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Parents, From a Middle Age

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Parents, from Middle Age

When we were small, they never grew:
Our hormones raced and ran amok
to stretch our frames and features to
what we've become, while theirs seemed stuck.

A little older, I would pass
a summer or a term away,
then note my mother in a glass
suspecting subtle grains of gray.

Now when I see her, or my best
friend's dad, it feels like I have grown
again! Oh, how I would arrest
this trend—though how, remains unknown.

As time grows longer, earth grows nearer:
Parents—smaller, slower, dearer.

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