

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



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