

Ninety-seven

Ninety-seven is a ripe old age.
Not ready yet to turn the page,
The body shakes and needs to rest,
But the mind's not set to disengage.

The memory searches, as on a quest
For coherence and vocabulary to divest
Itself of information, sage advice,
But is more stricken than coalesced.

The synapses, a marvelous device,
Fire not at all, or sometimes twice,
Moving hands and feet when not desired
And leaving tongue less than precise.

A healthy attitude is required
To brave the world and not get mired
In pessimism, depression and the pain.
Interest in the world around is to be admired . . .

While whistling down the stairs to breakfast is to be inspired.

– Ross A. Worley
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