

## Growing Old

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The days of your life are racing by  
years turn into days  
weeks into hours  
hours into seconds.

You struggle to fight off the hand  
that whips you  
knocks you down  
then leaves its imprint upon your face.

Those glorious mornings you woke up to find  
the sky so blue  
if only you would have looked deeper  
to see the shades of violet-- Instead  
you played in the flower garden  
nursing the geraniums back to life  
What were you thinking  
the blue skies could never turn gray?

If only you would have known.

Now the years are winning the battle  
white swans sleep upon your head  
and only turtles dance to the tunes  
that ring in your ears.

The chimes are singing louder than ever now  
year by year  
day by day  
hour by hour.