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Sweet Sad Love / Life In A Nursing Home

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Sweet Sad Love

— by Fanny Dodgen

Sweet sad love
tugging at our soul
when a dear one is called away
to a land beyond
Bitter sweet memories
rush in like a flood
with chill that hurts so much
until time softens the blow
and it becomes part
of the pattern of our life.

Life In A Nursing Home

— by Bessie Smith Spradling

*Living in a nursing home
Is something to write about.
Some things one cannot believe
But others we dare not doubt.*

*I wonder how the fish must feel
As they swim around their bowl.
Do they really mind our stares?
Would they rather be a mole?*

*Nurses are a helpful lot;
They do their very best
To give out medication
And see that we have our rest.*

*At four o'clock in the morning
They begin to make their rounds;
They bring to us fresh water
With a minimum of sounds.*