

Aphasia

Its like a song that has know ending...

The tune goes on and on haunting...

All the books you have read before

have no meaning...

A painting that's beautiful but needs

one more touch,

But you can't remember where you put the brush...

Its name is APHASIA

How beautiful it sounds

But how cruel it is for the one that has it?

It knows no bounds...

But when you find you are not alone

you can sing a new song

And who cares if the song goes on and on

and on?

The books you can't read...

doesn't matter

And the brush you can't find...

Well buy a new one...

And no matter how many times

you forget my name when you come to Connect...

You will remember my face.

by Sharon Smith