



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