

# Costa Geriatrica

By

Rosie

Sitting in front of the roaring fire,

In my tatty old armchair

Thinking of the good old days

That are all I desire.

Back when all there was, was trees and fields

Not all the endless roads and houses

That feel so crowded and sad.

And back when I could run around

And enjoy the freedom it gave

With every joyful step.

But now I can hardly stand,

Without the help of others

And the whizzing sound of my wheelchair,

Slowly going round.

With all the people dear to me,  
Moved onto another life,  
I hope I will join them someday  
In heaven or somewhere else.

I think to myself sadly  
All my memories wearing thin  
What have I become?