# Th’ Armcheer o’ Life

Hoo  lost it aw deawn th’ Armcheer o’ life
Dowter, mam, grandma, wife
By eck – it weren’t mich fun i’ fact –
losing th’ whole darn shooting match:

Titles, places, dates and names.
This growin’ owd forgitful game.
Elbow deep, searchin’ theer
Pickin’ and pikin’ everywheer.
Searching i’ th’ Armcheer o’ Life.

Desperate to find th’ thingymabob
The Whatjamacallit? I’ that place!.....
Wuddever  it wur, it wur gone
Deawn int’ gap - deawn I’ th’ space:
o’ ’Th’ Armcheer o’ Life

Hoo’d try to think o’th’ reet word
Summat’d cum eawt  -  reet absurd.
An’ half way travelling up th’  steer
Hoo’d ask “warrama  dooin’ ‘ere?”
And hurry back to her comfortable armcheer.

Wuddever id is ut steals and keeps
Id aw lives in the stuffin’ -  deep
Deawn theer in Armchair Land
Cowering in th’ owl-leet
As her groping hond
Crept deawn wi’ an alien beat
into Th’ Armcheer o’ Life

Loike sum random  Alien Monster bringer
Thad flippin’ wicked armcheer o’ Life
Sat an’ sniggered as ‘er numb fingers
Fumbled wi’tapes and springs,
Dust, sum owd coins, a cracker ring.

Baws o’ fluff, a rubber band
An’ jumbled, shattered mem’ries,
Under t’ cushions, down t’ back,
Life buggered off, slitherin’ deawn t’ crack.
Hoo  lost ‘em aw deawn thad  Armcheer o’ Life:

Me feyther ‘ad passed young – a reet sad day.

# Th’ Armcheer o’ Life

Hoo’d “swept up the heart”
Put ‘er lost love away,
In a box – a tickin’ bomb,
Ne’er to oppen – ne’er another pal like Tom.

Thad grond owd mind,  allus full o’ fun,
Ideas flowin’, one bi one,
Back then, -  pure inspiration,
Wi ne’er too mich perspiration!

’Tis warrit  is, at eighty-nine,
A life weel lived, aye, lived  reet fine,
God bless thi love -  mi dear owd mam,
Yo’ wurra lady, saw sum strife,
Neaw’ rest i’ peace in His Armcheer o’ life.

For my mother, who suffered with Alzheimer’s disease before she died.
Margaret.Lever 18.11.30 - 23.5.19