

Infirmity came to me early.

The places I hang, slowly

Carriages, benches, workday pools,

Populated by silver heads.

From thirty two to ninety

Returning painfully, over & over.

Now nearly, and only, four decades

Yet foreseeing the end.

Hanging on by a thread

Variable in strength - I dangle, alone.

To you: fine, well, vital,

To them: young, lucky - neither to me.

Between two worlds

Worst of both: self, and best.

I am strong, a superhero,

Yet also broken - where does it end?

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