

Getting Old

A Burlesque

It's awful to get old, it is.
Today I got pretty winded
rocking away in my chair
so I went upstairs for a nap
but tripped over my beard
which is the same color
as the fog before my eyes.

Then I couldn't remember
whether I'd been upstairs
or downstairs, and worse yet,
it didn't seem to matter.

I no longer care whether
there's life after death,
now that life before death
has become so confusing.

Where did I put that drool rag?
I must switch to a new one,
since we're in a new month.

I've missed church services
for several weeks in a row
because they hold them right
in the middle of my night
at 10 a.m. Whenever I do go,
I'm so groggy I can't tell
the Lord's Prayer from
the Lord's Supper, and I'm
apt to get to thinking so deep
that my wife says I breathe
too loud and she nudges me
to break my train of thought.

So this is what it comes to.
When you're a child you
think you'll never get old,
and when you're old, you
forget you were ever a child.

I catch myself rambling
a lot and hope that people
won't notice because maybe
they are nearly as old as I am
or they might be sympathetic
or at least look the other way.

I guess this drool rag's still okay.