

The Resident

Who am I?

Fifty years ago, I was a teacher.

Fifteen years ago, I was a retired teacher.

Today? I am a resident.

What am I?

Fifty years ago, I became a Mother.

15 years ago I became a grandmother

Today, I am a dependent.

Look at me,

I am still here.

I am the same person

Although that may not be clear.

Talk to me,

I can still hear.

I know what I want

And what I hold dear.

Who am I?

I am who I have always been,

And who I still want to be.

Spend a little time and you will see.

I am more than a diagnosis, condition or disease.

I am not heart failure, CVA or arthritic knees.

I am at the end of my life, feeling tired,

But your sympathy is not desired

I am years of experience, knowledge and pride.

I am a mother, a daughter, an employee, a bride.

Time can be cruel, and nature unkind,

Don't add to my pain by being blind.

Walk in my shoes, just for a while.

Be present with me and see me smile.

Don't bring me more pills, or shakes to drink,

My goal is not weight gain, what do you think?

The pills take away the pleasure of food

So they don't do much to brighten my mood.

They often make me dizzy, or cause me to fall

And this kind of attention makes me feel small.

Talk to me,

I can still hear.

My life story will tell you

What I hold dear.

Don't treat my disease, treat my pain and distress

My life was full before all this mess

My mind and my body are both very slow

I'm not giving up, I'm just letting go.

Don't try to keep me, with treatments and meds,

I'm not really living in this strange bed.

No one can take the memories away,

And love runs so deep it will always stay.

Let me go, and walk by my side.

Give me respect and let me keep my pride.

Let me go without further strife.

Let me face death as I faced life.

