

MUSINGS
By JON KOLB

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One by one everything he once did well,
seeing, hearing, taste and smell,
fell away, like a Jonathan apple
dropping to its waiting worm
to be consumed in the dewy morn.

So what, he thought,
it's a common fate,
it binds us all,
chin up, old boy,
it's not December, it's only Fall.
Kick up your heels,
reframe your spiel,
shout, shout
against time's rack and wheel.
(Kick carefully, brittle bones will break,
not mend, as the years eat their welcome cake).

Suffer osteoporosis, bid farewell to friends who got to know us,
how dare they desert the world that we formed,
leaving shadows and echos in which to mourn.

It is lucky to be born
and just as lucky to die,
young Walt Whitman promised.
Celebrate, cherish, cradle what you can,
sons of woman, daughters of man.