

12-23-79

Old men only are rebels now

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In believing in a human definition of themselves,  
I could have died in a social swamp  
Or been a well developed nagging voice  
Of honored competency in twisted rules,  
But I am an old man now and my friends  
Have died, I speak only to old men.

Singly causes are affects of causes  
And rule number one of the viewed distortion,  
Old men exalt with a suffering look.  
The old man's appearance only suffers  
As he sits on the park bench contemplating  
Large heavily veined hands, the crumpled  
Crepe pale cover, a sufferingly visible mask.

They held jonquils and daffodils  
Until they hurt and like an arthritic  
Dropped lacking the strength the bouquet with them.  
The hands turn pages of unread books now  
Into pages of undefined understanding.  
The falling flowers lay on cold ground  
And speak a tract on his existence.