THE PROSE POEM:
AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 4 | 1995

Growing Old

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GROWING OLD

Things matter that never did before: the hands, the teeth, the hair. For the first time they are separate parts of us.

Not that they're breaking down, but that they demand attention now, calling out from the crowd, "Over here, look. It's me," like relatives we haven't recognized, or overlooked once too often.

But we're still the celebrity passing through, who has always commanded the presence of such crowds. It's just that now we see the same unhappy faces in different cities.

What is disturbing is not their demand for us to acknowledge them, or the way they grab at our clothes, but the realization that they want to drag us into their midst, and that one day we will be standing among them, shouting with the same insistence at the limousine speeding past.