

The Mother Who Knew Me

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I grieve your loss day after day,
As you sit before me just wasting away;
With no fond remembrance of days gone by,
Just an empty existence and no reasons why.

I am your child, yet you see a stranger.
You shake and you scream as though you're in danger.
So I search in vain for the mother who knew me,
Sharing stories and photos in hopes that you'll see.

But, your eyesight is fading like salt to a sore,
Your hearing is failing just to add one thing more.
Then a glimmer of you shows up as I'm glancing
When the music I play inspires your dancing.

So I take in this moment for all that it's worth
And pray for the day of finding a cure.
Please make it soon, Lord, for everyone's sake,
For every soul suffering this wretched heartache.

By J.P. Perez