

On Approaching Sixty-Five

Soon Sixty-Five!

I'm still alive!

But slipping down that hill.

I'm not exactly suffering pain

or often feeling ill,

but it's become quite ob-vious,

and I've become quite con-sci-ous,

of ageing defects in my eyes.

And I feel it's getting harder, when from sitting I arise,

to not go 'Ooh' ,

like I hear the elderly do.

And it's not so easy to touch my toes

Or hold a one-legged standing pose.

My skin is crepey, eyes are baggy,

Muscles slack and posture saggy.

I keep my mind in training with daily sudoku

And delight each time I decipher a cryptic crossword clue.

I love to use my Smart pass and to travel far and wide

for free on bus and trains and the Rathlin Ferry ride.

Despite these senior benefits and the pensions I receive

I can't believe I'm sixty-five

(I don't feel I've been that long alive).

and I don't feel any way ready yet to be thinking it's time to leave.

But old age is creeping up on me

I feel it in my bones

I can sense fair youth is far behind - ahead are darker tones.

So I'll make the best of every day. I don't know when they'll end.

And I'll try not to dwell on dismal thoughts of what's around that bend.

January 2020