Aging

Michael Leach

my identity & fortunes change
like
decalad fashions
the lines in my face extend
like
suburban roadways
my hairline recedes
like
an endless low tide
the pain in my back recurs
like
unwanted phone calls
my childhood cubby house loses integrity
like
an ancient edifice
my heart sporadically breaks & heals
like
brittle bones
my knowledge increases yet decreases
like
money in the bank
my memories accumulate then fade
like
words on medieval leaves
my glassware gradually shatters
like
glaciers calving
lost loved ones remain on my horizons
like
suns in rural night skies

Author Details
CORRESPONDENCE: MICHAEL LEACH, School of Rural Health, Monash University, PO Box 666, Bendigo, Victoria 3552, Australia
Email: michael.leach@monash.edu

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