BJMP 2020;14(1):a005

Aging

Michael Leach

my identity & fortunes change

like

decadal 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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