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The Long Winter

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They have no idea,  
my A.A.R.P. youngsters. I  
rest in my chair, my head  
resting . . . my eyes  
resting . . . on the ceiling  
seeing the pictures  
of my past.  
Fall was a lovely season. I  
miss my wife's laughter, the  
lech that I was, and how we let  
the kids think we were old. Old  
enough to know better, young enough to  
enjoy. It didn't matter . . . the barn, backseat,  
backyard, their driveways. Oh, to be  
60 again . . .

. . . When did the sun get low? Dinner time. It can wait.  
They have no idea. The morning paper still on the porch. It can wait.  
My hands are numb,  
my feet so slow, and  
my eyes losing their soul.  

A trip anymore takes  
planning and thought. The remote across the room. It can wait.  
The sun disappears  
behind the dark clouds.  
Where'd they come from? It's been a long winter, and I . . . can't wait.