Empathy

Daylight creeps through the curtain chink
Is it day, is it night, I have to think.

The opening door, the gentle hello,
The kindness and warmth of the voice I know.

The face stoops down to my level to see,
How I look or appear to be.

I turn my head and open my eyes,
and focus on colours, well I can but try.

The smile that greets me makes me smile, the warm hand rests for a while.

It brushes my hair off my face,
the smallest touch I'd never replace.

It shows I'm loved and I'm still here,
I'm not invisible, I reappear.

They talk about the day ahead,
while I'm safe and warm in my bed.

They chat about what happened at home,
and for that moment I'm not alone.

I use to dance, and sing, and laugh,
I use to cook, and drink a draught.

I married a man who supported our life,
I was proud to be a mum and wife.

I lived a life full of hope and joy,
With children; 2 girls and a boy.

I dreamed of a life lived well,
But age crept up, I stumbled, I fell.

It was difficult for me to stay at home,
My husband was gone and I was alone.

I tried to keep safe and not cause a fuss,
But then I didn't eat, drink or wash.

I started to live life more in my head,
I stopped getting up, I stayed in bed.

So now your care means the world to me

I'd tell you but I can't, you see.

I hope my eyes let you know my dear
that you're my friend, and you lesson my fears.

The way you help me eat and drink,
You keep me safe as my skills shrink.

You wipe my chin, and sing to the radio,
hoping this is a song I know.

You watch my face over and over again,
to check for any illness or pain.

I seem less alert, my face looks flush,
but you stay with me, you won't rush.

I may not speak or move about,
but I'm treated with dignity without a doubt.

You're here and mean the world to me,
each day you care with empathy.