



## **It's My Choice**

Myrna Norman

Reimagining dementia taught me lessons  
Embracing joy and happiness without question  
Being creative in ways that stimulates  
My brain calls out for nutrients that  
Spark neurons and share jubilation.

It is my responsibility to be happy  
My job to find joy and to find reasons to smile  
I cannot accept the myth that happiness  
Joy, contentment and connections  
Are not deserved with a diagnosis of dementia.

The committee of jerks with a home in my brain  
Keeps trying to make the case that it's over.  
To curl up, to live in darkness  
Choose inactivity, dullness, and wait to die  
Get out of my head you messenger of doom.

I have the right and responsibility to use  
My choice of ambivalence or of certainty  
My choice of living well and being productive,  
Finding the spark of life enabling acceptance  
And choosing to live with full throated delight.

**And a poem sent us by Carmela Mulroe called “Yes, Let's” – which was the group exercise Susan led us in at the Tuesday gathering.**

Yes, let's reimagine our way through this tangled mess  
that weaves in out of lines that won't hold still causing us  
to chase the clouds, that form pictures of what we left behind.

Yes, let's reimagine a shift which challenges all the perceptions  
of what it means to forget while holding onto the memory of how  
you slighted all the wisdom you should have seen reading in between the lines.

Yes, let's reimagine a new dictionary in which respect, inclusion and acceptance  
are the first words leading down the pathway of revolution armed with love,  
compassion and empowerment for me, myself and I decry the idea of a 'dead man walking'.

Yes, let's reimagine breaking down the walls which separate you from I  
forming the WE needed to create the foundation upon which to

s, let's reimagine connecting- grasping hands as old friends telling  
thrilling tales worth sharing over the table of tea and treats knowing  
that we stand equal in our foibles and talents alike.

Yes, let's reimagine giftings shining from the soul which hosts them  
under the love and care community brings creating excitement for the dawn of  
each new day to reimagine all that life can hold, yes let's!!

*I am where I am*

Nancy Nelson | Second Harvest Revised Poem | Blue • River • Apple •

Everyone's looking.  
Critiquing from the outside in.

*I am where I am*

My oversensitive and  
Edgy internal workings  
Scratch and claw  
To go backwards in time.

*I am where I am*

Confusion reigns supreme.  
Some days I actually hate where I stand.

... Ah-ha ...  
so unfitting a silver-headed fox  
Such as myself

but

*I am where I am*

*and promise you,*

*I'm doing as best I can!*

## **Re imaging Dementia**

**Let me take you to my dream  
Yes living life in a rich tapestry  
Connecting with others  
A strong Voice for validation inclusion  
people with dementia want to be  
empowered  
So Yes to living life to the fullest and with  
joy  
We live in the moment living for now  
Not worrying about tomorrow love music  
and dance lifts our spirits  
You giving me love conquers all  
This life is not a closed box**

**Berni Godinho**