

Embec Care Ltd The Wise Choice Poem

Living With Dementia

She's trapped inside the prison walls
that used to be her mind.
The woman that she used to be,
Has long been left behind.

There are times she's quite alert,
Her memory's still intact.
Then there are days when she disappears,
And we know it's not an act.

No longer able to care for herself,
We couldn't leave her alone.
Her safety had to be assured,
So we placed her in a home.

Good days are when we visit her,
And she calls us by our name.
She's grateful for the company,
And thankful that we came.

Most of the time it's difficult,
To see our Mom that way.
All we can do is love her now,
As we take life day by day.