
Still Valid

For Harry, who spent his last years in a cloud-chair

I'm still a real person.
I *really* am still 'me'.
Even though this wrinkled skin
Is all that you can see,
Inside it is the youthful girl,
The student, keen and bright,
The shy young bride, or tall, strong man
That's living on inside.

My legs no longer carry me;
I know I look a freak.
My sight is dim, I can't chew much,
Can't hear you when you speak.
Yet in this frail frame of mine -
Locked in my fading brain -
I'm still the *person* I once was;
Much older, but the same.

So please - when you go past my chair,
Spare a thought for me.
Greet me as you may have done
When I could hear, and see.
Please don't assume I'm "not at home"
Or don't love to hear you talk:
Just say 'hello' or give a smile
As you did when I could walk!

'Cause deep inside these aging bones
I *really* am still me.
One day old age will capture you -
the tables turn, you see.
How will you fare
strapped in a chair?
Will you be happy? Or despair
As **you** rely on others' care - ??
Please spare
a thought for me.

Colleen Roberts 2007
