

TWO SENIORS

I look across and see him there,
a sleepy gent with tousled hair,
embarking on a sawdust ride,
relaxed, dog-napping on his side.

I see black bottoms of each paw,
the tangles of his whiskered jaw,
the jumbled jutting eyebrow spray
and tail curled up and tucked away.

I'm careful so he doesn't see
me looking at him pensively
unsettled by the truth I find:
He's seven, and it's on my mind.

The years have all been good to us.
We've gotten here without much fuss,
but time is catching up with us
and that's the part that bothers me.

I wonder what is meant to be
ahead in our seniority.
I seek an answer of some kind:
He's seven, and it's on my mind.

by Lee Netzler