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Time Lost

By Sandy Cannon

A crestfallen look beholds her face
The life of her mind now wrapped up in lace

Bright smiles once captured are now fleeting and few
Her indifference grows stronger, as her prayers fill the pew

Words once spoken fall silent from her lips
Her captor steals her thoughts and robs her of bliss

A world yet to travel with opportunities so vast
Is held hostage by her mind and are now dreams of the past

Loved ones are devoted and keep vigil for her care
Unable to arrest this disease that so dares

Dares to be bold, dares to be brash
And forces us to mourn our loss before the ash

We take solace in knowing that her fear will surrender
To a place deep inside, that she will no longer remember

Let's find a cure....

My name is Sandy Cannon and I live in St. Louis, MO. My mother passed away in December, 2017, from dementia. I am a volunteer for AFTD (The Association for Frontotemporal Degeneration). I also work with the Alzheimer's Association in St. Louis.