

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.

On Seeing Red

Red
Wash it separately.
They called me carrots...
I always wished
my hair was a different colour.
Kids made fun of us...about 1914 it was...
used to make me
all knuckles and teeth.
Made me see red!
I gave her the hardest kiss she ever had.
The colouring does everything.
Makes you smile a smile,
makes you feel good.

Red roses remind me
of someone I love.
Flowers remind me of death and sickness.
When you feel it, you feel it,
when someone you love passes away.
My husband
always gave me
red roses at Christmas.
I think
we did everything
together.
Always had flowers in the house.
I like
every red I see.