

My Second Poem on Community

By: Bill Smith

MJM Personal Care Home

Ambridge, Beaver County

Age 71

Just my luck,

I gave the first draft to a friend

Who unbeknownst to me

Promptly moved leaving

No number as of yet.

I feel like a kid trying to tell

His teacher: "But Teacher, my

Dog Fido ate my report, honest."

Some poems like some paintings

Are only done in the moment

And cannot be reconstructed.

A journey of 10,000 miles begins with

A single step. But you can't

Start over from the same place.

Or at least with the same step.

I'll salvage what I can.

Some pieces will be lost forever

Just like lost time.

A personal care home is an

Orphanage for adults.

Dumped by families, supported

By government assistance

And insurance.

A Community of Guilty Relief,

Just short of a nursing home,

Our nerves had taken about

All they could.

Mentally ill. Declining health

Too early to bury.

We love you.

Most of communities are

Staff created. A vision

Of being together

E Pluribus Unum
United We Stand.

Orphans huddle and smoke
Cigarettes all day.
Junk food, gossip, some T.V.
T.V. Evangelists sell Jesus,
No Vision of God.

So what does make for a better
Community?

Activities – educational and religious?
More human contact?

Aren't these things being done?
Could debating, planning, finalize
That until everyone dies?

Light and Darkness

Each person is precious and
Needs healing. Indeed great
Social and human questions

Could be answered here.

If efforts were made.

What is PTSD?

Long-term childhood,

Trauma into adulthood.

What Freud asked, "What

Does Woman want?

What is the meaning of Life?"

Our small community is individuals

With decades, collectively

Centuries of histories of

Experience headed toward

Extinction.

In the last 2 weeks another died

And will be quickly replaced

Every parent wants to give a new

Child a better world.

Any ideas for a community of

Old orphans?