

Failing Heart, Failing Mind

Failing heart, failing mind,
Why is life so unkind?
One foot through, death's own door,
Dear God I am only 54!
Breathing laboured, feeling tired,
Watching children I have sired,
A doctor's visit, that knowing look,
Reading them like a book,
I don't want pity, I want to live,
I have yet, so much to give,
Winters come, summers go,
Chilly Spring and autumn's glow,
Looking back on what I've done,
All with love and so much fun,
Never wanting this to end,
Yet my strength, sometimes bends,
Dementia / heart failure do their best,
Putting my body to the test,
Failing heart and failing mind,
Why is life, so unkind?