

THE SMILE

A bright light comes on, is it day? Is it the sun?
When had the day begun?
I blink my eyes through a sleepy haze,
I try to organise my thoughts of days.
Who's this person walking through my door?
It looks like they know me. of that, I'm sure.
They bend with a smile as i squint up to see.
Why do they look as if they already know me.?
I wrack my brain , but no recognition grows.
They hold my hand with a caring that shows.
"Would you like a cup of tea before we get you up?"
I nod my head at the smiling face and gladly take the cup .
I watch them as they let the light in.
Opening some curtains i don't remember buying.
The smiling person turns with a frown, holding dresses in the air.
"Which one of these wonderful gowns would you like to wear?"
She lets me decide with a point of my finger
And approves of my choice without any linger.
She gathers more items and lets me decide.
She seems so at home, she's glowing in pride.
She offers me her hand, the smile still on her face.
She assists me to stand with ease and with grace.
"Let me show you to the bathroom, then ill help you start your day."
Her kindness eases me out of bed, i let her show the way.
She kneels by my side as i sit myself down.
"Could i assist you with a wash today?" she asks me with a frown.
I feel a wave of unease flash through my mind.
Its gone in a flash because of this person so kind.
She helps me to do things i struggle to do.
Smiling throughout and helping me through.
The chatter she offers helps me feel so at ease.
While she soaks my aching feet while down on her knees.
When did it happen when i stopped being able?
When did my body start feeling painful?
She offers me a cloth, breaking thoughts of my pain.
Water drips on my knees and it feels like the rain.
"I like the rain" i say to her and she looks at me with glee.
"When we're done in here, come and take a walk with me"
She helps me with my wash, she helps to get me dressed.
I see myself in the mirror, and even I'm impressed.
I look so good, i feel so alive,
I'm washed and dressed and fill with pride.
I turn to the smile and feel my own smile then
This person before me must be a wonderful friend.
She takes my hand and leads me, through a place comfy but new.
She puts on my coat, opens a door and ushers me through.
We stand there together in wonder, while gentle rain falls from the sky.
I look to my friend and smile at her,
And i begin to cry.
"I like to dance out in the rain, I don't want it to end"
She holds my hand and winks at me, my wonderful smiling friend.
"Don't you worry i have a plan" was exactly what she said.
"For tomorrow I'm here to get you up, and you can dance in the shower instead."