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.