

REMNANT

by Bruce McClain

I ran with the wind when I was a lad,
hence, now I am old - my feet fleet no more.
In my decline, memories I have had,
but I am grateful for my years, the score.

Nearby my rocker my slippers neatly stay
my wrinkled robe hangs like an old soldier,
the clock breaks its silence, another day.
My body scent is of an aging odor -

though my strength dwindled, my will continues.
My steps are short and my legs do quiver.
I'll make my way down to the Avenues -
yes to eye the drift of human endeavor.

What is left of me - a blur - a hoary head?
The more I diminish - I dance with the dead.

