

## **A Caregiver's Frustration**

*by C. Thomson*

I'm filled with despair for what you've become,  
Because what you've become is not my old mum.

You're no longer there if I hurt; if I weep,  
You no longer care if woe robs me of sleep,  
I do little things, all the 'this' and the 'thats',  
The washing, the cooking and feeding the cats.

I don't want reward, I don't do them for such,  
What I desire (and I'm not asking much),  
Is a smile a day, just to know that you care,  
Just to tell me my mother is still inside there.

Instead there is silence, slammed doors, and a fight,  
Anger, frustration, not a smile in sight.

I know in my heart that you're not to blame;  
Dementia is awful, it ruins your brain.

Please know I forgive you. I love you. I do.

My only hope is you still love me too.