

OLD AGE CREPT UP

Gene Fehler

Old Age came at him unaware,
Climbing him like up a stair
To reach the brain up at the top;
Age didn't know enough to stop.

Old Age kept coming (cruel of it)
To take the last he knew of wit.
Friends watched as Old Age reached his brain;
They wondered if he sensed their pain.

He thinks his mind is untouched yet,
And thus lives on without regret.
He doesn't know; it's just as well.
His friends, God knows, will never tell.

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