

## London Landscape – papers from other faculties

# Dementia

Does no one here believe me, can none of you see?  
Everything this frail old man used to be?  
Man of great integrity, man of many skills,  
Ever giving of his time to those with greater ills.  
Now you see a fragile mind, a body far from well.  
Trapped, and all alone inside a silent living hell.  
In pieces, disassembled, broken up, no longer whole  
And I pray to God to keep intact the substance of his soul.

*Written (in some anger) a couple of months before my own father died...*

Dr Lucy Henshall  
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