

[A Nurse's Poem](#)

Category : [Alzheimers Disease/Dementia](#)

Published by [Chapster](#) on 2002/12/2

Â The following poem was given to us by Sharon Folkner of Altrissa, "An Alzheimer's Haven," in Plano, Texas (a home for all stages of Alzheimers' patients). It was written by Becky Peterson, whom we believe to be in Colorado. If you know her, we'd love to talk with her. Anyway, here's the poem: *A Nurse's Poem*

*For my friends, getting pregnant is all the rage, But I cradle the children of a different age.
Gray are the heads that rest on my breast, my arms around those who are taking last steps.
Where words have lost meaning from hearing too much, my lullabies are sung in the
language of touch. Coming full circle, back to diapers and tears, the faces I soothe wear the
blanket of years. My nurturing is done without giving birth, to the children heading back, to
the womb of the earth. Their bodies contract to a fetal position, preparing themselves for the
birth of transition.*

By Becky Peterson