

A POEM

*Written in response to Dance Bualadh Bos project.
By Ann Maher, Activity Coordinator, TLC Nursing Home, Kildare.*

Dance and movement
Is for everyone
Performance art
Was so much fun.

Just because I'm
In a wheelchair
Doesn't mean I can't move
And sway to the beat
Even if I can barely
Move my feet.

You might see me
Looking lost in despair.
Maybe dishevelled
I forgot to comb my hair.

But suddenly a beat
Reaches my heart
Then the memories
Come flooding in
The movement starts.

I was a girl once
I danced like you.
Oh the feelings
Are back, can this be me?
Young again and dancing free.

Don't turn off the music
Don't let me loose the beat
It's somewhere deep inside
My poor lost mind.
Thank you
For giving me
These moments of respite

And reminding my old dear body
There is still movement there.
Whether confined to a wheelchair
Or seemingly trapped in despair.