

THE CHOICE

This my home of sixty years
Time to move on, realise my fears
My joints ache and my knees creak
The road ahead looks rather bleak
Shuffling with a walking frame
I cannot cope, such a shame
Every object on my sideboard
Memories that strike a chord
Souvenirs and birthday gifts
The china jugs and candlesticks
A Greek key fruitless bowl
Flamenco dancing Spanish doll
Blue and white Royal Wedgewood vases
Waterford crystal whiskey glasses
Things that can still bring me pleasure
Every piece a memory to treasure
Now it's time for 'Residential Care'
My own bedroom, a lounge to share
'Space is limited, choose just one'
Says my matter-of-fact dear son
Many a moment of deep reflection
Staring at that strange collection
I pick up the brass photo frame
Whispering my late husband's name
A wedding photo of John and me
Back in the snow of '63
The only thing I cannot lose
This is the one that I must choose