

THE ELDERLY PATIENT.

Who am I? I am no one
What am I ? I am nothing
What do they know
Who hover me and prod me
With sharp needles
They do not know me.

They do not see the young me
On sandaled feet
Scuffing through a hayfield
On a hard packed path
Silken summer skirt
Swirling against my legs
As I walk past
Sun dried grass in the hedgerows
Where dainty the dainty harebells grow.

They do not hear the lark
Trilling on high
Nor the buzzing of the bees at work
Nor the young man by my side
Singing me a love song
As we amble towards the river.

The tree shaded river is cool
The diamond clear water bubbles
And chatters as it washes
Round moss covered stones
Minnows dart about in the shallows.
All is peace with my world
The world they cannot see.

Mary A Moore.