

Poem

Bedside manner

Then there came a time
 when my body was set free
 by the lost memory
 of my mother's loving eyes,
 my body set free
 to glide high riding
 impossibly silent
 flowing snowy slopes,
 my body set free
 to slide skinny
 slip-stream strokes through
 black and frigid crater lakes.
 Set free by a memory
 or was it just
 wishful thinking
 and not a lost memory at all,
 not lost like the riding
 and sliding.

So now here I lie
 convinced that I
 am ready to die,
 quivering butterfly wings
 pinned to crisp white linens.
 Here you come now
 to my side,
 a newborn's cry
 meeting mother
 eye-to-eye.
 What is this gift that
 you ask of precious me
 like a beggar
 kneeling beside my bed
 holding my hand
 you say
 I love you
 and I will stay here with you.

Michael J. Passmore

Correspondence to Geriatric Psychiatry, University of British Columbia, c/o Mount St. Joseph Hospital, 3080 Prince Edward St, Vancouver, BC, V5T 3N4, Canada; mpassmore@providencehealth.bc.ca

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