

At Ten to Twelve

by averygoodun

A contemplative rondeau.

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Chapter 1 of 1

A contemplative rondeau.

At ten to twelve I believe I was seventy
With bad joints and signs of senility
Through dark humor I somehow stayed sane
While suffering through an old woman's pain
And roundly cursing the lack of fortuity
Wrists immobile with growing debility
Having to bear the infirm's indignity
I avoided falling with help from my cane
At ten to twelve
Healing took place with care *and* temerity
Losing the drugs to rely on some charity
The experience led to an artistic gain
So while I wander down memory lane
I smile with content as I sip on my tea
At ten to twelve