

Idle Thoughts

Going, Going. . .

IT'S the countdown, clear as day,
To the coming of decay.
Mortality and medication
Kick off every conversation.

You don't zip up? Forget and curse.
(With zipping down, it's wet and worse).
Forgetfulness, once started, tends
To take in places, flowers, friends.
Frustration builds; a sense of shame:
Can't remember Whatsisname.
Compensation, so they say,
Is making new friends every day.

Thus far, at least, I'm still aware:
I know frustration and despair –
But should such desperation fade,
I won't know when I've made the grade
And reached the time one always fears:
The day despair just disappears.
I shall not smile, or be upset:
The cause to do so, I'll forget,
Surrendered with facility
To sweet serene senility.

But just for now, I know I'm dafter,
And join the sympathetic laughter
Until I understand less well
And stay around, just as a shell –
A thoughtless, frown-free, smile-free thing
With not the slightest need to sing,
Even if I joined the birds
And didn't need to know the words.