

Poem about getting older

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To Alice,

Today is my birthday and I feel quite good.

My body's still working well. See I'm touching wood!

My hair's not all white and my wrinkles are few,

I can still dance up a storm; can I dance with you?

I'm quite full of vigour, just getting ripe.

But they now print the newspaper in much smaller type.

My hearing's still good. What's that you say?

Speak clearly, don't mumble, your voice fades away.

Inside this old body I'm still young. I don't have any fame.

But if life starts at forty, I'm still in the game.

Love from your "twin"

Posted by email from [simplify3's posterous](#)

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