

Growing Old.

How do I know my youth is all spent?

Yes, my get up and go just got up and went,
But in spite of my self ~~look~~ able to grin
When I think of all the places my get up has been
Old age is golden, it has been said,
But sometimes I wonder, as I get into bed,
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up.

Ever sleep dimes my eyes, I say to myself
Is there anything else to be laid on the shelf?
But I'm happy to say as I close tight the door
That my friends are the same, perhaps even more.

When I was young, my slippers were red,
I could kick up my heels clear over my head.
When I grew older, my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through.
But now that I'm old my slippers are black,
I walk to the store, but I puff my way back.
Since I retired from life's competition

I busy myself with complete repetition,
I get up each morning, dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper, read the O. bits.

If my name is not there, I know I'm not dead
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.