Dr Jennifer Parker

Thin continuous dreaming?

The television was on but muted,
Men dashing frantically about in their colourful rigout.
His eyes weren’t following quite quickly enough,
“Dad used to love the football - Didn’t you Dad –
Before the memory stuff”.

The past gleamed with the achievements,
Of what once this man had seen, had known, had been.
When walking wasn’t wandering,
Activity wasn’t agitation,
Forgetting wasn’t floundering.

This twilight existence seemed an empty expanse,
All his days a doss, his many triumphs now a loss.
Suspended in purgatory between present and past,
Indifferent to the days of the week,
A strong enough body, but his mind didn’t last.

When suddenly from the baffled absence a lone cheer erupted,
Celebrations in full flow, sinewy arms akimbo.
His team - blue- had scored against red!
Why, I had forgotten all about the football,
Too blinded by my own misplaced dread.

We could reduce him to a fond old fool,
Just a degenerating brain, awaiting death’s refrain.
But instead of seeing him as less than whole,
I saw the joy,
When the blues got that goal.