

The Highland Hospice

When I was diagnosed terminally ill,
I felt shock, sadness and a horrible chill.
It took a while for reality to sink in:
I was going to die, and I couldn't win.

The pain, the sadness, I couldn't bear.
My family's distress showed me how much they care.
They tried to hide it; to be strong for me,
But their pain was so evident, it was easy to see.

They'd come to see me, their eyes wet from tears.
They'd muffle a sob which still reached my ears.
Their voices would tremble, their smiles would be brave.
These were my family whom I couldn't save.

I wanted to save them from the terrible pain,
But whatever I did, I did it in vain.
I couldn't help them no matter how hard I tried.
Couldn't help myself either; I cried and cried.

There was so much I'd wanted to do with my life,
But now I couldn't, as disease was rife.
I realised now that I'd wasted my days,
Not doing what mattered, but fixed in my ways.

Sad; despairing; without hope;
Death round the corner; struggling to cope.
I was living my last moments with my friends around me.
Torn apart inside, not as we pretended to be.

But then we found the Hospice; so caring and kind.
Ask them for anything, they won't mind.
They supported my family and my dear friends.
Said they'd look after me right to the end.

So now I'm living my last few days,
With the Highland Hospice and their kind, loving ways.
My family looked after, even after my death,
A weight off my shoulders when I breathe my last breath.