

## OLDER NOW

*Walter Nash*

Older now than my father was on that day  
when the dark got into his head, and he fell on the landing, and lay  
till the ambulancemen lifted him, and he died,  
older now,  
I look up to him still, I talk to him in my sleep,  
craving his counsel, comfort, wisdom; from that deep  
he considers me gravely, puzzlefaced, dark-eyed—  
older now

But never so young as my mother, all her long years,  
who laughed till the laughter choked and spilled into helpless tears  
and her blind eye joined in a twinkling with the sound—  
never so young  
I have the glimpse of her everywhere, I meet  
the shape of her, glad among neighbours in the street,  
wherever there's life and gossip afoot, she's found—  
ever so young

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*Contemporary Rhyme* Vol. 4 No. 4 2007