

SIMPLY HUMAN

By

Maxine Burns

Alone and frail, blinds closed taut,
merciless darkness embraces her form.
Wisps of whispers curl, like mist through the door.
Life passes by, she's forsaken once more,
dismissed as a person in this race for perfection.
A struggle with the lamp, at last, some light
floods the room, kills the night.
Images of loved ones in locket of gold,
family enfolded, their story now cold.
A crocheted cushion, arranged on a chair,
shaped by wrinkled, blue hands, finished with care.
A homely clay pig, a card lovingly inked, links
with her son, now gone.
Treasures, riches, gems. Junk to some.
A snapshot. A wedding, her hair long and fair,
serene pretty face, enveloped in lace,
sporting white kinky boots, he in a red velvet suit.

She was smart, she had flair,
now sans teeth and sans hair.
Chanel number five, neat as a pin.

Coffee in cups, an occasional gin,
cinema, meals out, friends in tow.
Sometimes a week in the Costa del Sol.
Laughter and dreams, cuddling her cat,
Christmas and birthdays, small stuff like that.
She's longing for a gentle touch,
too much to ask? Accepts a casual glance,
a curling lip, a hands harsh clip.
She's wet – and worse. The carers curse, then tuts.

Tuts.

She fights her silent war with age,
Waits for life to turn a page.
Reflects on why they cannot see,
that one day soon, they will be me.

(Maxine Burns. Simply Human)