

Walk With Me

Walk a while with me my friends, walk with me today,
Come and see what I see, and listen to what I say,
Yes I have dementia and yes sometimes I'm worse,
Please be very grateful, that you don't have this curse,
But are we all that different, the likes of you and me?
We breathe the same; we feel the same, the same things we do see
The only difference is my friends, I don't feel that well,
When I can't remember, everything you tell,
Yet my heart beats just as quick as yours, my blood runs just as fast,
But because of my Dementia, the shadow, it is cast,
The shadow cast by others, that takes away my light,
Turns my life to darkness, my pleasure into fright,
For when you cast that shadow, and it comes my way,
It drains me of my energy, makes me hide or run away,
Sometimes I do things different, my mind is not its own,
But do YOU never talk to yourself, when you are alone?
So am I all that different, the likes of you and me,
So my friends come walk a while, the futures ours to see.
Lots of love, Norrms and family xxxxxxxxxx

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