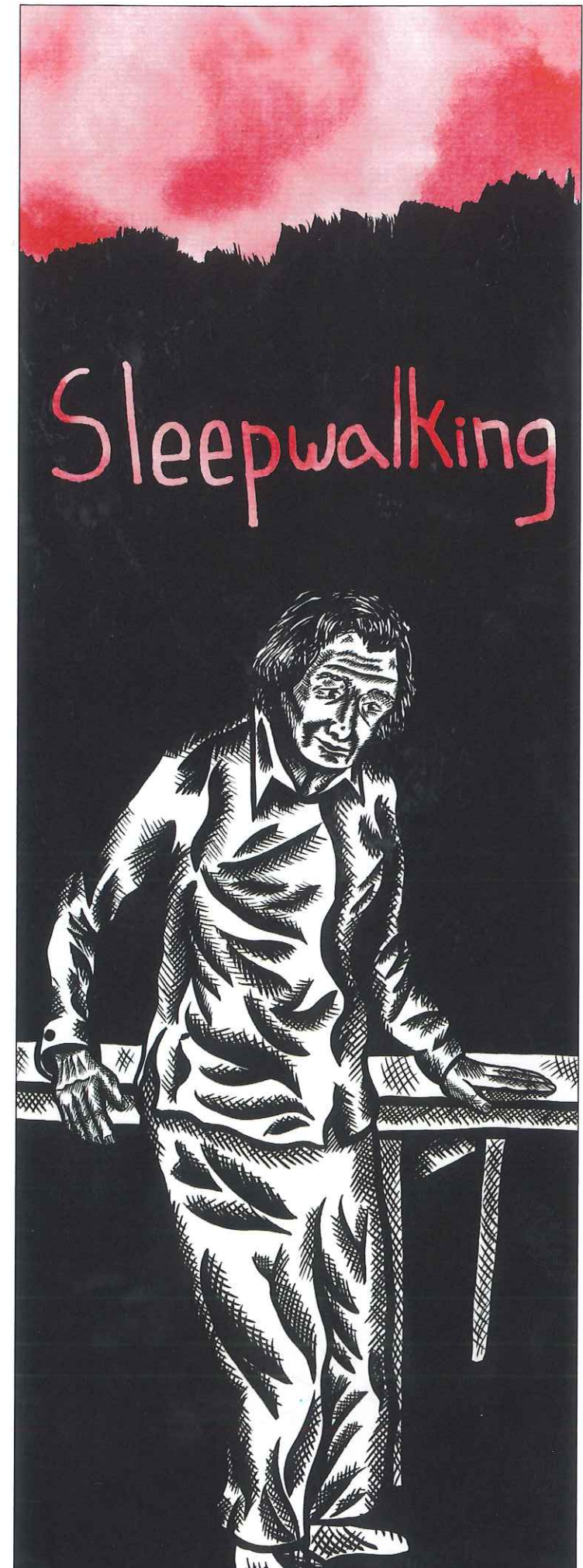




One Foot In Front Of The Next

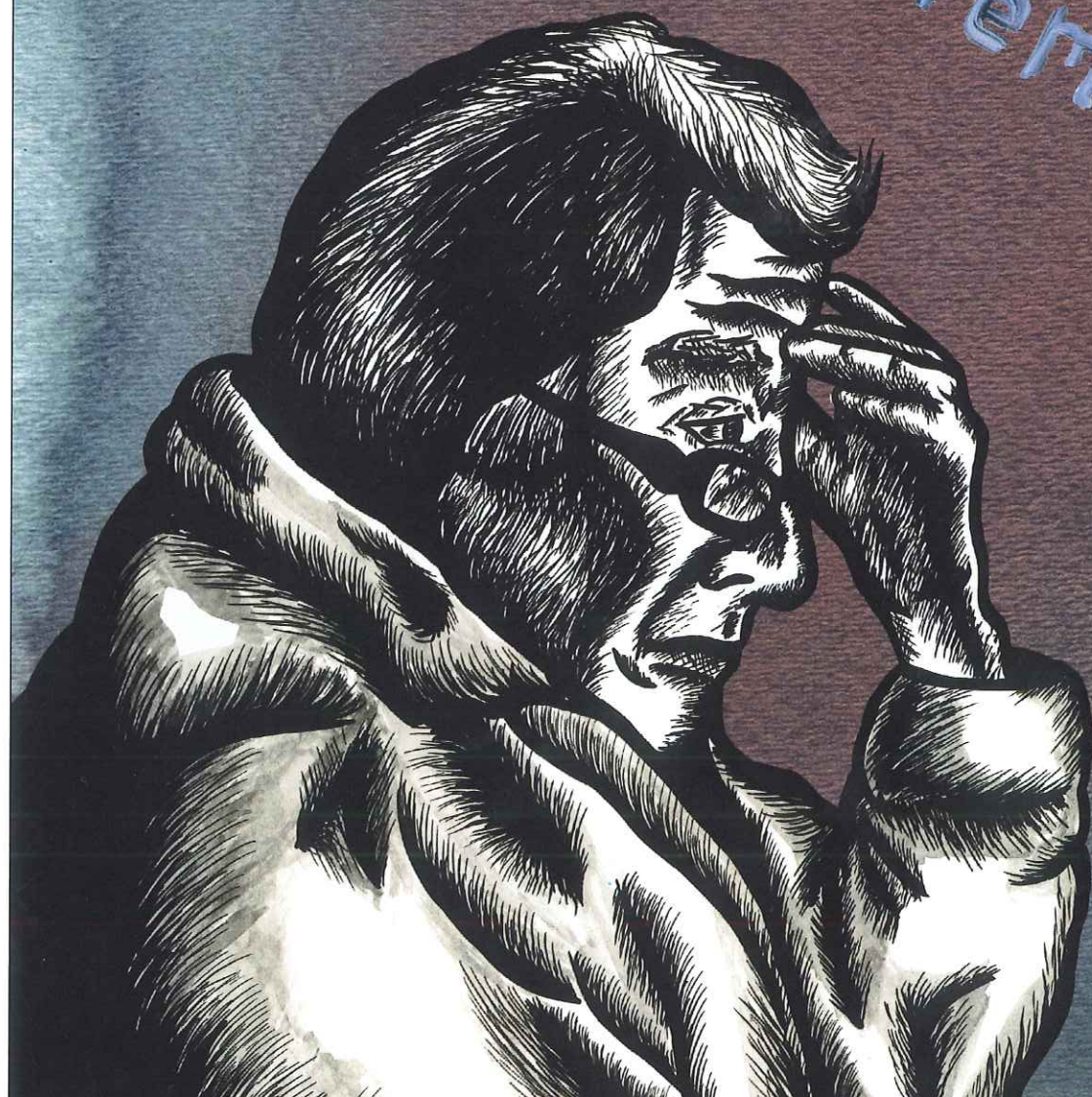
She withdrew into
the folds of the
beat old blanket
she brought over
from Brooklyn





Sleepwalking

She held
her head in
her hand and
tried to remember

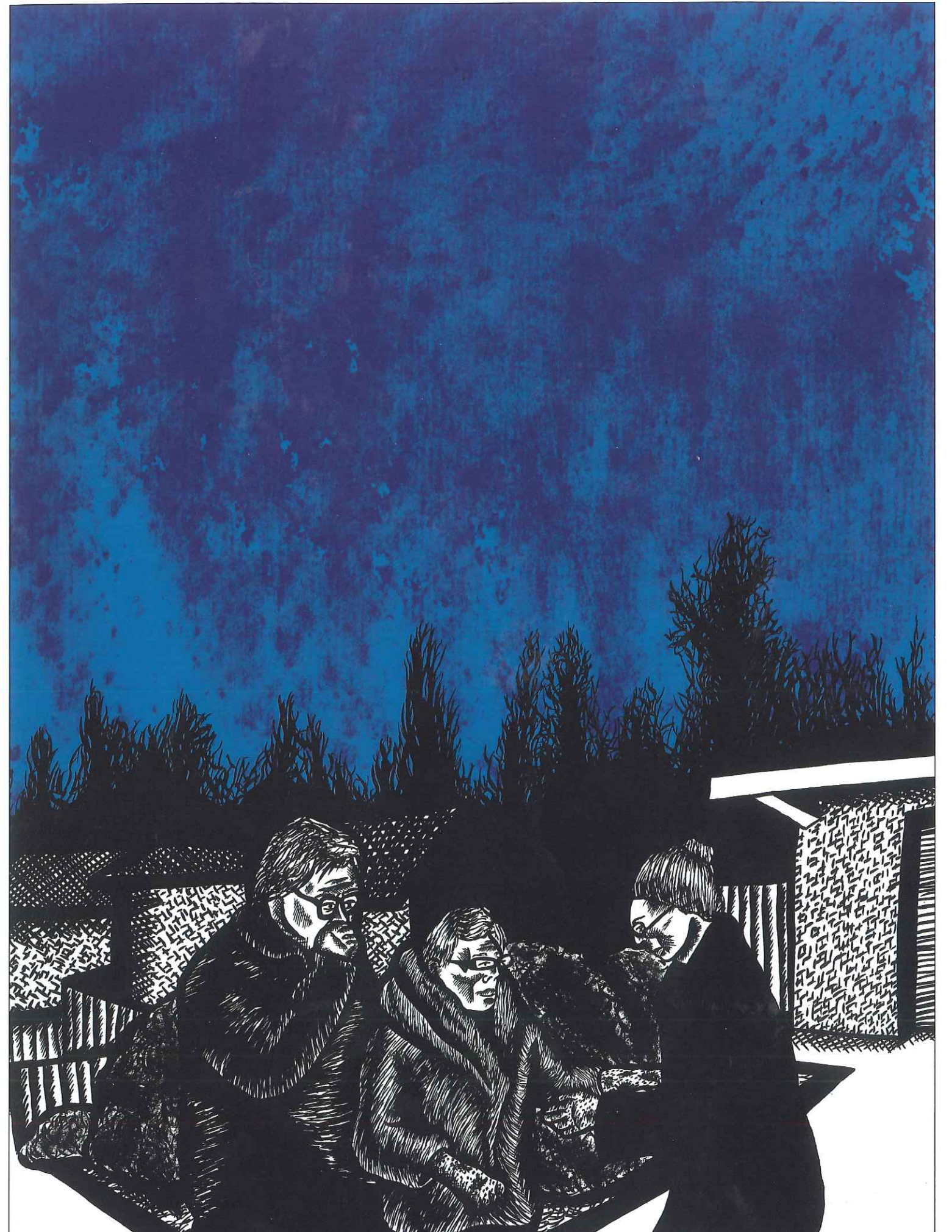


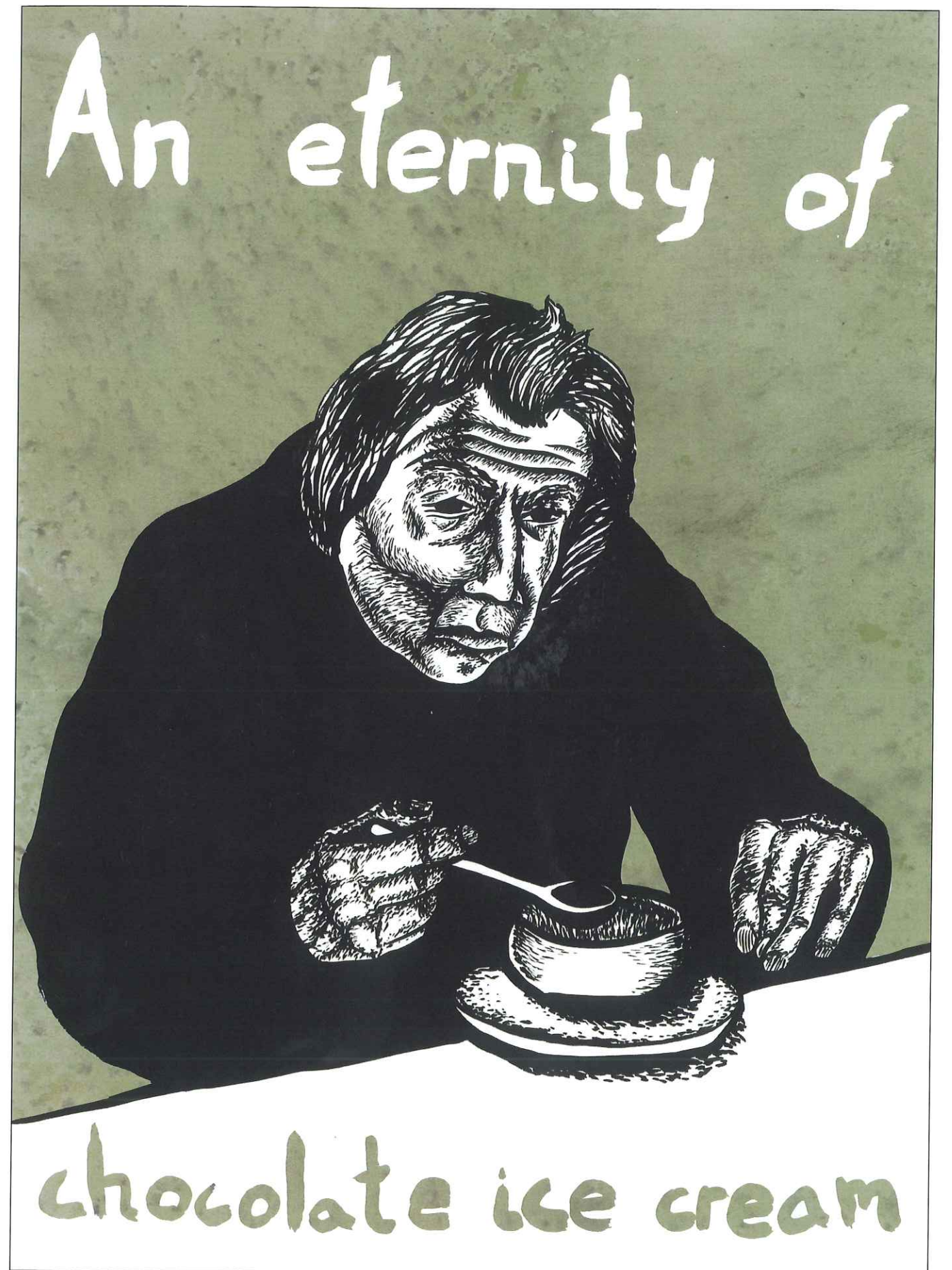
She opened the
piano,
cautious,
like it was
a coffin,
and held
herself
against it



for ten minutes,
searching
the keys
for an echo
of Chopin
or a sign
of life

Walking Home



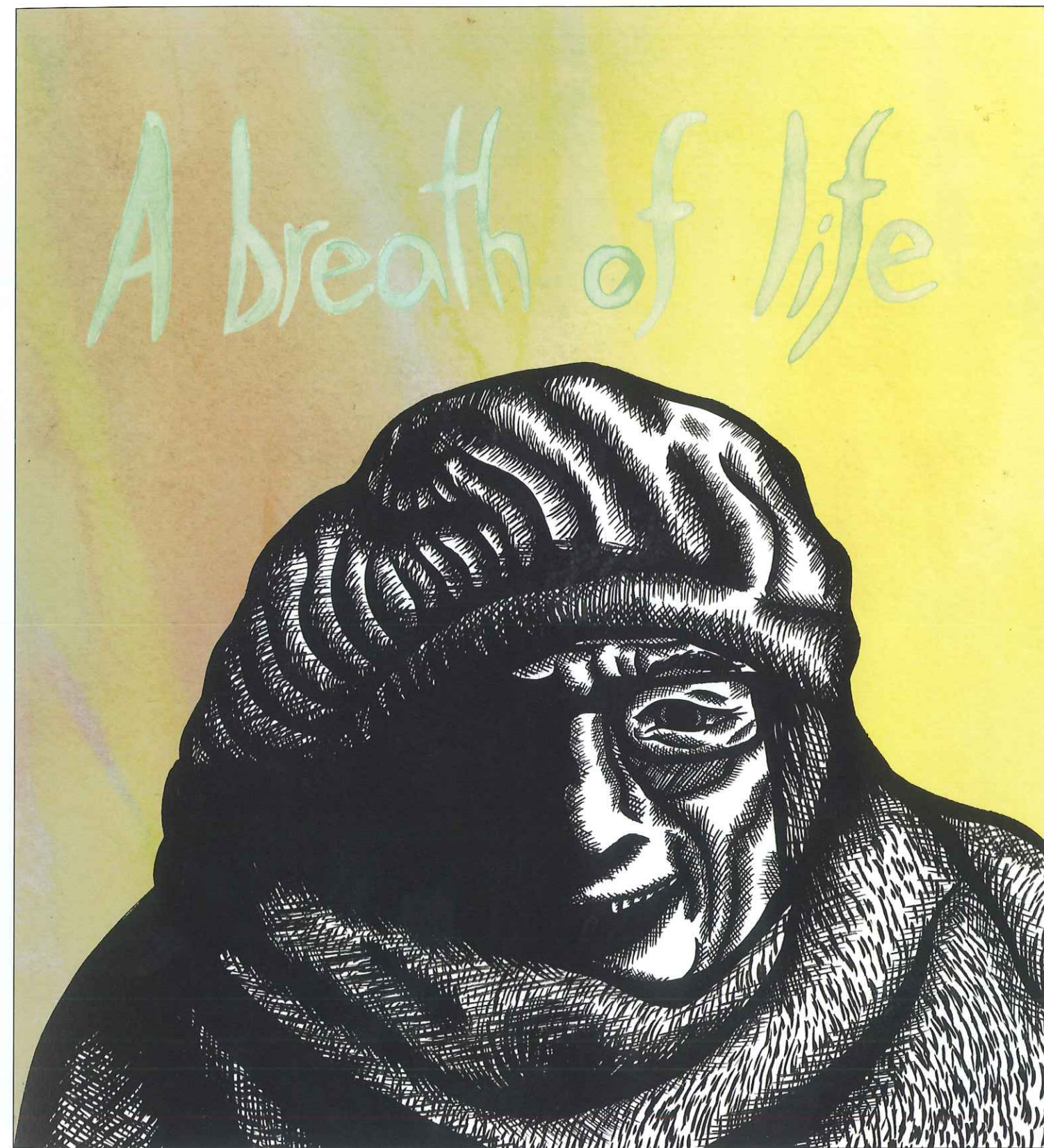


An Eternity of Chocolate Ice Cream
2012

Fingers shaking, she
pulled out a battered
box of matches
But when she tried
to light one, it sparked
and snapped

And
the
room
smelled
like
sulfur
for
hours





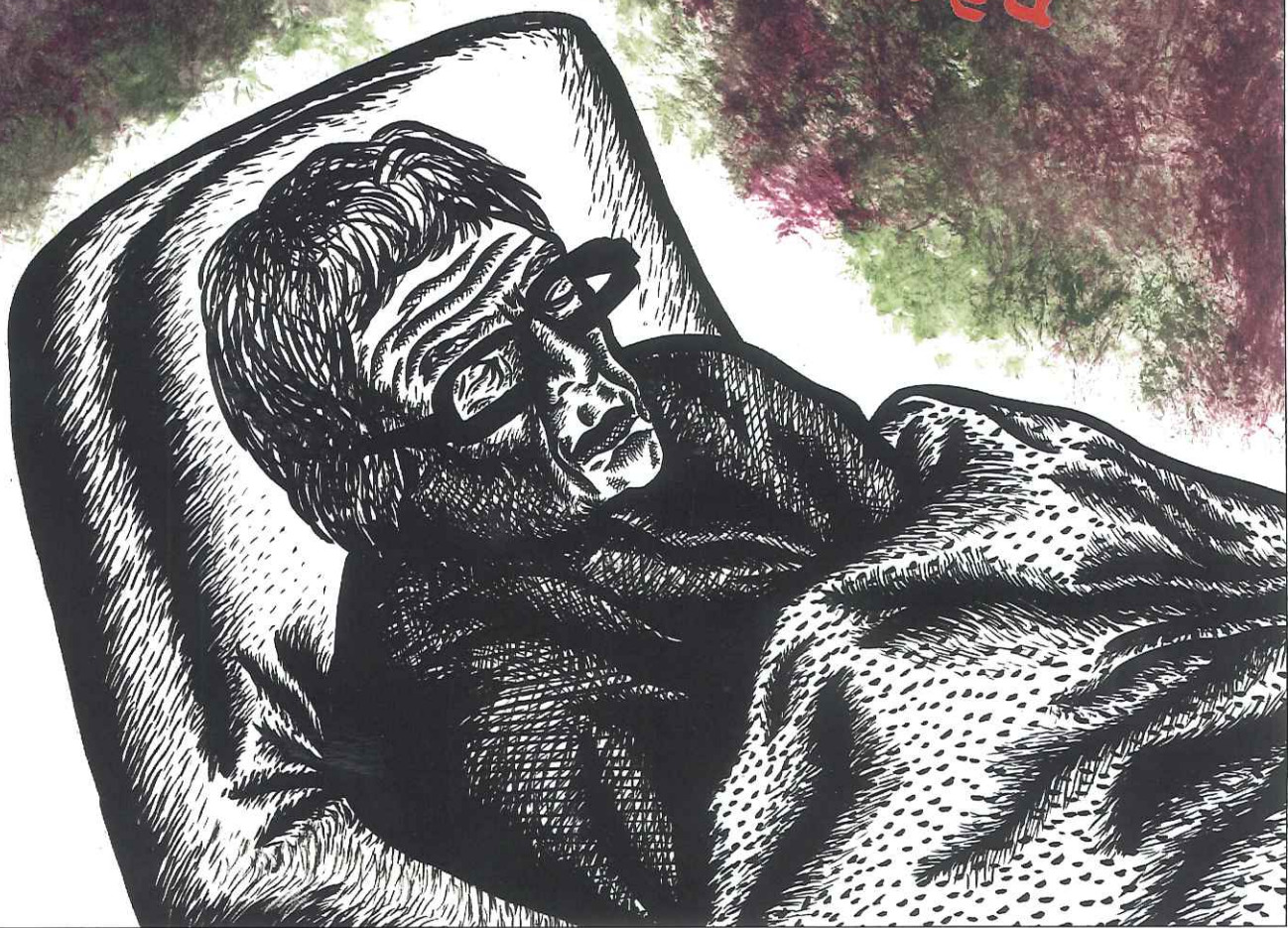
A Breath Of Life

She lay there
quiet and still
as the furniture

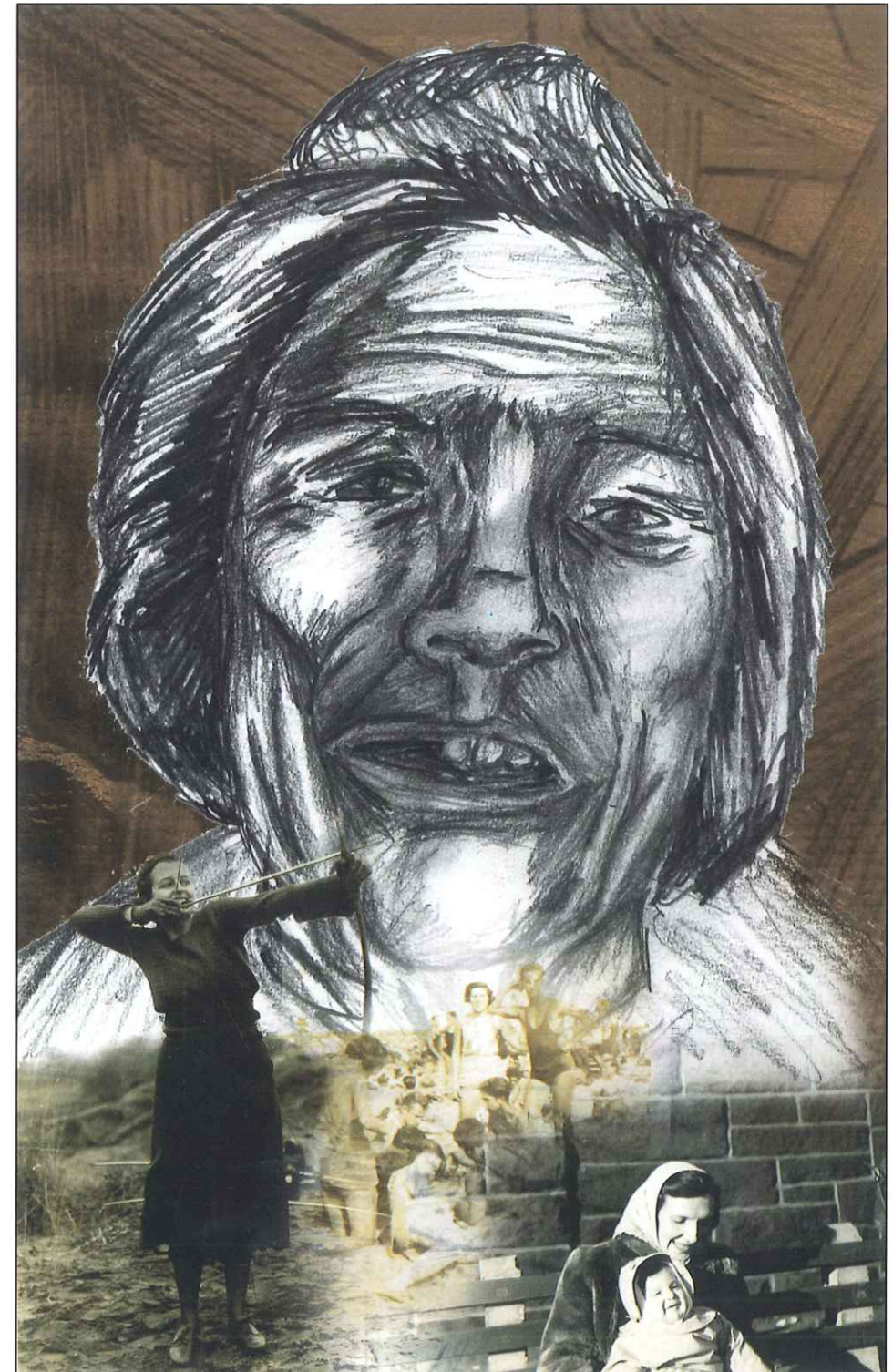
"Dare!" she said,
"a' feel dat?"

And she
fell back
asleep

But then she shuddered
and her whole body
quivered







Remembering