

Group Poem facilitated in Long term Care (participants with dementia)  
Taken from Hagens, C., Cosentino, A., & Ryan, E. B. (2006).  
*YOU GROW OUT OF WINTER: POETRY IN LONG TERM CARE.*  
Hamilton ON: McMaster Centre for Gerontological Studies.

## **A Day at the Beach**

Sand...  
Soft, natural, sandy, granular –  
heavier than I expected, not as coarse as some.  
If you're trying to ride a bicycle  
in the sand  
it makes a path – the bicycle wants to wobble!  
If it's wet sand, it's rather tough –  
loose, no traction!

Went in my father's black Ford,  
sitting in the back seat.  
Went over a bump, hit the ceiling!  
Below the hotel there was a path...  
you could keep on going...  
Walk in the water  
till it got up to your stomach.  
Then you could lean over and lie on top of the water.  
You feel just great!

Water...  
made your feet feel clean, fresh.  
Mainly you enjoy just being outside.  
You don't have to spend a lot of money –  
A good thing, since it was during the Depression.  
My sister and I took swimming lessons –  
totally wasted!  
The teacher wore a bathing suit, but never went in the water!  
Went there for the whole season – neither of us learned to swim!  
I know those woolen bathing suits! Had a navy blue one.  
Skinny-dipping...when you're really young  
it doesn't matter, when you're old, it doesn't matter...  
It's the bit in between!!  
There was an old pond for swimming – pretty good!  
Not too clean! Cattle round the edges.

Sand...Soft, natural, granular...Water...pretty good!  
Mainly you just enjoy being outside...  
You just feel great!