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