

YOU ARE A CAREGIVER IF

If your phone's buzz is a warning, beckoning care's call,
And each step they may misstep weighs heavily on your all,
Then you're a caregiver, steadfast, wearing worry medallions,
In a world where your advocacy is their champion clarion.

You're the one who listens with patience, saintly and rare,
To tales and woes, recycled, yet you give them your ear to share.
Worry shadows your days like a persistent friend,
Yet it's your laughter they seek, to uplift, and to mend.

Yes, you might hire help, for the task's life demands,
But it's in seeking your hand, and your heart they stand.
You are the true caregiver, beyond any title or role,
A testament to love's power, in its most selfless toll.

So, here's to you, caregivers, with spirit fierce and tender,
In the tapestry of care, you are the most vibrant defender.
Through humor and hardship, your love is a constant river,
In the grand story of life, you are the truest giver.

SEENAGERS VS. TEENAGERS

Seenagers claim with a knowing smile,
"We've walked the miles, crossed every stile."
Teenagers roll their eyes, "We know the score,"
Seenagers have what Teenagers adore.

Teens long for Seenagers' leisurely days,
No school, just chill, in countless ways.
A monthly check with no job in sight,
"We've got perks, as far as eyes can light."

No curfews to break, no spots to hide,
And oh, the joys of a legal joyride!
"No acne to battle, now that's the best.
Legal drugs and love, without any test."

Both, though, share a secret bond,
Of emotional waves, of which they're fond.
Outbursts excused by the age they claim,
In this, oh, they're very much the same.

CAREGIVING JOURNEYS BEGIN

In shadows deep, I'd often hide,
Denying the truth that swelled inside.
A caregiver, though I feared to say,
Lest judgment mark me in dismay.
For in my charge, a life so dear,
Dependent wholly, year by year.

Upon my shoulders, burdens vast,
A juggling act that had to last.
Work, family, a home to maintain,
Endless nights, under stress and strain.
And in my heart, a growing dread,
Felt spread too thin, a fragile thread.

The hardest part, a silent thief,
Stole health and peace, a growing grief.
To watch the ones I cherished fade,
A brutal, unforgiving trade.
Yet amidst the pain, a silver line,
Love's profound and genuine shine.

NAVIGATING CONFLICTS

In a world where frustrations grew,
Extended families tested us too.
Timeliness became a constant fight,
With missed appointments day and night.

Money matters, a ceaseless strain,
Expectations unmet, causing pain.
Unsolicited advice, a constant stream,
Absurd opinions, a recurring theme.

Phone calls ignored, or swiftly ended,
Our patience thin, our peace upended.
Yet, in shared tales of family woes,
A bond formed, strong and close.

Laughter erupted, a joyous sound,
In shared mirth, our solace found.
This is the life of a caregiver's course,
Navigating conflict, love as the force.

EVALUATING HOUSING OPTIONS

The sting of independence lost,
A bitter frost, at such a cost.
Set in ways, the change a blow,
A reality hard to swallow, slow.

Financial burdens, heavy, steep,
Even with discounts deep.
In-home care, a dizzying price,
Far beyond means, a roll of the dice.

Options myriad, none quite right,
Active, assisted, within sight.
Memory care, room, and board,
No perfect match, no full accord.

Near or far, the challenges vast,
Straightforward solutions, a thing of the past.
Compromises marked our path,
A testament to caregiving's wrath.

ENSURING SAFETY & SECURITY

Raising kids, a journey mapped, a path somewhat clear,
Nine months to prepare, for their arrival here.
Yet, when the Seenagers' chapter does begin,
It's a whirlwind entry, no time to plan or spin.

The grief in watching independence wane,
A loss profound, a different kind of pain.
So we navigate the chaos, the loss, the strife,
Embracing the humor, the love, the life.

Amidst the laughter, there lies a deeper tale,
Of frustrations, loss, where even the strong might pale.
Too much to manage, a burden heavy and raw,
Unlike with children, where growth has a law.

Yet in this unscripted reality, where every day's a fight,
There's a beauty in the struggle, a flicker of light.
For in the care we give, and the tears we've wept,
Lie the deepest bonds, so faithfully kept.

ACCEPTING DEPENDENCE

We fought, we cried, a complex scene,
Where independence was the dream.
They clung to autonomy, fierce and raw,
Against the inevitable they saw.

"I'll resist," they say, standing tall,
"Still myself, through it all."
Don't cage me with a restrictive wall,
For within, I'm whole, not small."

Guardrails, metaphorical, we set in place,
A monitor's text, a monitored space.
"Sorry" for the loss, the driving ceased,
Acknowledging the pain, their peace decreased.

Responsibilities grew, our world reshaped,
Avoiding risks, in relief, we gaped.
"Prevention is better than cure," so old,
Yet in our story, bravely told.

LEVERAGING LEGAL DOCUMENTS

In the maze of care, through paper trails deep,
We tread the path where legal forms sleep.
A living will, a POA so grand,
Complex in nature, by law's demand.

With HIPAA's gate and directives advance,
We chart the course, give clarity a chance.
For seeners' sake, in coherence's light,
We draft them early, before the night.

Advanced Directive, POLST, a necessary guide,
The hardest was Physicians Assisted Suicide.
With papers in order, under clearer skies,
We navigate together, where trust lies.

Through trials so steep, we learned to prepare,
Making tough decisions with thoughtful care.
Documents ready, avoiding crisis brew,
Guided by wisdom from those we knew.

Easing Their Transition

As the end loomed clear, a horizon known,
Embraced without fear, acceptance shown.
Moments tender and true, love deeply felt,
Revealed a bond that time never melts.

Through hospice care, we moved, tasks daunting and vast,
Each checkmark a step, each day not the last.
Making them look and feel good, as they sought,
Giving what they wished, not forcing a lot.

Withholding water and food, care extensive and rare,
Tending bedsores with a love beyond compare.
As death drew nearer, our roles defined,
Extensive monitoring, gentle and kind.

In to-do lists' shadows, love quietly grew,
For our seenagers, hearts steadfast and true.
The journey was hard, each moment we braced,
Focused on tasks, emotions displaced.

SUPPORTING END OF LIFE

You are free of this failing body,
I have to believe you no longer suffer.
I wish I could ensure your happiness,
Your worldly riches are still here.
You left everything behind, even me.
I keep sending my love to you,
I hope you can feel how much I miss you.
No longer do I have daily chores and worries for you,
All I can do for you now is pray.
I am a better person because of you,
You taught me to be strong.
You helped me face my fears,
Wiped my tears.
What if I need you when I fall?
How will you celebrate my wins?
How will I show you my love?
Don't go alone into the night,
Don't leave me.

CAREGIVING JOURNEY

In solitude's embrace, this book by your side,
A beacon through caregiving's tide.
Among familiar streets, others journey too,
May a Lisa or Rosie lighten the load for you.

Tales of despair, shared in the night,
Tales of healing, making bonds tight.
Tales that fill the soul with care,
Tales that show growth, beyond compare.

In this collection, may you find a piece of your story,
And let it be a beacon of hope, of shared glory.
As we walk together, though apart,
May these stories light your path, warm your heart.

In the dance of caregiving, compassion's key,
For seniors and caregivers, it's what sets us free.
A mutual gift that helps us endure,
In compassion for each, we find the cure.