

## TRANSFER

He is as distressed as you are  
By involuntary spasms, especially while being transferred -  
They are, I'm afraid, part of his (my) life, his condition.

Outside his bedroom window  
The quince tree has blossomed - a thousand small white flowers shine  
Each one held, for a while, quite perfectly,  
They shine at dusk, resisting.

Some days he will be calm, his movements (and yours) easy  
But there are times when you (and he) will be challenged  
You could say it's a 'bad hoist day' ha ha

The tree's branches, now full grown, twist and turn, holding  
In perfect balance, the weight of flowers  
Even as they sway involuntarily in the breeze

When you feel, (as one does), that gust of irritation  
When something you were holding takes a dive,  
Or some vulnerable part of you becomes a  
Near miss - try to laugh (he urges me often, his voice desperate,  
'Mum, please don't get cross, try to laugh instead')

If you place the straps like so, the loops here, and here, he will be safe -  
His weight perfectly held, as you see, by the sling  
I would not have it otherwise -  
For his smile is generous as the upturned, small white flowers  
And he, too, is held, for now, by angels.

jane muir

