

The One's in Blue
Author – Maria Weeks

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I know I should remember my name and how to dress, Yet I cannot fathom why I remember less and less.

Last week I went out shopping and
forgot where I called home,
I didn't know where or who I was, I forgot I had a phone.

You are also getting tired, it's plain for all to see, and I am not the same person, i am no longer 'me'.

I cannot control my emotions, I shout out hit and curse, That's why they came and got me, that's where I met that nurse.

I can no longer tell you where I am or what is meant to be, But I do know that those ones in blue are there to look after me.

They help me with my clothes, they help me brush my hair, They help me try to understand why you're no longer there.

I now feel less stupid by those ones dressed in blue, They care they love they laugh, my tears now falling few.

They point you out in photos, and talk of our life had, My memories of us together no longer feeling sad.

Our lives have turned out different, this was never part of our plan, But those ones wearing blue have turned "I can't" into "i can".

Maria Weeks Byline:

After qualifying as a registered nurse in 2019, she worked within a hospital ward setting until recently moving into a role within a nursing home on a dementia unit. Although she felt she would miss the clinical chaos of the wards, maria has

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been nothing but astounded at the level of care the care/nurse staff provide on a daily basis on the dementia unit. She wrote this poem as an example of how the staff here can transform a life lost to honour a 'life lived'.

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