

## Cranky Old Man

What do you see?..... What do you see?  
What are you thinking.....when you're looking at me?

A Cranky old man,.....not very wise;  
Uncertain of habit.....faraway eyes?

Who dribbles his food....and makes no reply.  
When you say in a loud voice...'I do wish you'd try!'

Who seems not to notice....the things that you do.  
And forever is losing....A sock or a shoe?

Who, resisting or not.....lets you do as you will,  
With bathing and feeding....The long day to fill?

Is that what you're thinking....Is that what you see?  
Then open your eyes! You're not looking at me!

I'll tell you who I am....As I sit here so still,  
As I do at your bidding...as I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of ten...with a father and mother,  
Bothers and sisters....who love one another.

A young boy of sixteen...with wings on his feet  
Dreaming that soon now...a lover he'll meet.

A groom soon at twenty...my heart gives a leap  
Remembering, the vows....that I promised to keep.

At twenty-five, now...I have young of my own  
Who need me to guide...And a secure happy home.

A man of thirty...My young now grown fast  
Bound to each other...With the ties that should last

At forty, my young sons...have grown and are gone  
But my woman is beside me...to see I don't mourn

At fifty, once more....Babies play 'round my knee  
Again, we know children...My loved one and me

Dark days are upon me....My wife is now dead  
I look at the future....I shudder with dread

For my young are all rearing...young of their own  
And I think of the years....And the love that I've known

I'm now an old man...and nature is cruel  
It's jest to make old age...look like a fool

The body, it crumbles....grace and vigor depart  
There is now a stone...where once I had a heart.

But inside this old carcass. A young man still dwells  
And now and again....my battered heart swells

I remember the joys...I remember the pain  
And I'm loving and living...life over again.

I think of the years, all too few... gone too fast  
And accept the stark fact...that nothing can last.

So open your eyes, people....open and see  
Not a cranky old man.

Look closer....see.....ME!!

By:  
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