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Subject: The Home

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When they move you into
A place like this
Your family has given up on you.
You can't live alone
You can't drive yourself
You can't remember
You can't do so many things
You end up here
The doctors, the nurses,
Your friends all agree
It's the best thing for you
So they move you in
With a few of your things
To remember your life by
A sad few
As they leave you behind
You believe you can hear
The sighs of relief
You adjust as you must
To the regimen, the schedules,
The rules.
In this place
Your past doesn't matter
Who you were
Who you are
Now you are your diagnosis
You are your disabilities
You are just another old person
At worst you are a bed, a job, a paycheck, a task to be checked off before the end of the day.
How can you adjust
To no longer being an individual
To the loss of freedom
To becoming more patient than person
To having no purpose
No destination
Just trying to make
The best of waiting for death.