

## HOW IT GOES

*Francine L. Trevens*

My circle of friends grows smaller  
Body and psyche have less vim  
Flights of stairs grow taller  
Small problems loom more grim.  
My hearing's no longer sharp  
My eyesight's far less keen  
Opportunities and plans decrease  
Replaced by might-have-been.

Though I'm not always ailing  
Just a sharp pain or two  
I note resources failing  
Despite all I try to do.  
I see my world's contractive  
As is my physical frame  
Making me less active  
In life's competitive game.

I used to lose things on terrain:—  
My desk or bathroom shelf—  
Now I lose things in my brain  
Rich fragments of myself.  
Capacities, horizons, joys  
I observe diminishing  
All these are traffic signs deployed  
To warn life's pathway's finishing.

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