

Growing Old. Growing Up.

Alone, I sit
to watch the world
as it all begins to move,
like the never ending sea,
each wave with something to prove.

Our souls, our only possessions,
holding mistakes, experience, and thought,
will all try to make it above;
with Hell we all have fought.

No one remembers laughter,
we all speak in our mature ways;
and we haven't finally grown old,
Until we've lost what we gained in play.

By

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