

Growing Old...

By Razya Adam

It is not so much the pains
And aches that come with aging;
It is not so much the loss of hair
And teeth, the failing eyes;
No, it is not the deafness, the incoherence,
Nor the dread of those sleepless nights;
It is more the feeling of helplessness,
Of dependency on others,
Like a child needing that arm to hold onto,
Needing constant reassurance of being loved;
It is not so much the physical degeneration,
But more the feeling of loneliness,
Of being forsaken now that you are old.
And yet growing old has a wonder all its own,
The wrinkled face – an imprint of time,
Those deep furrows – a true expression of experience.
Growing old means beauty,
Like that of an old oak tree,
An ancient cave or mountain
That has been standing proud
Through the ages with traces of sun, wind
And snow in its cavities.
Growing old is having knowledge
And thus being as near as you can get to G-D.



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