



Maria Olivia Da
Silva
Age: 125
born: 2-28-1880
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When an old lady died in the geriatric ward of a small hospital near Dundee, Scotland, it was believed that she had nothing left of any value.

Later, when the nurses were going through her meager possessions, they found this poem. It's quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital.

One nurse took her copy to Ireland. The old lady's sole bequest to posterity has since appeared in the Christmas edition of the News Magazine of the North Ireland Association for Mental Health.

A slide presentation has also been made based on her simple, but eloquent poem.

And this little old Scottish lady, with nothing left to give to the world, is now the author



Man With Wheels
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of this
"anonymous"
poem winging
across the
Internet:

Crabby Old Woma n

What do you see,
nurses?
What do you see?
What are you
thinking,
When you're
looking at me?

A crabby old
woman,
Not very wise,
Uncertain of habit,
With faraway
eyes.

Who dribbles her
food,
And makes no
reply,
When you say in a
loud voice,
"I do wish you'd
try!"

Who seems not to
notice,
The things that
you do,
And forever is
losing,
A stocking or shoe

Who, resisting or
not
Let's you do as
you will,

With bathing and
feeding,
The long day to
fill?

Is that what
you're thinking?
Is that what you
see?
Then open your
eyes, nurse,
You're not looking
at me.

I'll tell you who I
am,
As I sit here so
still,
As I do at your
bidding,
As I eat at your
will.

I'm a small child
of ten,
With a father and
mother,
Brothers and
sisters,
Who love one
another.

A young girl of
sixteen,
With wings on her
feet,
Dreaming that
soon now,
A lover she'll
meet.

A bride soon at
twenty,
My heart gives a
leap,
Remembering the
vows,
That I promised to
keep.

At twenty-five
now,
I have young of

my own,
Who need me to
guide,
And a secure
happy home.

A woman of thirty,
My young now
grown fast,
Bound to each
other,
With ties that
should last.

At forty, my
young sons,
Have grown and
are gone,
But my man's
beside me,
To see I don't
mourn.

At fifty once more,
Babies play round
my knee,
Again we know
children,
My loved one and
me.

Dark days are
upon me,
My husband is
dead,
I look at the
future,
I shudder with
dread.

For my young are
all rearing,
Young of their
own,
And I think of the
years,
And the love that
I've known.

I'm now an old
woman,
And nature is
cruel,

'Tis jest to make
old age,
Look like a fool.

The body, it
crumbles,
Grace and vigor
depart,
There is now a
stone,
Where I once had
a heart.

But inside this old
carcass,
A young girl still
dwells,
And now and
again,
My battered heart
swells.

I remember the
joys,
I remember the
pain,
And I'm loving
and living,
Life over again.

I think of the
years,
All too few, gone
too fast,
And accept the
stark fact,
That nothing can
last.

So open your
eyes, people,
Open and see,
Not a crabby old
woman;
Look closer - see
ME!!

Remember this
poem when you
next meet an old
person, be it
female or male,

whom you might
brush aside
without looking at
the young soul
within.
Remember, too:
We will all, one
day, be there,
too!

PLEASE SHARE
THIS POEM WITH
WOMEN AND
MEN.
IT'S SOMETHING
WE ALL NEED TO
READ.

Jim H