

THERE COMES A TIME WHEN . . .

There will come a time when I'm not needed.
There will come a time when you're both independent.
There will come a time when you're doing it alone.
There will come a time when I can do what I want.
There will come a time when I will be bored.
There will come a time for new adventures.

Fiona

ROBBIE

When I look into your eyes,
I see excitement and joy,
Dreams you have yet to enjoy.

When I look into your eyes,
I see a whole world of endless possibilities,
Challenges and more.

When I look into your eyes,
I hope they never see disturbing things –
Things that may hurt.

When I look into your eyes,
I see you –
New, fresh, you – how exciting.

Fiona

THERE HAS TO BE MORE

There has to be more than working,
Working,
Working.

Is there any time for me?!

If I wasn't working,
What would I do?

Enjoy the freedom,
No sense of time,
Rushing around.

Enjoy the family –
Not worry
About always working
When the family have a get-together.

Enjoy the garden –
Oh, to spend all day gardening.

But then,
Would I miss my colleagues,
The camaraderie,
The feeling of being needed?

Theresa

GRANDDAUGHTER

When I look into your eyes,
I see a mischievous look,

A look that wants to see all
And not miss anything,

Then that look becomes vacant,
And then the eyelids droop,

And you finally give in
To sleep.

Theresa

(Extended version of poem)

GRANDDAUGHTER

When I look into your eyes,
I see a mischievous look,

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To sleep.

If you look into my eyes,
You will see a woman

Who tries to please,
A hard worker,

Who has been in the garden
Since she was a child,

You will see a woman,
Who loves life.

Theresa

FOR RUSSELL

I want you to remember me
As someone who always did her best.

I want you to remember
The times when you were a child
And looked to me for everything.

I want you to remember me
As the mother who protected you
But gave you wings to be free –

In the belief
That giving someone their freedom
Gives them the option of returning.

You gave me the gift of your return
When you came back across the seas
With your family.

I want you to remember me
As someone who helped shape your life,

Who gave you values,
Who delighted in your own attributes –

But most, I want you to remember me
As someone who is giving you permission
To let me go.

Sue Cleeve

I WILL NO LONGER EXIST

There will come a time
When I will no longer exist,
And it seems strange to me
That the world will go on
Without me.

There will come a time
When my son will feel bereft,
And I will not be able
To quell his fears.

I will not be able to comfort
And 'make it better'
Because I will no longer be.
This seems strange to me.

Sue Cleeve

WHAT'S BEHIND MY EYES!

When you look into my eyes,
You will see a woman who is cheery,
Always ready to chat,
A woman who adores her family.

When you look into my eyes,
You will see a woman who is bubbly,
Who likes a good night out,
But loves being at home
Even more so.

If you look beyond my eyes,
You will see a woman who is hurting,
Angry at the world.
Who tries to cover everything up
With a cuppa and a hobnob.

If you look beyond my eyes,
You will see a woman
Who is scared of being alone,
Growing old, losing everyone,
And things she loves so much.

If you look beyond my eyes,
You will see a woman who is afraid –
Afraid of I don't know.
I never want to know.

Tracy

I AM, WE ARE

There comes a time
When you have to say,
Give up, stop trying,
There's nothing more to be done.

But I feel I can never give up,
Stop trying.
There always got to be more.

I remember thinking,
Why me? Why us?
Feeling sorry for myself.

But I am strong,
We are strong,
And one day,
There will be more.

Tracy

THE MARTLETS HOSPICE

GROUP POEM BY DAY PATIENTS AND STAFF

YOUR OWN TIME

I love the dusk around the pier,
And seabirds giving hope
In homecoming.

And I love the evening
Once all the work is done;
I live on the hill
And no matter what the weather is,
You always get a beautiful sunset
Not withstanding what kind of day
It has been.

I have to say three o'clock
In the afternoon,
When I used to have a cup of tea –
I think of that as a cup-of-tea time,
Clearing away dinner-time normally,
I just feel that bit of time is mine;
I start to thinking about a day
I got married at three o'clock,
65 years ago, in 1945,
April 18th, I think of that.

The favourite time for me
Is after the evening meal,
When you have washed up,

And the day is finished,
It is your own time.

My favourite time is first thing
In the morning when I get up,
More so in the summer
When it is light.
I like the idea of being up
Before everyone else is . . .
About 6 a.m.

And I have to agree –
My favourite time,
I love hearing all the birds
And know I can have that time,
The first cup of coffee
Before anyone else is up –
A bit of my time.

My other half gets up early,
Makes me tea,
Then he goes to work
I have half an hour left,
I doze back,
I spread out with all the quilt
And all the space,
And I have thirty minutes.
I doze off again.

And I like the sunsets,
Watching the sun go down,
I am not a morning person!
I love watching the sun.