

THE SPECIOUS AGE

J.D. Heskin

*The pride of youth is in strength and beauty,
the pride of old age is in discretion. —Democritus*

So much is made of what is youth,
say we now known as long in tooth;
the early times were sweet, but yet,
we remember them with some regret.

Think back then when you were green,
the only one who was fourteen;
recall those days when you were blue,
and all that mattered was only you.

How strange we were, we see again,
as we regress and see back then;
the early times were sweet, but yet,
we remember them with some regret.

“The Specious Age” © 2006 by J.D. Heskin