

Walk With Me

Walk with me my friends, walk with me today.

Come and see what I see, and listen to what I say.

Yes, I have dementia, and sometimes I get worse.

Please be grateful that you don't have this curse.

But are we all that different, the likes of you and me?

We breathe the same, we feel the same.

The same things we do see

The only difference is, my friends, I don't feel that well

When I can't remember everything you tell.

My heart beats just as quick as yours, my blood runs just as fast,

But because of my dementia the shadow it is cast.

It's the shadow cast by others that takes away my light,

Turns my life to darkness, my pleasure into fright.

For when you cast that shadow, and it comes my way

It drains me of my energy, makes me hide or run away.

Sometimes I do different things, my mind is not my own

But do YOU never talk to yourself, when you are alone?

So, am I all that different, the likes of you and me?

So, my friends, come walk awhile, the future's ours to see.

Poem by Norman (Norms) McNamara