

I wish that I could say that
I can cope with all this change
But so many moments come
When I am overwhelmed by pain.
The cruelty of timing wrenches my mother
From me, just as I approach her
That the happiness of this human
Miracle inside is compromised by
Grief beyond its floating world. Being
Strong even frightens me now as I
Have no outlet for the weak. I
Hate to modify my Terry's joy
With tears washing over him.
But how else am I to manage
To juggle all this misery till my
Child is in my arms? Yet not hers?
Nine months is nature's cruelest joke
At best, but worse still when unhappy
Fatigue plagues you too. I keep hoping
For the frightening dreams to end
So that sleep would be the rest
Between two days of equal pain
But night after night the horror themes
Pursue the pathways of my mind
Someone hold my hand for it seems that
I am destined to be a mother lose a
Mother, maybe find myself somehow
But I can't stop crying in waves.

Carole Gibbard

(To my Mom - 3/20/80 after diagnosis of Alzheimer's Disease)

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