

Reflections in a Wrinkled Mirror

The ankles and waistline are thickening
Hair fades, grows brittle and thin,
And isn't it perfectly sickening -
Poor sight and collapse of the skin!

Maybe we pant if we hurry,
So relax and take your own time,
Life won't improve if you worry
For age is a crown not a crime.

The heart and mind are the measure
Of the person, not the figure or face,
And our years are something to treasure,
Wear them proudly, with wisdom and grace.

Audrey Organ