



The Aging Stroke

Average and tired
your letter
commits your love for me
to a bitter death
of boredom. Those fragile years
are another poem, now,
weeping, belly down
in the palms of my hands.

This is the part of growing old
that maims me: the realization
that our young hearts
feared only
time's physical demise,
never this soft submission,
this tired erosion
of love.

MIKE HOWARD