

36-1000

i don't recognize him

i saw a picture the other day
of a young man on the beach
black hair, waves against the dunes
sideburns down his cheeks
his eyes fixed firmly on the camera
confident in his repose
i knew this man when i was a child
but now the distance grows

**do your dirty work, father time
some will say it's not a crime
it's the same for everyone
i just hate that he's/i'm not young...anymore**

sometimes i don't recognize him
hunched and shorn by time
two canes always at his side
decades past his prime
solitary to me he seems
alone in his despair
yet fighting still for every breath
are there moments still to share

when he's gone perhaps i'll think
of better days before
a man who stood, a warrior
upon that distant shore
but now i visit oft and gaze
at a life force growing dim
and i mourn today a sigh and say
that i don't recognize him