

Nomads

By Tony Copeland-Parker



Nomads

Why nomads, you might ask?
It is impossible, to make it last.
She has Alzheimer's, so let her be
She needs routine, can't you see
I like to explore, manage, and travel, so what about me?

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Nomad is a noun, with no fixed residence
Whereas, I am somewhat hesitant.
I like Peregrinate, which is a verb, since we did most, by
foot

Over the last 8 years, it took all of our loot
If you were to ask me, I don't give a hoot.

Marathons, were mostly our fair
But none, were ever done, on a dare.

It was ours to spend, as we saw fit
I would do it again, since some were spent on beautiful
Islands, such as St. Kitts.

Alzheimer's, really does not care
It is not like something, you would want to share.
Everyone's experience, is somewhat different
But I can now assure you, that the damage is permanent.

I once thought, I was going to find the allusive cure
Many companies, use that hope, as their lure.
As the disease progresses, we will have to settle down
But, not until sundown.

We use to run, when the sun would rise
Now, it is slow walks, hand in hand, to no one's surprise.
We saw and did so many things, she will not always
remember

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I would not trade away those memories since they now
define her.

Her beautiful smile and baby blue eyes sparkle remain

We all now know, it will never be the same.

They say Alzheimer's cruel joke is called, the long
goodbye

However my, "Cat", will always know, that I will never
leave her side.

By Tony Copeland-Parker care partner for Catherine Popp, Cat. We were Nomads for the first nine years after she was diagnosed with Early Onset Alzheimer's in 2014. This poem tells my feelings about being Nomads. Visit their Website www.RunningwithCat.com