

Hippocampus in Acrostic form

By Jennifer Shelley (former student of Professor Chris Gan's Human A&P class)

Hear it once; you don't have to tell me twice, my hippocampus has stored it thrice.

In each lateral ventricle of my brain, you rule in my memory, but not in vain. Part of my limbic system you stir some emotion.

Priceless memories of how I felt, what I wore and how he smelled, the first time I knew I was in the arms of my true love.

Playing on the radio a song reminds me of cruising down the road, the colors of the sunset off in the distance, the breeze blowing on a cool summer night, when my cares could not find me and the world was mine.

Out of sight, but never out of mind, tucked into folds of my temporal lobe. You are amazing to me.

Connecting all the special memories of my life, like when I smell baby powder and remember the first time I held my children in my arms.

Alzheimer's injures you and I cannot stop it.

Memories that were once so vivid are now somewhere else and I am haunted of what I cannot recall.

Plenty of chances to make new memories, but they just won't stay.

Unable to play back the scenarios of my life, my brain is sick.

Semantic memory once so full to overflowing, I wish I could reach you, but my efforts are now in vain. My memories are fading away (Wikipedia, pg 1).