

Being old is getting me down

By Glenn Currier

Being old is getting me down
sometimes I think I'll drown
in the sea of little things
and frustrations my old body brings.

I don't want to transplant those little trees
I was supposed to with the advent of winter breeze
I don't want to pick up around here
all the stuff that seems to appear.

It aches to get out of the car
my feet and leg won't go as far
or as fast as they used to
moments of joy are too few.

When I lie down on the floor
to exercise it is such a chore
pulling myself up to stand
and then there's that ache in my hand.

I'm not used to being this old
I curse myself and I scold
me for all those little mistakes
my brain and body makes.

I tell you I'm feeling awfully down
my face is sporting a big old frown
I can't seem to accept the sad truth
I can't do the things of my youth.

I'm getting sick and really tired
I can't eat or drink the things I desire
I have to stop myself from taking that bite
but thank God I can still sit and write.

I can still put words together
even in any kind of weather
words are still my good friends
still paying rich dividends.

This exercise of my mind
doesn't put my back in a bind
doesn't make my muscles ache
or my tired legs and body quake.

So thank you my precious Lord
for inspiration when I'm bored
for those who listen to me gripe
for my patient and loving wife.

So when I'm old and getting down
may I find the right verb or noun
to say the pitiful things I feel
the words that will help me heal.

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Written 12-1-18*