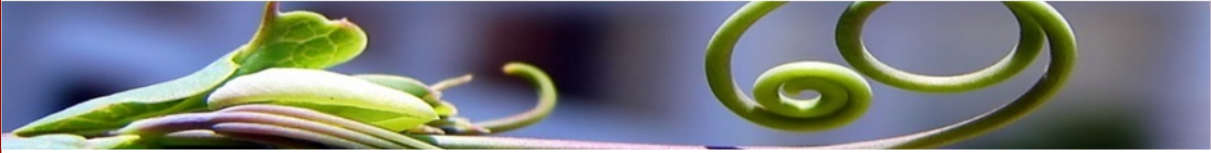


**P A M E L A Q U I N N**  
movement consultant for people with  
**PARKINSON'S DISEASE**



**Dear Friends,**

**Valentine's Day is upon us. I have some beautiful poems about love to share written by wonderful people, all living with PD – Joy Esterberg, Marsha Abrams and Leonore Gordon. But first a brief thought: have you ever entertained the thought of PD as something to love? I know.... it's quite a stretch ... but we go to bed with it, we wake up with it, it knows us at our best and at our worst, it follows us all around. Surely it would make sense to try and befriend it, nurture it, coax it, help it. It might just reciprocate. Isn't that what love does?**



**Happy Valentine's Day,**

**Pamela Quinn**

**Visit my [website](#) for more information**

---

## **Age**

**The last great enemy is age.**

**After the raging lust for fame is gone,**

**The cold immoral urge to power unmasked,**

**We face the naked loss of future time,**

**Stunned by inertia,**

**Calmed only by the brush of love**

**If we are fortunate enough to huddle**

**Underneath its gentle wings.**

***Joy Esterberg, 2002***

---

**there is a love**

**there is a love**

**that grows from particles**

**of the sublime**

**that awakens desire**

**and suffuses the air**

**with expectation and joy**

**there is a love,**

**like a misty rain falling gently,**

**causing the skies to dim,**

**become hazy and soften,**

**its duration seemingly**

**endless, steady and dear**

**there is a love  
awakening you  
out of your dreams  
and is the last voice heard  
before you fall asleep,  
giggling at his attempt  
to send kisses over the phone**

**there is a love,  
where a love nest exists,  
when bodies mold together  
into an ever changing sculpture  
of sturdiness and collapse**

**there is a love,  
a blessing supremely rare  
between a man and a woman  
who do not have time on their side,  
yet love flows freely within their loins,  
through their kisses of endearment  
and the proffering of their hearts**

***Marsha Dale Abrams, 2015***



## **Observing Love**

The lightness of love,  
The insuperable rarity of its moment  
As fragile as a bubble blown upon the air.

The sentry body is alert too late.  
A quick catch in the breast,  
Passion rushes in  
Drives hard upon the heart and  
Sweeps the blood like flaming  
Low brush fire.

Air and earth for love are burning.

*Joy Esterberg, 1988*

---

## **When We Can't Go Back for Pops (Louis Armstrong)**

It happens to all of us at some point;  
one day we trust the certainty  
of the next,  
and then  
a phone call, your doctor's  
raised eyebrow,  
a spouse's  
shortness of breath,  
the sudden nearly lethal sting  
of a spider, a bee, a bullet,  
and when your ground shifts,  
when what was yours is snatched  
away----your health, a child's, the heartbeat

**of someone you love--  
when your health, or they  
cannot be returned  
ever,  
where exactly do you go  
from there?**

**I am so angry  
with this disease, and yet  
I need to know-  
where do I go from here?  
What, besides my rage,  
can I grab hold of?  
I am here in the morning glitter  
on Cape Cod Bay  
this precious week, alone  
to solve this, here  
in a rented room  
to ask the right questions,  
to try to grab hold  
of that glitter, of anything better  
than loss.**

**And as I ask, an unexpected miracle sings  
his reply into this room,  
through the air waves,  
across time,  
through a small orange radio  
perched upon the bed-**

**it's Pops, warm graveled voice and full  
of heart, singing to me!  
"I see trees of green..... red roses too.."**

It's Pops, who, doctors be damned, wouldn't lay down  
that shiny horn even to save his heart-  
not once but twice—  
wanted that stage at Newport,  
and sang-oh, but didn't he sing!  
And didn't he blow those skies of blue,  
those sacred nights right through  
that horn!

I see skies of blue..... clouds of white  
Bright blessed days....dark sacred nights..."

Pops, who one blessed day,  
cancelled a trip to Russia,  
refused, after the shame of Little Rock,  
to represent his country,  
knew he'd lose his producer,  
his contract...but he did it  
to save his heart.

And as for me,  
I gaze  
across a stretch of sand  
from a week-long rented room  
on Cape Cod Bay, a bay  
who stretches out  
her blue-green arms  
and beckons me to come,  
and stay the day.

Pops, how do I celebrate  
this day  
while I worry,  
"Will my legs have the strength

to travel the long and difficult sand  
to greet her? For everyone else  
running towards the waves  
it looks so damned easy.  
Will the pills work this morning  
for three hours, or four?  
Will my balance fail me  
as I climb down the narrow stairs?  
Will I be able to limp  
down this beach next year,  
and then the next, after  
I turn 50? Will I still  
be walking,  
or will I run?"

Pops, I teach my students to worship you  
every year, sixth graders  
who write you love poems,  
who tell you your voice "is the fresh way we feel  
just after a bath."

And now you sing to me, Pops, you sing  
to me,  
out of your grave,  
Pops, who in spite of it all,  
knew  
you had everything you ever needed: Lucille,  
a red brick home  
with its Japanese fish pond,  
an outdoor grill,  
a Queens street loaded up with little kids  
who worshipped you, who waited on your stoop  
every time your bus pulled up...

and it always did...and yes,  
they'd pile up  
the stairs  
to sit by your side  
while you sang to them,  
and let them play  
your horn.

But this morning, it's me you croon to,  
over and over, well, to all of us, really,  
all of us bereaved of health or love, uncertain of where to  
turn,.

Listen to Pops-  
crooning,  
until, no matter what befalls us,  
we all  
get it right...

“bright blessed days...dark sacred nights...  
Yes,  
I think to myself,  
what a wonderful world...”

***Leonore Gordon, 2004***





[Web Version](#)

[Forward](#)

[Unsubscribe](#)

Powered by **Mad Mimi**®  
A GoDaddy® company