

Apraxia

■ Cite as: *CMAJ* 2018 January 15;190:E55. doi: 10.1503/cmaj.171084

He turns to her. The story's well rehearsed:
mistakes at work, wing mirrors clipped, wrong change,
"His mum went like this, too." I probe the wound.
"What was the first thing — really worried you?"
Her face falls. "It was Christmas time last year;
our youngest brought him her new Lego set.
He couldn't help, just sat there with the box
and shuffled all the pieces in his hands."
There's blood for genes, a cholinergic feint,
much talk. The clinic fades to dozy Tube.
I'm home to fumble round a bedtime — late
again — and Miles (pyjamaed in the hall
amid a flood of plastic gems) holds up
two broken bricks he can't unpick. We build.

Jason D. Warren MBBS PhD

Dementia Research Centre,
UCL Institute of Neurology,
University College London, London, UK

This article has been peer reviewed.

