

## **Who Have I Become?**

Shouting, screaming every night,  
Eyes of Demons shine so bright,  
In my sleep I fight the fight,

WHO HAVE I BECOME?

Tired eyes and bewildered stares,  
Nothing familiar anywhere,  
Awful feeling no one cares,

WHO HAVE I BECOME

A touching hand in the dark,  
Gentle voice just like a Lark,  
My "Angel" Elaine makes her mark,

WHO HAVE I BECOME

All my fears overcome,  
Dreams and Demons all but gone,  
And at the rising of the sun,

MY LIFE IS NOT YET DONE!!

Norman Mc Namara "Lewy Body's In Poetry"