

The King and The Pawn

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The roles have now reversed as you
became the parent and I
became the child.

When you entered my space then
It became the games that people
play, or the games that
you and I played from
day to day.

My mindset became your mindset
for we were now one. My thoughts became your thoughts,
we thought like one.

My footsteps became your footsteps
as you followed me.

My world became your world
however difficult it might be.

When I roamed the house, you roamed
the house walking besides me,
watching my every footstep while protecting me.

When I crawled under the Baby Grand
Piano you followed me, removing me
from a dangerous place where I thought
we could play the game of hide and seek.

Author - Carol Brown

At night time, sleep was only a fallacy,
for this was the best time to roam the house
while you were asleep.

Climbing 13 stairs to get to
my "palace" on the second
floor, and locking myself
In the bedroom closet where I could
call for help through the closet door.

Returning down stairs, to a house
that was pitch black,
I would continue my mission to
steal popsicles from the refrigerator for my delight.

When I attempted to flee the house
against your advice, you changed the
locks on the doors and hid my
shoes to stop my flight.

When I was hospitalized and placed in
restraint, you advised medical staff
Of what I would do, but they
failed to listen and found me
down the hall, in a patient's
room, hiding in the bathroom shower stall.

From 1994 until 2008 and
for fourteen years, with our brains
boggled and lives modified
to an arduous way of life,
My footsteps became
your footsteps as we roamed the
house together and played games my way .

Author - Carol Brown

Yes, I did it my way and you did
what I'd say.

"Doggone your time" is what I would say, for
having Alzhemier's is a game,
a Chess Game that you,
(The Pawn)
and I
(The King)
played from day to day.

*Author Carol Brown,
Retired Probation Officer and Caretaker of my Father for 14 years*