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Chameleon / Remember / Sequel to "Soul Mate"

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Changing thoughts
Chameleon

By Dick Chapman

Thoughts from happy to sad,
From bright to dull,
From good to bad —
Uncontrollable thoughts there are
From me to you,
From you to me.
Forever there will be
Chameleon.

When memories are king
Remember

By Dick Chapman

Remember when?
Yes, I remember when —
when the world was new,
when you took time to think of me,
and I was thinking — thinking of you.

How much more pleasant the days were then
than now, but oh how slow they crawled along
'til evening came stealing by and I could look
into those sparkling eyes.

But long ago the sparkle dimmed and ceased to shine
and I the only one who must think alone
of those glad days of long ago.

Time takes its toll.
And I ponder on those happy days of the past.
When will we meet again
so that I can gaze into those sparkling eyes?

Earthly end to real companionship
Sequel to "Soul Mate"

By Fanny Dodgen
(August 15, 1985)

As I sit alone in the gathering darkness,
Sounds begin to echo
through the halls of my mind.
I hear the click of the door on the maroon Cutlass
as it closes for the fateful ride
to the rest home —
The administrator asking questions
concerning my loved one —
a piercing scream of a patient
as he beats savagely on his chest —
Down a long corridor dishes and trays rattle
as supertime nears.
Nearby are the sounds of shuffling feet and wheel chairs
being pushed or wheeled toward the dining room.
Now the official papers rustle
as they are stacked together,
And I rise to hurry toward the exit
not saying goodbye or looking back
as the tears flow and the sobs begin to come.