

Grandma No More

by Stephen Mark Golden

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Across the rivers, hills, and streams
Yes, an endless flow, it seems,
That find their way to homes like this
Before they reach their final rest.

And sadness fills my heart for these
With whom I find myself ill at ease.
Being placed in the midst of care
By their children who deem it best.

For their lifestyles should be not cramped
By the care of ancients, forever stamped.
Soon enough, the day will come
When they too will be taken from their own homes

And be treated as they have done these,
No longer able to do as they please.
And owing themselves they do believe,
To live life freely, and to achieve,

This their purpose throughout each day,
“Living is life”, their actions say.
But what is life without love,
To bide the time, until taken home?