

# An Old Guy Gives Thanks

By Glenn Currier

Getting old when the body breaks down  
your mind goes to your muscle aches  
it gets harder to look out and around  
and see beyond your dumb mistakes.

But I'm going to try anyway  
to find things for which I'm glad  
to set my sights on a little play  
and see some good instead of bad.

I thank God for the whiskers of cats  
for tiny wiggly baby toes  
for my baldness in cold and some nice warm hats  
for socks and other warm clothes.

I'm grateful I can still kneel  
and get up from a chair  
for the cheer I feel  
for Helen's cute hair.

I thank God for nephews and nieces  
who still love me and who care  
even as my energy decreases  
along with my hair.

For brothers and sisters in law  
who open their homes and hearts  
their courage in grit gives me awe  
helps me keep on with my restarts.

I thank all the women who cook  
for us lazy men as we sit on our asses  
for all the work and time they took  
for cleaning the dishes and glasses.

Thank God for our cats and dogs  
for turkeys and bread and ham  
and stories of wide mouthed frogs  
for cards and just for giving a damn.

For all the work and the checks they paid  
and kids who spent all that cash  
for jokes and laughs and the games we've played  
for the Sox and the Cowboys and that wide receiver's dash.

These are just a few of the things I celebrate  
this day with you my beloved kin  
being with you today is so great  
now, beloveds, let's dig in!

*"An Old Guy Gives Thanks," Copyright 2018 by Glenn Currier  
11-22-18*