

## Ted

The telly gives the faintest glow, thrown out around the room  
Picking out the shapes that break the gloom  
Soft changing pulses pick out his silhouette  
Sitting quietly in the armchair, eyelids drooping but no regrets.  
No sound, for the TV is turned down. No lights for it's best watched in  
the dark.

Contemplating. Stay and watch the match a while longer or depart.  
Takes an age, an effort to rise, steady as she goes  
Make a brew, take the night time dose and rattle off to bed aglow.

Life is slow now, time to kill throughout each day  
Left with only thoughts, memories, what he wants to but cannot say  
For loneliness eats away the power of speech, no-one to listen  
Except the four walls, even they, like him, need sprucing up to once  
more glisten

The kitchen radiator is his best friend, surrounds him in needed heat  
Warming creaking bones like the love of a family once warmed his heart  
Waits by the table, staring at the phone, willing it to ring  
To hear the voice that then and now still makes that warmed heart sing.

Not to fear, there are the ups as well as downs.  
A phone call here, a knocked door there and someone lets him be the  
clown

That sparkle comes back to each newly cataract free, reclaimed eye  
The jokes tumble out, the smile appears, turns back the years gone bye  
He's Ted again for some short while, the one we knew back when  
All it needs is company to stop the spread of apathy now and then  
And one trip each day, a ride each way, to room S9 and back  
Would do the trick, cause the brain to tick and kindle a love filled  
heart attack.

Each time I go and see that craggy face, a hand-me-down of Frank's  
That he tells me is in my son, must have passed through rank upon  
O'Hara rank  
I see the face of love, of truth and principle. Happiness in other's joy  
I see a man of no regrets; work hard, have faith and trust in God his ploy  
I see wispy hair on a balding scalp, black skin spoiling each strong hand  
And a voice still strong and views stronger still about the wrongs still in  
this land

But there's something more, beyond all that, that stands out in my mind  
Throughout the years and those to come, he'll always be Dad and he's  
mine.