

Angels in Disguise - A tribute to carers

Carers are often overlooked.
There's no sympathy to spare,
When its lavished on the one who's sick-
The person in their care.

So often the carer needs an ear,
A shoulder on which to cry,
A minute or two just for themselves,
As their life goes rushing by.
An hour to spend that's just for them,
For fripperies and for fun.
When, at someone's beck and call,
Their work is never done.

An outing to the cinema, perhaps,
To laugh and feel carefree.
To offload the burden, weighed down with love.
So a bit of life they see.
They never moan, they don't regret,
They don't see it as a chore.
They don't do it as a duty
Or to notch up a heavenly score.

They don't get awarded medals,
At the end there is no prize.
But then, you see, each carer
Is an angel in disguise.