

OLD MANS HAND

In loving memory of Daniel Dodd

I hold an old man's hand so soft now.

I was told he worked hard, now he just tries to hold on.

I sat by him and wonder about all the things he has seen in his 90 + years but now he tries to remember yesterday.

They say not to get to close but how do you not.

I hold an old man's hand and wonder how he sees me.

Does he realize that I don't mind changing him, feeding him or helping him out of bed?

Does he realize that I like to hear him sing the old songs and listen to his stories?

I hold an old man's hand and then you meet the family.

Do they realize how his eyes light up when they talk to him? Yes they do, and you fall in love with them too.

You see the tears in his daughter's eyes as he sings happy birthday to her maybe for the last time.

Its time for me to go.

I hold an old man's hand.

Maybe for the last time.

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