

IF I COULD CHOOSE



This Dementia disease wouldn't be so bad
If I could choose,
What memories to lose

Why must the most current go first?
Many of my sweetest memories have been recent

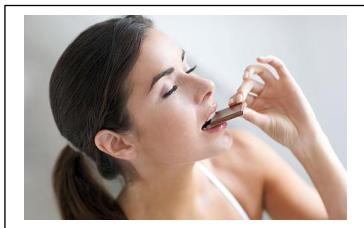
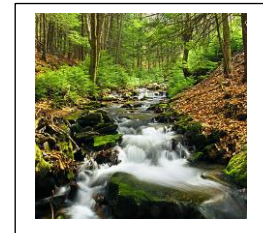
Why can't I erase
The memories and feelings of being:
Betrayed and disappointed
Loss and grief
The follies of youth
Regret and shame



All those memories that harrow up my mind at night
And make it hard to fall asleep

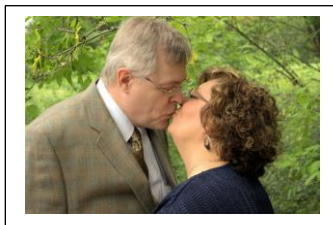
Why can't I choose,
What memories to lose?

I would choose never to forget:
My loved ones
The smell of clean babies
The beauty of nature
The sound of laughter and Loons
The taste of chocolate and
The feeling of a kiss and a hug



Why can't I choose,
What memories to lose?

©Roxanne Varey 2015



MIDNIGHT MAID

The clock strikes midnight,
And the housework begins;

Empty the dishwasher
Clean up kitchen counter,
Oil garage door hinges
Go on food binges,
Sweep the floor
Linseed oil the door,
Put in a load of laundry
Return library books in nightie,

Now there are a lot of things,
I thought Dementia would do to me
But I never thought I'd become the
Midnight Maid.

©Roxanne Varey



SILENTLY SCREAMING

I'm soo cold

Frost forms around my words

Delicate and sensitive like glass

One mishap and they shatter

Falling silently screaming,

To the frigid ground

Red droplets begin to fall like snow

©Roxanne Varey 2015



I love this picture and that she is holding onto a tree, that is a metaphor

THE POWER OF THE PEN

There once was a woman, given to thought
She had received some bad news,
She was terminally ill
All of a sudden she received some inspiration
To her pen and pad she went
This was all so new to her
The words just flowed, expressing emotion
She could find no words for
She humbly submitted the poem
To Societies of the disease
Hoping what had comforted her
Might comfort others
From this sprang
An interview on National Radio
Then a video for a Fundraiser of the disease
From what was an innocent gesture to comfort
Who knew it would all become so grand
Then to her amazement, of the Power of God
She was to be on National TV for a series on the disease
A photo op for the fundraiser
A guest speaker at the Annual Gala Event
Never under estimate
The Power of the Pen.

©Roxanne Varey

Today I am so weak and so very tired.

I am not strong today, but know I will be again

But today I am not, so I want to hide, I want to run away,

I just want to escape for a little while.

I know I have much to be grateful for, but today is hard,

Life is the victor and I surrender.

Couldn't it be easy just for a while, couldn't I just rest.

So today I am not strong, but it will pass,

Today I am weak, but it will not last.

Today I am sad and weary, but tomorrow won't be so dreary

Oh the cliché cannot be,

This wretched Disease.

©Roxanne Varey 2015

