

Nursing Home Loneliness



My aged head lifts
And turns toward the hall
Could it be that someone
Is pay a call?

Footsteps draw near'
Hope stirs anew.
Who could it be?
Friends left are so few.

A strand of loose hair
Is tucked quickly in place.
My dress smoothed out,
Steps slow in pace.

A woman comes in
Room fills with perfume.
"Oh, I'm sorry,
I have the wrong room."

"Mrs. Stone, do you know her?"
"Yes dear, in room four."
Slightly embarrassed
She goes out the door.

My tired heart aches,
Hands grip the chair;
The clock seems to tick -
"No one to care."

Christmas and Easter,
People come through.
Distributing gifts,
Handmade and new.

Then, soon forgotten
Until next year;
No one remembers that
I reside here.

Patients pass on.
Then daughters and sons
Say in the halls,
"I meant to come."

"Dear God, Dear God -
Please let it be,
That One will remember
And come visit me."