

# Nursing Home Loneliness



My aged head lifts  
And turns toward the hall  
Could it be that someone  
Is paying 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."