

## *On Aging*

When you see me sitting quietly,  
Like a sack left on the shelf,  
Don't think I need your chattering.  
I'm listening to myself.  
Hold! Stop! Don't pity me!  
Hold! Stop your sympathy!  
Understanding if you got it,  
Otherwise I'll do without it!

When my bones are stiff and aching  
And my feet won't climb the stair,  
I will only ask one favor:  
Don't bring me no rocking chair.

When you see me walking, stumbling,  
Don't study and get it wrong.  
'Cause tired don't mean lazy  
And every goodbye ain't gone.  
I'm the same person I was back then,  
A little less hair, a little less chin,  
A lot less lungs and much less wind.  
But ain't I lucky I can still breathe in.