

It's the way of things

you think, it won't happen to you

It's the way of things
but you think
it won't happen to you
You think because
you exercise,
eat well,
renounce alcohol
and gluten and sugar
You think
it won't happen to you
And then it does
the cancer on your skin
the pinched nerve in your neck
the decline of your hearing
the diminishment of your eyesight
the forgetting of words
the changes to your once
beautiful, young body
foreseen but not believed
Sometimes it feels like
you are just waiting to die
even though your days are full
and there are joys to be had
and curiosities that call out
for more
More life
more days
and then the body
slips and falls
breaks
heals slowly
reminds you
of age and aging
and mortality
and the friends and loved ones
who have lived this story before

READ A POEM. SHARE A POEM. WRITE A POEM.

