

The Day I Died

The day I died was wonderful.

*I'd been alone for years, no family around,
Things were fine till I fell, and became bed bound.
Not wanting to leave the only home I'd ever known,
I agreed to have carers, so I wouldn't be alone.*

*At first I hated not being in control,
Carers in and out all day - each had their own role.
Some would cook, some would clean, kept me clean and dry,
Some would make conversation - but I didn't know why.*

*In my life I'd no need for friends before,
I enjoyed my own company, of that I was sure.*

*But why should I change now I've people around?
So I said very little, barely making a sound.
But as days turned to weeks, I became quite aware,
That for some of my carers, I'd started to care.*

*Years passed by, now the highlight of my day,
Are the chats with my carers - they have plenty to say!
Tales of romance, adventure - trips to the sea,
But the thing I like most is that they listen to me.*

*When I tell funny tales they laugh with glee,
And with tales of woe, they show empathy.*

*More years went by, and I felt quite content,
Though I knew that my body was thoroughly spent.
I was tired all the time, and I knew why,
I was reaching the end - soon I would die.*

*Some carers shed tears at my deterioration,
Held my hand - not wanting to leave their station.
But death is part of life, as night follows day,
It comes to us all - no matter what you say.*

*Finally it was time to ascend to the clouds above,
The day I died was wonderful - it was filled with love.*