

A SONG FOR ANNE



Light filters in to a quiet room



Breathing still we lie in bed



Soon the nurses will be coming round



Time to be washed and dressed and fed



All of the days run together seeming much the same



I lie awake in the morning feeling old



And a tiredness comes on me as the breakfast is wheeled in



The course of the whole day is foretold

It seems my companions are just like me

Lost in the memories in our heads

Memories so distant, so difficult to hold

Faded like the pictures by our beds

Only a thread now we dangle on our dignity
Each in her own way to face the muffled days
And we look at each other from the depths of dreamy heads
As the breakfast dishes are all cleared away

Sometimes I wonder why I carry on
Going through the motions of the day
I get so sleepy I want to lie down
And let the quiet carry me away
Outside the window the winter sun invites the Spring
One or two snowdrops I'm told are coming through
And if you can come to see me son, I couldn't speak for joy
It seems like years since I last heard from you.